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# Alice and Me

Somewhere at the heart of the universe  
sounds the true mystic note: Me.

—Peter Porter, *Japanese Jokes*

When I was a young girl, I read Lewis Carroll's<sup>1</sup> *Alice in Wonderland* and enjoyed it as pure fantasy. Then Walt Disney made the story even more fun by animating that fantasy before my eyes. Recently, my interest in the socialization process, particularly that of women, drew me back to Alice in a magnetic way as I was in the process of investigating my conviction that our society and culture have shaped us, at times quite unfairly, through gender roles. As a result, I undertook a vigorous reading campaign during which I waded through sociological theory, anthropology, psychology, and historical and contemporary feminist writings, hoping that by tracing the evolution of woman's place, I would see where I fit into the scheme of things, if at all. As I plowed through volumes by feminist writers such as Abigail Adams, Simone de Beauvoir, Betty Friedan, Germaine Greer, and Gloria Steinem, to name only a few, I found everyone talking about internal conflict (surprise! surprise!). Although I believe that this is a problem that crosses gender lines, as a woman I confined myself to the