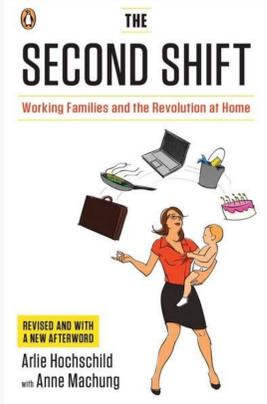


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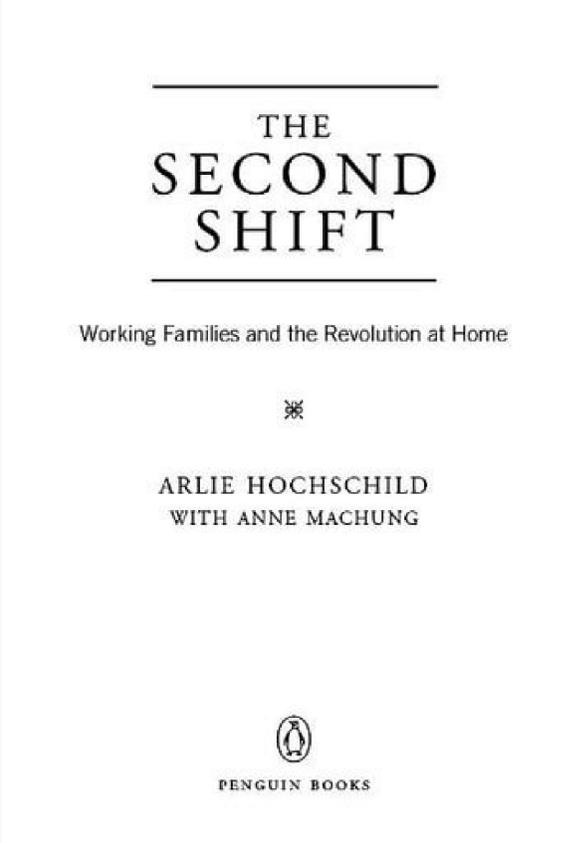
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## Hochschild the second shift pdf

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Other Books by Arlie Hochschild *Global Woman: Nannies, Maids, and Sex Workers in the New Economy* (co-edited with Barbara Ehrenreich) *The Commercialization of Intimate Life: Notes from Home and Work* *The Time Bind: When Work Becomes Home and Home Becomes Work* *The Managed Heart: The Commercialization of Human Feeling* Coleen the Question Girl (a children's story) *The Unexpected Community* **THE SECOND SHIFT** ARLIE RUSSELL H O C H S C H I L D WITH ANNE MACHUNG PENGUIN BOOKS PENGUIN BOOKS Published by the Penguin Group Penguin Group (USA) Inc., 375 Hudson Street, New York, New York 10014, U.S.A. Penguin Books Ltd, 80 Strand, London WC2R 0RL, England Penguin Books Australia Ltd, 250 Camberwell Road, Camberwell, Victoria 3124, Australia Penguin Books Canada Ltd, 10 Alcorn Avenue, Toronto, Ontario, Canada M4V 3B2 Penguin Books India (P) Ltd, 11 Community Centre, Fanchsheel Park, New D e l h i - 1 1 0 017, India Penguin Books (N.Z.) Ltd, Cnr Rosedale and Airborne Roads, Albany, Auckland, New Zealand Penguin Books (South Africa) (Pty) Ltd, 24 Sturdee Avenue, Rosebank, Johannesburg 2196, South Africa Penguin Books Ltd, Registered Offices: 80 Strand, London, WC2R 0RL, England First published in the United States of America by Viking Penguin Inc. 1989 This edition with a new introduction published in Penguin Books 2003 5 7 9 10 8 6 Copyright © Arlie Hochschild, 1989, 2003 All rights reserved ISBN 0 14 20.0292 5 CIP data available Printed in the United States of America Set in Adobe Garamond Designed by Alice Sorensen Except in the United States of America, this book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publishers prior consent in any form of binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser. The scanning, uploading and distribution of this book via the Internet or via any other means without the permission of the publisher is illegal and punishable by law. Please purchase only authorized electronic editions, and do not participate in or encourage electronic piracy of copyrighted materials. Your support of the authors rights is appreciated. For Adam Contents Preface ix Acknowledgments xvii Introduction xxi CHAPTER 1 A Speed-up in the Family CHAPTER 2 Marriage in the Stalled Revolution CHAPTER 3 The Cultural Cover-up CHAPTER 4 Joey ; s Problem: Nancy and Evan Holt CHAPTER 5 The Family Myth of the Traditional: Frank and Carmen Delacorte CHAPTER 6 A Notion of Manhood and Giving Thanks: Peter and Nina Tanagawa CHAPTER 7 Having It All and Giving It Up: Ann and Robert Myerson 1 A Scarcity of Gratitude: Seth and Jessica Stein 1 An Unsteady Marriage and a Job She Loves: Anita and Ray Judson 1 CHAPTER 8 CHAPTER 9 viii CONTENTS CHAPTER 10 CHAPTER 11 CHAPTER 12 The "His" and "Hers" of Sharing: Greg and Carol Alston 149 No Time Together: Barbara and John Livingston 167 Sharing Showdown and Natural Drift: Pathways to the N e w Man 181 CHAPTER 13 Beneath the Cover-up: Strategies and Strains 196 CHAPTER 14 Tensions in Marriage in an Age of Divorce 213 CHAPTER 15 Men Who Do and Men Who D o n ' t 226 CHAPTER 16 The Working Wife As Urbanizing Peasant 250 CHAPTER 17 Stepping into Old Biographies or Making History Happen?



Research on Who Does the Housework 269 Appendix and Child Care 285 Notes 293 Selected Reading 303 Index 345 Preface When I was thirty-one, a moment occurred that crystallized the concern that drives this book. At the time, I was an assistant professor in the sociology department at the University of California, Berkeley, and the mother of a three-month-old child. I wanted to nurse the baby—and to continue to teach. Several arrangements were possible, but my solution was a pre-industrial one—to reintegrate the family into the workplace, which involved taking the baby. David, with me for office hours on the fourth floor of Barrows Hall. From two to eight months, he was nearly the perfect guest. I made him a little 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. The baby's presence was like a Rorschach test for people entering my office. 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 seventy-four-year-old distinguished emeritus professor; it was our joke that he would stop by when he heard my son crying and say, shaking his head, "Beating the baby again, eh?" Textbook salesmen with briefcases and striped suits x PREFACE were generally shocked at the unprofessional gurgles (and sometimes unprofessional odors) from the box. Many graduate student women were put off, partly because babies were out of fashion in the early 1970s, and partly because they were afraid that I was deprofessionalizing myself, women in general, and symbolically, them. I was afraid of that too. Before having David, I saw students all the time, took every committee assignment, worked evenings and nights writing articles, and had in this way accumulated a certain amount of departmental tolerance. I was calling on that tolerance now, with the infant box, the gurgles, the disturbance to the dignity and sense of purpose of my department. My colleagues never seemed to talk about children. They talked to each other about research and about the departments ranking—still "number 1" or slipping to "number 2"? I was just coming up for tenure, and it wasn't so easy to get. And I wanted at the same time to be as calm a mother for my son as my mother had been for me. In some literal way I had brought together family and work, but in a more basic way, doing so only made the contradictions between the demands of baby and career all the more clear. One day, a male graduate student came early for his appointment. The baby had slept longer than usual and hadn't been hungry at my appointed Barrows Hall time. I invited the student in. Since we had never met before, he introduced himself with extreme deference. He seemed acquainted with my work and intellectual tastes in the field, and as I am sometimes tempted to do, I responded to his deference by behaving more formally than usual. He began tentatively to elaborate his interests in sociology and to broach the subject of my serving on his Ph.D. orals committee.



He had the task of explaining to me that he was a clever student, trustworthy and obedient, but that academic fields were not organized as he wanted to study them, and of asking me whether he could study the collected works of Karl Marx under the rubric of the sociology of work.

# THE SECOND SHIFT

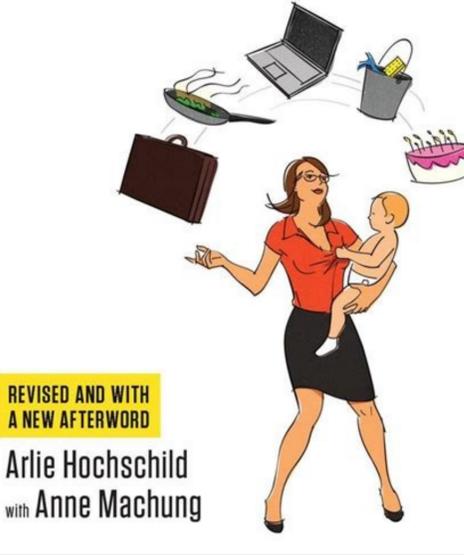
Working Families and the Revolution at Home



In the course of this lengthy explanation, the baby began to cry. I slipped him a pacifier, and continued to listen all the more PREFACE xi intently. The student went on. The baby spat out the pacifier and began to wail. Trying to be casual, I began to feed him. At this point, he let out the strongest, most rebellious wail I had ever heard from this small person. The student uncrossed one leg, 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 taken the baby here all day before," I remember saying, "it's just an experiment." "I have two children of my own," he replied. "Only they are in Sweden. 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 the student signed up for a second appointment, he entered the office and sat down formally. "As we were discussing last time, Professor Hochschild . . ." Nothing further was said about what had, for me, been an utterly traumatic little episode. Astonishingly, nothing had changed: I was still Professor Hochschild. He was still John. Something about power lived on regardless. In retrospect I felt a little like that character in Dr. Doolittle and the Pirates, the pushmi-pullyu, a horse with two heads that see and say different things. The pushmi head felt relieved that motherhood had not changed me as a professional. But the pullu wondered why children in offices were not occasionally part of the "normal" scene. Where, after all, were the children of my male colleagues? Part of me felt envious of the smooth choicelessness of those male colleagues who did not bring their children to Barrows Hall but who knew their children were in loving hands. I sometimes felt this keenly when I met one of these men jogging on the track (a popular academic sport because it takes little time) and then met his wife taking their child to the YMCA kinder-gym program. I felt it too when I saw wives drive up to the building in the evening, in their station wagons, elbow on the window, two chil- xii PREFACE dren in the back, waiting for a man briskly walking down the steps, briefcase in hand. It seemed a particularly pleasant moment in their day. It reminded me of those summer 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 Bethesda, Maryland, to Washington, D.C., at five o'clock to meet my father, walking briskly down the steps of the government office building where he worked, briefcase in hand. We picnicked at the Tidal Basin surrounding the Jefferson Memorial, my parents sharing their day, and in that end-of-the-week mood, we came home. When 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 the packed picnic supper. The university is still designed for such men and their homes for such women. Both the woman in the station wagon and I with the infant box are trying to "solve" the work-family problem. As things stand now, in either case women pay a cost. The housewife pays a cost by remaining outside the mainstream of social life. The career woman pays a cost by entering a clockwork of careers that permits little time or emotional energy to raise a family. Her career permits so little of these because it was originally designed to suit a traditional man whose wife raised his children. In this arrangement between career and family, the family was the welfare agency for the university and women were its social workers. Now women are working in such institutions without benefit of the social worker. As I repeatedly heard career women in this study say, "What I really need is a wife." But maybe they don't need "wives"; maybe they need careers basically redesigned to suit workers who also care for families. This redesign would be nothing short of a revolution, first in the home, and then at places of work—universities, corporations, banks, and factories. In increasing numbers women have gone into the workforce, but few have gone very high up in it. This is not because women cool themselves out by some "auto-discrimination." It is not because we lack "role models." Nor is it simply because corporations PREFACE xiii and other institutions discriminate against women. Rather, the career system inhibits women, not so much by malevolent disobedience to good rules as by making up rules to suit the male half of the population in the first place. One reason that half the lawyers, doctors, business people are not women is because men do not share the raising of their children and the caring for their homes. Men think and feel within structures of work which presume they don't do these things. Women who enter these traditional structures and do the work of the home, too, cant compete on male terms. They find that their late twenties and mid-thirties, the prime childbearing years, are also a peak period of career demands. Seeing that the game is devised for family-free people, some women lose heart. Rigid, demanding career schedules are often the story for the middle classes. But working class men, too, live by work schedules that often make equivalent demands on them, with the same results in their private lives. In both cases, the long hours men devote to work and to recovering from work are often taken from the untold stories, unthrown balls, and uncuddled children left behind at home. Thus to look at the system of work is to look at half the problem. The other half occurs at home. If there is to be no more mother with the picnic basket, who is to take her place? Will the new working woman cram it all in, baby and office? Will the office take precedence over the baby? Or will babies appear in the daily lives, if not the offices, of male colleagues too? What will men and women allow themselves to feel? How much ambition at work? How much empathy for children?

# THE SECOND SHIFT

Working Families and the Revolution at Home



How much dependence on a spouse? Five years after David was born, we had our second child, Gabriel. My husband, Adam, didn't take either of our boys to his office, but overall, we have cared for them equally, and he cares for them as a mother would. Among our close friends, fathers do the same. But ours are highly unusual circumstances—middle class jobs, flexible work schedules, a supportive community. These special circumstances make women like me and my friends "lucky." Some women colleagues have asked me, lids lowered, "I'll bet you really struggled to get that." But the truth is I didn't. I was "lucky." Once the occupant of an infant box in my office, David is now seventeen, three inches taller than I, and close to being a college student like those who used to wave keys in front of him. Do working mothers have more help from working fathers than they did when David was a baby? If I listen to what my students are telling me these days, and what some women colleagues are showing me, the answer is no. The women students I talk with dont feel optimistic that they will find a man who plans to share the work at home, and the women whose husbands fully share still consider themselves "unusual," while the women whose husbands dont, consider themselves "normal." I began to think about this matter of feeling "lucky" again while driving home from my interviews in the evening. One woman, a bank clerk and mother of two young children, who did nearly everything at home, ended her interview as many women did, talking about how lucky she felt. She woke at 5:00 A.M., crammed in housework before she set off for work, and after she got back, asked her husband for help here and there, getting very little. She didnt seem lucky to me.

Although I did all of the on-the-scene observations and writing, the initial research has all our hearts in it. Only when the project came to a close and I sat down, to write and think alone did the comrade "we" become the "I" with which I write. For helpful readings of early, off-the-mark drafts, and for loving me as deeply as they have, I am ever grateful to my parents, Ruth and Francis Russell. For their good advice, thanks to Todd Gitlin, Mike Rogin, Lillian Rubin, and Ann Swidler. For rescuing me in my hour of need, my loving thanks to Orville Schell and Tom Engelhardt. Thanks also to Gene Tanke, whose support and help at an earlier stage means a great deal. And to Nan Graham of Viking Penguin, whose faith in me, editorial guidance, and emotional beauty mean more than I can say. Thanks also to Beena Kamiani, who saw this book through production with grace and competence. I would like to thank the graduate students who attended my seminar in the Sociology of Gender in the spring of 1986, on whom I first tried out the idea that there is a "his" and "hers" of industrialization. I also want to thank the couples in this study. Although they were busy, they generously allowed me into their homes and into their lives in the faith that this research would help couples in similar situations to understand more about themselves. To protect their identities, I have transposed episodes and changed identifying characteristics. Some people may not see themselves exactly as I did, but I hope they find a mirror here that is faithful to important aspects of their experience as pioneers on a new family frontier. Thanks to Aji Kwei Arnah, who had faith and combed out ACKNOWLEDGMENTS xix the knots with loving patience. Thanks also to Eileen O'Neill for her warm, loving care of Gabriel and David. Thanks to my husband Adam, whose idea it was to write this book. One weekend afternoon over ten years ago, as we were hiking up a mountain and I had talked for half the climb about women's "double day," Adam suggested, "Why not write about it?" For that idea, for the good-humored encouragement, and for the love I have felt all along our way, my deepest gratitude. Thanks to my son David, who sets aside his school work and political and ecological concerns to pitch in with the second shift and regale me with hilarious imitations of figures on the American political scene. Thanks also to Gabriel, now twelve, who took time away from his dog-walking business and poetry writing to bring me cups of Dr. Chang's herb tea. To inspire me, he even drafted some fictional case studies of Ted and Mary, Robin and Peter, Dick and Rosemary, Sally and Bill, and Asia and Frank, which are more gripping and action-packed than any the reader will find here. One day, he also left a note on my desk under the tea mug, with a small white bow attached, which said, "Congratulations for finishing, Mom." No mother could ask for more. Introduction to the Penguin Edition After The Second Shift originally appeared in 1989, an earthquake hit the San Francisco Bay Area where we live. My birthday followed soon afterward. My husband, who is both a journalist and an irrepressible practical joker, surprised me by writing and printing a mock edition of the scandal-laden National Enquirer. A banner headline read HOCHSCHILD BLAMED FOR FRISCO QUAKE! ANGRY SEISMOLOGISTS ACCUSE BERKELEY PROF. Another story read, UFOS CAN DO HOUSEWORK, ASTONISHING NEW SOLUTION, BUT PROF.

DENIES ALL. And in small print at the very top of the page, soc PROF S HUBBY TELLS ALL: "SHE WONT LET ME LIFT A FINGER IN THE KITCHEN!" You cant always believe what you read in The National Enquirer, of course. But the book did shake up readers because it described the powerful impact of a real earthquake—the massive influx of women into paid work—on marriage. Women changed rapidly but the jobs they went out to and the men they came home to have not changed—or not so much. So marriage has become a shock absorber of tensions borne by this "stalled revolution." In a society marked by individualism it is common to interpret societal contradictions as matters, of clashing personality ("He's so selfish," "She's so anxious") and trivial issues ("What's an unwashed dish?"). But when millions are having similar conversations who does what at home, it can help to understand just what's going on outside marriage that's affecting what xxii INTRODUCTION goes on inside it. Without that understanding, we can simply continue to adjust to strains of a stalled revolution, take them as "normal," and wonder why its so hard these days to make a marriage work. After The Second Shift was published, I talked informally to many readers and in the 1990s conducted interviews with more working couples at a Fortune 500 company for The Time Bind, the following book. Based on these talks I began to conclude that the basic dilemma—how to divide the work of raising a family and making a home—remains, that people's ways of addressing it are extraordinarily various, but that, in addition, the basic contours of this dilemma are now undergoing a subtle but important change. Among the variety of responses I encountered, one reader, Shawn Dickinson Finley, wrote a poem about one finding in this book, for The Dallas Morning News: Weekends come. Td like to relax. But hes tired of work and needs to cry. So take care of everything, would you dear? While he watches TV and drinks lots of beer. At last Im through—I m finally done. So good night, I have to run And hit the pillow and dream a dream. Of the 18 percent who help to clean. In New York, an imaginative bride and groom made up marriage vows designed to avoid Finleys dilemma. "I vow to cook dinners for Dhora," the groom said, before a stunned and delighted gathering of family and friends. And with a twinkle, the bride replied, "And I promise to eat what Oran cooks." Other couples had become more seriously locked in an anguished struggle, not for time to relax but for time to work. One young Latino father of a two-year-old child explained, "My wife and I both work at low-paying jobs we love and believe in. [He INTRODUCTION xxiii worked for a human rights organization and she worked for an environmental group.] And we cant afford a maid. We love Julio but he's two and he's a handful. I do a lot with him, which I love. [Here his voice was soft, and slow.] But its tough because my wife and I have no time for a marriage. It makes me think the unthinkable [Here his voice quavered.] should we have had Julio?" It made me uneasy to discover, too, a few marital struggles in which my book was used as ammunition. One working mother left xeroxed pages from the chapter on Nancy and Evan Holt on her refrigerator door. When her husband failed to notice, she placed the pages on the pillow of their bed. As she recounted, "He finally read about how Nancy Holt did all the housework and child care and expressed her resentment for doing so by excluding her husband from the love nest she made for herself and their child. The parallels began to hit him the way they had me." I was sad to learn about what some people imagined as solutions to their struggles. One woman declared, with straightened shoulders and hands on hips, "The house is a mess. Its a pit. That's my solution." Another woman proudly responded to her husband's refusal to help at home by making meals for herself but not for him. Through clenched jaws, yet another woman described building second-shift requirements into her prenuptial agreement. If women are that upset and that armed, I wonder if these apparent "solutions" havent become yet another problem. I wonder whether a deeper solution to the problem of the second shift doesnt require a rollback of national work hours, paid parental leave, family-friendly workplace policies that people actually use, and a major cultural shift—a "second" shift toward value on care.

N E W TRENDS In some ways, a combination of social trends is actually moving us farther away from a solution, while a change in male attitude seems at the same time to be moving us forward—until recently. xxiv INTRODUCTION Since this book first appeared, the proportion of couples who work two jobs has increased. At the same time, the workweek has lengthened and the issue of family-friendly policies continues to be absent from the national, and to some extent the corporate, agenda. In 1975, 47 percent of all American mothers with children under age eighteen worked for pay, and by 2000, the rate had risen to 73 percent. This upward trend applied to mothers of children age six and under as well: in 1990, 49 percent of married mothers with children six and under were in the labor force, while in 2001 the percentage had risen to 63 percent, and for single mothers, it was a bit more—from 49 percent to 70 percent. But the most remarkable change in the last decade has been in the growing proportion of working mothers with very small children. In 1975, 34 percent of mothers of children age three and under were doing paid work, and in 2000, this had risen to 61 percent. Mothers of children age one and under who were in the labor force also rose from 31 percent in 1975 to 58 percent in 2000. And for those mothers of three- and one-year-olds who do work, two thirds do so full time.1 The Bureau of Labor Statistics hasn't tracked fathers of three- and one-year-olds the way it tracks mothers. And the male employment rate has been slowly dropping over the last thirty years, but for older men, not young dads in their twenties and thirties. So young parents are facing a real challenge, especially when they have to look after both small children and elderly parents. And it's not as if the wife's salary is totally optional; these days both his salary and hers just about total what a man's salary used to bring in when it was based on union wages in a robust manu 'OOl Statistical Abstracts Table No. 578: Labor Force Participation Roles for Wives, Husbands Present by Age of Own Youngest Child 1975 to 2000.

Bureau of Labor Statistics, U.S. Department of Labor, Table 6: Employment Status of Mothers with Own Children Under 3 Years Old by Single Year of Youngest Child and Marital Status, 2001-01 annual averages. INTRODUCTION xxv facturing sector. In a sense, women's work is a way the family has absorbed the deindustrialization of America and the decline in mens wages. And to make matters worse, through the 1990s, the number of hours worked rose.2 According to a recent International Labor Organization report on work hours over the last decade, Americans now put in two weeks longer at work each year than their counterparts in Japan, the vaunted workaholic capital of the world. While German working families enjoy a month-long paid vacation, Americans average sixteen days, and a quarter of Americans take no vacation at all.3 Even when working parents try hard to hold the line on work, the work world itself seems to be expanding. As one legal secretary and single mother of two explained, "I've worked half time at this company for ten years. But what counted as part-time ten years ago was 20 hours. Today I'm lucky if I can get away with 30. I figure I might as well get paid full time." At the same time, what we might call a couple s fall-back system is now subject to geographic chance and national neglect. Many couples do enjoy close ties to nearby relatives and neighbors, but then an aunt who might have been counted on thirty years ago to watch a child after school may (these days be working 2 According to the University of Michigan study, men's hours of paid work rose from 39.7 hours a week in 1990 to 44.5 hours in 1995. For women (and this is, working well as non-working women, so average hours are lower than they would be for just working women), hours of paid work rose from 24 in 1990 to 27 in 1995. (See Time Use Diary and Direct Reports, by F. Thomas Juster, Hiromi Ono, and Frank P. Stafford (Institute for Social Research, University of Michigan, unpublished report. Tables 9 and 10, pp. 39-43.) Also see Families and the Labor Market, 1969-1999: Analyzing the Time Crunch, May 1999, Report by the Council of Economic Advisors, Washington, D.C. Also according to a 2000 report, 46 percent of workers work 41 hours or longer and 18 percent work 51 hours or longer. (See the Center for Survey Research and Analysis, University of Connecticut, "2000 Report on U.S. Working Time.") 3 Blue-collar workers in American small firms—where union membership is low—average seven days of paid vacation a year, and clerical and sales workers, nine. xxvi INTRODUCTION herself And our national policies dont make up for this. The long paid parental leave that is part of national custom in such countries as Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Finland, and Iceland—52 weeks paid leave at 80 percent salary for a new mother or father in Norway, for example—is not yet thinkable in the U.S. Given the increasing numbers of working moms, the longer hours, and the absence of outside support, it is small wonder that the second shift remains a marital flash point today. How M E N FEEL A B O U T THE SECOND S H I F T But something else is new as well—a new double-bind for men. On one hand, over the last quarter century, men have been urged to become the "new American man"—a lovingly involved father, a considerate husband who shares chores with his working wife, and a major family breadwinner as well. And many men have come forward to take a more active role in the home and join the ranks of men such as those I describe in Chapter 12. At the same time, though no ones intention, certain other trends threaten to inhibit mens embrace of an active role at home. For one thing, as I mentioned, blue-collar men have suffered a huge loss of well-paid unionized jobs—a decline in the manufacturing sector accompanied by a rise in lower-paid so-called "female" jobs in the service sector, jobs such as day-care workers, elder-care attendants, or nurses' aides. So average men have suffered an economic decline relative to women. At the same time, average men have also suffered an unexpected challenge from other men—at the top of the class ladder. Indeed, the gap between the top and bottom of the class ladder has widened into an enormous chasm, so that fewer and fewer men—or women—are in the middle. In his essay, "The End of Middle-Class America (and the Triumph of the Plutocrats)," Paul Krugman argues that in this period, the "average" American family—and with it the average man—has disappeared. Today, the 13,000 richest INTRODUCTION xxvii families in America have almost as much income as the 20 million poorest.4 This new plutocracy, as Krugman calls it, is now touting its own lifestyle to anyone below it. As part of that lifestyle, the rich can outsource virtually all domestic tasks to a raft of serviceproviders—nannies, maids, personal assistants, chauffeurs, catering services, and the like. With the influx of legal and undocumented immigrants from Third World countries eager to take up such jobs, outsourcing is becoming available to many less well-off families as well. While most of us cant afford to outsource basic family tasks, this "over-class" is spreading a new ideal, and posing a new moral question to men of ordinary means. What does it mean to me as a man to care for a child? To take out the garbage? To do the laundry? We can learn a great deal from the male experience at parks. Fifteen years ago, a thirty-two-year-old male computer technician recounted an experience of taking his two-year-old daughter to the tot lot in a nearby public park. First he sat down on a bench by a sandbox, then climbed into it with his daughter, to help her fill her plastic bucket with sand. But looking around he became acutely embarrassed to notice himself being watched by a half dozen stay-at-home mothers sitting on a bench in the park. "They must think I'm a loser to be out here at 2:00 P.M. in the afternoon," he confessed. He didnt feel like the new man. More recently I interviewed a man who took his small son out to the tot lot of a public park too, and there discovered himself to be sitting not among stay-at-home moms but among paid nannies from Nicaragua, Mexico, and the Philippines. He too felt embarrassed, but also confused. On one hand he felt, "I m being the active father I want to be." On the other hand, he also had a sinking feeling: "I m a man doing work even middle- and upper-class women are getting out of." 4 Paul Krugman, "The End of Middle-Class America (and the Triumph of the Plutocrats)," The New York Times Magazine, October 20, 2002, pp. 62-142.



He is smiling contentedly. In his arms, his daughter faces the camera, laughing.

He is successful—he is writing this column, this book. He writes on "male" topics like the Chicago mayoral election. He's an involved father. But he's not a house husband, like the man in the movie Mr. Mom, who for a disastrous, funny period—role reversal is an ancient, always humorous theme in literature—exchanges roles with his wife. Greene's wife, Susan, is also home with Amanda; he joins, but doesn't replace, his wife at home. As he writes in his journal: Started early this morning.

I worked hard on a column about the upcoming Chicago mayoral election. I had to go to the far north side of town to interview a man; then once I got back downtown I had several hours of phone checking to do. There were some changes to be made after I had finished writing. It was well after dark before I was finished. I was still buzzing from the nonstop reporting and writing when I got home, all of the elements of the story were still knocking around my head. Susan said, "Amanda learned how to drink from a cup today." I went into the kitchen and watched her. I watched Amanda drink from the cup, and nothing else mattered.

10 THE SECOND SHIFT 33 The new man "has it all" in the same way the supermom has it all.

He is a male version of the woman with the flying hair. Bob Greene is an involved father and also successful in a competitive field. In writing only about his own highly atypical experience, though, Greene unintentionally conveys the idea that men face no conflict between doing a job and raising a child. In fact, most working fathers who fully share the emotional responsibility and physical care of children and do half the housework face great difficulty. As long as the "woman's work" that some men do is socially devalued, as long as it is defined as woman's work, as long as it's tacked onto a "regular" work day, men who share it are likely to develop the same jagged mouth and frazzled hair as the coffee-mug mom. The image of the new man is like the image of the supermom: it obscures the strain. The image of the supermom and, to a far less extent, the image of the new man enter a curious cultural circle. First, more men and women become working couples. Spotting these men and women as a market, advertisers surround them with images—on billboards, on magazine covers, in television commercials—mainly of the do-it-all woman. Then journalists write articles about her. Advice books follow, and finally, more slowly and ponderously, the scientific word gets out about "changes in the family." As a result of this chain of interpretations, the two-job couple, the new object of attention, looks down the hall of mirrors to see "themselves." What working mothers find in the mirror of culture has much to do with what the dilemmas in their lives make them look for. When the working mothers I talked with considered the image of the supermom, they imagined a woman who was unusually efficient, organized, energetic, bright, and confident.

To be a supermom seemed like a good thing. To be called one was a compliment. She wasn't real, but she was ideal. Nancy Holt, a social worker and the mother of a son named Joey, found the idea of a supermom curiously useful She faced a terrible choice between having a stable marriage and an equal one, and she chose the stable 34 THE SECOND SHIFT marriage. She struggled hard to suppress her conflict with her husband and to perform an emotional cover-up. The supermom image appealed to her because it offered her a cultural cover-up to go with her emotional one. It clothed her compromise with an aura of inevitability. It obscured the crisis she and her husband faced over the second shift, her conflict with her husband over it, and her attempts to suppress the conflict to preserve their marriage—leaving in their place the illusive, light, almost-winking image of that woman with the flying hair. CHAPTER 4 Joey's Problem: Nancy and Evan Holt N Holt arrives home from work, her son, Joey, in one hand and a bag of groceries in the other. As she puts down the groceries and opens the front door, she sees a spill of mail on the hall floor, Joey's half-eaten piece of cinnamon toast on the hall table, and the phone machines winking red light: a still-life reminder of the morning's frantic rush to distribute the family to the world outside. Nancy, for seven years a social worker, is a short, lithe blond woman of thirty who talks and moves rapidly. She scoops the mail onto the hall table and heads for the kitchen, unbuttoning her coat as she goes. Joey sticks close behind her, intently explaining to her how dump trucks dump things. Joey is a fat-cheeked, lively four-year-old who chuckles easily at things that please him. Having parked their red station wagon, Evan, her husband, comes in and hangs up his coat. He has picked her up at work and they've arrived home together. Apparently unready to face the kitchen commotion but not quite entitled to relax with the newspaper in the living room, he slowly studies the mail. Also thirty, Evan, a warehouse furniture salesman, has thinning pale blond hair, a stocky build, and a tendency to lean on one foot. In his manner there is something both affable and hesitant. From the beginning, Nancy describes herself as an "ardent feminist," an egalitarian (she wants a similar balance of spheres and equal power). Nancy began her marriage hoping that she and ANCY 35 36 THE SECOND SHIFT Evan would base their identities in both their parenthood and their careers, but clearly tilted toward parenthood. Evan felt it was fine for Nancy to have a career, if she could handle the family too. As I observe in their home on this evening, I notice a small ripple on the surface of family waters. From the commotion of the kitchen, Nancy calls, "Eva-an, will you please set the table?" The word please is thick with irritation. Scurrying between refrigerator, sink, and oven, with Joey at her feet, Nancy wants Evan to help; she has asked him, but reluctantly. She seems to resent having to ask. (Later she tells me, "I hate to ask; why should I ask? Its begging.") Evan looks up from the mail and flashes an irritated glance toward the kitchen, stung, perhaps, to be asked in a way so barren of appreciation and respect. He begins setting out knives and forks, asks if she will need spoons, then answers the doorbell. A neighbor's child. No, Joey cant play right now.

The moment of irritation has passed. Later as I interview Nancy and Evan separately, they describe their family life as unusually happy—except f Files Higher education and science Sociology Gender sociology added by anyar 02/08/2013 15:13 info modified 02/08/2013 17:58 Sign up or login using form at top of the page to download this file. Sign up