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Moving out of psychology:

two accounts

[pp. 33-46]

I

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This account is of necessity a personal one. However, it may reflect certain conflicts and contradictions felt by many women who have passed through the educational system and the academic world on a similar kind of route to mine, seeking to study or work within psychology. While the general nature of these experiences may be familiar, the actual course of events was very specific, and culminated in taking me out of this academic area.

There must be many women within higher education who are trying to make some sense of what they are studying or teaching and who want to pursue it in their own way, but find that this is not as easy as it should be for a multiplicity of reasons - from personal to political. That women are still discriminated against in higher education is not in question, and within the field of sciences the odds are even more heavily stacked against them. For those of us interested in research, the dominance of male personnel and ideology in these subjects puts the emphasis on traditional scientific method, the practice of which requires the collection of quantitative data to test a hypothesis. Psychology aspires to be a science although it has often been looked down on by the 'pure' sciences, and my attempts to follow a more flexible and feminist pathway within it have proved crucial in my life.

For me psychology was a belated choice. At school in the 1960s, I seemed destined for a job or career in science. At the last minute I recoiled from higher education in this field because it felt too abstract. It didn't seem to connect with people, an aspect that has always attracted me, just as it has also attracted many other girls and women to pursue certain areas of work often designated as 'women's work'. As a compromise I got a job with the Medical Research Council, working in a biochemistry laboratory as a junior technical officer. It had seemed to me an area of science which eventually had some connection to people's lives, even if centrifuging hundreds of samples of the genetic material of rabbits seemed a bit removed at times. [34]

Although some men were employed at the technical level it was mainly women who did the laboratory work, under the supervision of the independent researchers (with PhDs) who were predominantly men. It was a familiar picture and what soon became apparent was that it didn't lead anywhere unless you took a degree. You would be forever working on someone else's research and never on your own. Meanwhile I had become fired with enthusiasm for psychology through reading popular psychology paperbacks and at the last minute applied for university to get out of this situation.

Thus I took a combined studies degree at Leicester University, specializing in psychology, with sociology and philosophy as my joint second subjects. There at that time (and maybe still today) the orientation was traditional and behavioural, with much emphasis on experimental psychology. There was a high proportion of women taking psychology, both

as a combined subject and as a single degree subject, but only one woman lecturer. We were given the statutory lectures in physiological, developmental, experimental and 'abnormal' psychology. I learned about the habits of fruit flies and rats, and experimented with various visual illusions and memory tests on other students. The practical exam each year required a team of local prepubertal grammar school boys to be recruited for our experiments, lured by the promise of chocolate bars. I'm not sure what I had expected from psychology, but I found a lot of it very dry and little related to my concern with people as living social beings. It was also a very lecture-based course, with relatively few seminars or tutorials. Social psychology, which like Jane Jefferson I found the most interesting, unfortunately only occupied a small fraction of the course. In my final year I cast desperately around for something to do next. I was accepted for a job with a market research company, but had also applied for an MSc in social psychology at the London School of Economics. Once again I was attracted to what seemed to me at the time had most to do with ordinary people's lives. Social psychology appeared to me to offer this potential by exploring people's experiences and behaviour in a social context, not removed as in the laboratory situation.

LSE was buzzing with political activity at this time (1968-69), which understandably made it rather difficult to concentrate fully on the course. My tutor was eventually sacked for his involvement, but as I had hardly met him this had little effect on my performance. At that time everything was being questioned, including psychology, and the ideas of people like R.D. Laing and David Cooper were being avidly taken up and discussed, and there had been the radical Dialectics of Liberation conference at the Roundhouse in London. But although the Women's Movement in Britain was already germinating, feminism [35] was hardly on the agenda. In psychology it did not feature at all, and for me the only aspect related to gender that I can recall being discussed was sex differences in aggression. As there was no theoretical framework within which to question gender development, we simply didn't do so. I'm glad to say that in many places this has changed enormously through the sustained efforts of feminist lecturers.

Although I demonstrated with everyone else against the Vietnam War at this time, and for student rights, I was not very politically conscious and had barely thought about feminism. At the same time I was also finding it hard to identify with the prospect of being an academic, couldn't get into high-level discussions on psychological theories and had so far not enjoyed my experiences of teaching. Judging by the aspirations of other people on my course, it seemed that if you didn't go into teaching or take another course there was not much else to do. Unlike today, there was no overriding urgency to enter a career structure. So at the end of the MSc year I drifted into helping with the data preparation of PhD material collected by a lecturer within the social psychology department. A few months later I was still doing it, but had moved on to a more permanent basis as research assistant, and was learning about data analysis.. This was to prove very helpful as it taught me how to use the computer, a skill that has stood me in more practical stead than much of my knowledge of psychology.

At the end of a year I was encouraged to register for a PhD myself. This focused around the vocational aspirations and expectations of English, West Indian and Asian children at secondary school. My supervisor's approach was almost motherly and I would go round to her family home for supper and my tutorial. But despite this, little progress was being made and I could not get into any theoretical framework that seemed relevant. Then she

went on sabbatical and my supervision was handed over to the professor, also a woman and one who possessed a very imposing personality. With less than a year's grant left, she streamlined my supervision. Including both boys and girls, and sex and race differences, had always felt problematic, so in the context of my increasing involvement with the Women's Liberation Movement, she suggested I threw out the boys and concentrate on exploring the nature and perception of the 'feminine role' in teenage girls. As I had assumed the necessity of including both sexes for some kind of comparative study firmly rooted in a theoretical foundation, this relatively simple solution was a most welcome surprise. My interest and motivation soared and I changed my research materials accordingly.

There was no question of doing a qualitative study, as the essential thing was to collect data, and in fact I did not question this at all at the [36] time. While I was going into schools to administer questionnaires, I could see that the open-ended questions intended to generate background information were yielding things that I very much wanted to follow up. I selected out a smaller number of girls to interview in more depth. This had not been part of the approved research plan. I was not sure at this time exactly what I would be doing with the material apart from perhaps illustrating the PhD with a few quotes. For my PhD, the most scientific and valid part of research was considered to be, of course, all the questionnaire material, and I too had been convinced by such an empirical approach. This was what constituted the basis of a thesis in social psychology, unless you got some special dispensation. There was safety in numbers (the earlier project I had worked on had a cast of over a thousand!), and with easier access to computing facilities, a whole range of statistical and therefore 'scientific' analyses could be easily carried out. I duly coded all my material up and put it on cards ready for the computer.

When my grant ran out I got a part-time job doing computer analysis for a longitudinal educational research project investigating IQ. It was a project that held little personal interest for me but it paid the rent and left me time to work on my own data. As time progressed, I accumulated ever-increasing piles of computer output which seemed to have little relationship to the real lives of the girls who had filled in my questionnaires, and those I had talked to in more depth. I was trying to make global generalizations about them by factor analysing attitude scales or motivation measures. Some analyses showed me trends that were useful, if depressing, such as the indication that traditional attitudes and expectations were still strong. But I definitely felt pressured to do some oversophisticated analysis on data that probably did not warrant it, and to reduce people's experience to a series of statistical significances. I know others, such as Jan Burns in her chapter, have had similar doubts.

Since that time (1972-73), ethnographic research has found increasing favour, especially with the development of a feminist research perspective that has emphasized the validity of qualitative methods. More recently however, there has been a move back towards empiricism and large-scale data collection, reflecting the general political move towards conservatism. It seemed then as if psychology (social psychology in my case) was still trying to prove itself as a scientific discipline. I was awash in a sea of numbers, the actual statistical analysis of which I was probably more technically competent at doing than my supervisor (who had returned from sabbatical), from which I could not see any meaningful escape.

Luckily for me, I communicated my discontent to a friend who put me in contact

with a publisher interested in feminist ideas. He asked if [37] I'd be willing to write a popular-style book based on my research. Overjoyed to be given this opportunity and challenge, I turned my thesis material into a book about the development of sex roles, *Just like a Girl* (Penguin, 1976) doing it in a way I hoped could be read and understood by girls themselves. This was not easy at first, my editor patiently sent back my drafts asking me to use shorter sentences, plainer language, and get rid of the inevitable 'third person' I had learned to hide behind. What eventually emerged was not any different in meaning but a lot easier to understand. I do not underestimate the need for academic and theoretical books, but I also feel strongly that social research should be written up in a way that is comprehensible to many people, and especially those on whom it is based. The characteristics of academic style tend to be long-winded and long-worded, and I was too when I started my book. After I had finished it I was urged to complete my PhD, but at that time I felt I had done what I wanted with my research and I would get stale doing more, and I could not bear to return to such an esoteric style. In the social sciences, in which I include social psychology, research should not only be intelligible to its participants, but also relevant and accountable.

Since this time, I have concentrated on doing my own research and writing it up in books that I hope are accessible to many people. I have not done this in conjunction with any institution, and this has to some extent been my choice. In contrast to my previous experiences as a research assistant, I have preferred the freedom of deciding on and organizing my own work, and not being answerable to anyone following a certain sort of approach or analysis. I made a few grant applications in the late 1970s to bodies such as SSRC (as it was then) and the EOC for my research on working mothers. Being a feminist was and still is very important to me, but it is also a biased position in some people's view, and I felt obliged to make my research proposals sound more formal, theoretically based, and socially neutral. This meant compromising the feminism inherent in my approach so as not to be penalized for apparent political bias. They still refused to fund me because I was working as an individual and not attached to any institution, and were not very happy about the qualitative nature of my research proposals.

In retrospect, I might have been able to succeed through applying via some of my tenured friends, but without a job myself, this would still have probably involved them acting as principal researchers theoretically supervising my research. Anyone without an academic job and wishing to do their own research is relatively powerless. In polytechnics or universities, academics doing research often try to combine it with a full-time teaching job and employ research assistants to do the fieldwork and analysis while they supervise and do the [38] ultimate writing up. These research assistants themselves have little autonomy and work with the insecurity of yearly renewable grants subject to the decisions of the appropriate funding body. Specially designated research units are a possibility that may offer some autonomy to the established researcher, but I felt too impatient to apply and work up to such a position, and usually they too are bound by funding approval. In the academic world, research is highly valued, gives prestige and brings in crucial funds. In status, salary, and other conditions, however, those carrying out the research do not generally fare so well.

By rejecting this path I have enjoyed a privileged 'freedom', but its appeal is diminishing because there is so little money to be earned from books of this nature, however satisfying they are to write. The initial advance vanishes within months while the

book takes at least a year to research and often more to write. This means doing part-time or freelance work to survive while researching and writing, and in the earlier days I also spent some time on social security. In the seventies it was easier, there was more part-time research and teaching around, and I was financially cushioned through living in a communal house in which rents were kept low. The Conservative eighties are totally different; priorities have changed, research is tight and economic cuts are rife. My 'freedom' has turned into a hand-to-mouth existence that is becoming more and more untenable.

The sort of psychology that I originally specialized in - social psychology - left me with the main choice of teaching or research. There was, I suppose, some possibility of work in commercial areas such as market research and industry, but I was not attracted to these. I took on bits of teaching because I felt I ought to and there was often some available, mainly short courses or filling in a term here and there at polytechnics when someone took a sabbatical. I was always overanxious, overprepared and didn't enjoy performing, and also felt certain contradictions about some of the areas I had to teach. It was with great relief that I eventually admitted this and made a personal decision not to do it any more. This left research, which I enjoyed, but I was afraid that a psychology department would not be very sympathetic to my qualitative methods, not seeing them as 'acceptable' psychology. Working independently, I seem to have ended up somewhere between sociology and journalism in my explorations of women's lives as in *Falling for Love* (Virago, 1987) (about teenage mothers): although in *Double Identity* (Penguin, 1984), which explores the experiences of working mothers, a major focus is on important psychological areas such as identity, self-esteem and depression.

Looking back perhaps I should have grappled more within the academic system, instead of avoiding it or merely moving in for brief [39] flurries of activity as I did. I have great admiration for all those women working within it who are constantly struggling for change while also teaching or researching and administrating. I'm not sure if psychology failed me in some way or if I failed psychology. I think rather it did not offer sufficient encouragement or support to anyone thinking of trying to step outside a traditional mode of researching or writing. It may have become a lot easier for women in psychology since the time I was studying, although the consistent cutbacks in education may be causing a retreat into orthodoxy.

I suspect that if I was a man I may not have been able to come to terms with my relative lack of career ascent. But although not unambitious, I have always been more concerned with doing something worthwhile and enjoyable than earning vast amounts of money, a view expressed by many girls in my initial research about choosing certain 'caring' occupations. Perhaps this 'idealism' sounds a bit dated now. I think it is very difficult to pursue less conventional research within psychology, or similar academic disciplines, without recourse to some form of personal financial support. I personally still feel quite interested in psychology but I don't see myself as a psychologist now, even though for the last few years I have been employed on an occasional basis in the department of psychiatry within a hospital medical school. Here it seems somewhat ironic that in order to subsist, I carry out often highly sophisticated computer analysis on a variety of research projects while working on my own qualitative projects. I'm not sorry to have moved out of the academic channel and I love the freedom of meeting and talking to people for my research and writing up their experiences in a sympathetic and meaningful way; but present

circumstances will soon force me to look for something more secure. [End of page 39]

II

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I've never called myself a psychologist. Psychology has never been the only subject of my work, though it has been more central at some times than others. When it's been a sideline it has often been interesting, but when it's been my major activity it has been frustrating. The frustration, I think, comes from the fact that one subject area - even an interesting one - can't satisfy my own way of seeing the world. I prefer a broad view, and one that takes political and historical context into account. Perhaps then, my dissatisfactions with psychology are from expecting too much of the wrong thing from psychologists? What follows is a personal story of my experiment with psychology. I've tried to highlight those thoughts about it that have come from being a woman and a feminist, but many of my experiences would apply to other sciences and other academic disciplines. I just thought I could expect more from psychology...

At school physics was my forte, and with the only other girl in the class I gained a certain amount of pleasure from beating the boys - being just as good wouldn't have been good enough, as all the girls who dropped out earlier knew.

Choosing a career never seemed an immediate problem - for a girl. People were easily satisfied with 'going to university', and often didn't ask what subject I would do. A budding eco-mentality led me, after seeing a film on women engineers, to consider environmental engineering. This seemed to combine my traditionally female need to 'care' for something, with my smug, superior scientist's brain. The university interviews totally put me off - out of 200 people I was the sole woman, and my disillusionment deepened when I realized that the environmental approach was purely token too. I pulled out for a year and went to work in a women's hostel. This course of action made me think a lot more about what 'caring' really meant for women, and gave me respect for practice over theory.

Doing physics at university was a let-down. Exciting ideas were replaced by mathematics, while the pace of the work added anxiety to boredom. Luckily it was easy to change courses, so I was able to do biological sciences including psychology, and give up the 'hard' stuff. By then I had some ideas about the politics and sexual politics of science, and felt that the 'hard' tag was pure con, but I still felt I was giving in - choosing interest over ambition, and giving up the macho success I'd gained by sticking with physics. Somewhere along the line, [41] I'd internalized the equation: biological (or worse social) science = easier = more feminine = less important.

Psychology was a new world. It fitted well with the biology I was also doing, to provide pictures of the way the brain worked through perceptions and cognitions, and explanations of how and why animals behaved in ways they did. I became fascinated with visual perception, and was absorbed, if repelled, by the experiments people did to understand it. Here was the hard science again - a way of understanding something by taking it to pieces and seeing what each little bit did. There were also a few ideas that fitted well with my political views, such as the basic idea that previous experiences affect current outcomes. After all, the same bright light seen after a dull one appears brighter than when seen after a

brighter one, or kittens raised in a visually impoverished environment such as one consisting only of vertical lines, are unable to recognize more complex environments. My thoughts about this were still vague, and it wasn't until we did 'intelligence' that I realized what I really wanted to know, and what we weren't covering. This was anything to do with context, or interactions between causes of phenomena, or the influences of social factors. The perceptual stuff we did broke things down to look at the reactions of cells and the form and function of sensory organs, while the behaviour stuff was mainly from a behaviourist standpoint of stimulus and response, with little attention given to any other way of analysing things. When we tackled intelligence I realized that there were differing interpretations of evidence, different ways of asking questions, even different questions, largely depending on the views of the questioner. Here was an approach I wanted more of - asking why certain questions were important to psychology, and analysing evidence from individuals as part of a much wider view.

I discovered that there was a whole branch of psychology we had not touched on. Social psychology seemed to offer insight into how people interacted, why they acted in the ways they did, and how they became who they were. It also seemed to offer an awareness of itself as a science that had origins, with people involved in it doing research for stated aims, and including an analysis of how the framing of a question (at an everyday or research level) could and must have an influence on the answer. Unfortunately for my undergraduate choices, the two branches of psychology were totally divorced in Cambridge, and you could not study both experimental and social psychology together. This split, which totally blocks students wanting a more complete view of psychology, is the product of old animosities, and is reflected in the continuing arguments about whether social and political studies are 'real' sciences or not.

So, in my final year, I dropped experimental psychology along with [42] straight science, and opted for the ever-'softer' but seemingly more relevant social sciences. It was made plain that this choice meant no longer being a 'true' psychologist eligible for membership of the British Psychological Society, and giving up any hopes of a career in clinical or educational psychology, but I felt that the political questions about the subject were more important and interesting. This time I felt I was giving up a safe path towards a career for a chance to look at psychology from different points of view, perhaps to discover something about women's position (mostly ignored in the other course), and to enjoy more enlightened teaching methods - even a module on Women in Society run by a collective of staff and students.

The courses I took that year provided some of what I was looking for. Issues around gender and psychology, such as 'sex roles' and their origins, were legitimate topics to study. Behind every topic there was always some sense of conflicting views and philosophies, for example around the importance of mothering, the causes of mental illness, or the ways in which children develop cognitively or emotionally. Theory and practice could be found to have histories, to involve interpretation and choice, and to reflect patterns of thought and power elsewhere in society.

Research itself was seen to have ethical and moral dimensions. But, in terms of training us to be social scientists, there was no emphasis at all on the practicalities of research. We studied the methods used as topics to be analysed, but never came nearer to trying them out than reading second-hand accounts! When it came to getting research or other jobs at the end of the course, this left at a disadvantage those of us, especially women, without the

self-confidence to plunge into unknown fields and get our hands dirty

Though the theoretical content of the courses was usually satisfactory, we were a decade too late for attention to teaching methods! It seemed ironic that the most radical teaching unit in the university should still have the ancient teaching methods that some of its own courses revealed as inadequate. Only the course on women attempted to challenge this with discussion-based sessions, and to provide some student control over course content. Even this was kept in check by a course committee which ensured that the course was proper enough to satisfy university requirements and remained examinable. It was still sneered at for not being rigorous 'real' work, by a unit that was itself sneered at for not being 'real' science. As discussed in other chapters in this book, this seems to reflect the fate of women's studies elsewhere - ambitious female staff were wary of being associated with a subject that could have become a ghetto and was treated as an easily marginalized sideline.

Leaving university brought up the inevitable job worries. [43] Competition for research grants is high, and the chances of getting one to do something inspiring on women's issues seemed remote. In any case, research and teaching didn't attract me: I wanted to do something more practical.

Voluntary work done on the dole seemed to provide a way of doing caring and campaigning work without compromising my principles. However, it was hard to keep up the motivation with friends around me busily becoming doctors, lawyers, accountants or community workers, and maintaining an alternative lifestyle seemed increasingly difficult, and pointless. Going back to study psychology was a possibility, but general research still appeared irrelevant, and clinical or educational psychology - had I managed to get on a transfer course - seemed only to tackle individual problems without questioning their methods. Still wanting to do something 'useful', I considered social work, but was put off in the end by a group of feminist social workers - although most of them got something out of the personal contacts in their jobs, they felt they were able to do very little for women, and were paying a huge price in personal stress. Most were looking for other jobs.

I finally took a job (short-term, part-time) on a women's health research project. This was a stressful, under-resourced, low-status Community Programme scheme, but was very enjoyable and challenging. I learnt about research methods of interviewing and questionnaire design by doing them, and about how to get innovative proposals - that might actually change women's experiences of the health services - instituted in a health authority, by whatever means necessary.

When this work ended I thought again about doing more academic research. I was looking for something that questioned the role of science and technology in employment, defence, health and global politics. I wanted to move away from looking at women's needs in the health field alone, to consider the sexual politics of science - what counted as scientific knowledge, how was access to it controlled, how was it used, and what implications were there in all this for women?

I found an MSc course in Manchester that fitted many of my requirements and had funding available. Returning to academic life was something of a shock, with no student control over topics covered and all male lecturers. The first book-list had one book on science and gender - by a man - and there was little acknowledgement or knowledge of feminist critiques of science. There were, unusually, more women on the course, whose pressure helped produce an excellent module on genetics and reproduction, the only course

to tackle our own experiences.

On the whole, the course had a lot in common with doing psychology: it promised much in terms of analysing the place of science in society, provided quite a lot of interesting material, facts and figures, [44] but in the end the presentation of that material enforced academic hierarchies instead of revealing them, largely ignored gender, and failed to listen to or act upon its own criticisms of itself. In both cases the most rewarding and interesting work came up from women and men in modules organized around 'women's issues', and in both cases this gave the institutions concerned the greatest problems in student assessment.

I had half come to the conclusion that maybe the problems of psychology and of science policy, for me, lay less in their content than in the ways they were taught or instituted in practice. Out of the blue, I had the chance to see if I could do better. A friend working at a polytechnic told me they urgently needed someone to teach social psychology and interpersonal skills. Although dubious at first, I thought it could be exciting to try to teach things in a more open and critical way. I liked the prospect of working with groups of mature vocational students, had enjoyed doing counselling work and interpersonal skills in the past, and was finally won over by the idea of job-sharing with another feminist. The sheer quantity of work involved in a first-time lecturing post didn't quite seem to be halved by job-sharing, but it certainly helped to have my 'other half' around to talk about it. Some of the pressures of this kind of work add to the excitement. Others just contribute stress and anxiety. Holding an audience's attention for a sustained period of time, and convincing them that you have something to say, resembles nothing so much as stand-up comedy. Not for nothing is that a traditionally male occupation being arrogant and confident enough to feel you have the right to expect other people to listen to you non-stop for an hour! Find the right balance and it can be exhilarating, lose your grip and it becomes a living, perspiring nightmare. If you want to try a different method, it takes all your persuasiveness to get classes used to listening passively to split up into groups and discuss ideas. It is equally hard to convince them that their own opinions are important enough to consider, and that their experiences are legitimate sources of information.

Tackling teaching methods to try to encourage participation and a critical approach to the material presented is all the harder when you're a young woman - not a natural figure to command respect. It becomes tempting to bolster your own fragile feelings of worth by adopting a traditionally 'male' listen-to-me teaching style, rather than getting classes to question. Even dress can let you down if you refuse to, or can't, hide behind the smart two-piece, nylons and pearls. You can undermine your own security by refusing to dominate or predetermine the sessions, leaving you in the paradoxical and sometimes terrifying position of needing but not having control. Add to this [45] technicians asking you to get your tutor's permission to use the video and the tendency of many male staff - young or old - to treat you in a patronizing way or find you totally invisible, and you find yourself undermined on all sides. Trying to do anything radical becomes another way of isolating yourself.

For all the strain I enjoyed teaching. Two things made me give it up. The first and most obvious was that we were on a temporary contract (more short-term, part-time work for women), and even with experience, without a PhD it's very hard to get a job in the academic world. On top of that, I still suffer from a typically feminine feeling that I'm not really qualified or worthy enough to compete in that world. The second reason has to do

with psychology itself. Some of the frustration and difficulty of teaching came from my lack of respect for and increasing dissatisfaction with social psychology. Teaching is an excellent way of learning about a subject, but the more I learnt the more I felt that the social psychology I was being asked to teach had little practical application except in the area of personnel management! So much of it was trivial and simplistic enough to make students gasp or giggle, and much of the rest was dense and obscure. Teaching about the myriad approaches to and quantity of work done on attitude scaling made me feel quite embarrassed!

Teaching taught me to have confidence in what I could tackle. I'm now doing a PhD on the social impact of genetic screening, using all the approaches I've learnt in a mixed career. Psychology has its niche there, but it's a very small place. Although I feel the analysis I'm doing is important, and useful to 'women's issues', I still feel the need to get out and do something practical. But if I ever choose teaching again, it won't be psychology.

I cannot blame psychology for not offering sociological or other approaches to issues, but I regret the way we are chopped up into narrower specialties rather than taking broader views. Most science is taught only as a collection of facts and rules, so it seems a little unfair to damn social psychologists alone for not being self-aware. However, it seems to me that social psychology is in a unique position to analyse its own place in and effects on society. The fact that most of its practitioners duck this sort of question I think reflects a certain poverty of the subject.

I started this account wondering if I was expecting too much of psychology. My personal history traces a path undertaken to find out how the application of knowledge, particularly scientific knowledge, affects women's lives. Psychology, which covers how we think, learn, relate to each other and understand ourselves, should be in a good position to provide some answers, but failed to grapple with the relevant questions. So were my expectations unreasonable, or is [46] psychology, as presently taught and practised, really unsympathetic to women and women-oriented work? Like many other women, for many different reasons, I had to move out of psychology to find what I wanted. [End of page 46]