

UC Berkeley

Section I: Chronicles - Undergraduate student life, campus experience, organizations, and political movements

Title

Part III:Voices: Personal Contributions from Some of the First Nineteen Women Faculty, Women in the Department of History

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Part III

Voices

Personal contributions from some of the first nineteen, with photos dating, when available, from the time of appointment. We hope for many more contributions from colleagues, female and male alike, appointed at any time.

Margaret Lavinia Anderson (1989-2010)



When I came to Berkeley after nearly two decades at Swarthmore, I felt that I had died and gone to heaven. The brilliant colleagues! The eager graduate students, so hungry for knowledge! The humane teaching load! There were, however, some snags. No kind administrator had thought to introduce me to some of the more important local customs. So when I arrived for my first class punctually at 10 and found no one in the vast lecture hall except a young couple passionately making out on the last row, I was mortified.

I waited. Five minutes passed, the couple left, but still no one showed up. The taxpayers of California were paying me to teach; dare I just leave? Then what would happen? Or should I just go ahead and lecture to an empty room? Finally, at 10 minutes after the hour, students began pouring in. I later learned that – regardless of the catalogue's listing my course at 10:00 – "everyone" knew that at Cal, courses always began at 10 after the hour. Thus, my experience as a visitor, in 1987. When I returned permanently in 1990, I had forgotten about that embarrassing contretemps - and so repeated it, although this time, after fidgeting for 7 minutes, the light suddenly dawned and serenity returned.

The other startling local custom was the expectation among our undergraduates that, if they were smart enough to get into Cal, they would get A's in all their courses. At Swarthmore I had never had to face a student angry over a B+. In fact, the campus bookstore sold a popular tee shirt emblazoned with the message: "Swarthmore: Anywhere else it would have been an A." In ignorance, I applied the same standards at Cal that I had always used. The line at my office hours after the mid-terms was long. Determined to stick to my guns, I complained about the grade-chasing to my husband, who taught at a neighboring institution. He brought me up short: "Grades are the currency of academic life. You can't just make up your own currency. And just as you can't import your own state's currency when you travel in another country, you can't just import your old currency here; it won't work." He was right. I changed. But looking back, I fear that I was still probably too tough. I can remember two Cal undergraduates from 1998-99 whose grades, if I could only locate them today, I would surely raise.

Mary Elizabeth Berry (1978-2017)



I had intended to write a short piece about joining the faculty in the 1970s but, when refreshing memory, found myself immersed in the texts that constitute the closest thing we have to a public history of the department. As I grappled with what they tell us about the early recruitment and reception of women colleagues, I ended up writing at some length—both to draw out the disclosures I found in the record and to advance the story into more recent times. My remarks here, the first I have set down about our past, reflect almost forty years in the department, five of them as chair.¹ They are personal and incomplete, intended as no more than a preliminary exploration of a subject that deserves a new *History at*

Berkeley.

The inaugural *History at Berkeley: A Dialog in Three Parts* was the departure point for my dive into the sources. It opens with Gene Brucker’s Faculty Research Lecture of 1995, continues with a Comment written by Henry May following a faculty conversation about the lecture in 1996, and concludes with an Afterword by David Hollinger.² I turned, then, to the transcripts of the oral histories of departmental colleagues that were prepared by the Regional Oral History Office of the Bancroft Library (known, since 2014, as the Oral History Center). There are 21 oral histories, recorded between 1996 and 2012: 17 of male colleagues, 3 of female colleagues (Natalie Davis, Paula Fass, and Lynn Hunt), and one of a faculty wife (Beverly Bouwsma). Many transcripts are long (two run well over 400 pages) but those of the women run short, averaging 100 pages. The funding constraints that ended the series had probably set in. (For citations and links, see the “Documents” section of this site.)³

One theme common to the texts is the sheer growth of the faculty until 1970. The department had 5 members in 1935, 25 in 1954, and 55 in 1968.⁴ The spectacular hiring of the ’60s is made vivid by an Appendix in Hollinger’s Afterword that chronicles 45 appointments during the decade. (Faculty numbers would generally hover in the lower 50s thereafter, dropping into the 40s in recent years. See the “Chronology” section of this site.)

¹ Paula Fass and I, exactly the same age, are the longest-serving women. Paula joined the faculty in 1974 and retired in 2010. I joined the faculty in 1978 and retired in 2017.

² Like Brucker and May (but not Hollinger!), some names mentioned here may be unfamiliar to younger readers. Information about active and retired colleagues is available from their Web sites, about deceased members from the typically pithy obituaries in the UC on-line collection, *In Memoriam*. See the link in the “Documents” section.

³ “The Department of History Oral History Series” includes 19 completed transcripts and 1 transcript “in process” (that of Tulio Halperin). One more colleague, Thomas Laqueur, was interviewed as part of “The Marion and Herbert Sandler Oral History Project.”

⁴ I use Henry May’s figures for 1935 and 1954 but not 1970—when May puts the total at 65 (*History at Berkeley*, 26). I don’t know how he counted. The *General Catalogs* put the figure at 55 in 1968 and 53 in 1970.

An accompanying theme is the sheer excellence of the hires made during the '50s and '60s, in the wake of what Brucker describes as the revolt against the old guard (the *baroni*) by the “young Turks” who sought to “bring into the department young, talented scholars who would raise its academic standards and enable it to compete with major eastern universities” (*History at Berkeley*, 6). Ringing with the names of the new men and encomia to them, the sources evoke what Brucker calls a “golden age.”

For those of us who joined the faculty in the 1970s (and long after), the large number and daunting eminence of our seniors were defining facts of life. A “huge generational cohort” that “remained largely intact until the 1990s,” in Hollinger’s words,⁵ included many colleagues recruited in the '50s⁶ and a large majority of those recruited in the '60s.⁷ Lynn Hunt, speaking in 2012, still conjures almost breathlessly the mind-bending lineup:

So there was a kind of younger group. Then there was a very large group of incredibly well-known historians, in a wide variety of fields. There was Bill Bouwsma and Gene Brucker, in my field, and Natalie Davis, of course; and Peter Brown and Bob Middlekauff. There were just an endless number of— Henry May and Nicholas Riasanovsky and Martin Malia, all of whom were in this kind of older generation. Reggie Zelnik was kind of in an intermediate spot. Then there was a new group of us who were just arriving, who, I felt, were in a very different place from these others. The more senior people— Gerry Feldman, Tom Bisson—there were just endless numbers (27).⁸

The group was diverse in one major respect since, as Henry May points out, an “important achievement of the fifties is the surprisingly sudden and complete ending of discrimination against Jews.” He continues: “There is no fact more crucial to the rise in quality both of faculty and students” (*History at Berkeley*, 28). But other barriers remained in place, for none of the 45 appointments made in the '60s went to a person of color or a woman. Albert Raboteau briefly breached the color barrier in the late 1970s before moving to Princeton. Waldo Martin was recruited only in 1989. The gender barrier, breached by Adrienne Koch (1958-65), was broken when Natalie Davis joined the faculty in 1971 and helped focus attention on female candidates (notably, Hunt herself). The early female hires included two women of color: Wen-hsin Yeh (1987) and Tabitha Kanogo (1991).

In all, 5 women would join the faculty in the 1970s; 9 in the 1980s; 4 in the 1990s; 10 in the 2000s; and 11 in the 2010s. Progress was reasonably steady but nonetheless gradual, given the halt to growth and the opening of slots primarily through retirement. Compare 39 female hires over 50 years with the 45 male hires in the '60s. (I can’t resist doing the math. One man was hired every 2.7 months in the '60; one woman was hired every 15.4 months subsequently.)

⁵ *History at Berkeley*, 35. Much of the Hollinger essay (35-54) addresses generational issues.

⁶ William Bouwsma, Robert Brentano, Gene Brucker, Martin Malia, Henry May, Nicholas Riasanovsky, Charles Sellers, and Franz Schurmann.

⁷ Of the 45, 1 died young, 5 failed to receive tenure, and 7 moved to other institutions (David Brading to Yale and Cambridge, Perry Curtis to Brown, Robert Paxton to Columbia, Henry Rosovsky to Harvard, Carl Schorske to Princeton, George Stocking to Chicago, and Thomas Bisson to Harvard [although not until 1987]).

⁸ Here and below, numbers refer to the pages in the oral histories of the persons quoted.

If women made up an ever-increasing fraction of the faculty, it took two generations to approach half.⁹ (See details and figures in the “Chronology” section of this site.)

Why did change on the gender front come so late? And what finally enabled it?

Henry May is refreshingly blunt about the resistance he faced when urging the appointment of Koch: “[T]here was much opposition to her appointment on several grounds, including, quite overtly, the undeniable charge that she was a woman. The old, hallowed, clubby arguments were trotted out. If we had a woman in the department, we’d never be able to talk among ourselves with mutual understanding and confidentiality” (*History at Berkeley*, 28). Several unusually personal remarks in otherwise tactful interviews intimate continuing unease. Asked about Koch, Nick Riasanovsky calls her “an impressive person” after mentioning that, although just one woman, “she counts for several. As Henry May said, he argued for her promotion more or less as Saint George saving the maiden. It turned out she was the dragon” (106). Ken Stampp describes Koch as a “fairly aggressive and able woman, sort of taking on all the men and feeling that they were all her rivals, which I thought was rather unfortunate.” He continues: “I guess I felt that from now on, we’re going to have more than one woman or no women, but never again just one woman in the department. This sort of token woman was a terrible thing” (263).

Here, a visionary scholar of race conflates what he labels aggression in a woman with bad behavior, person with gender, and individual with group. Larry Levine provides perspective: “When Adrienne left, a lot of nice people said, ‘That’ll be the last woman we hire for a long time.’ She was called a ‘bitch,’ you know, that kind of—and it seemed to me that she didn’t do anything the men didn’t do; but it’s one thing coming from a male; it’s another coming from a female” (281). (See David Hollinger’s profile of Koch in “The First Eighteen” section for a judicious appreciation.)

Several colleagues do rue the absence of women. Levine: “When Adrienne Koch left it suddenly occurred to me we’re all male, and we’re all white. I was deeply involved in the civil rights movement, and here I am, happily ensconced in an all-white male department. Now, what I wanted to say was I didn’t blame the department for the condition, but I blamed the department for not being upset about the condition” (449). And Brucker, reflecting on pressure from the university to hire women: “All very legitimate because women had been woefully underrepresented. No question that they had been discriminated against, certainly in our department” (66). And Dick Herr, reflecting on the climate for graduate students: “There were good women doing very good work in the sixties, and you had the sense—and they were very upset that they were not being considered, because I remember one of them, Orysia Karapinka, who is now still teaching, I think, at the University of Pittsburgh, telling me that Ray Sontag had told her that—‘Why are you doing this? You should get married and have children.’ This was my dear friend, Ray Sontag” (146).

In general, though, the texts are longer on explanations for the female absence before the ’70s than disquiet over it. May’s reference to a clubby culture aside, most colleagues focus on problems with “the pool.” Bob Brentano: “One of the reasons used, when I first came here and asked why there were no women in the department, they said—whoever *they* were—was that it

⁹ Of the 46 current members of the department, 23 are male and 23 female.

was impossible to attract strong women because they were either single and so wouldn't want to come to the West—it was implied that they had to come from the East—or they were married, and their husbands' careers would be more important to them than their own. So, for instance, when I thought it would have been interesting to get Hanna Gray, whom I knew well in graduate school, to come here, I was told for various reasons she would never come. And she probably would have, *then*, I think, come. But that was an excuse that was used" (158).¹⁰ So, too, Brucker, remembering a conversation with Bob Middlekauff "when the question of hiring women came up. He made the point that there was a very fine woman scholar in colonial history in the East; her name was Pauline Maier. She taught, I think, at MIT, and he said, 'There's no way we can persuade her to come to Berkeley because her husband, Charlie Maier, is a professor at Harvard. So forget about Pauline Maier.' I mean, he was making the point that again, it's a small pool and the number of people who we would consider qualified are just so small that we would be defeated" (66). Stamp: "Unfortunately, at the beginning of the movement [to recruit female colleagues], the supply of women was not very great" (263). Bouwsma reiterates the point while saying the otherwise unsaid: "The pool of able women historians was pretty limited at that time, and those who were available were pretty well-situated already. We did not make a concerted effort to locate such people" (86).

Well, in truth, the pool was not large, but neither was it negligible. Nationally, women received 10 to 12 percent of Ph.D. degrees awarded in history by Tier 1 institutions between 1958 and 1966. (The figure would rise to 30% by 1988.)¹¹ At Berkeley, (imperfect) records indicate that a total of 205 Ph.D. degrees in history were awarded in the 1960s, 25 of them to women—just over 12 percent.¹² I looked up only Orysia Karapinka who, yes, joined the Pitt department in 1967 as one of two female hires. I did gather some information on the four women who received Ph.D.s from our department in the 1950s, the most eminent of whom—Anne Newton Pippin Burnett—joined the University of Chicago faculty in 1961 and eventually became chair of the Department of Classical Languages and Literatures. She held the Sather Professorship at Berkeley in 1993-94.

Active searching in this pool was likely to reward effort. A cursory riffling of the AHR in the 1960s turned up a substantial number of well-received books by women. And, during the same decade, women received, for example, 3 Bancrofts, 2 Pulitzers, and 14 Rome Prizes in Classical Studies and Archeology. The Radcliffe Institute, founded in 1960, might have been a good hunting ground. So, too, the great women's colleges.

So, why not explore opportunity? Levine discusses a potential candidate (unnamed) who "had a manuscript rather than a book." The "fear, which was articulated, was 'could we fire her? Could we deny her tenure?'" In the era of second-wave feminism, when anticipation of public backlash might foreclose stringent review of pre-tenure women, perhaps "better not to hire them, though this was never said. But it was the *Zeitgeist* that I felt" (452). More arresting to me is the

¹⁰ Hanna Gray is listed as a "visiting associate professor" in the 1970-71 *General Catalog*.

¹¹ William G. Bowen and Neil L. Rudenstine, *In Pursuit of the PhD* (Princeton University Press, 1992), p. 32-34. These institutions awarded a total of 252 Ph.D.s in history in 1960, 248 in 1962, 327 in 1964, 371 in 1966, and 407 in 1968 (p. 388).

¹² At present, I have only a list compiled by the department, which is incomplete. I await a list from the Graduate Division.

identity of the two compelling (if unattainable) female colleagues named in the transcripts: Hanna Holborn Gray (who was tenured at Chicago in 1964) and Pauline Maier (who started teaching at U. Mass Boston in the late '60s). Insofar as interest in hiring women did emerge, the names suggest sights trained on stars (rising in Maier's case), a proven body of work, and personal knowledge. These were not criteria for the appointment of men, many of them finishing graduate school and first encountered at AHA conferences or the like.¹³ It's hard to resist the conclusion that the criteria kept the goalpost for women beyond reach. Significantly, an interest in safe-ish bets would persist. Of the 18 women appointed before the 2000s, only 4 came directly from grad school or post-docs (Carson, Einhorn, Hunt, and Yeh) and one came from other employment (Elm had worked at Morgan Guaranty Trust).

What changed in the 1970s? Bouwsma: “[G]radually, the number of able women in the profession of whom we were aware—I’m not saying that we were aware of them immediately—but the pool of distinguished women who were able scholars in history certainly increased. My impression is that the department never made a very concerted effort to discover able women.” Q: “Even in the seventies and eighties?” Bouwsma: “Even in the seventies and eighties, but they simply emerged” (86-87). Underplayed here is Bouwsma’s role in the celebrated hire of Davis, whom he brought to the department as a visitor in 1968 and, with Brucker and others, championed for a regular appointment. And from the start, Brucker emphasizes, part of her role was “to be the first of many women to come. Because she did talk about the need, and I remember she talked about ‘critical mass.’ She said one person isn’t going to do it here; if we’re going to change the department, we need more women. Of course this is precisely what the administration was pushing for, and what I would say the department accepted” (66).

For Davis herself there is a key to adding women: “Well, just be on the hiring committee and find good people. Well, just have [your] eyes open and notice these [women] were out there and they were good.” And what of complaints that the pool lacked sufficient quality? “Well, whenever I hear this, I think, ‘Well, you just aren’t looking, or you are just confusing quality with a certain style.’ I never take that seriously at all” (70-71).

Alert hiring committees, including women, certainly made a difference. But so, too, did structural change. Many colleagues mention pressure from both the campus administration and the federal government to increase female and minority hires. Brentano goes into the procedure that the campus developed to help ensure fair searches: “It was extremely tedious and unpleasant and artificial in some ways. But it made people be careful. My sympathies were completely with that.” He also goes into a federal investigation into possible discrimination in campus hiring that led to demands “to turn over all our papers, including all our letters,” which were refused (153).

¹³ Tom Laqueur: “But then right out of Oxford before I had my Ph.D., I got *this* job . . . Just before me, Randy Starn, my colleague, got the job when . . . Gene Brucker called up the History Department at Harvard and said, ‘We need a Renaissance historian.’ And they said, ‘Well, here’s the person.’” He continues: “I had no formal interview; I didn’t give a talk—but I did actually meet some faculty over coffee at the AHA.” “Certainly [my hire] was not through a meritocratic process” (10-11).

Nonetheless attenuated, I think, are the gravity and findings of the federal investigation,¹⁴ the major shifts in law that preceded it,¹⁵ and the campus activism that led to the formation of the Academic Senate's Subcommittee on the Status of Academic Women on the Berkeley Campus. The subcommittee issued a seminal Report in 1970 (co-chairs Elizabeth Colson and Elizabeth Scott)¹⁶ and was instrumental in establishing the procedures mentioned by Brentano to monitor searches. (See the oral history of Susan Irvin-Tripp of the psychology department for details on these matters.)

But probably the biggest game-changer for academic women was Title IX of the Education Amendments of 1972.¹⁷ If women “simply emerged” (in Bouwsma's words) and hiring committees were able to “find good people” (in Davis's), it was because Title IX transformed the conduct of searches: announcements of jobs had to be publicly placed and selection procedures both formalized and submitted to scrutiny. Advertising. Not targeted phone calls.

My own appointments—first at the University of Michigan in 1974 and then at Berkeley in 1978—followed procedures new at the time but familiar to all who came later. I responded to advertisements, submitted (copious) material, arranged for letters of recommendation, participated in preliminary interviews at professional meetings (largely replaced of late by Skype), and made campus visits that included lectures, grueling questioning, personal meetings with colleagues, and good food and drink at receptions. (Meetings with grad students were not yet routine, nor were classroom visits.) Later, as a member of search committees and chair of several departments, I learned about the ever-more-stringent procedures (elaborated to this day) that attend internal review. Big picture? Search plans must be certified, candidate pools quantified, long-short lists and short-short lists approved, “de-selection” criteria specified for each rejected candidate, and full reports on completed searches filed. All this apart from the work of the Budget Committee, ad-hoc committees, and the campus administration (now recorded in detail).

¹⁴ “On November 27, 1972, OCR [Office of Civil Rights] sent UCB a detailed 120-page letter of findings describing the deficiencies in UCB's equal employment opportunity posture, particularly in the utilization of women in academic positions. Specifically, OCR found, among other things, that UCB (1) failed to affirmatively recruit qualified women, (2) underutilized women in many departments, (3) used different or more stringent standards for women than for men, and (4) maintained policies discriminatory to women. The letter requested that UCB develop a program within 30 days to overcome these deficiencies.” The Comptroller General of the United States,

More Assurances Needed that Colleges and Universities with Government Contracts Provide Equal Employment Opportunity, Departments of Labor and Health, Education, and Welfare, p.28.

¹⁵ The Equal Pay Act of 1963 and the Civil Rights Act of 1964.

¹⁶ A link to the Report appears in the “Documents” section of this site. It received wide national attention when it was included as an Appendix (pp. 1143 ff) in “Discrimination Against Women, Hearings before the Special Subcommittee on Education of the Committee on Education and Labor, House of Representatives, ninety-first congress, second session, 1970.”

¹⁷ “No person in the United States shall, on the basis of sex, be excluded from participation in, be denied the benefits of, or be subjected to discrimination under any education program or activity receiving federal financial assistance.”

I survey this labyrinth to suggest the near-revolutionary change in the recruitment process—legally mandated and institutionally enforced—at the forefront of female hiring. Delmer Brown, the only colleague to discuss the requirement for advertising, remained a skeptic: “I do not think any appointed historian was brought to our attention solely by that individual’s personally submitting an application” (178). Delmer is a lodestar to me. But I suspect, if he is right that conventional inquiries to external colleagues brought to light most strong candidates, the canvassing must have been far more extensive and the replies far more inclusive in a time of new vigilance. The habits of the ’60s did not die spontaneously.

And what of the consequences? To Brentano, the addition of women from 1971 appeared untroubled. “For a department which had had such a bad record, once it recognized its problem, it didn’t seem to me to have much tension, no.” He continues: “It’s as if clouds went away and people saw that the old excuses for not having women were really not valid” (157-58).

Indeed, the texts are surprisingly quiet concerning the increasing presence of women. Unlike other breakthroughs—the defeat of the *baroni* and the opening to Jews—no one marks it as a major turn. Nor, unlike the sometimes giddy litanies of male hires in the 1950s and ’60s, do we find the names and accomplishments of the new women much mentioned. Davis is an exception, as is Hunt, whom Brentano credits with easing gender relations: “Lynn helped a great deal, because Lynn was in many ways very quiet as a young colleague, but tremendously admired by everyone because of her work, because of her teaching, and because of her ability to work with people” (137). But this remark is unusual. (In more ways than one. Lynn was as quiet as a fine trumpet.)

The sources were composed, after all, in the late 1990s and 2000s, when women were numerous enough to be associated more with a now-normal order than anything dramatic. And in pace and scale, of course, the recruitment of women was gentle, hardly comparable to the heady hires of the ’60s. Perhaps more to the point, however, was a remarkable continuity in several core aspects of departmental culture. No acute change was felt, especially regarding the rigor of appointment decisions.

Delmer Brown traces the deep background of appointment practice to UC President Benjamin Ide Wheeler, who required in 1923 that each prospective recruit be reviewed by the Budget Committee of the Academic Senate. Procedures were refined thereafter to require, at the departmental level, a nomination by a selection committee, a discussion and vote by the tenured faculty, and a recommendation to the administration by the chair. Appraisal continued by a campus-wide ad hoc committee (in a tenure case) and the Budget Committee, which submitted a recommendation to the president or, as the UC system developed, the Berkeley Chancellor (and, subsequently, the UC Regents). Long in place but vulnerable to complacent compromise, the procedures became, for the history department, solemn instruments of intellectual ambition in 1956. That year, during the revolt against the *baroni*, six “young Turks” successfully opposed a mediocre candidate in European history—who had received a substantial majority vote in the department and a firm endorsement from the chair—by writing convincing letters to campus authorities recommending, instead, Bill Bouwsma. Thereafter, Brown observes, the selection committee reports developed as campus models of “discriminating and comparative evaluation

grounded in extensive reading and research.” And the departmental meetings on those reports turned into “long affairs” in which records were “rigorously examined and debated” (111-15).

“[W]e go by the reading,” as Riasanovsky puts it. “It all boils down to the writing” (110-11). And all faculty members eligible to vote on a case were expected to read that writing—a logistically vexing task, before computer scans, that entailed checking out the material from a small office and getting it back within a day. The selection of women was no different. The newly necessary outreach and monitoring certainly expanded pools and complicated process. (I note, for comparison, that Brown focused a ’60s China search on Joseph Levinson and Benjamin Schwartz after a phone conversation with John King Fairbank at Harvard, 108.) But not so ironically, I think, the added preliminary labor enhanced pride in the ultimately familiar endgame of collective reading and scrupulous discussion.

Long before I witnessed an endgame as a tenured member of the faculty, I understood it—not particularly because my colleagues described it to me (although they did, in initiating me to the departmental religion) but because almost everyone appeared familiar with my work. As soon as I arrived, at least twenty people offered written comments on my book manuscript or took me to lunch to talk about it. Both dead inspired and often contradictory, their critiques were formative. Navigating the contradictions taught me to find a path and a voice. So, too, Paula Fass: “Gene Brucker or Randy Starn, people who were quite distant from my field, or Fred Wakeman, had read my dissertation and took me out to lunch to talk to me about my dissertation and what they thought was wonderful and the areas that they thought I might do some work in. All of that was incorporated into who I was and what my work became. This was a very shared endeavor. Sheldon Rothblatt, we had long conversations about these things” (51). Hunt found at Berkeley “a fantastic level of intellectual exchange” (38). “From the minute I arrived here, I felt I got nothing but positive encouragement People sent press representatives to see me about my book. They were incredibly encouraging” (31).

With women as with men, the confidence in process that inspired confidence in appointment largely erased perceptions of a departure from the past. Those lunches also belonged to a continuing tradition of sociability. Fass describes with deep affection the shared dinners, outings, and acts of thoughtfulness that bound the community: “So my entrance into Berkeley was not just an entrance into this department in Dwinelle Hall, it was an entrance into the homes of these people. And I genuinely appreciated the women who made their homes open to me. They were my surrogate families” (49). The birth of her daughter “was a huge event. And everybody came to visit her. Everybody came with a gift. And it was a really lovely outpouring of departmental unity” (62).

Surpassingly new, of course, were faculty pregnancies. Thirteen babies would be born at Berkeley to women appointed before 2000. And surpassingly enlightened was the departmental response. At a time when the university lacked such provisions, Bob Middlekauff took the initiative to personally arrange, as chair, the first child-bearing and maternity leaves. His successors followed suit. As provost, Middlekauff was also tireless in enabling the campus appointments of my husband that made us a Berkeley family.

Those babies were part of a much larger change in the faculty that would slowly but significantly alter departmental culture. After 1970, new colleagues with partners were typically in two-career households, a number of them with awful commutes (and two separated by continents). Far more remained single than in the past. And everyone dealt with escalating real-estate costs. Many of us were in apartments or small houses, some quite distant from campus. As a result, large dinner parties and receptions, a social constant for two decades, dwindled. The weekend traffic in Dwinelle, once heavy and fraternally close as the cohort of the 1960s worked on manuscripts while wives tended children, dwindled as well. If big parties never ceased, informal gatherings within close circles increasingly replaced them.

During the 1996 discussion of Gene Brucker's 1995 Faculty Research Lecture, many senior colleagues remarked on the reduced sociability as a painful and seemingly puzzling shift in our history. It was Paula Fass who stood up, with bracing clarity, to remind the group of the shifting demography behind it. (She did not mention the new incidence of divorce among the seniors that had already undercut old forms of socializing.) Still, I was struck by the feeling of loss. If not universal (given the sometimes ambivalent commentary in the oral histories on the parties), it was keen.

An aside. Let it be said that Beverly Bouwsma, an entertainment genius throughout her life, was also a guru to the younger set. Put in charge of the departmental colloquia upon my campus arrival, I invited colleagues to my apartment for drinks after one of the first events. Beverly drove me home early to be ready for the crowd (I had no car) and asked if I had gin. Yes, I said, an unopened fifth. "Let's stop for more," she said. We did. Both bottles were consumed. The vermouth was barely touched.

A second arena of concern in the departmental culture was graver for newcomers. Natalie Davis: "It is nice to have a department, which even though they had very different views on things, has this sense of respect for each other. But I had felt at the time that it got solidified in a certain style so that when certain new kinds of problems came up—and they were new partly because they had to do with women—they didn't handle them right" Davis calls the style "a sense of egalitarian, but elite, brotherhood" (52), which she found pronounced in shielding Wolfgang Sauer.

One issue involved sexual misconduct: "But he was behaving very, very badly, and already I felt badly because I felt that this brotherly spirit that I'm describing was covering for him. They thought he was doing the wrong thing, but rather than the chair . . . saying to him, 'You stop that. You stop that,' people were reading the final exams that he refused to read, because the particular girl wouldn't—. I mean it was just appalling" (62).

Another issue involved a letter circulated to all colleagues by Sauer in the mid-1970s. It stated, in Levine's telling, "that it is clear that women are political appointments; you can't be sure they were appointed because of their scholarship [T]herefore any woman with self-respect would resign her position. And therefore, [Sauer] could no longer participate in the hiring of women." Levine continues: "Well, if he had written that letter about Jews or about Blacks, African Americans, there would have been hell to pay. And I should've gone around trying to raise hell—I didn't. I thought the letter was idiosyncratic" (470).

That letter was linked to commotion at a personnel meeting. Again, Levine: “We paid a price for [not raising hell] because when Lynn Hunt came up for [her fourth-year review]¹⁸ we went into the room to vote” and were joined by Sauer. “I questioned his right to be in the room . . . People jumped up. No one, *no one* said a word about Sauer’s right to be there, but they jumped up about my saying something about Sauer’s right. How dare I say this? . . . The fact that he called all women political appointments and said they should resign never was raised” (470).

Davis: “I couldn’t believe that the brotherliness would support this man. He finally came to the meeting, and I think he just abstained or something. But it was an extremely difficult moment. To me, that was the worst moment of my time here . . . You see, it was exactly the moment in which the brotherly solidarity, which had its good points, came into conflict with a new set of rules and a new set of persons” (62-63).

Hunt knew of Sauer’s letter but not about the meeting. Colleagues “were very good—part of the brotherhood thing—about not breaking confidentiality.” She continues: “I was a little pissed off that the department hierarchy did not basically sanction him in any way . . . I felt that if he had put this letter in the box saying, I’m never voting for another Jew, he would’ve been in deep trouble.” “I did feel he got away with it because it was about a woman, and it was thought to be a psychiatric problem of some kind, a psychological problem, as opposed to a political problem” (30-31).

Sauer was a singular flashpoint. Yet the weight of the “elite brotherhood” would be long and variously felt. Hunt: “One reason why I left was that I felt I was the dutiful daughter, for a very long time.” There was “a way in which, for me, I felt there was an issue about truly being grown up. I don’t mean intellectually, so much as professionally.” It was “very hard to break out of the situation in which there were all these extremely distinguished older men. Who were perfectly nice, with whom I got along fantastically” (28-29).

The dutifulness counted. “[T]he other side of that coin was that I was made the chair” of the search committee that nominated Susanna Barrows. “[B]ecause I was such a dutiful daughter and had proved myself to be so helpful, then I could be trusted.” But “this was exactly part of the problem. There were times when . . . I got on my high horse and was extremely upset, in one hiring case. It was nineteenth-century American history, in which we didn’t even consider anyone in African American history. I made a very strong statement that I thought this was totally unacceptable . . . They were kind of like— They went ahead and did exactly what they wanted to do, but they said, ‘You’re right.’” Even so, “that still fits in with the dutiful daughter thing, which is, ah, yes, the children can speak the truth” (31-33).

Fass; “I know that when I first came in here—and this, again, I’m more than willing to say this was my own personality or whatever—this was a very paternalistically governed department. It had something to do with the fact that we overtly admired each other. So there was a kind of faith, good faith that the people we admired would take good care of us. And for the most part, they did.” The good faith was broken once: “I felt I was being bullied [by the departmental chair], when I was a member of a hiring committee. And I was furious. Precisely because I felt that when we are given a committee assignment, it’s our job to do our work, to find

¹⁸ Levine mistakenly identifies the occasion as a tenure review.

the best person in that field, together with your committee, and to put them forward. And I didn't think it was the chair's role to in any way interfere in that." She continues: "I did win, at great cost. At great cost. Because as I also discovered, [the chair] was manipulating some other members of my committee. And so the committee had a falling out. It was an extremely painful experience" (91-94).

That chair was exceptionally controlling. (He also sowed division in a search committee that I led, hence defeating a recommendation he opposed.) Fass nonetheless points to a structural issue when reflecting on the procedures for choosing departmental chairs. There was "a kind of clique in the department, where this passing on of chairs became part of that. And I think the chairs feel they have a responsibility to maintain the department and are fearful of letting it fall into hands of people who might be destructive. And I think that's a mistake. I said that, actually, at that time, in the department. There should have been more leeway allowed earlier, to the younger members of the department. And I think that would've been better" (95).

What was brotherly to Davis and paternalistic to Fass was baronial to me (well before I heard Brucker use the term for his own seniors). Its quintessential expression was something I called the "baronial veto"—the unquestioned quashing of a proposal (often concerning a prospective hire) by a colleague with seeming ownership rights to the field or the subject in question. I respected the practice, rooted as it was not only in the faith and trust mentioned by Fass and Hunt but something deep in the bone: a mutual deference resulting from the very long time the seniors had spent together and a well-founded confidence in their decisions.

Even so, and from the outset, I raised my voice. Precisely because I felt so welcomed, I viewed opinion as a responsibility of membership. Another "dutiful daughter" from my vantage, a lightning rod to others. (My models were the countless Mothers Superior who never rested.) The issues? Early on, voting practices that excluded assistant professors from meetings about external candidates for appointment. The selection of named chairholders also became a fraught matter for me: the frequently conflicted decisions and sometimes immense allowances at stake mandated, to my mind, term appointments in order of seniority. Curriculum? I urged the revision of requirements that skewed both enrollments and TA/GSI opportunities. (Each major had to take two lower-division courses on Europe [pre- and post-1500], one on the U.S, and one on either Africa or Asia or Latin America or the Middle East.) Faculty FTEs? Disturbed that 52% of slots went to "Europe" (including ancient Greece and Rome as well as Science, which critics found a wrongful count), I pressed for redistribution. Selection of chairs of the department? I advocated for outright elections instead of decanal consultations. Salaries? I requested a list from then-Chair Zelnik to test a suspicion that they were unfair and, when refused, made the request to the dean (successfully). I also invited younger members of the department (those under forty, I think) to my home to explore collective directions for change.

There was more. But you get the picture. Although I found support among peers and seniors alike, I stirred tension. I got a taste of deep aggravation when the meeting at my home was widely condemned by senior members (including former but unsympathetic "young Turks").

I got a taste of fierce anger when Zelnik learned that I had received the salary list and informed two colleagues who witheringly rebuked me for a violation of trust. I had crossed a line.¹⁹

Here was another side of the baronial culture. For some seniors, certainly not for all, the opening of the department to women appeared predicated on consent to a male hierarchy that knew best. Debate over appointments was accepted from newcomers since, if conflict was neither infrequent nor fast forgotten, that debate remained our bulwark. But wider discussion—of curriculum or chairholding or, lordy, salaries—felt, I gather, like boring into bedrock. Our programs and our practices, foundational to our identity, deserved defense, not contest.

Things did change, steadily and on many fronts. Most dramatic was a faculty vote in 1993 to limit chairholders' allowances and reserve the surplus, principally to fund what would become, after 2005, guaranteed packages for graduate students. That vote was a turning point, I believe. It signified a transformative departure in policy, unprecedented on the campus. It was contentious rather than consensual, indicating a tolerance of internal dissent across the board. And nothing like a "revolt" of new Turks against a current barony, it united a cross-generational majority.

How was this possible? The increasing size and lengthening tenures of the post-1970 cohorts made a difference. No longer were we all newcomers clustered at the lower rungs of the professorial ladder. We gained a good deal, too, from external senior hires who leavened our culture: I would single out Tom Brady, David Hollinger, and David Johnson. Retirement was an important factor as well. Only eight colleagues hired in the '50s and '60s retired in the 1980s. But seventeen retired in the 1990s, almost all of them early in the decade when UC sought to cover severe budget deficits through Voluntary Early Retirement Incentive Programs (VERIPs).²⁰

¹⁹ Remarks by Win Jordan, about a return to the department as a visitor after he had resigned to take a position at the University of Mississippi, almost certainly involve me: "I had the feeling that . . . the department was no longer quite the happy ship that it had been by the late seventies." When pressed by the interviewer, he responds: "Well, there have been difficult women here who have created difficulty about women" (164). The remarks echo Ken Stamp on Adrienne Koch, conflating person with gender and individual with group. Both the Levine and the Wakeman transcripts also linger over a changing climate in the department that troubled their later years—what Ann Lage, in summarizing the Wakeman interview, describes as a "contrast" between the "camaraderie" of the "all-male cohort hired . . . in the late fifties and sixties" and "the department's gender and cultural battles in the early and mid-1980s" (IV).

²⁰ The three sequential VERIPs, which offered five additional years of service credit and cash bonuses to faculty and staff who met combined age and service credit totals, were described as: "A permanent reduction in workforce program designed to effect sufficient payroll savings in response to severe and cumulative budgetary shortfalls" resulting largely from cuts in state support. Carol Christ observed in a 2001 interview that: "The campus was able to shift the expense of a large portion of highly paid faculty to a fully funded retirement system, then rehire them through recall at a much cheaper price, and continue recruiting the best faculty." UCB "lost nearly 28 percent of its faculty through VERIP, but the losses were gradually replaced in ensuing years, said Christ. The faculty has now grown to almost 90 percent of its pre-VERIP size." (Worth noting is the end to a mandatory retirement age for university faculty members in 1994.) https://www.berkeley.edu/news/berkeleyan/2001/10/24_verip.html

It would be wrong, however, to miscast generational divides. Bonds between seniors and more recent arrivals remained often troubled in the policy arena. But, for most of us, they also remained generative personally and intellectually. In my case, Sheldon Rothblatt was a brave champion, early on, of my potential in the departmental administration. As a scholar and a teacher, I received profound support from Tom Smith, Irv Scheiner, Bob Brentano, and Randy Starn. I think each of us had sustaining circles. Our eventual inclusion as weighty actors in departmental decisions is near-unimaginable without them

We turned another corner when departmental chairs were selected from post-1960s cohorts: first, Jan de Vries (appointed in 1973) in the late 1980s; and, then, Marty Jay (appointed in 1971) in the late 1990s. In the new century, all chairs came from later cohorts. Jon Gjerde (appointed in 1985) became chair in 2001; David Hollinger (appointed in 1992) in 2004; and I (appointed in 1978) in 2007.

The history department clearly came late to a female chair, a result not only of a deep bench of male talent but old reservations. Hollinger, instrumental in my selection, thinks the path was cleared by the sad death of Zelnik, who would have resisted. Gjerde, long an ally, was certainly the crucial player. (He was serving at the time as dean of the Division of Social Sciences.) Still, Jon warned me during the telephone call offering the job that I remained a lightning rod. Carla Hesse was one of many concerned friends who urged me to soften up, in her words by getting past a “Thomas-More-like rigidity” to a more “pastoral” sensibility. One fear focused on my continuing attention to what I saw as the over-representation of European specialists on the faculty. To correct my compass, David Hollinger thoughtfully left on the shelves of the chair’s office David Hume’s magisterial *History of England*. More salient, I thought, was the beautiful big globe he left as well.

During the same year that I became chair, Wen-hsin Yeh became director of the Institute for East Asian Studies and Emily Mackil became director of the Sara B. Aleshire Center for the Study of Greek Epigraphy. During the following year, Carla Hesse became dean of the Division of Social Sciences. A number of female colleagues had already served in weighty campus positions: Carla as chair of the Budget Committee, Cathryn Carson as director of the Office for the History of Science and Technology, Susanna Elm as chair of the Program in Mediterranean History and Archaeology, and Maureen Miller as director of the Program in Medieval Studies. This cluster of developments signified, I believe, our arrival as normal administrative players—our reception into leadership.

Although it need hardly be said, the intellectual and professional achievements of both the early and later female cohorts are apparent in lustrous bios. If I do not linger here over individual names, the sheer volume of distinction is one restraint. My focus on the story of recruitment and reception is another. Other stories await.

All in all, the rise of women to departmental and campus leadership wrote an end, I think, to one chapter in our history. At least by 2010, the steady hiring, promotion, and integration of women colleagues that began around 1970 had erased any minority status. At all levels, we belonged. We operated, moreover, in a fairer culture. Campus efforts to redress significant salary inequities—continuing to this day and enabled by “Targeted Decoupling Initiatives”—made real differences to many of our members, most of them women. The campus and the department also worked to equalize start-up packages and research allowances, and to make restitution for some of the more striking disparities of the past.

But equality means more, of course, than nondiscrimination and access to office. Problems with sexual harassment, sexual misconduct, and the gender climate remained. While doubtless longstanding, they rarely surface in the oral histories. I mentioned earlier Natalie Davis’s remarks about Wolfgang Saur (p. 9). Bob Brentano recounts another episode, in a very different register: “When an unnamed female colleague [identifiable from the context as Diane Clemens] had been working late one night, there was a knock on her door, she opened it, and the man [identifiable from the context as Sauer] said to her, ‘I am in need of woman,’ and jumped in on her. She said, at least as she told me the story (away from Berkeley), ‘Now, now, X. You’re just confused. You sit down and I’ll give you a cup of tea.’ And she did. And he did. And he went away home” (137). And Paula Fass describes misbehavior by male TAs: “They were all trying to trip me up. They were trying to demonstrate that they knew far more than I did and that I was this young, female person, who had mistakenly been hired here, and that they should’ve been hired instead of me. So I literally had people sitting with their ducks, as I called them after a while—in other words, their students in the class—having them titter while I was lecturing” (45). In time, she notes, many would convey remorse. Let me add to this record an episode involving a colleague accused of harassment by grad students. The chair called me in to ask that I speak with the colleague, since “Beth, you’re a woman and will know how to handle this.” (I was an assistant professor at the time.) I think I replied that this was a job for the chair himself.

When I myself was chair, complaints arose about perceived bullying (of juniors by seniors on committees), thoughtless remarks in conversations, and innuendo in lectures. I intervened, person to person, without bringing in the campus. The most disturbing episodes involved instructors (one faculty member and both male and female GSIs) who were threatened, propositioned, or otherwise approached inappropriately by students. In two cases I called the police and involved campus authorities. I also conveyed, in meetings with GSIs and in writing, a number of protocols about reporting incidents; limiting email correspondence to formal teaching matters; scheduling office hours during high-traffic periods with open doors; and introducing third parties into potentially difficult consultations (typically the faculty members in charge). One more perennial issue involved rude conduct by the faculty toward the staff. I intervened with the prime offenders, sent out several memos, and encouraged staff members to speak up. Rudeness abated without ceasing. An issue that was not brought forward to me, although it surely existed, was belittling conduct toward women in seminars.

What I did know about was bad. But it did not signify to me a pervasive climate of bad gender relations. Was I naïve or complacent? Was I unaware of widespread problems? Was the presence of a female chair something of a brake on misbehavior? Were there particular triggers in subsequent years that led Ethan Shagan, then chair, to respond to extensive disquiet by forming a Gender Task Force (chaired by Emily Mackil) in the spring of 2014? I can't answer these questions. I can say that we are in a different and perhaps improving world, which is beginning to face up to the physical and emotional and intellectual cruelty enabled by gender injustice. In a draft of this essay, I actually itemized my own experiences (which run the gamut from violence to most lesser forms of abuse) as a way of saying that nobody is spared, not just the legions of #metoo witnesses but the colleague in the office next door. The urgent point is that harm is real and wide. And that the work of task forces will result in climate change only through collective courage and tenacity and heart.

Worth noting here, if tangentially, is the relationship between respect and knowledge. I believe intellectual communion remains robust in small circles but in decline across the full faculty. Throughout the 1990s and into the 2000s, colleagues knew one another and one another's work reasonably well—a result primarily of collective reading and discussion during personnel reviews but secondarily of still-extensive exchanges of work-in-progress. This changed—partially because of faculty turnover, significantly because daunting pressures erased time for reading the books and manuscripts of colleagues. Multiplying professional burdens made a big difference. But so did the demographic, often gender-related changes I mentioned earlier. Almost all colleagues are now grappling with one or more powerful challenges: a two-career household, a single-parent household, responsibility for eldercare or childcare or both, long commutes in a tough real-estate market, distance from extended-family networks of support. The litany could be much longer. One result? Withdrawal from meetings on hiring and promotion was pronounced enough when I was chair that taking attendance, counting the quiet, and encouraging engagement became necessary. As far as I can tell, informed participation did not increase thereafter.

Colleagues felt the loss of communion sufficiently to make it a subject of the 2014-15 external review. A subsequent effort to focus our colloquia on faculty presentations of circulated work-in-progress led to terrific discussion but low attendance. And that model gave way to others, focused neither on written work nor members of the department. Without complaint, I note simply that we have not plotted a path to communal self-knowledge. Sacrificed, in consequence, is the sort of grounded intellectual familiarity across field (or even sub-field) boundaries that creates genuine collegiality and helps forestall the unthinking behavior pronounced among strangers. A good gender climate is created by mutual regard, which is furthered in academic circles, I think, by knowing the work and the author. While I have described both generational tension and baronial privilege in the departmental past, the scale of intellectual commerce deterred (most) chauvinistic condescension. Is such intellectual commerce still possible?

I close here, hoping that many people will amplify, correct, and reconceive my remarks on the recruitment, reception, and experience of women faculty in our department. We need a big chorus akin to the voices who sound in the oral histories. Even so, there is a greater and only

marginally explored subject-in-waiting: race and ethnicity. That chapter in our history must be written. There is also one more, which is likely to define our future place in the profession and to dominate future analysis of our choices and identity: the contraction in faculty size. I cut a long digression on this subject from this essay. I shall return to it another time.

So, let me conclude with an observation that might have been highlighted earlier but seems a fitting last word. Friendship among women on the faculty has been sustaining. Never members of a generational cohort or even, for years, a substantial group, we formed tight circles that provided as much laughter and camaraderie as professional support and counsel. Colleagues return to the point throughout the “Voices” section of this site. What must have been real loneliness for Adrienne Kohn comes into focus as I remember how much it meant to have Lynn and Paula so close. This is not at all predictable. Neither in graduate school nor as an assistant professor at Michigan could I just drop by on another woman with confidence in a good welcome, a good talk, and a good drink. Sometimes a good cry. (Remember, Paula, when I sank on your couch after stern critiques of my revised book manuscript?) Mostly the great laughter.

Cathryn Carson (1996-Present)



I came to history from theoretical physics, a discipline that has never been particularly friendly to women. At one point I wrote up a short, [highly modulated essay \(link is external\)](#) about my experiences as a woman in STEM. When I say that the history of physics was more welcoming than physics, that's also recognizing that that's a low bar. In my early years in the field, I was apparently nicknamed the "iron maiden." For better or worse, that's a persona I can own. Working on the history of some of the most intensely formalistic parts of quantum mechanics, I developed a thick skin very early. The dynamics of the field played into the work that I chose to pursue. Technical history of physics is lovely, but I left it behind in

part because I ran out of patience with misogyny in that community. As I moved into the political and cultural history of the field, I'm sure I was seen as going soft, rather than grappling with even harder things than the equations of quantum electrodynamics.

Berkeley had its own challenges. The very first history of physics class that I taught on campus, a late-arriving student walked into the room, took a look at me, and turned around, concluding I couldn't be his history of physics professor. He later apologized. But at the time when I arrived, the History Department actually felt like a home base from which I could anchor as I began working across the STEM disciplines at campus scale. I'm told that when I showed up at my first data science meeting, there was whispering: That woman from the History Department - what's she doing here? The anger of exclusion has driven me to use my position and privilege to make STEM spaces more hospitable to all marginalized people, and also to counteract the technical privilege that the STEM fields have. Exactly because history is looked at as humanistic and soft, it can be feminized and devalued. I can look on that as a familiar historical phenomenon, and I can also say that I've lived it and kept hammering at it, with all the resoluteness that a historical perspective provides.

Margaret Chowning (1992-Present)



I came to Berkeley in 1992, when my twin daughters were 7. In my first semester I was hospitalized for two weeks with a bad flair of an autoimmune disease, and there was a big GSI strike that kicked in just about the time I was able to return to the classroom. Welcome to Berkeley! Things settled down for a couple of years but in 1994 my husband was diagnosed with cancer, his larynx was removed, he never spoke again and he didn't leave the house for two years before he died in 1996. The History department and my colleagues were kind, but there was definitely reason to be grateful that there were already a number of women on the faculty who signaled their support in a variety of ways that I think most men would find it hard to have done with a young female colleague they scarcely knew. These included especially Linda Lewin and

Paula Fass. Paula was single-handedly responsible for marching into the office of the chair of the department and telling him that he needed to arrange a semester of family medical leave so that I didn't have to commute from Menlo Park, leaving poor Fred in the care of my non-English-speaking nanny and my 10-year-olds. He was immediately receptive to that idea but I don't think it would have occurred to him. I owe Paula a lot.

And yet, despite this rough start, I was supremely happy to be at Berkeley. I plugged along revising my dissertation, got tenure, and, even before tenure, managed a work/life balance that, looking back on it, was a big achievement. I think the key was that after my husband died, there was simply no question that I needed to step up as a parent in a big way. I could not choose work over family. I am fortunate, however, that working on my own research and writing is relaxing and makes me happy, so in the spaces that increasingly opened up as the girls got older and more independent, I was pretty productive. Defining work/life balance, I was able to coach their basketball teams for six years even as I published my first book and made significant progress on my second. I think that maintaining this balance has helped ease the inevitable frustrations of being a member of a self-consciously great—and therefore demanding and sometimes arbitrary—History department. I am loyal to the Department, and I have served it as well as I can, but it has always come fourth in importance after my family, my own work, and my students.

Because teaching has been the other great source of joy in my professional life. The graduate students I have helped earn a Ph.D. and a rewarding career—usually in academia but not invariably—continue to be friends and intellectual companions. I count 34 women and 24 men with whom I worked closely on their dissertations. They are out in the world and making their own way with great success, doing something they love, in part because of me. Twenty-eight of them have a Hispanic heritage, some with middle-class backgrounds but a fair (and increasing over time) number were the first in their families to graduate college. That is a great feeling.

Natalie Zemon Davis (1971-1978)



I rejoice in two memories of my time in the History Department at Berkeley in the 1970s. The first was the wonderful intellectual exchange I had with my colleagues in early modern history. Bill Bouwsma and Gene Brucker were as welcoming as could be, and we talked often of themes of shared interest. The same was true of Dick Herr and of Randy Starn, when he joined the department. They put no obstacles in my way in regard to my courses in the history of women and gender and did not discourage my

interests in anthropology and literature or my contacts with colleagues in these fields.

The second happy memory concerns the pleasure of friendship with Lynn Hunt and Paula Fass, when they joined the department. I had worked for them to come and their presence made a huge difference in the character of the department. Along this line—though going beyond the department itself—was the intellectual delight and social connectedness that came from my teaching of my course on Society and the Sexes in Early Modern Europe. Enduring connections developed with undergraduate and graduate students, some of whom went on to do their dissertations on the subject in early modern and American history. At least some of my male colleagues in the department approved, a few did not—but I paid them no mind.

For me, the department and Berkeley more generally at that period were places for discovery and expansion of interest: my turn to film and its use for historical expression started at UCB. I first got the idea of working on Martin Guerre in the course of graduate seminar.

Lynn Avery Hunt (1974-1987)



When I was promoted to Full Professor in the Berkeley history department in 1984 I was the only woman among more than 40 full professors, not to mention the only lesbian. Although my solitude as a female among the full professors did not last long, it was a striking moment, but equally dramatic was the complete absence of anyone of color. It is perhaps difficult for younger faculty now to imagine this state of affairs and the resistance that some clearly felt to changing it. But change it did, one new appointment and promotion at a time, often after intense conflict. But my memory of those days is not overshadowed by isolation or struggle. What struck me most at the time and ever since was my incredible good

fortune at being hired in a department filled with fabulously interesting and accomplished historians who from the first day encouraged me to consider myself just as interesting and potentially just as accomplished. Foremost among them was Natalie Zemon Davis who left early in my pre-tenure days but who left me with an indelible sense that intellectually and socially just about anything could be achieved with the help of your friends. Without many friends among my cohort of young scholars at Berkeley and among the older historians in the department, too, I would never have been able to pursue the career I was so lucky and privileged to have. Nothing seemed preordained, for we still had to prove ourselves each step along the way, but nothing seemed impossible either. To me this ethos was crucial to making Berkeley's history department one of the truly great departments in the world.