marktschreierisch Extrempositionen vertreten hat, wie es ja in der Wissenschaft leider viel zu oft und zunehmend häufiger vorkommt. Im Gegenteil hat er Kritik sorgfältig registriert und bedacht.

Sowohl die Art, wie Geertz Wissenschaft betrieben hat und wie er inhaltlich menschliche Kultur und die Möglichkeiten der Kulturanthropologie gesehen hat, bleibt für die Zukunft höchst anregend.

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# *Opsimaths*. Women, Midlife Career Shifts, and Anthropology

## A Review Essay

Joan Weibel-Orlando

Why, I had pondered from time to time – actually ever since Marge Schweitzer (see p. 12) had invited me to be one of two discussants on the "Culture, History, and Narratives of the Self: Reshaping Identities, Critiquing Society" symposium panel she organized for the annual American Anthropological Association meetings in 1995 – had I not been invited to contribute to her proposed edited volume of women's personal reflections on their decisions to become anthropologists in midlife? After all, Marge (and Maria, too, for that matter) and I are long-time friends. We are all members of AAGE (the Association of Anthropologists and Gerontologists Interest Group of AAA). Both Marge and I had contributed chapters to Jay Sokolovsky's (1990) edited text "The Cultural Context of Aging." And Marge had asked me to contribute a chapter on Native American intergenerational parenting to her edited volume "American Indian Grandmothers: Traditions and Transitions" (1999). She knew my academic history (starting my undergraduate education all over again at 30 years of age). To my mind, I seemed a perfect candidate for Marge's latest book project.

Only after being asked to review "Women in Anthropology" (Cattell and Schweitzer 2006)[1] and having read Marge's preface (11 f.) did I realize the reason for my absence from its impressive list of autobiographers. The editors had made the decision to limit contributors to women who had received their Ph.D.s in anthropology at statistical midlife (45 years of age). Having been hooded at 39 years, 11 months, and 15 days of age, I had been too young to be considered to have made a midlife career shift. Ironically, although I had always felt "othered" by my much younger cohort graduate students at UCLA, my anthro pals had arbitrarily "othered" me from their project for being too young! To appropriate Conroy's (2004) arresting book title, I was "betwixt and between," my perception of self as an older (returning) student and the editors' understanding of the age a woman

1 Cattell, Maria G., and Marjorie M. Schweitzer (eds.): Women in Anthropology. Autobiographical Narratives and Social History. Walnut Creek: Left Coast Press, 2006. 259 pp. ISBN 978-1-59874-083-7. Price: $ 29.95.



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would have to be considered having made a midlife career shift to anthropology. Barbara Olsen (173–182) who writes convincingly about the several and serial "othernesses" of her life and academic career would understand my confusion of career identity.

Why was it, then, that, having read "Women in Anthropology," do I feel an uncommon bond with these 17 women who, in midlife, determined they just had to have it – a doctorate in anthropology that is? Why was it that, through nine years of undergraduate and graduate school, I had felt slightly out of cultural and psychological sync with my student cohorts who were often 12 years younger than I was? Why had it been that I had felt, up until my last two years of graduate school and only after having won a most sought after Ford Foundation Research grant (a "Ford" was an important self-actualization marker for Jean Harris as well [168]) that, because of my age, I had had something more than my command of the course materials and field research worthiness to prove to my professors, some of whom (even in graduate school) were years younger than I was?

It occurred to me (as it had to Jean Harris in the writing of her self-narrative [169]), as I began to think about how to outline this review that there might be some analytical utility to write a compare and contrast essay in which I construct the self-narrative (in abbreviated form) that I would have written for the volume and, then, compare my life experiences and career decisions with those of the 17 contributors to this collection of focused autobiographies. Perhaps my "betwixt and betweenness" might enable me to express my own generativity (see Maria Cattell, p. 20), be the mediator/communicating channel of life lessons the women who came to anthropology in midlife have to teach younger generations of women currently contemplating a career in anthropology.

The overarching inquiry of this text is an assessment of the relative effects of gender, age, social and historical context, and individual will on midlife career shift decisions. With these factors in mind, I will attempt to determine the relative effects of these life factors on my own career trajectories in comparison to their effects on the careers of the 17 contributors to this book.

First of all, as were the authors, I was born between 1913 and 1947 (Cattell, p. 17). I was born at the end of the Great Depression and this historical period generally (1938). I remember vividly my family's concerns about "the War" and keeping us fed, housed, and safe during that uncertain and unsettling time. As with only 4 of the 17 contributors (Cattell, p. 23), my family was solidly working class. Dad was employee 49 of the Barden Corporation – a major manufacturer of precision ball bearings. He entered its employ in 1942 as it took on the task of supplying the war effort with ball bearings of sufficiently superior quality that the successful operation of the Norden bomb site was assured. He remained a loyal employee of that corporation until his retirement in 1977.

Unlike Eunice Boyer's family background (77) my parents were not particularly "education oriented." Neither of my parents finished high school, though Mother, at her own expense, earned a diploma from a local business school in Danbury, Conn. And Dad took a number of correspondence courses throughout my childhood. Their educational efforts were uniformly pragmatic – meant to add to their employment competencies and chances for advancement.

Though my parents had not insisted my sister and I going to college, I knew, from my first days at Bethel, Ct.'s Grassy Plain Elementary School, that an academic education was something I was good, even excelled at and that I could receive the recognition and applause I craved by doing well in school. By the time I had entered high school as a "straight A" student, I simply assumed I would go on to college immediately upon graduation and that I would have a career other than wifehood and motherhood.

My high school years (1952–1956) were during the height of what Marjorie Schweitzer (43) depicts as the "happy housewife," "consumerism" conflated to acts of patriotism and touting of "stay at home Momness" as a goodness, even Godliness post-World War II social retrenchment period. Cattell (22) further tells us that marriage within two years of high school was a woman's prescribed career goal during that "restorative" sociohistorical period. I do not remember my high school social enculturation experience in that way. Rather, I, as well as the majority of the 53 teenagers (both men and women) who graduated from Bethel High School in 1956, assumed we would (and the majority of us did as did Jane Stevenson Day's [232] classmates even as early as 1947) go to college the following semester.

What was it in my early cultural experience that made me, largely, immune to the historical period's suggested siren call – the social engineering of women to pursue their "natural" careers" of wifedom, hearth, and home keeping and motherhood? Was it geographic? Did Bethel's New England propinquity to an alternative siren call – the lure of New York City, New Haven, and Boston and their fine colleges and universities, sophisti-



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cated cultural climates, and multiple and exciting employment opportunities provide me with alternative models of life/career trajectories?

Was it social? Did the seeming authority, personal freedom (180 day work years), and relative social prestige my high school teachers enjoyed as a result of their college educations (as contrasted with my lesser-schooled parents' work-a-day tedium) seem the better choice of career path for me? A bit of both, I suspect, channeled me and many of the other BHS graduating class of 1956 into college the following year.

For me, personally, my early immunity to the directive to marry, procreate, and nurture was the result of other factors both innate and circumstantial. Although I would discover, as did a number of the book contributors (Ellen Holmes, p. 125; Barbara Olsen, p. 173) and label the anthropologist in me much later in life, I (unlike Marilyn Rose's [89] and Marjorie Schweitzer's [186] late awakenings to such issues) had been a non-self labeled feminist for as long as I can remember. In contradistinction to gender role stereotypes attributed to the historical period of my childhood (Schweitzer, p. 47), I had grown up playing, fighting, and learning with my three boy cousins and their assorted neighborhood male playmates. I had learned, early on and until massive estrogen surges kicked in at adolescence, that I could run just as fast, hit a ball just as hard, milk a cow with as much productivity, wrestle just as furiously, and certainly write and take tests with greater result than my male age mates. And, except for the few boys in my class who seemed to have "natural" proclivities for chemistry and trigonometry I do not possess, I never felt less intellectually equipped than my male age peers. In other academic endeavors (creative writing, the social sciences, and language acquisition) I felt myself clearly their superior.

Secondly, we had discovered, early on, special talents that set me apart and warranted serious consideration of a future career for me in the performing arts. My Dad, and his Dad before him had been "fiddlers." When I was six my Dad started to take classical violin lessons from a local professional violinist. I watched his living room-based lessons with fascination. Fully convinced I could play the violin, I begged to be given lessons too. I was told at the time that I was too young to start – that I would have to wait. Three years later, the Bethel public schools initiated a free music lesson program. I convinced my parents to sign me up for the violin group lesson. And the rest, as is said, was history.

Not only was there an inherent feminist, but also an innate musician in me. By age eleven my parents were advised I needed to be given private violin lessons as I had mastered all that could be offered me in the public school music lessons program. A demanding professional violinist and my fervent interest in playing well raised my skills to solo performance level by the time I was 13. By junior year in high school I had fully determined I would, upon graduation, go on to either a college program in music education or a music conservatory in New York. And I did. After a self-defining summer of membership in the Tanglewood Music Festival student orchestra, I turned down a scholarship and admittance to the music education program at Western Connecticut State College and accepted a scholarship to study the violin at the Mannes College of Music in New York. Marriage and motherhood were the farthest things from my mind when I was 18 and the year was 1956.

So why was I married at 20 and a mother at 21? It had little to do with social dictates that drove some of the book's contributors (Cath Oberholtzer, p. 94; Jacqueline Walden, p. 217) to marry early. It had everything to do with biology and the inherent romantic this is also me. Within weeks of settling in at Mannes I fell hopelessly in love with one of the school's major, older, graduate student lights at the time. All of my adolescent readings of the romantics (the Bronte sisters, Jane Austin, George Elliot, and Margaret Mitchell) only fueled my ardor and wonder at experiencing first and forbidden love. (He was thought to be too old, too worldly for me. I was supposed to be devoting myself to my studies.) Thinking ourselves sophisticates, marriage was not a *sine qua non* at the time. Devotion, intellectual, musical, and sexual compatibility were.

When the birth of our child was imminent, however, my early Christian upbringing (I had been raised a Methodist, though a less conservative version of Methodism than is the better known Southern Methodist tradition) convinced me that our child should be raised in a stable home with parents who were married and committed to the raising of the child. We married in June, 1959. Our child was born five months later.

Did I feel, at the time, that my personal goals had been thwarted by this change in career trajectory? Not really. There is also the pragmatist as well as the hopeless (a USC colleague of mine might inject "hapless" here) romantic in me. While I had been a musical very big fish in my home town, in New York (one of the world's major centers of artistic talent) I was considered only competent. By the end of my first year in New York I realized that the dreamed of stellar music career was never going



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to be my reality. (In-head ruminations about the differences across talent, competence, and genius filled much of my alone time during that year.)

I, however, and equally romantically, had convinced myself that a second career – that of being a "great man's muse" – could be an equally challenging even rewarding personal career for me. In that sense, and like many of the autobiographers, I was a product of my time. I could see the wisdom of the era's cultural *status quo*. I was, at 20 years of age, willing to accept a life's career as a help meet of a more talented, even genius life partner – a sociocultural directive if masked by a personal romantic script (see Cattell, p. 19).

By 23 years of age I was divorced, living in Connecticut, raising a two year old son with the support of my parents and assorted childcare professionals. Only partially supported by my son's father, I worked full time for a local newspaper, played the violin professionally upon occasion, and tried to make a life for myself after my college marriage had ended as disastrously as had Margaret Mead's (1972) first marriage who, I believe, coined the phrase,"college marriage" in the first place.

Why my first marriage failed, though deserving of a whole and separate other socio/psychological analysis, is not germane to this critique. Rather, the decision making and learning process involved in the reinvention of myself not as romantic victim and survivor but as my own "great" and self-realized person is.

I had always excelled at creative writing and public presentation. As a consequence of these skills, I secured a sales and copywriting position at the local newspaper. I worked in advertising development and sales for 8 years and was elevated to junior management before thinking about going back to college. By 1968 I was at the top of the earning curve at my level of employment. Given these achievements, what motivated me at that time to think, once more, about securing a formal education for myself?

Although we did not use the term "glass ceiling" (75) at the time, I was acutely aware of not a glass, but a brick ceiling at the Danbury News-Times. Management was convinced that an advertising department's director had to be male. No matter how talented, diplomatic, or motivational a woman might be, it was argued, the men on the staff simply would not take direction from a woman. No matter – after eight years of consumeristic propagandizing (and long after it took Ruby Rohrlich [149] to come to the same psychological state) I had become bored to distraction with the limits of local advertising agendas. I began to suspect that my brain was turning to mush (Dorothy Castille [103] uses the term "watery oatmeal") and that I was now capable of only composing clichéd three word sales slogans from under use of my creative writing skills. Even if I had been able to, crashing through the rock-solid ceiling of newspaper management in 1968 no longer held any interest for me.

As did many other older women at the time (Cattell, p. 24; Oberholtzer, p. 95; Lackey, p. 112; Skirboll, p. 138) I turned to part-time college studenthood and night classes for mental stimulation. By then my son was eight, doing well in school and could stay with a babysitter a night or two a week while I attended classes at the local state university. Wishing to avoid the possibility of, once again, setting impossible goals and experiencing another personal failure, I promised myself to take only courses that fascinated me. That plan lasted for four semesters. I found myself drawn to courses that had any hint of anthropology, ethnography, or psychology in their descriptions.

As with Eunice Boyer's (78) experience at Eureka College in Illinois, Western Connecticut State University did not have an anthropology, only an interdisciplinary social sciences, major, in 1968. By 1970, I had taken all of the night courses in that area. Not wanting to truncate the educational process at which, I had happily discovered, I still excelled, I took a vow of poverty, resigned from the newspaper, secured a part-time advertising consultancy, and enrolled full time in college.

Unlike Cath Oberholtzer (93) who recognizes she was "born an anthropologist" and Maria Cattell (200f.) who believes she was an anthropologist from early childhood, but like Ruby Rohrlich (148), Barbara Olsen (176), and Marjorie Schweitzer (186), I did not locate the anthropologist in me until my junior year of undergraduate school. It was certainly not a decision of the pragmatic me. Rather, it was the romantic adventurer who had been enthralled at the age of 6 by the occasional visits of a tall, slender, aquiline-faced, Yankee, friend of a friend of the family who had taught Navajo children in Arizona for years, wore the most wonderful turquoise and silver rings, and had given me a copy of "Rose of the Mesa" to read when I was recovering from something that was called "glandular fever" in 1945 that first prompted me to think about personal travel and exotic adventure. As with Molly Schuchat (115), Barbara Olsen (175), Jacqueline Walden (216), and Jane Stevenson Day (230f.), early investigations of the books in our parent's home libraries and especially, the *National Geographic* magazines that arrived monthly throughout



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our school years further fueled our interest in the culturally exotic "other."

It was the discovery, in 1968, of an enterprise called ethnographic fieldwork and its promise of the sensual experience of the exotic other (what Dorinne Kondo in private conversation [2006] and now in manuscript and more than 35 years later would label "corporeal epistemology") that most excited and convinced me I not only could be but, inherently, was an anthropologist. Additionally, in a lecture given on the occasion of the publication of her most recent book, "Culture and Commitment" in 1970, Margaret Mead spoke of the multiple career opportunities living in 20th century America afforded individuals. Dr. Mead assured us that we could expect to live and work vigorously into our 80s and take on, not one but, as many as three careers in our lifetime. That probability resonated strongly with me. If Dr. Margaret said I could shift careers without penalty at almost midlife, that directive was good enough for me. Elizabeth Hoobler (158 f.) would understand this level of anthropological fandom and emulation.

Career advisors at WestConn informed me, at the time, that there would be little I could do in anthropology with only a B.S. in social science. If I wanted to have a "real" career, I, as others (see Cattell, p. 26) were advised, was going to have to earn, as Eunice Boyer (79) and Louana Lackey (111) put it, my "union card" of academia – a Ph.D. Was that advice meant to discourage any further "career dreaming" on my part? I have never been sure. Rather, that supposed reality check only further spurred my interest in seeing just how far I could climb the academic ladder. I was clearer much more a product of the second way of feminism that Cattell (15), Schweitzer (43), and Skirboll (139) speak of. In 1971 I, clearly, believed that I not only had to, but could also have it all.

To my utter amazement and delight, in 1972, I was accepted to the anthropology graduate programs at both Indiana University and UCLA. Because of its highly respected psychological anthropology program, I ultimately accepted the UCLA offer. In July, 1972, Bill, my, by then, 12 year old son, and I (34 at the time) packed up our 1968 SAAB and took a 3 week-long road trip from Danbury, Ct. to Los Angeles, CA.

Acutely aware of my age (on average, I was 12 years older than any of the other first year graduate students) I knew I would have to hustle if I was going to complete my Ph.D. work in time to be seriously considered for an university position. Though advised by no one, I set a goal of completing my dissertation before I reached 40 years. I was awarded a Ph.D. from UCLA in June, 1977, only five years after entering the program and only two weeks shy of my 40th birthday.

What was the graduate school experience like for me? In terms of ageism, it was subtle, but certainly felt at UCLA. I was never offered a teaching assistantship. It was never said, but I always suspected, that that circumstance had had to do with my age and that TAships were systematically awarded to the younger graduate students as they would be more likely to be offered tenure track teaching positions in the future.

On the other hand, and unlike Dorothy Castille (102) but like Jane Stevenson Day (243), I found that certain members, even young, male members of academe (even in 1973) valued life experience as a prerequisite of fieldwork or employment. In fact, early on in graduate school, my age and specific life experience had provided me entrée into a research position that might not have been offered as confidently to a younger and childless person.

Tom Weisner, anthropologist, and Bernice Eiduson, psychologist, in the Neuropsychiatric Institute at UCLA were beginning the now 34 year study of childrearing styles in 1973. Wanting to gain experience as a research scientist, I applied for one of the project's research assistantship positions. In conversations with the other applicants in the P. I.'s office anteroom I soon realized I was woefully less experienced than they with regard to fieldwork. When Dr. Weisner (he had just received his Ph.D. in anthropology from Harvard school that year, was around 30 and the father of a toddler at the time) asked me what my experience with children was, I, not without a mix of irony and desperation, asked, "Does it count if I raised one by myself?" Bless his empathetic as well as pragmatic soul, Weisner replied, "Not only does it help, I think it is an asset in the research effort we have planned." I was offered a research assistantship on the Family Styles Project the next week. That appointment resulted in a professional association of more than a decade with Dr. Weisner.

Unlike the gender and age bias Esther Skirboll (140) experienced throughout her graduate school experience in archaeology, several (Cattell, p. 28; Boyer, p. 80; Lackey, p. 112; Rohrlich, p. 148; Walden, p. 222) of the contributors to this book have discovered encouragement, support, and mentorship are not quintessentially gendered. It is our collective experience that equal numbers of men as well as women have recognized talent, skill, and competence and ignored the impulse to stereotype individuals by age or sex.

What I found more disturbing was the classism



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and elitism I encountered in graduate school and in academia generally. Jean Harris (166, 169, 171), based on her graduate school experience, would recognize what I am talking about. By that I mean a clear stratification of a person's employability or access to graduate school benefits and/or tenure track positions on the basis of the public or private nature of their credentialing under and graduate school programs and not solely on the productivity and originality of one's subsequent body of work. This vetting process has not changed much since I was a graduate student 30 years ago. At USC we still weight job applicants by the national reputation of the schools in which they completed their undergraduate and graduate school work. Perhaps it is a shortcut in lieu of a full review of a person's productivity, but this sort of categorizing negates the reality that a fine education can be obtained at second and third tier schools, both private and public. Rather than name recognition, the quality of any educational experience is the result of a delicate interplay of inspired and inspiring mentorship and receptive and talented student and not the socio-historical and physical locus of that relationship as many of the self-narratives in this volume reveal.

Finally, I wish to introduce a couple of issues reading these inspiring self-revelations have raised for me. As a first concern, I wonder if a midlife career shift, especially to pursue a career in anthropology, is an overwhelming female phenomenon? How many men have made similar career shifts in midlife? Do they do so for the same reasons as do women? Do older, recently credentialed men encounter the same sorts of employment biases and impediments? I am thinking now of a talented colleague of mine at USC who, at age 47, received his Ph.D. from USC. Now, fully seven years later, he (as did Skirboll [141] after receiving her Ph.D. in 1981) is still cobbling together a non-tenure track teaching schedule that, though, in his words, "it puts bread on the table and keeps me academically viable" does little to enhance community recognition of him as a "real" anthropologist, leaves him little time to write or provides him with little job security from year to year.

It occurs to me that older men with recent doctorates in anthropology are subject to the same sorts of career biases as are older women. This inherent ageism, in the guise of pragmatic program development decision making seems an artifact of an earlier time when people lived ten to twenty fewer years and that retirement at age 65 was not only encouraged but mandated. How older men meet those career challenges may just be the focus of a follow-up volume of autobiographies.

Secondly, the book's editors and contributors (Sokolovsky, p. 8; Cattell, p. 21) acknowledge a gender shift in the peopling of anthropology. As Cattell (16) points out and as Skirboll (139) would find out as a freshman in graduate school as late as 1974 anthropology and archaeology was once thought of as a man's world. That has changed (see Sokolovsky, p. 8; Cattell, p. 21).

I, too, recognize a shift in undergraduate anthropology student demographics at USC. In 1985, when I began my tenure track appointment at USC, the upper division and yearlong ethnographic field methods classes were almost always made up of equal numbers of young men and women. In the past three years that ratio has changed dramatically. Though there were more (21) anthropology majors in my methods course than ever before this year, only 4 are men. Of the 12 USC students who declared archaeology as their major this year, none are male. Where are the USC male student majors? They appear to be making earlier and more pragmatic academic choices. The engineering, business and science courses and majors all have full compliments of male students.

And a career and graduate degree in anthropology are no longer clear and obvious career choices after majoring in anthropology at USC. Having mentored our undergraduate majors for a number of years my graduate school advice to them has evolved. Currently, I have shifted from encouraging anthropology majors to "follow your bliss and your parents' career expectations for you be damned" to more considered evaluations of the undergraduate anthropology experience and its relationship to future career trajectories. In 2007, I find myself advising students that a major in cultural anthropology is a wonderful, broad-based academic experience. In support of that statement I point to the range of graduate programs and professional schools (medicine, education, law, social work) our recent anthropology majors have entered. Of the twenty-five or so anthropology majors who will graduate from USC this May, I know of only three who, in the next two years, will enter an anthropology graduate program. Two are female, one is male. The other graduates plan to go on to do graduate work in international relations, education, psychology, law, and psychology or "just work for a few years and find myself."

Has an undergraduate education become little more than the locus of professional or technical school preparation? Have the undergraduate social sciences, in general, and anthropology, in particular, become ancillary and enriching, rather than focal academic endeavors? Have our epistemological



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preoccupations of the past two decades (voice, narrative, authority, agency, and gender as so elegantly demonstrated by the autobiographical sketches in this volume) so narrowed our discipline's foci as to have made the discipline irrelevant or, at the very least, nonresonant with many, including most male undergraduates?

I hope these ruminations prompt discussion. I would like to hear the views and experiences of others about my suspicion that, in our zeal to make anthropology responsive to our intellectual concerns, we may have caused a marginalization of the discipline as a newly gendered intellectual locus.

I have a quibble, and it is only that, with the title of the book. "Women in Anthropology" seems overly broad given the volume's core theme. My advertising background will be evident in these suggestions of alternative titular attention compellers. Maybe something more catchy and to the point like "'Late Bloomers:' (ironic quotes to underscore the silliness of such a label as Schweitzer and Cattell [212] have both duly noted) Women, Midlife Career Shifts, and Anthropology" would have gotten more people to pick the book up and scan its table of contents. (I think of my several and sometimes simultaneous careers as sequential blooming.) Or "She Had to Have It! Women, Midlife Career Shifts, and the Seduction of Anthropology" might have prompted greater interest in the volume's contents. And then, of course, there is the wonderfully arcade term, *opsimathy* (coming late to education), for the knowledge of which Maria Cattell (13, 211), thanks to her crossword puzzle-enthusiast mother, and to which she introduces us that, surely, as a book title, would have provoked a look see. But then, such titular alternatives are moot at this point. I must content myself with appropriating Maria's found word and using it to lead off the title of this review essay.

The contents, though obscured by the book's too general title, are well worth a read. In fact, I encourage a reading of these fascinating self-revelations. It helps tremendously that a number of the authors are darn good writers. Maria Cattell's thoughtful analysis of and insightful pattern-findings in her introductory chapter are most helpful in establishing a clear overview of the book's larger and overarching themes. To paraphrase one of her graduate school mentors, Maria (210) writes just about as well as "anyone I have ever known." I was (to use an adolescent phrase) "blown away" by Judy Rosenthal's (59–74) luminous prose. Her current autobiographical voice has clear roots in her early inspiration to express herself poetically. I suspect that you will find yourself unable to put down Elizabeth Hoobler's (153–162) painfully honest account of her intellectual struggle with her attempts to rectify belief with academic science. And Jean Harris's (163–172) moving description of what it was like to be African-American and female in academia is not to be missed as well. Women of all ages should be inspired by the success stories of these plucky, not to be denied, anthropology Ph.D.s. They not only had to have, but got it – so can you.

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