

things to do and couldn't spare the time to help the bookkeeper with the billing. The owner felt she had told him what to do in a considerate way, but he hadn't heard her question as an order at all. He thought he had been given an option and was within his rights to choose not to do it. Some months later, I asked the bookstore owner how things were going with the manager. She answered, "Fine. We don't have any more problems." I asked, "Have you changed the way you tell him to do things?" "No," she said. "Now he understands how I mean what I say."

Because she was the boss, the owner did not have to alter her own style. Also, the ease with which the manager learned to understand how she meant what she said is evidence that there is nothing inherently incomprehensible about indirect communication. In this instance, as with all the elements of conversational style, flexibility is the key to success—along with mutual respect.

From Talking from 9 to 5 by
Deborah Tannen

FOUR

Marked: Women in the Workplace

Some years ago I was at a small working conference of four women and eight men. Instead of concentrating on the discussion, I found myself looking at the three other women at the table, thinking how each had a different style and how each style was coherent.

One woman had dark brown hair in a classic style that was a cross between Cleopatra and Plain Jane. The severity of her straight hair was softened by wavy bangs and ends that turned under. Because she was beautiful, the effect was more Cleopatra than plain.

The second woman was older, full of dignity and composure. Her hair was cut in a fashionable style that left her with only one

eye, thanks to a side part that let a curtain of hair fall across half her face. As she looked down to read her prepared paper, the hair robbed her of binocular vision and created a barrier between her and the listeners.

The third woman's hair was wild, a frosted blond avalanche falling over and beyond her shoulders. When she spoke, she frequently tossed her head, thus calling attention to her hair and away from her lecture.

Then there was makeup. The first woman wore facial cover that made her skin smooth and pale, a black line under each eye, and mascara that darkened her already dark lashes. The second wore only a light gloss on her lips and a hint of shadow on her eyes. The third had blue bands under her eyes, dark blue shadow, mascara, bright red lipstick, and rouge; her fingernails also flashed red.

I considered the clothes each woman had worn on the three days of the conference: In the first case, man-tailored suits in primary colors with solid-color blouses. In the second, casual but stylish black T-shirt, a floppy collarless jacket and baggy slacks or skirt in neutral colors. The third wore a sexy jumpsuit; tight sleeveless jersey and tight yellow slacks; a dress with gaping armholes and an indulged tendency to fall off one shoulder.

Shoes? The first woman wore string sandals with medium heels; the second, sensible, comfortable walking shoes; the third, pumps with spike heels. You can fill in the jewelry, scarves, shawls, sweaters—or lack of them.

As I amused myself finding patterns and coherence in these styles and choices, I suddenly wondered why I was scrutinizing only the women. I scanned the table to get a fix on the styles of the eight men. And then I knew why I wasn't studying them. The men's styles were unmarked.

The term "marked" is a staple of linguistic theory. It refers to the way language alters the base meaning of a word by adding something—a little linguistic addition that has no meaning on its own. The unmarked form of a word carries the meaning that goes without saying, what you think of when you're not thinking anything special.

The unmarked tense of verbs in English is the present—for example, *visit*. To indicate past, you have to mark the verb for "past" by adding *ed* to yield *visited*. For future, you add a word: *will visit*. Nouns are presumed to be singular until marked for plural. To convey the idea of more than one, we typically add something, usually *s* or *es*. More than one *visit* becomes *visits*, and one *dish* becomes two *dishes*, thanks to the plural marking.

The unmarked forms of most English words also convey "male." Being male is the unmarked case. We have endings, such as *ess* and *ette*, to mark words as female. Unfortunately, marking words for female also, by association, tends to mark them for frivolousness. Would you feel safe entrusting your life to a doctorette? This is why many poets and actors who happen to be female object to the marked forms "poetess" and "actress." Alfre Woodard, an Oscar nominee for Best Supporting Actress, says she identifies herself as an actor because "actresses worry about eyelashes and cellulite, and women who are actors worry about the characters we are playing." Any marked form can pick up extra meaning beyond what the marking is intended to denote. The extra meanings carried by gender markers reflect the traditional associations with the female gender: not quite serious, often sexual.

I was able to identify the styles and types of the women at the conference because each of us had to make decisions about hair, clothing, makeup and accessories, and each of those decisions carried meaning. Every style available to us was marked. Of course, the men in our group had to make decisions too, but their choices carried far less meaning. The men could have chosen styles that were marked, but they didn't have to, and in this group, none did. Unlike the women, they had the option of being unmarked.

I took account of the men's clothes. There could have been a cowboy shirt with string tie or a three-piece suit or a necklaced hippie in jeans. But there wasn't. All eight men wore brown or blue slacks and standard-style shirts of light colors.

No man wore sandals or boots; their shoes were dark, closed, comfortable, and flat. In short, unmarked.

Although no man wore makeup, you couldn't say the men

didn't wear makeup in the sense that you could say a woman didn't wear makeup. For men, no makeup is unmarked.

I asked myself what style we women could have adopted that would have been unmarked, like the men's. The answer was: none. There is no unmarked woman.

There is no woman's hairstyle that could be called "standard," that says nothing about her. The range of women's hairstyles is staggering, but if a woman's hair has no particular style, this in itself is taken as a statement that she doesn't care how she looks—an eloquent message that can disqualify a woman for many positions.

Women have to choose between shoes that are comfortable and shoes that are deemed attractive. When our group had to make an unexpected trek, the woman who wore flat laced shoes arrived first. The last to arrive was the woman with spike heels, her shoes in her hand and a handful of men around her.

If a woman's clothes are tight or revealing (in other words, sexy), it sends a message—an intended one of wanting to be attractive but also a possibly unintended one of availability. But if her clothes are not sexy, that too sends a message, lent meaning by the knowledge that they could have been. In her book *Women Lawyers*, Mona Harrington quotes a woman who, despite being a partner in her firm, found herself slipping into this fault line when she got an unexpected call to go to court right away. As she headed out the door, a young (male) associate said to her, "Hadn't you better button your blouse?" She was caught completely off guard. "My blouse wasn't buttoned unusually low," the woman told Harrington. "And this was not a conservative guy. But he thought one more button was necessary for court." And here's the rub: "I started wondering if my authority was being undermined by one button."

A woman wearing bright colors calls attention to herself, but if she avoids bright colors, she has (as my choice of verb in this sentence suggests) avoided something. Heavy makeup calls attention to the wearer as someone who wants to be attractive. Light makeup tries to be attractive without being alluring. There are thousands of products from which makeup must be chosen and

myriad ways of applying them. Yet no makeup at all is anything but unmarked. Some men even see it as a hostile refusal to please them. Women who ordinarily do not wear makeup can be surprised by the transforming effect of putting it on. In a book titled *Face Value*, my colleague Robin Lakoff noted the increased attention she got from men when she went forth from a television station still professionally made-up.

Women can't even fill out a form without telling stories about themselves. Most application forms now give four choices for titles. Men have one to choose—"Mr."—so their choice carries no meaning other than to say they are male. But women must choose among three, each of them marked. A woman who checks the box for "Mrs." or "Miss" communicates not only whether she has been married but also that she has conservative tastes in forms of address, and probably other conservative values as well. Checking "Ms." declines to let on about marriage (whereas "Mr." declines nothing since nothing was asked), but it also marks the woman who checks it on her form as either liberated or rebellious, depending on the attitudes and assumptions of the one making the judgment.

I sometimes try to duck these variously marked choices by giving my title as "Dr."—and thereby risk marking myself as either uppity (hence sarcastic responses like "Excuse *me!*") or an over-achiever (hence reactions of congratulatory surprise, like "Good for you!").

All married women's surnames are marked. If a woman takes her husband's name, she announces to the world that she is married and also that she is traditional in her values, according to some observers. To others it will indicate that she is less herself, more identified by her husband's identity. If she does not take her husband's name, this too is marked, seen as worthy of comment: She has *done* something; she has "kept her own name." Though a man can do exactly the same thing—and usually does—he is never said to have "kept his own name," because it never occurs to anyone that he might have given it up. For him, but not for her, using his own name is unmarked.

A married woman who wants to have her cake and eat it too

may use her surname plus his. But this too announces that she is or has been married and often results in a tongue-tying string that makes life miserable for anyone who needs to alphabetize it. In a list (Harvey O'Donovan, Jonathon Feldman, Stephanie Woodbury McGillicutty), the woman's multiple name stands out. It is marked.

Pronouns conspire in this pattern as well. Grammar books tell us that "he" means "he or she" and that "she" is used only if a referent is specifically female. But this touting of "he" as the sex-indefinite pronoun is an innovation introduced into English by grammarians in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, according to Peter Mühlhäusler and Rom Harré in their book *Pronouns and People*. From at least about the year 1500, the correct sex-indefinite pronoun was "they," as it still is in casual spoken English. In other words, the female was declared by grammarians to be the marked case.

Looking at the men and women sitting around the conference table, I was amazed at how different our worlds were. Though men have to make choices too, and men's clothing styles may be less neutral now than they once were, nonetheless the parameters within which men must choose when dressing for work—the cut, fabric, or shade of jackets, shirts, and pants, and even the one area in which they are able to go a little wild, ties—are much narrower than the riotous range of colors and styles from which women must choose. For women, decisions about whether to wear a skirt, slacks, or a dress is only the start; the length of skirts can range from just above the floor to just below the hips, and the array of colors to choose from would make a rainbow look drab. But even this contrast in the range from which men and women must choose is irrelevant to the crucial point: A man can choose a style that will not attract attention or subject him to any particular interpretation, but a woman can't. Whatever she wears, whatever she calls herself, however she talks, will be fodder for interpretation about her character and competence. In a setting where most of the players are men, there is no unmarked woman.

This does not mean that men have complete freedom when it

comes to dress. Quite the contrary—they have much less freedom than women have to express their personalities in their choice of fabrics, colors, styles, and jewelry. But the one freedom they have that women don't is the point of this discussion—the freedom to be unmarked.

That clothing is a metaphor for women's being marked was noticed by David Finkel, a journalist who wrote an article about women in Congress for *The Washington Post Magazine*. He used the contrast between women's and men's dress to open his article by describing the members coming through the doors to the floor of the U.S. House of Representatives:

So many men, so many suits. Dark suits. Solid suits. Blue suits that look gray, gray suits that look blue. There's Tom Foley—he's in one, and Bob Michel, and Steny Hoyer, and Fred Grandy, and Dick Durbin, and dozens, make that hundreds, more.

So many suits, so many white shirts. And dark ties. And five o'clock shadows. And short haircuts. And loosening jowls. And big, visible ears.

So many, many men.

...

And still the members continue to pour through the doors—gray, grayer, grayest—until the moment when, emerging into this humidior, comes a surprise:

The color red.

It is Susan Molinari, a first-termer from New York . . .

Now, turquoise. It is Barbara Boxer . . .

Now, paisley. It is Jill Long . . .

Embroidering his color-of-clothing metaphor, Finkel, whose article appeared in May 1992, concluded, "Of the 435 members of the House of Representatives, 29 are women, which means that if Congress is a gray flannel suit, the women of Congress are no more than a handful of spots on the lapel."

WHEN IS SEXISM REALISM?

If women are marked in our culture, their very presence in professional roles is, more often than not, marked. Many work settings, just like families, come with ready-made roles prescribed by gender, and the ones women are expected to fill are typically support roles. It was not long ago when medical offices and hospitals were peopled by men who were doctors and orderlies and women who were nurses and clerical workers, just as most offices were composed of men who ran the business and women who served them as receptionists, clerks, and secretaries. All members of Congress were men, and women found in the Capitol Building were aides and staff members. When a woman or man enters a setting in an atypical role, that expectation is always a backdrop to the scene.

All the freshmen women in Congress have had to contend with being mistaken for staff, even though they wear pins on their lapels identifying them as members. For her book *A Woman's Place*, Congresswoman Marjorie Margolies-Mezvinsky interviewed her female colleagues about their experiences. One congresswoman approached a security checkpoint with two congressmen when a guard stopped only her and told her to go through the metal detector. When Congresswoman Maria Cantwell needed to get into her office after hours, the guard wanted to know which member she worked for. But her press secretary, Larry West, has gone through the gate unthinkingly without being stopped. When Congresswoman Lynn Schenk attended a reception with a male aide, the host graciously held out his hand to the aide and said, "Oh, Congressman Schenk."

You don't have to be in Congress to have experiences like that. A woman who owned her own business found that if she took any man along on business trips, regardless of whether he was her vice president or her assistant, people she met tended to address themselves to him, certain that he must be the one with power and she his helper. A double-bass player had a similar experience when she arrived for an audition with a male accompanist. The people

who greeted them assumed she was the accompanist. A woman who heads a research firm and holds a doctorate finds she is frequently addressed as "Mrs.," while her assistant, who holds only a master's degree, is addressed as "Dr."

One evening after hours, I was working in my office at Georgetown University. Faculty offices in my building are lined up on both sides of a corridor, with cubicles in the corridor for secretaries and graduate-student assistants. Outside each office is a nameplate with the professor's title and last name. The quiet of the after-hours corridor was interrupted when a woman came to my door and asked if she could use my phone. I was surprised but glad to oblige, and explained that she had to dial "9." She made the call, thanked me, and left. A few minutes later, she reappeared and asked if I had any correction fluid. Again surprised, but still happy to be of help, I looked in my desk drawer but had to disappoint her: Since my typewriter was self-correcting, I had none. My patience began to waver, but my puzzlement was banished when the woman bounded into my office for the third and final time to ask if I was Dr. Murphy's secretary, in which case she would like to leave with me the paper she was turning in to him.

I doubt this woman would have imposed on my time and space to use my telephone and borrow correction fluid if she had known I was a professor, even though I would not have minded had she done so. At least she would probably have been more deferential in intruding. And the experience certainly gave me a taste of how hard it must be for receptionists to get any work done, as everyone regards them as perpetually interruptible. But what amused and amazed me was that my being female had overridden so many clues to my position: My office was along the wall, it was fully enclosed like all faculty offices, my name and title were on the door, and I was working after five, the hour when offices close and secretaries go home. But all these clues were nothing next to the master clue of gender: In the university environment, she expected that professors were men and women were secretaries. Statistics were on her side: Of the eighteen members of my department at the time, sixteen were men; of the five members of Dr. Murphy's de-

partment, four were men. So she was simply trusting the world to be as she knew it was.

It is not particularly ironic or surprising that the student who mistook me for a secretary was female. Women are no less prone to assume that people will adhere to the norm than are men. And this includes women who themselves are exceptions. A woman physician who works in a specialty in which few of her colleagues are female told me of her annoyance when she telephones a colleague, identifies herself as "Dr. Jones calling for Dr. Smith," and is told by Dr. Smith's receptionist, "I'll go get Dr. Smith while you put Dr. Jones on the line." But this same woman catches herself referring to her patients' general practitioners as "he," even though she ought to know better than anyone that a physician could be a woman.

Children seem to pick up norms as surely as adults do. A woman who was not only a doctor but a professor at a medical school was surprised when her five-year-old said to her, "You're not a doctor, Mommy. You're a nurse." Intent on impressing her daughter, she said, "Yes, I am a doctor. In fact, I teach other doctors how to be doctors." The little girl thought about this as she incorporated the knowledge into her worldview. "Oh," she said. "But you only teach women doctors." (Conversely, male nurses must deal with being mistaken for doctors, and men who work as assistants must deal with being mistaken for their boss.)

Another of my favorite stories in this mode is about my colleague who made a plane reservation for herself and replied to the question "Is that Mrs. or Miss?" by giving her title: "It's Dr." So the agent asked, "Will the doctor be needing a rental car when he arrives?" Her attempt to reframe her answer to avoid revealing her marital status resulted in the agent reframing her as a secretary.

I relate these stories not to argue that sexism is rampant and that we should all try to bear in mind that roles are changing, although I believe these statements to be true. I am inclined to be indulgent of such errors, even though I am made uncomfortable when they happen to me, because I myself have been guilty of them. I recall an occasion when I gave a talk to a gathering of

women physicians, and then signed books. The woman who organized the signing told me to save one book because she had met a doctor in the elevator who couldn't make it to the talk but asked to have a book signed nonetheless. I was pleased to oblige and asked, pen poised, to whom I should sign the book—and was surprised when I heard a woman's name. Even though I had just spent the evening with a room full of doctors who were all women, in my mind "a doctor" had called up the image of a man.

So long as women are a minority of professional ranks, we cannot be surprised if people assume the world is as it is. I mention these stories to give a sense of what the world is like for people who are exceptions to expectations—every moment they live in the unexpected role, they must struggle against others' assumptions that do not apply to them, much like gay men and lesbians with regard to their sexual orientation, and, as Ellis Cose documents in his book *The Rage of a Privileged Class*, much like middle-class black professionals in most American settings.

One particular burden of this pattern for a woman in a position of authority is that she must deal with incursions on her time, as others make automatic assumptions that her time is more expendable, although she also may benefit from hearing more information because people find her "approachable." There is a sense in which every woman is seen as a receptionist—available to give information and help, perennially interruptible. A woman surgeon complained that although she has very good relations with the nurses in her hospital, they simply do not wait on her the way they wait on her male colleagues. (The very fact that I must say "woman surgeon" and "male nurse" reflects this dilemma: All surgeons are presumed male, all nurses presumed female, unless proven otherwise. In other words, the unmarked surgeon is male, the unmarked nurse female.)

EXPECT THE EXPECTED

We approach new perceptions by measuring them against our past experience. This is a necessary process that makes it possible for us to get through life without regarding each incoming perception as brand-new. It works very well when the world we encounter is behaving as the world has done in the past but leads us astray when the world is new. And right now, we are all learning to deal with a world that is changing much faster than our expectations can keep up with.

A man was walking by a construction site in a large, busy city, absentmindedly surveying the scene, when his eyes met a surprise: The person sitting way up in the cab of a huge derrick, calmly making the crane grab mouthfuls of dirt, was a woman. He cheerfully called out to her, "Hey Mama, what's for supper?" It seemed to him a clever joke, and of course it was fleeting and not particularly well thought out, but in a wink he had reminded her that she was out of her place—which was in the kitchen.

If someone walks into a hospital and expects the doctors to be men and the nurses to be women—which means, by implication, that the women in white coats will be nurses and the men in white coats will be doctors—it will still be true most of the time. But it is not *always* true, and that is a problem for the women who are doctors and the men who are nurses and the patients who need to know which is which. When our expectations are not met, we call it sexism—responding to old patterns of gender that no longer apply, or no longer apply in all instances.

We are no less likely to respond to others according to expectations that we ourselves do not fit. I recall meeting a journalist years ago who had taken an interest in an article I had written about New York Jewish conversational style—an article in which I had identified myself as a native speaker of that style. As I waited for him outside the appointed restaurant, I saw him approach (I knew who he was because I had heard him give a talk) and saw his eyes run unseeing over me, as he looked for Deborah Tannen. When I identified myself, he said he didn't expect me to be blond,

since he was looking for a fellow Jew—and then he laughed, because of all the times he himself had been told he didn't look like what people expected, because he too is a blond Jew.

What I am getting at is that there is no point in blaming those who expect the world to continue as it has been in the past, but we should not let anyone off the hook either—including ourselves. We must continually remind ourselves that the world is changing, and women and men no longer can be depended upon to stay in the narrowly prescribed roles we were consigned to in the past. But we must also be on guard for signs that such expectations are getting in our way. One of the major ways that expectations impede us is in the strong associations we have of how women and men should speak and behave. With women entering situations that were previously all male, where established norms for behavior are based on the ways men behaved in those roles, expectations must give way—either expectations for how someone in that role should behave, or expectations of the women who move into those roles. Which will it be? Will women change their ways of talking to fit existing norms, or will they change the norms—establish new expectations for the roles they come to fill?

"YOUR STYLE OR MINE?"

There is a mountain of research attesting that when females and males get together in groups, the females are more likely to change their styles to adapt to the presence of males—whether they are adults or children. Psychologist Eleanor Maccoby cites studies by Linda Carli and by Judith Hall and Karen Braunwald showing that when women are with men, they become more like men: They raise their voices, interrupt, and otherwise become more assertive. But, Maccoby continues,

there is also evidence that they carry over some of their well-practiced female-style behaviors, sometimes in exaggerated form. Women may wait for a turn to speak that does not

come, and thus they may end up talking less than they would in a women's group. They smile more than the men do, agree more often with what others have said, and give nonverbal signals of attentiveness to what others—perhaps especially the men—are saying (Duncan and Fiske 1977). In some writings this female behavior has been referred to as “silent applause.”

Psychologist Campbell Leaper observed girls' tendency to adapt to boys' styles in his study of 138 children playing in pairs at the ages of five and seven. Although “collaborative” speech accounted for the majority of all the children's speech, whether or not they were talking to other children of the same sex, there were nonetheless differences in degree. He found collaborative and cooperative exchanges to be more frequent when girls played with girls, and controlling and domineering exchanges more frequent when boys played with boys, especially when the children were older. Boys were less likely than girls to adopt strategies typical of the other sex when they played co-ed. When girls played with boys, they used more controlling speech than when they played with girls. Leaper suspects this occurred because the boys tended to ignore the girls' polite speech. Again, we get a glimpse of the ritual nature of conversation. The girls' strategies worked best when used with other girls who shared the same strategies. When they used these strategies with boys, they didn't work as well, so the girls had to adapt to the boys' style to get results.

The tendency of women to adapt their styles to men's has been found even on the most small-scale and personal level. Donna Johnson and Duane Roen examined peer-review letters written by graduate students to fellow students whose term papers they had evaluated. The results showed that women students used slightly more positive evaluation terms, such as “interesting” and “helpful,” than the men, but the most striking finding was that the women offered positive evaluation terms far more frequently to *other women* than they did to men, whereas the men offered only slightly more such terms to women than to other men. In other

words, the women adjusted more in response to whether they were addressing another woman or a man. (An indirect result of this pattern was that men received the least praise, whether they were talking to other men or to women.)

“WHY CAN'T A WOMAN BE MORE LIKE A MAN?”

There are many ways that women entering the world of work are entering “the men's house,” to use the phrase coined by Captain Carol Barkalow as the title of her book about her military career. The very language spoken is often based on metaphors from sports or from the military, terms that are just idioms to many women, not references to worlds they have either inhabited or observed with much alacrity. Such expressions as “stick to your guns,” “under the gun,” “calling the shots,” “an uphill battle,” “a level playing field,” “a judgment call,” “start the ball rolling,” “a curveball,” “the ball's in their court,” “batting a thousand,” “struck out,” “getting flak,” “the whole nine yards,” “in the ballpark,” and “deep-six it” are part of our everyday vocabulary. (The list could go on and on.) Author Mark Richard recalls that when he was a struggling writer living in Virginia Beach, the fiction editor of a national magazine told him, “You want to play hardball fiction? You've got to come to New York.”

In some cases, women (or men) not very familiar with sports may know how an expression is used without knowing its source. In others, a lack of familiarity with sports can lead to a failure of comprehension. A woman was told by her lawyer that according to a contract they were negotiating, “they can't sell you to Buffalo.” She had to ask what he meant by that.

This is an area in which, it seems, women are already beginning to do things their own way, using metaphors from cooking, birthing, and sewing along with those from war and sports. For example, a woman discussing her plans for a company that would produce a series of videotapes said, “I'd like to be able to pop them

out—not like breadsticks, but like babies.” The 1994 Poet Laureate of the United States, Rita Dove, compared a poem to a bouillon cube, because it’s concentrated, portable, and useful. A woman described an editorial project she was working on as being like needlepoint, in the sense that it required close attention to detail.

Although there is evidence that women do adapt their styles to those of men when they find themselves in interaction with men, they rarely adopt men’s styles whole-hog. And it is well that they don’t, because men and women who model their behavior on someone of the other gender often get a very different reaction than their role models get. In a workplace situation, it is frequently a man who has been the model, while a woman who tries to behave like him is distressed to find that the reaction she gets is very different.

A dramatic example of this phenomenon happened to Captain Carol Barkalow. One of the first women to attend West Point, Captain Barkalow rose to the position of company commander at Fort Lee in Virginia. In her attempt to make herself more like a male commanding officer, she took up bodybuilding. What better way to challenge the unfair assumption that women are not as strong as men, not strong enough to lead their unit? She did so well that she won second place in a bodybuilding competition.

Two months before Captain Barkalow was to take her command, news of her triumph was published in the post newspaper, along with the standard championship photograph in which she posed standing beside her trophy, clad in a bikini designed to show off the muscles she had worked so hard to develop. And this photograph very nearly cost her the command and her career. In the words of the brigade commander, “She had become the masturbatory fantasy of every goddamned male noncommissioned officer in the company.” Her attempt to enhance her image in a male domain—the strength of her muscles—was interpreted sexually because a photograph of a woman posing in a bikini, even though the pose she struck was designed to look powerful rather than seductive, brought to mind an image not of fitness and strength but of a pinup. This is a particularly dramatic example of what Captain

Barkalow learned during her years in the military, as she explains in her book: She could not be an officer in the same way that men were; she had to find her own way, a way that fulfilled the requirements of her job as a military officer without violating too many expectations for how a woman should be.

CHANGE OTHERS BY ADAPTING YOUR STYLE

In talking to women physicians, I heard two different and conflicting themes repeated. From some, I heard that nurses were a problem. They simply did not give the women physicians the same respect they gave to male doctors; they would not do for them what they do for the men. From others, I heard that nurses were their best allies. The nurses they worked with would do anything for them, and more than once saved their skins. Which was the truth about how nurses, who are almost all women, tend to treat women doctors?

A possible explanation was offered by a prominent surgeon who was one of the few women in her specialty. She explained that when she first became a surgeon, she modeled her behavior on that of the male surgeons who had been her teachers. Having seen that the operating room functioned like the military, with the surgeon the captain, she tried barking orders like the other surgeons. But she found it didn’t work. No one would take orders from her. So she had to change her style, finding ways of being firm that did not sound as authoritarian. And this, she believes, explains the different experiences women physicians reported having with nurses. If you try to be authoritarian, like many of your male colleagues are, it won’t work with most nurses, but if you ally yourself with them and respect them as professional colleagues, they will be your best allies.

This seemed to offer a possible solution to the puzzle: Different women doctors may have different impressions of how nurses treat women doctors because of the different ways they treat

nurses. It is interesting to note that men as doctors can choose whether or not they wish to adopt an authoritarian or even an imperious style without suffering a loss of service from nurses, but women doctors cannot. It is also instructive to consider the role that women play in ensuring that other women adhere to the norms for female interaction, just as men exert pressure on other men to behave according to norms for male interaction.

Indeed, there is ample evidence that women tend to speak differently from men, not in an absolutely predictable pattern but as a matter of degree. Allowing for the exceptions of individuals, and the great range of personal and cultural styles, there is nonetheless evidence (for example in the work of Candace West and of Nancy Ainsworth-Vaughn) that women physicians tend to talk differently to their patients than male doctors do, and that women lawyers tend to operate differently from men. But many are not aware that they are doing things differently, and those who are aware of it may be reluctant to admit it, since deviating from accepted norms always carries a price.

Linguist Barbara Johnstone interviewed four prominent and successful Texas women, because she was interested in how they thought their being women affected their public-speaking styles. But when Johnstone interviewed them, all four denied that their being female affected their ways of speaking. For example, an attorney said, “. . . people have told me that they think that I’m successful in the courtroom because I can identify with the jury, that the juries like me. And I haven’t ever figured out why, except that . . . I try to smile, and I try to just be myself. And I don’t put on any airs.” Although I do not doubt that this attorney is indeed just being herself, it is nonetheless well documented that women tend to smile more than men. And placing value on not putting on airs sounds quite a bit like the assumption that a person should not flaunt her authority that typifies the way many women talk about management. (I offer evidence of this in Chapter Six.) Interestingly, all four women Johnstone interviewed spoke with pride of how their styles were influenced by their being Texan.

Mona Harrington writes of three women who left large law

firms to start their own “alternative” firm specializing in commercial litigation. They determined to do things differently from the ways things were done in the large firms where they had worked before—both in managing their relationships with each other and in doing work for their clients.

In terms of interoffice relations, in the women’s firm all partners make decisions together at meetings, have offices equal in size, and divide money earned equally among them, regardless of who brought in the client or who worked on the case. In terms of their working styles, the women told Harrington that they represent clients not by being as aggressive and confrontational as possible, but by listening, observing, and better “reading” opponents. One pointed out that in taking depositions, they get better results by adopting a “quiet, sympathetic approach,” charming witnesses into forgetting that the attorney deposing them is their adversary, than by grilling witnesses and attacking them.

Yet when interviewed by the press about their approach, these same women do not mention their different styles, not even to explain how well they work. Just the opposite, they stress that they are “tough” litigators and seasoned veterans of traditionally contentious legal settings. The reason, they explained to Harrington, is that if they told the truth about their styles, they would be dismissed as soft and weak. Their conclusion has been that you can’t talk about it; you have to just *be* it, and get a reputation based on results.

A BRAID IS A STRONGER ROPE

Although I describe patterns of women’s and men’s typical (not universal) styles, and show that styles expected of women can work against them in work settings, I would not advise women to adopt men’s styles to succeed—although in some cases, in some ways, this might work. In general, that advice is no more practical than advising women to go to work dressed in men’s clothes. In-

stead, I would argue for flexibility and mutual understanding. The frustration of both genders will be reduced, and companies as well as individuals will benefit, if women and men (like Easterners and Southerners, old and young, and people of different classes and ethnic backgrounds) understand each other's styles. Once you understand what is happening to you, you can experiment on your own, trying new ways of behaving to solve your problems. Of course, all problems will not summarily disappear, but the sense of puzzlement and lack of control will at least subside.

Another reason it would be a mistake for women to try to behave like men is that businesses need to communicate with clients of different sorts, including more and more women. For instance, newspapers need to appeal to women as readers in order to sell newspapers, so it would do them no good to hire a slew of women who are just like men. I sometimes give the example of a woman who worked at an appraisal firm. One of her colleagues told her he had just gotten a very strange call from a client. After identifying herself, the client simply told him that she would be going on vacation that week and hung up, without giving him any comprehensible reason for her call. The woman who told me this said she was pretty sure she understood what this was about and called the client back to apologize for the slight delay in the appraisal she had ordered and reassure her that it would be ready when she returned from her vacation.

The appraiser also told me that she had been nonplussed by a client who called her up and began angrily berating her because his appraisal was late. Taken aback by the verbal assault, which seemed to her unacceptable in the context of a business relationship, she had become tongue-tied and unable to give him the assurances she had just given the other client, so she had her colleague call the man back and deal with him. This example shows how pointless it would be to ask which appraiser's style was "best." Each one was best at dealing with certain clients. Rather than trying to determine which style is best and hire a staff with uniform styles, the company clearly is benefiting from having a range of styles among its sales staff.

- *Nobody Nowhere* was the first book by Donna Williams, the remarkable woman with autism, in which she describes her experience as a child and young adult, explaining what autism feels like from the inside and how she was able to function within its constraints. Among the effects of autism is increased sensitivity to all incoming sensory information, and an inability to process this information in a coherent way. In her second book, *Somebody Somewhere*, Williams recounts her continuing efforts to make contact with the world outside, including the events surrounding the publication of her first book. When an agent went in search of a publisher for *Nobody Nowhere*, he found not one but two major companies that wanted to publish the book, so the author had to choose between them. Williams's description of her meetings with the two publishers' emissaries is instructive. She met them in the home of her landlords, a couple named Mr. and Mrs. Miller.

Tall and square, the first one resembled an insurance salesman. As he entered the Millers' place, he handed me an advertising catalogue for his company. I examined the picture of the ocean on the cover. What am I meant to do with this? I wondered.

...

He spoke confidently. Yet he was too self-assured and his ego dwarfed mine by comparison. . . . He took Mr. Miller aside to discuss the deal. I realized he considered me more as an oddity with some intelligent bits rather than an equal human being. I smiled to myself. One down, one to go.

The next publisher had bright red hair and looked like the children's storybook character Holly Hobbie. She had a whisper of a voice to match. She was stiff as a board and shook like a sparrow confronted by a cat. I liked her even though her anxiety made me feel I was a psychopath. She was not at all self-assured, so there was enough social space to find myself present in her company. It is hard to make a decision when your body and voice are present but your sense of self is absent. Holly Hobbie made it easier.

She was about to go. I remembered the other guy with the company advertising catalogue. "Do you have anything to give me?" I asked. "Yes," she replied, producing three glossy picture books of landscapes of the Australian outback and tales of childhood and the plight of Australian Aborigines. This woman knew she was taking a person on board, not just a meal ticket. I decided to work with her. The book was on the road to publication.

Imagine a publishing executive making a decision about which of two individuals to hire: One is extremely confident and self-assured; the other is so lacking in confidence that when faced with an atypical author, she shakes visibly. The first is straightforward; the second speaks in a whisper. The first goes to a business meeting ready to talk deals with someone capable of understanding what he's talking about; the second comes armed with picture books. But the confident, self-assured, straight-talking publisher lost the book that turned out to be an international best-seller, and the quaking, whispering, picture-book-bearing publisher landed it.

Donna Williams is an unusual author. But there are many authors, or clients in other businesses, who would be more comfortable with a less assured style that does not overwhelm them. And there are many women who would be put off by someone who addresses himself to their landlord—or any man who happens to be present—rather than to her. Companies that have a uniform model of a "good"-style employee will end up with a staff equipped to perform well when talking to individuals with some styles but not others. The company that is able to accommodate employees with a range of styles will have far more flexibility in dealing with customers whose styles also cover a range.

Not only customers, but the employees within a company, no longer come from the same mold. Bringing together people of different ethnic and class backgrounds, from different parts of the country and the world, all with their own personalities, inevitably results in a mix of conversational styles within the organization as well. Making the workplace more amenable to people with a range of styles will benefit not only women but everyone; not all men

have the same style, and not all men have styles that are rewarded in traditional business environments. If more people's styles are accommodated, more talents and ideas will be available to the company.

WILL TALK ABOUT GENDER DIFFERENCES POLARIZE?

Some people fear that putting people into two categories by talking about "women" and "men" can drive a wedge between us, polarizing us even more. This is a serious concern. I know of at least one instance in which that is exactly what happened. A female executive at a large accounting firm was so well thought of by her firm that they sent her to a weeklong executive-training seminar at the company's expense. Not surprisingly, considering the small number of women at her level, she was the only woman at the seminar, which was composed of high-ranking executives from a variety of the corporation's wide-ranging divisions. This did not surprise or faze her, since she was used to being the only woman among men.

All went well for the first three days of the seminar. But on the fourth, the leaders turned their attention to issues of gender. Suddenly, everyone who had been looking at her as "one of us" began to look at her differently—as a woman, "one of them." She was repeatedly singled out and asked to relate her experiences and impressions, something she did not feel she could do honestly, since she had no reason to believe they would understand or accept what she was talking about. When they said confidently that they were sure there was no discrimination against women in their company, that if women did not get promoted it was simply because they didn't merit promotion, she did not feel she could object. Worst of all, she had to listen to one after another of her colleagues express what she found to be offensive opinions about women's abilities. By the end of the day, she was so demoralized that she was questioning whether she wanted to continue to work for this company at all. Whereas she had started out feeling completely comfortable, not thinking of herself as different from the men, the discussion of

gender issues made her acutely aware of how different she was and convinced her she could never again fit comfortably into this group.

The group in which this occurred was made up of people from far-flung offices, not many of whom were from her own home office. As a result, she was able eventually to get past the experience, and it did not poison her day-to-day relationships at work. If a similar workshop had been held among her daily co-workers, it could have been much more destructive. And the saddest part is that the unfortunate outcome resulted from a program designed to help. As anthropologist Gregory Bateson explained in his work on cybernetics, any time people interfere with a system to change it, they risk making things worse, because they don't understand all the elements in the system and how they interrelate.

But the alternative, doing nothing, is not a viable one, because the situation as it is will have to change. In the case of women in the workplace, the situation is changing, whether we talk about it or not. And the hope that all we had to do was open the doors and let women in has simply not been borne out. Twenty years after women began receiving MBAs and entering businesses where they had not been before, they still make up only a small percentage of higher-level executives. The "pipeline" argument has simply not panned out. Years after women entered the pipeline, they just aren't coming through the other end in proportion to their numbers going in. Instead, more and more women are leaving the corporate world, in greater numbers than men, either to start their own businesses, to be independent contractors, or to do other things entirely. (For example, a 1993 survey of those who received MBAs from Stanford University over the preceding ten-year period found that 22% of the women, as compared to 8% of the men, had left large corporations to start their own businesses.) Some of this may be a privilege that men too would take advantage of if they had the chance. But a lot of women are seeking alternatives simply because they tire of feeling like strangers in a strange land when they go to work each day. In a word, they tire of being marked.

Simply opening the doors and letting in women, or any in-

dividuals whose styles do not conform to those already in place, is not enough. As the experience of the executive at the training seminar showed, neither are localized efforts at diversity training, though surely these can help if they are done well. Finally, we can't just tell individuals that they should simply talk one way or another, as if ways of talking were hats you can put on when you enter an office and take off when you leave. For one thing, if you try to adopt a style that does not come naturally to you, you leave behind your intuitions and may well behave in ways inappropriate in any style or betray the discomfort you actually feel. Most important, we do not regard the way we talk—how we say what we mean, how we show consideration or frustration to others—as superficial, masks to be donned and doffed at will. Comprehensive training and awareness are needed, until everyone is working to make the workplace a world where differing styles are understood and appreciated.