

BOOK REVIEWS

Hayden, Dolores. *Redesigning the American Dream: Gender, Housing, and Family Life*. 1984; New York: Norton, 2002.

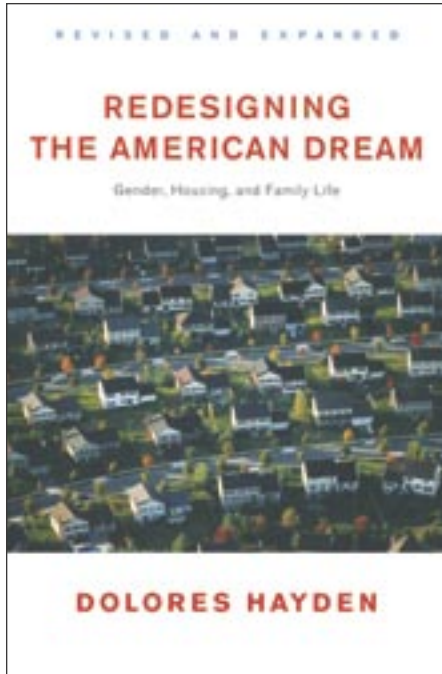
After a few months of living deliberately in his shack near Walden Pond, Henry David Thoreau decided to visit his friends at Brook Farm. Along with other utopian enthusiasts of Charles Fourier, Nathaniel Hawthorne and Margaret Fuller were close to completing a “phalanstery,” a dormitory to house the participants in their experiment in communal living. Apparently hoping for Thoreau’s seal of aesthetic and spiritual approval, they had invited the Yankee Diogenes to inspect their outpost of paradise, and bless what Hawthorne would call, in *The Blithedale Romance*, their “modern arcadia.” Thoreau was not impressed. After looking over the site, he shrugged, remarking sagely, “Huts, huts are safe,” and ambled back to the pond. (The phalanstery burned to the ground a few months later.)

Dolores Hayden relates this story in her study of architecture and urban planning, adding a sardonic finish to counter the Polonius of the forest. “Of course,” she observes, Thoreau “went to dine with his mother and sister whenever his hut lost its appeal” (157). Huts might be safe, but even Mr. Different Drummer needed human contact. Still, Thoreau’s abode near Walden Pond is better known

than Brook Farm’s phalanstery, and the burden of Hayden’s book is explaining why the hut continues to stand. From the nation’s republican establishment to its present imperial swaying, the little house has held a mortgage on the American imagination, even when the payments prove exorbitant in money, materials, and worry. Enchanted by the vision of a “sacred hut”—a dwelling where virtue can be safely insulated from a vicious world outside—Americans have denied, and continue to deny, the inexorably social nature of housing; separated domestic and political economy in a way that inhibits the flourishing of women; and created patterns of residence and consumption that disfigure the landscape and despoil the environment. Seen as a gargantuan network of housing and labor arrangements, huts are no longer safe—in fact, they’re downright dangerous to a genuinely civilized life.

A professor of architecture and American studies at Yale, and one of our finest historians of housing and urbanism, Hayden has devoted her entire career to scholarship that doubles as social criticism. In her first book, *Seven American Utopias*, she traced “communitarian” experiments in architecture that stretched from early nineteenth-century utopian settlements such as Brook Farm and Oneida, through religious groups like the Shakers and the Mormons, to socialist towns like Llano del Rio, California.¹ In *The Grand Domestic Revolution*, she chronicled attempts by

¹ Dolores Hayden, *Seven American Utopias: The Architecture of Communitarian Socialism, 1790–1975* (Cambridge, MA: MIT Press, 1976).



architects and activists to design domestic spaces that would allow women and children to flourish more freely than they could in Victorian or suburban houses.² Lucid, informative, and generous in spirit, both of these volumes reflect Hayden's desire, shared by other feminist academics, to reformulate scholarly accounts of American social and cultural history. With *Redesigning the American Dream* (first published in 1984, and updated in

2002), Hayden attempts to appeal to an audience broader than academic specialists. It joins a growing literature in the critical history of suburbia.³ Offering more than wearisome snideness about aluminum siding and pink flamingoes, this literature continues an urbanist tradition represented a generation ago by Lewis Mumford, Jane Jacobs, and Paul and Percival Goodman.⁴ With a keener attention to gender, Hayden most closely resembles the Goodmans, mixing history, illustration, and reform proposals in accessible prose.

As is so often the case with reformers, Hayden recalls a past from which the present is a declension. Hayden reminds us that the Puritans thought of their godly experiment as a “city on a hill,” while the Quakers called their settlement a “city of brotherly love.” Both communities imagined the common good in collective, not merely private or familial terms, and built their structures so as to harmonize family and other social spaces. Indeed, the town commons and village greens of New England constitute, in Hayden's judgment, “our first and best planning tradition” (35). This urban ideal of human space did not die with the colonists. It remained vigorous

² Dolores Hayden, *The Grand Domestic Revolution: A History of Feminist Designs for American Homes, Neighborhoods, and Cities* (Cambridge, MA: MIT Press, 1981).

³ See Kenneth T. Jackson, *Crabgrass Frontier: The Suburbanization of the United States* (New York: Oxford University Press, 1985); Robert Fishman, *Bourgeois Utopias: The Rise and Fall of Suburbia* (New York: Basic, 1987); James Howard Kunstler, *The Geography of Nowhere: The Rise and Decline of America's Man-Made Landscape* (New York: Simon & Schuster, 1993); and Jane Holtz Kay, *Asphalt Nation: How the Automobile Took over America and How We Can Take It Back* (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1997).

⁴ The Goodman's *Communitas* remains a milestone in its fusion of architectural criticism, social commentary, and ecological sensitivity [*Communitas: Means of Livelihood and Ways of Life* (1947; New York: Columbia University Press, 1989)].

in Walt Whitman, whose big-hearted “Song of the Broad-Axe” extolled a “city of the faithfulest friends”; in Frederick Law Olmsted, whose “Public Parks and the Improvement of Towns” still reads well as a call for a democratic public landscape; and in twentieth-century urbanists like Mumford, who tied urban planning and domestic architecture to “an intensification of collective self-knowledge” in *The City in History*.⁵ This urbanist pedigree of architectural criticism aimed at an integration of domestic and economic life that would both beautify the built environment and end the segregation and oppression of women.

The urbanists were defeated by what Hayden dubs the “dream house” tradition, and the villain here is Thomas Jefferson, whose yeoman ideal of male agricultural proprietorship inscribed the family farm, not the village, at the center of the American spatial imagination. Seen through Hayden’s eyes, the subsequent history of westward dispossession and genocide is the story of the dream house and its triumph, culminating in the metastasis of suburban tracts in the years after World War II. Erected in timber and enveloped in maudlin, the dream house became the ark of individualism, itself a misnomer standing

for the male-dominated family. Indeed, far from representing a rational solution to demographic and spatial problems, the contemporary suburban house is the highest stage of individualist ideology: as the developer William Levitt asserted in 1948, “No man who owns his own house and lot can be a Communist. He has too much to do.”⁶ The persisting enchantment of the dream house tradition in the face of rising prices, accelerating mobility, and changing family and employment patterns is the basis for the current crisis in American housing: a dearth of attractive and affordable residences, for a variety of families, close enough to their workplaces.

That crisis partakes of what Hayden characterizes as a larger crisis of domestic culture in the industrialized West. In her view, the dream house is an episode in the fantasy of Victorian domesticity: single-family dwelling spaces, presided over by women, rigidly separated by distance and ethos from the competitive male spheres of production and politics. Whether scorned or idealized, the Victorian fantasy clashes ever more clearly with social and economic realities. Especially in suburbia, Americans live quite literally in a fitful dream world sustained by pandering politicians, unimaginative architects,

⁵ See Walt Whitman, “Song of the Broad-Axe,” *Complete Poetry and Selected Prose*, ed. James E. Miller, Jr. (Boston: Houghton Mifflin, 1959) 141; Frederick Law Olmsted, “Public Parks and the Improvement of Towns,” *Public Parks and the Enlargement of Towns* (Cambridge, MA: American Social Science Association, 1870) 7–9; and Lewis Mumford, *The City in History* (New York: Harcourt Brace, 1961) 526. Jane Jacobs’ *The Death and Life of Great American Cities* is conspicuously absent and surely merited at least an endnote (1961; New York: Vintage, 1992).

⁶ William Levitt, interview with Eric Larrabee, “The Six Thousand Houses that Levitt Built,” *Harper’s Magazine* (September 1948): 84. More recently, former White House press secretary Ari Fleischer invoked divine favor on our burgeoning houses and sport utility vehicles, the tokens, he told reporters, of “our blessed way of life” [*New York Times* (8 May 2001): 12].

avaricious builders, and the spectral persistence of gender conventions from the mid-nineteenth century. Hayden laments that the private suburban house, which has dominated American domestic design since the 1920s, continues to provide “a stage set for the effective gender division of labor” (50). But the players have changed, the original script is anachronistic, and the cost of putting on the show in human and ecological terms has become exorbitant. Like any prophet, Hayden demands that we acknowledge the obvious, and effect those transformations in family and economic life that can prevent further damage and repair the civic and natural worlds.

But the historian precedes the advocate. American housing patterns and ideals, like those in other Western nations, have reflected three basic models, each a distinctive constellation of gender, family life, economics, and domestic design: haven, industry, and neighborhood. Rooted in the “sacred hut” ideal of the pre-industrial world—peaked roof, sturdy door, small windows—the “haven” model of industrial societies depicts the home as a hallowed refuge from the brutal, amoral world of capitalist competition. A married, unpaid woman rules over this bourgeois hearth, a “minister of love” as the Victorian domestic goddess Catherine Beecher ordained her.⁷ This selfless Christian priestess provides comfort and exemplifies virtue for her children and her embattled husband. Sentimentalized or vilified as the cita-

del of all things “wholesome,” the haven actually presumes and ratifies a number of separations: home from work; domestic from political economy; a “female” sphere of family, nurturance, and religion from a “male” domain of business and statecraft. Architecturally, the haven paradigm has suffered a precipitous decline in quality and variety. First popularized in the 1840s by Beecher and the architect Andrew Jackson Downing, the haven idyll has evolved from Victorian Gothic, through Romanesque, French Mansard, and Italianate styles in the late nineteenth century, through the Colonial Revival of the early twentieth, to the electrified and gadget-laden ersatz colonials of numerous post-war developments. The McMansions that stud the contemporary suburbs are the latest bourgeois havens, even if often both of the adult occupants are now warriors on the field of business.

Quarantined in the haven, the minister of love could prove to be a restless and inefficient cleric, and so the industrial model pointed to the complete rationalization and mechanization of the female domestic sphere. Hayden constructs a grim genealogy for the “industrial” model that stretches from Jeremy Bentham’s Panopticon (a design for a prison), to the apartment-like phalansteries of utopian socialist communities like Brook Farm and New Harmony, to Soviet designs for “the New Way of Life,” to the high-rise public housing erected in American cities in the 1950s and 60s. Its partisans, especially among socialists, considered

⁷ A popular speaker and writer, Beecher, Hayden notes, “never practiced the domestic feminism she preached” (41).

the industrial transformation of household labor a progressive step for women, liberating them from drudgery and patriarchy and integrating them into the wage force. Factory kitchens, state bakeries, and mechanized laundries would provide services once performed by women in the havens. Private dwellings would give way to apartment complexes designed according to standardized plans, constructed with prefabricated materials, and featuring mess halls, childcare centers, and recreation clubs.

Hayden clearly favors the “neighborhood” model. Highly respected in the housing policies of European social democracies (Hayden is especially impressed by Denmark and the Netherlands), its foremost representatives here were Progressive-era feminists such as Melusina Fay Pierce, Charlotte Perkins Gilman, and Jane Addams. These “material feminists” contended that domestic labor is economic activity—as Hayden puts it, “it is not the wage that defines work, but the labor” (93)—and argued for the neighborhood socialization of housework, under women’s control. In line with neighborhood domesticity, Gilman called for communal child-rearing and cooking establishments, while Pierce envisioned women’s producers’ cooperatives that would sell prepared meals and clean, mended clothing back to husbands for cash. While Hayden concedes that, like the haven and industrial models, the neighborhood strategy did nothing to promote male responsibility for household labor, she still maintains that cooperatives would go a long way toward demolishing the gendered demarcation of domestic and political economy.

The neighborhood strategy has also produced, in Hayden’s view, the most imaginative and appealing housing designs: the cooperative quadrangles of the Garden Cities architects Ebenezer Howard and Raymond Unwin; the courtyards and bungalows of interwar Los Angeles; and the New Urbanist architecture of Andre Duany and Elizabeth Plater-Zyberk, exemplified in Seaside, Florida, with its high-density neighborhoods, off-street garages, and mixed-use residential communities.

The bulk of contemporary domestic architecture is the spawn of haven and industry. Fuelled by the dream of the sacred hut and enabled by a popular and mercenary set of public policies—generous mortgage deductions; accelerated depreciation schedules for commercial owners; zoning and land-use ordinances that discourage renovation and inhibit a mix of single, single-family, and multi-family dwellings—the single-family suburban haven rules the American landscape. From the humblest split-level to the grandest McMansion, most of these houses feature standardized designs and prefabricated materials. The distances traversed between haven, workplace, and shopping center mandate more, and more circuitous, road construction, which in turn diminishes greenspace, prolongs commuting, and aggravates suburban congestion. And as women who now participate in the wage labor force continue to receive little help from men on the domestic labor front—working, in effect, what Arlie Hochschild has dubbed a “second shift” at home—the strains on marriage and children rise to levels commensurately high.

There might be dollops of consolation if these havens were nice to look at, but as Hayden gently reminds us, they aren't, and they're harmful to the planet on top of it. Impatient with cultural studies camp that sees something endearing in the landscape of kitsch, Hayden retorts—without relying on hackneyed pejoratives like “cookie-cutter” or “ticky-tacky”—that suburban dream houses are aesthetic and ecological offenses against visual delight and environmental wisdom. Their standardized look and feel obliterate any sense of region or distinctive taste. Their large picture windows force enormous expenditures on heating and air-conditioning. The trees bulldozed for their development cannot provide shade, relaxation, or sites for neighborly gathering. The next time you squat on the john, consider the water you're going to waste when you flush—in addition to the water you've already wasted with the garbage disposal and the dishwasher—and the expensive, labyrinthine sewage system our eliminatory practices require. (If we were really green, Hayden says, we'd recycle our garbage and feces as compost.)

So how do we condemn this unsafe structure and get the wrecking ball swinging? First, Americans have to acknowledge that the working-consuming-commuting frenzy, compounded by their housing and spatial arrangements, is a collective problem and not a jumble of private inconveniences. Hayden notes that “Americans often say, ‘There aren't enough hours in the day,’ rather than, ‘I'm frantic because the distance between my home and my workplace is too great’” (57). Assuming this great awakening, Hayden offers a number of practical proposals: a cur-

tailment of mortgage deductions; more investment in public transportation; *decelerated* depreciation schedules that encourage renovation rather than new construction, along with subsidies for rehabilitation of existing structures. She also insists on the need to expand and diversify the existing stock of domestic architecture, calling for more accessory apartments to houses in single-family neighborhoods, more multi-family structures, and public housing with fewer units and more space.

As far-reaching as these proposals are, they rest on Hayden's even more heretical conviction that the built environment must be reclaimed from the capitalist market, where it will always be hostage to the interests of developers, builders, and speculators. “Until land and residential buildings are no longer treated as commodities,” she blasphemously, “the United States will always have housing problems” (222). Here Hayden circles back to the concerns that galvanized her early career, and implies that the solution to our domestic crisis lies in a communitarian blend of socialism and feminism. Closing the book with a brief account of a general strike by women in Iceland—a day-long stoppage of work and family life that Aristophanes would have appreciated—Hayden suggests that only a similar mobilization of political energy around issues of home and workplace will demolish the sacred hut, release women from a two-shift existence, and clear space for more humane and egalitarian forms of domestic and political economy. “The world awaits the city of women's equality” (245), she concludes in the spirit of Whitman, a city of justice and vibrancy among the “faithfullest of friends.”

But will it be beautiful? That may sound like an idle question, but I pose it to identify the shortcomings of Hayden's critical and utopian enterprise. Put bluntly, beauty seems peripheral to if not absent from Hayden's vision, and this is a serious failure of aesthetic *and political* imagination. Though she plainly loathes most suburban design, she never articulates a coherent aesthetic that makes her distaste intelligible. Not that she doesn't attend to the connection between art and politics: we learn, for instance, that FHA mortgage guidelines discouraged flat-roofed houses, and that Nazi architectural policy deemed only peaked-roof structures worthy of Aryan habitation. So is every peaked roof a mark of Fascist patriarchy, every flat one a sign of galitarian virtue? Lacking an aesthetic that isn't reducible to politics, Hayden's judgments can seem merely tendentious.

In an age when the "political" character of art tends to displace or overwhelm any other topic of critical engagement, a demand for beauty in architecture may well seem like the whine of an aesthete or the bray of a reactionary. But a discussion of beauty doesn't have to be arcane or nostalgic, and it need not degenerate into mere arbitration among more or less powerful "preferences." If we reject both the preciousness of "fine arts" discourse and the pseudo-democratic boilerplate of relativism, we could recover an older tradition that both ascribed to beauty an objective character *and* respected its political dimensions. Conceptualized in scholastic philosophy and embodied in "craft" or "artisanal" production, that tradition affirmed *poesis*—skill in making, the discovery and creation of suitable forms for objects of daily use. By

defining beauty as the felicitous child of pleasure and utility, the lineage of *poesis* linked imagination and practicality, aesthetics and politics, even—since it often rested on a religious basis—transcendence and material life. So we need, besides the urbanists and material feminists, Jacques Maritain, Etienne Gilson, Eric Gill, and Simone Weil; we need artists—or rather artisans—much more than we need policy wonks.

Perverted by industrialism into "productivity"—the merely quantitative proliferation of stuff—*poesis* affords a different and more damning account of our housing and spatial culture than Hayden's progressivism provides. As our houses reflect a steadfast love of industrial abundance, so the waning of beauty partakes of the broader deterioration of craft wrought by industrial technology. And if so much of our domestic architecture is ugly or merely tedious, then it surely rests on a cultural foundation that supports only ugliness and tedium, and the materials of that foundation are transience, cheapness, privacy, and "investment value." Still, a desire to repair the broken nexus of aesthetics, technology, and domestic space appears in the popularity of magazines and cable television shows devoted to furnishings, decoration, and "home improvement." Here is where inhabitants of the suburban hut express their longing for artisanal labor.

But if the restoration of visual delight to our homes requires the restoration of craft to our mode of production, that in turn must entail a metamorphosis of our way of life far more radical and difficult, I'm afraid, than Hayden dares let on or imagine. In this, Hayden resem-

bles other “progressives” who can envision only faintly the magnitude of the changes necessary to achieve the “city of the faithfulest friends.” They know all the obvious political obstacles: greedy builders, lazy architects, gender conservatives for whom the suburban home is a tabernacle of Western civilization. What they consistently underestimate is the moral and political economy of late-capitalist America, the material culture and symbolic universe that defines so much of our daily experience. Beguiled by the ideology of “choice,” and enchanted by the prospect of “mobility,” most middle-class Americans do not really desire any serious reconstruction of their domestic and workplace arrangements, even when they recognize their injustice, inhumanity, or inconvenience. They cannot forsake their allegiance to the suburban code of honor, or entertain the possibility of a different way of happiness, generosity, and freedom.

They are right to huddle in the dream house hut, if you think about the labor that’s necessary for transformation. Imagine the number and scale of changes required to close or even to narrow the chasm between our homes and our workplaces; between our professed concern for the natural world and the production regime whose discarded fruits fill the dumpsters to overflowing; between our righteous solicitude for children and our increasing reluctance to have any; between our civics-course palaver about “community” and our stubborn aversion to anything that restricts or seeks to educate our capacity for “freedom of choice.”

So does hope abide anywhere? After the collapse of socialism, and despite the

market’s protean ingenuity in embracing every challenge to its power, there are scattered signs of a different future: cooperatives, “intentional communities,” the persistent if little-noted appeal of Wendell Berry, E. F. Schumacher, and other heralds of “small is beautiful.” Given the loud and enormous emptiness of our current political culture, these might not seem like much, and they are easily dismissed as impractical schemes or the gasps of an aging counterculture. But the price of oil will undoubtedly rise in money, blood, and anxiety, and the cost of our “blessed way of life” in material resources and pieces of soul will also continue to mount. Disparaged or romanticized now, these signs of hope may yet be seen as the heralds of a new moral economy. For too long, Americans have followed Thoreau back to the safety of the hut, only to discover that the lives they lived were full of quiet desperation. Huts, huts will never make a city of the faithfulest friends.

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Hochschild, Arlie Russell. *The Time Bind: When Work Becomes Home and Home Becomes Work*. New York: Metropolitan, 1997.

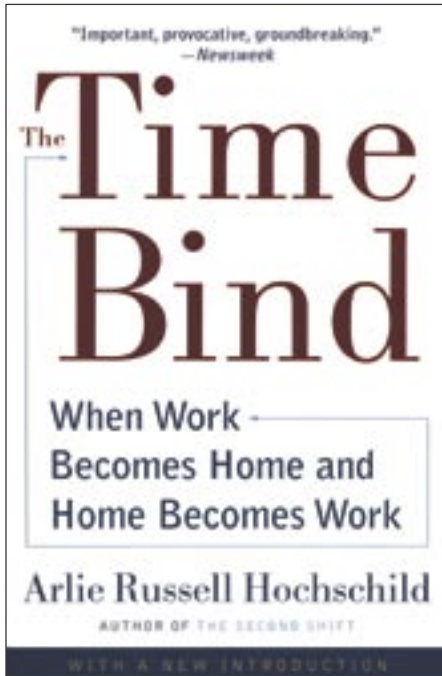
Few contemporary theorists have done as much to understand the new burdens and challenges created by our increasingly commercialized world as Arlie Hochschild. In a series of provocative books and articles, Hochschild, a sociologist at the University of California-Berkeley, has brought her keen insights to some of the most interesting corners of the worlds of work and family. In *The Time Bind*, Hochschild turns her attention to the growing tensions arising between the demands of work and home. This book is in many ways a sequel to her earlier *The Second Shift*, which examined the way that dual-income families manage the “second shift” of household work and child-rearing. *The Time Bind*, however, extends this analysis by examining a growing cultural transformation in our understandings of home and work. As the book’s subtitle suggests, work is increasingly becoming a place where people feel at home, and home is becoming a place that feels more like work.

The subject of Hochschild’s book is “Amerco,” a successful Fortune 500 corporation that had received much attention for its progressive human resource policies. Amerco (later revealed in a *Business Week* article to be Corning Inc.), responding to frequent complaints on employee surveys about family issues, instituted a series of programs to address work-family balance. These programs were not merely window dressing. For

Amerco and other corporations like it, family-friendly policies have become an important way of attracting and retaining the best employees and avoiding the high cost of recruiting and training replacements. Hochschild notes that it costs \$40,000 to hire and train an employee for a skilled position, and a new worker takes at least a year to become as competent as the one that she replaced. With real support from upper management, a strong corporate culture, and loyal employees, surely Amerco would be the kind of place where work-family balance could be achieved.

Of Amerco, Hochschild found three things to be true. First, in survey after survey, employees professed to be stretched to the limit. Second, the company offered them a range of programs that would allow them to cut back on their time. Third, almost no one used them. What explains this paradox? Hochschild argues that the typical explanations simply did not fully explain life at Amerco. Financial pressures might explain why employees did not cut back their hours, but does not explain why many didn’t even use all of their paid vacation days, or why the best paid employees were particularly uninterested in part-time work or job sharing. Fear of downsizing was rejected by employees as a reason for not making use of these programs, and employees in recently down-sized divisions were no less likely to cut back than employees in other divisions.

Hochschild argues that despite frequent complaints about the demands of work and the strains that it places on the home, American workers are simply choosing to work more. One theme that emerged



in many of her interviews with Amerco employees was that home simply wasn't "the haven in a heartless world" (to use Christopher Lasch's phrase) that it is often imagined to be. Hochschild found many families to be in a "time bind," where long hours at work create pressures at home, which in turn makes work more attractive as an escape. For Linda Avery, one of Hochschild's interviewees, work was a place to escape the demands at home. Linda and her husband, another Amerco employee, worked split shifts so that one of them could always be at home with their two children. When Linda came home from her late shift at 11 p.m., she would typically find a crying infant, a pile of dirty dishes, and a needy husband and daughter. A first shift of work at Amerco gave way to a second shift of domestic chores, and a third shift of "emotional work" with her children, tending to the damage and stress that resulted from their

time away from their parents. In contrast, work became a refuge from domestic turmoil. As Linda said,

I usually come to work early just to get away from the house. I get there at 2:30 pm and people are there waiting. We sit. We talk. We joke. I let them know what's going on, who has to be where, what changes I've made for the shift that day.... There's laughing, joking, fun. My coworkers aren't putting me down for any reason. Everything is done with humor and fun from beginning to end.... (37-8)

In short, for Linda and many others like her, home is no longer a shelter and a haven.

This claim that the relative attractiveness of home and work are shifting is, of course, controversial, and a number of recent empirical studies have attempted to show that Hochschild's ethnographic work at Amerco and other survey data that she marshals in her book are not corroborated by other national studies. Americans do not seem to be working longer hours than they did thirty years ago, according to these studies, and the workplace does not seem to be gaining greater allegiance at the expense of home. Whatever inversion of home and work that Hochschild observed, these studies argue, is explained by the peculiarities of Amerco's business culture and environment.

Many of these criticisms, however, tend to overstate the breadth of Hochschild's time bind hypothesis. Hochschild claims that this inversion of home and work

was a dominant pattern in a fifth of the families in her study, and an important theme in over half. An interesting transformation to be sure, but not one that she claims is now dominant throughout American workplaces. Other models are necessary to explain how other families (more traditional single-income families, for example) negotiate the demands of home and the workplace. Further, the time bind is but one component of Hochschild's study of the cultural transformations in our understandings of home and work.

If Frederick Winslow Taylor, with his principles of scientific management, was the patron saint of business and work in the earlier part of the twentieth century, then he has been replaced by Charles Demming and his vision of "Total Quality" in the present. Taylor attempted to apply scientific principles of observation and efficiency to the workplace to get as much production out of workers as was humanly possible. The most infamous example of Taylor's vision of scientific management was his study at the Bethlehem Steel Company in 1899, where by studying every aspect of a laborer's job, he was able to teach a worker to shovel forty-seven tons of pig iron in the same time he used to take to shovel twelve and a half. On this vision, workers were lazy, cheap, replaceable parts, and the manager's job was to squeeze as much labor as possible out of them. As Hochschild paraphrases, "the manager's job was to coerce the worker's mind and body, not to appeal to his heart" (204).

In contrast, under the participative management techniques most notably popularized by the management guru

Charles Demming, workers are assumed to have the impulse and capacity to do a good job, and the traditional hierarchical management structure is dissembled so that workers are empowered to make autonomous decisions. They are not merely pawns, who are expected to follow instructions that are delivered from unquestionable authorities from on high, but are rather invited to participate in important decisions and to help shape the direction of the corporation. Such companies typically have highly managed business cultures that emphasize the corporations' values, and employees are invited not just to work for the company, but to believe in it. Every aspect of the workplace is domesticated and humanized. At Amerco and many other corporations, employees are invited to feel more and more at home while on the job. Amerco Fridays in the summer were dress-down days, and company picnics, parties, and celebrations introduced a celebratory, playful dimension to corporate life. The Education and Training Division regularly offered free seminars on "Dealing with Anger," "How to Give and Accept Criticism," "Taking Control of Your Work Day," and "Using the Myers-Brigg Personality Test to Improve Team Effectiveness" (205). Hochschild notes that a "Large Group Change Event" at one of Amerco's failing factories had the feel of a tent revival meeting where "each worker was invited to renew his commitment not to his spouse or church but to his workplace" (206). Under large banners that read "Show Our Commitment," over four hundred workers gathered in a high school cafeteria were invited to offer their own criticisms of what was going on at the plant and their own suggestions for improvement. They met in small groups,

“Worker-Management Improvement Teams,” where they were asked, “What am I willing to commit to?” At the end of the event they were invited to signify their new commitments by signing the banners that hung over their heads. The Taylorized workplace, this is not.

These changes in the meaning of work are equally matched by far-reaching transformations at home. As Hochschild writes, “If Total Quality called for ‘reskilling’ the worker in an ‘enriched’ job environment, capitalism and technological developments have long been gradually deskilling parents at home” (209). The traditional homegrown production of entertainment, food, clothing, and child rearing are “outsourced” to professional providers. Time itself becomes Taylorized, reduced to efficient, measured chunks—the one hour of “quality time” after dinner and before bedtime that is promised to be free of interruptions and intrusions from work. Most disturbing is the pressures that these modifications place on children and the corresponding mechanisms that are used to cope with them. Hochschild argues that many families, both parents and children, respond to work/home pressures by adopting a kind of emotional asceticism or cool attitude to emotional life as “one defense against having to acknowledge the human costs of lost time at home” (229). This was particularly true for families with “latch-key” kids, the 27 percent of Amerco families with children between the ages of six and thirteen, who describe their primary type of childcare as “stays alone.” Among the fathers of such children, Hochschild notes that in interviews they typically adopted a macho attitude toward their childcare situations, claiming that “my child can

tough it out alone” (222). Among mothers, there was a greater degree of guilt, but their childcare decisions were justified by a desire to foster independence in their children. Interestingly, many of these families had the financial means to provide childcare for their children, but saw their own situations as ideal ways to build character and independence. In such cases there was a distinctively cool attitude towards emotional life, and even a denial that children really need care.

The Time Bind describes a phenomena that is increasingly all too familiar, and treats it with Hochschild’s characteristic moral seriousness, imagination, and interpretative insight. The worlds of work and home are changing, and it is not simply a matter of people working harder and feeling more pressed for time at home. The very meaning of work and home are shifting. What is perhaps most illuminating in Hochschild’s work is the way in which it attempts to connect familiar personal struggles with much larger structural and cultural issues—the “personal problems of milieu” with “the public issues of social structure,” to use C. Wright Mills’ classic distinction. This is to say that our seemingly private struggles to balance work and family and live humane lives are not private only, but in fact rise out of much larger public and political issues of culture and social institutions. Seeing them as such is the only way to begin to understand and confront them.

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