

Standing on the Bank of the Tenure-Stream and Helpful Brownies: Two Initiation Experiences

By Margie Buttignol

***Publish or Perish.** Three words that describe the higher education imperative. Three words that foster immense frustration, or even strike terror, among college and university faculty.... The simple truth is this: the world of publishing, for the overwhelming majority of faculty members, is a strange and foreign land, complete with an unfamiliar language all its own and impenetrable rites of passage at every turn. (Robbins, cited in Benjaminson, 1992, p. 9)*

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***Initiation.** The archetypal pattern of...transition from one state to another.... Initiation ceremonies are usually held in caves, or some underworld place, or a labyrinth from which the reborn [person] emerges into light. (Cooper, 1995, p. 88)*

In this article, I present an arts-based narrative account of my process of first unbecoming a doctoral student and then hopefully becoming a tenure-stream professor of teacher education. I ask: What meaning does the notion, "publish or perish," hold for me at this fragile *in-between* time of my professional development? I wonder: Will I survive? Will I thrive? Or, will I perish even before I have begun?

From Unbecoming a Doctoral Student to Hopefully Becoming a Tenure-Stream Professor of Teacher Education

Water. Crossing waters is to change from one ontological state, or plane, to another...."Crossing the stream" is frequently used as a symbol of passing through the world of illusion to gain enlightenment. (Cooper, 1995, p. 188)

Water is a traditional symbol for initiation. I use the metaphor of "crossing the tenure-stream" to portray my experience of applying for an academic position. Like an anthropologist studying indigenous people, rites of passage and initiation rites have long been of interest to me. I view my own professional development process as a rite of passage. I use this concept as part of an analytical framework for understanding my immediate and perilous state. Rites of passage reveal a classic archetype: the initiate severs connections with the ordinary world (rites of separation); s/he is secluded, in the bush or in a cave, where a body of unique knowledge is transmitted (rites of transition); if the initiate survives all of the challenges presented, s/he is ceremonially returned to the ordinary world along with changes in status and rights (rites of incorporation) (Malinowski, 1954; Moore & Myerhoff, 1977; Turner, 1969; van Gennep, 1960[1908]). Joseph Campbell (1949) describes this course in terms of "monomyth":

The mythological hero[ine], setting forth from his [or her] commonday hut or castle, is lured, carried away, or else voluntarily proceeds, to the threshold of adventure. There [s/he] encounters a shadow presence that guards the passage. The hero may defeat or reconcile this power and go alive into the kingdom of the dark (brother-battle, dragon battle; offering charm), or be slain by the opponent and descend in death (dismemberment, crucifixion). Beyond the threshold, then, the hero[ine] journeys through a world of unfamiliar yet strangely intimate forces, some of which severely threaten him [or her] (tests), some of which give magical aid ([magical] helpers). When [s/he] arrives at the nadir [or lowest depths] of the mythological round, [s/he] undergoes a supreme ordeal and gains [a] reward. The triumph may be represented as the hero[ine]'s...expansion of consciousness and therewith of being (illumination, transfiguration, freedom). The final work is that of return. If the powers have blessed the hero, [s/he] now sets forth under their protection (emissary); if not, [s/he] flees and is pursued (transformation flight, obstacle flight). At the return threshold the transcendental powers must remain behind; the hero[ine] re-emerges from the kingdom of dread (return, resurrection). The boon [or reward] that [s/he] brings restores the world (elixir). (pp. 245-246)

Different rites of passage exist within Academe. The experience of becoming a doctoral student and completing a doctoral thesis are beginning to be studied (e.g., Cole & Hunt, 1994). So too, the experience of becoming a professor of teacher

education is being studied and described in edited volumes (e.g., Cole, Elijah, & Knowles, 1988; DeNeef & Goodwin, 1995; Phillips, Gouran, Kuehn, & Wood, 1994); in special issues of scholarly journals (see the Summer 1996a issue of *Teacher Education Quarterly*, "Beginning Professors and Teacher Education Reform," edited by Cole & Knowles); personal accounts (see Knowles & Cole, 1994; Guilfoyle, 1995; Russell & Korthagen, 1995); and in reports (see Diamond, Beattie, Buttignol, & Fandino-Cirilli, 1999; Mager & Myers, 1983). From my reading, I have even learned about the ultimate meaning of "perish" when tenure is denied (see Knowles' story in Cole & Knowles, 1998). Most elaborations of entry into Academe describe the transition from untenured to tenured professor. As a tenure-stream applicant, I offer my account of becoming a teacher educator from an even less advanced stage of entry into Academe. I am standing on the bank of the tenure stream.

In general, "The literature on the teacher education professoriate is scant" (Cole & Knowles, 1996b, p. 13); and "While the field's knowledge of teacher educators in general is inadequate, we know considerably less about beginning teacher educators" (Cole & Knowles, 1996b, p. 15). I describe my rite of transition *from* being a doctoral student and a "limited contractual" teacher educator in a preservice teacher education program *to* that of being a tenure-stream applicant. I just recently applied for a position as assistant professor of teacher education. This then is my immediate experience of professional development. It is difficult for me to grasp the significance of the changes that I am experiencing even as I encounter them. That is the role of arts-based inquiry—to provide second sight. My rendering of experience as provided in this article may be considered as both a heuristic inquiry (Moustakas, 1990) into self, and an arts-based approach to professional development (Diamond & Mullen, 1999).

Hopefully Becoming a Professor of Teacher Education

I envision myself standing on the bank of the tenure-stream. Can I make it to the other side without perishing along the way? I wonder if my publication record is yet strong enough to ensure me safe passage to the other side of the stream? Perhaps I will perish in the waters of initiation before I can even begin an academic career.

Just now, the waters of the stream seem surprisingly placid. I wonder what it is that I do not know (and that I need to know) about how to make it successfully across this tenure-stream. I hear voices from across the other side of the tenure-stream. The chant of "publish or perish" is threatening yet alluring.

"How deep is this water?" I wonder. Touching the bottom of the stream with my toes I feel a steep incline begin. I cling to the familiar bank of my doctoral student identity. It is strange to me that I maintain this identity even after I have defended my thesis and been ritually hooded at convocation. Positioned at the bank of the tenure-stream, I imagine my self surrounded by the waters of initiation into

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Academe. But, as I linger there, memories of another initiation flood into my mind—my entry into the mysterious world of Brownies when I was seven years old.

Girl Guides. *Organized in 1910 by General Baden-Powell, and his sister Miss Agnes Baden-Powell. Their training and organization is based on...promises and laws. The three sections of the movement were [originally] called **Brownies** [emphasis added], Guides, and Rangers.* (p. 483)

According to Campbell (1949), we re-live the same experience over and over again in spirals. Is this why I have chosen to link my two experiences together in this article? Where will my new spiral take me? I later use memories of my Brownie initiation as a metaphor for my present experience. This device enhances my central foci for this work: personal understandings of my initiation into the similarly mysterious world of teacher education Academe; and, related to that, my understandings of the notion “publish or perish.”

As in my doctoral dissertation (Buttignol, 1998), I present the arts-based narrative portion of this commentary in pieces. “I use a fragmentary, bit-like form to describe my...[dual] experiences [of initiation]” (p. 16). C.T.Pat Diamond (1991) and Deena Metzger (1992) validate and even applaud the use of such personal “pieces” of writing: “As an idiosyncratic text, [self narrative] is personal both in its selection of events and in its expression or style” (Diamond, 1991, p. 93).

A piece can go in many directions, may resemble a prose poem, may be a meditation, a musing, a review, may incorporate poetry, criticism, anything at all, everything, into it. Nevertheless, each “piece” has a very precise form, determined by the content and the language. (Metzger, p. 22)

The pieces of “data” presented here come from my sketchbook (Buttignol, 1994-1998, Volumes 1-7). My sketchbook includes a collection of personal musings/memories/tensions/drawings/references that I began to assemble at the beginning of my doctoral studies. These particular writings come from Volume 7. They were compiled as I re-remembered and re-collected pieces of experience during a specific time period: from September 10, 1998 (the day of my thesis defense) until November 30, 1998 (the day that I submitted an application for a tenure-stream position in teacher education). Not all of these experiences I refer to occurred just within this time frame. Others are re-remembered from my childhood past, assembled memory pieces from my Brownie initiation, 40 years ago. Meanings extended and spiraled as I compiled pieces of my experience related to both initiation experiences. Viewed together, my Brownie and Academe initiation pieces illustrate how it is that I have now found my way to the bank of the tenure-stream. They also express my uncertainty about crossing over to the other side and starting yet another spiral.

I intermingle memory fragments from two of my initiations into two uniquely mysterious, yet similar worlds. One is the world of Brownies; the other is the world of Academe. As Peter Benjaminson (1992) points out, part of the secret world of

Academe is that of publishing. I now wonder if access to the mysterious world of Academe is ultimately gained through knowledge about the secret world of publishing. I also consider the political and ethical issues related to going public with this inquiry into "backyard" experience (Glesne & Peshkin, 1992). I wonder about the ethical considerations related to creating a story based on my interpretation of events experienced with others? Is this secret knowledge that I have acquired too precious to divulge?

Carol Rambo Ronai (1992) uses the asterisk to "denote a shift to a different temporal/spatial/attitudinal[/contextual] realm" (p. 102). I use spirals in my initiation narrative. The spiral is one of my favourite symbols. Spirals, like the knot and the labyrinth, "stand for the tortuous path to enlightenment" (Fontana, 1993, p. 75). The confidentiality of my magic helpers is maintained through the use of third person form (she, he; his, her). I have assigned individualized fonts and bolding to denote the different personalities of my magic helpers (e.g. **he, she, he, she, they**). And I have changed their gender in some cases. In Brownies, we did a "roll call" for attendance. Here I provide a roll call for my magic helpers; however, to maintain confidentiality there is no strict one-to-one correspondence between the entries.

Roll call:

he, she, he, she, she, he, she, they

four friends, school principal, a friend and another applicant for a tenure-stream position, and five professors (one assistant professor, one full professor, two associate professors, and one professor emeritus).

For my seven year old Brownie-self I use a special childlike font. To set the tone for my present feeling of anticipation, I recall my experience of Brownie initiation.

My best friend Wendy Westhead lived across the street. She was two years older than I. Wendy was already a Brownie. From my living room window, I used to watch Wendy walk to Cornelius Parkway School wearing her Brownie uniform. I loved that brown Brownie belt with the mysterious little pouch on the side. I dreamed about having one of my own. One day, my little sister Chrissy and I decided to go to Cornelius Parkway School during Brownie time. We peeked into the basement window and were amazed to see little girls dancing around a giant mushroom. We looked at each other in wonderment, and then walked home saying nothing. When I was seven, I too joined the Brownies. Chrissy could not come.

Brownies was a secret club. I had to prove myself to enter. I had to prove myself to stay. There were many rule books, but they didn't do me much good because I did not know how to read very well. The world of Brownies was an unfamiliar place. I remember thinking:

i am a Tweenie. That is such a funny name! i am a Tweenie and i am standing at the beginning of a very long grassy

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path. All along the path are figures of bunnies and owls and mushrooms. i begin my walk hoping that my brown knee socks stay up and that i can remember the secret words to enter the Brownie Circle at the end of the path. i hear my dime moving in my belt pouch. i am a Tweenie but pretty soon i will be a real Brownie. i have passed the test. i have earned my Brownie wings. These wings on my back feel funny. They look like they are made of nylon stockings. i am at the end of the path. i see guards standing at the opening to the Brownie Circle. what will i do if they won't let me in? i think that i am going to cry. Where are you Mummy? i can't see you in this dark room.

The Brown Owl's voice (booming) from somewhere in the darkened underground room in Cornelius Parkway School:

"Halt, who goes there?"

Me (whispering) at seven years of age: "A Brownie."

Same voice (booming louder): "By what rite do you come?"

Me (whispering) again: "By the rite of my Brownie wings."

Same voice: "You have passed the test. Enter the Brownie Ring. You are now a Brownie."

Me (in my head): "Whose hand is that on my shoulder? Where am i being taken? Mummy are you here? I am afraid. I don't like this Brownies. I want to go home."



I have heard it said that once you receive a PhD you are permanently changed. You can never go home. One afternoon in the cafeteria of the tower he said to me. "Would you ever consider moving to the United States to work in a university? That's what I did for a while." "But, I don't want to leave home!" I responded almost choking on my coffee.



"Whatever you do, don't call it your resume." she half scolded me. "Resume is okay for teaching but when applying for an academic position you call it a C.V.-Curriculum Vitae" she added, Curriculum Vitae is the course of a life in Academe.

It is the course that I run. The stream that I cross. My course right now is just scrambling down the bank of the stream.



Which is more important in the Academic world: teaching, research, or professional service? Is research the same as publication? I have heard it said in the halls of the twelve story tower that the only thing that is really rewarded is publication. I want to believe in an interrelationship between scholarship, teaching, and professional service. I imagine the three as one. I can write them as scholarshipteachingprofessionalservicescholarshipteachingprofessionalservice. How does preservice practicum supervision figure in all of this? Or, does it count at all? But what would I know about the issue of publish and perish? I know precious little about the secret world of Academe. I know even less about the mysterious world of publishing.



"You are a colleague now. You are no longer a graduate student. You are a colleague now," **he** said as we sat in his office in the twelve story tower late on a Friday afternoon. "Oh yeah. I forgot," I responded as I lowered my head forward and towards my lap, covering my face with my hands as if in shame. I felt the blood rushing to my face. My eyes were burning. In silence, I remained there behind my hands. **He** did not speak. Raising my head and uncovering my eyes I wondered, "Why do I always forget that I am no longer a graduate student?" I defended my PhD thesis almost two months ago. I am Dr. Margie Buttignol. I really am...but I forget.

A few weeks earlier, my husband Rudy had pointed out to me that I must re-define my self professionally now that I have completed my Ph.D. degree. "No one else will do that for you," he said seriously.



What image of self do I want to project now? What statement should I make about my self as a potential tenure-stream professor of teacher education? I think that I need new hair. How blonde should it be? Should I wear my glasses more? Maybe I should I wear them all of the time. I wonder if I will be shortlisted and interviewed for the position. When will that interview be? Will there be enough time for my fingernails to grow? Maybe I should be more conservative with the hair.



I was so upset at that September social gathering in the twelve story tower. "I can't go back. I just can't go back to my high school teaching." I had to hold in my tears as I spoke separately with **him**, and then **her**. NOT going back to my high school and my teaching job was all that was on my mind that evening. During my doctoral residency period I had changed as a person and as a teacher. But, when I returned to my school, everything remained the same (or so it seemed to me). I felt like an alien. At the social in the tower, I felt like a whiner. I wondered what **he** and **she**

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thought about me. That night, **she** told me that she had some money for a research assistant. **She** was offering me a job. I wondered if **she** was just being her kind self. As I left for the evening, **he** also informed me that **he** was in need of a research assistant. **He** too asked if I would be interested.

Something else happened. We decided to meet in a Second Cup coffee shop. **She** had a cafe latte and I had a cappuccino with cinnamon on top. When we parted, I had a limited one year contract as a preservice practicum supervisor. I wondered how all of this could be happening so fast. I see now that I was being enticed to the edge of the bank of the tenure stream.



Last year, at this time, I felt my self in a crisis. I had taken a six month leave of absence from my school without pay to finish writing my thesis. But the reality of returning to my teaching assignment as a high school teacher felt like walls closing in on me. Ever since my two year doctoral residency period, I had detached my self from that high school world. My principal knew that too. During a recent telephone conversation **she** said, "You're not coming back, are you." A year ago, **she** gave me a book called *Leadership is an Art* (DePree, 1989). When **she** gave it to me, I cried. On the cover is a dove with wings outstretched in flight. "You're not coming back, are you?" **Her** question was rhetorical. **She** knew the answer. I knew it too. Not finding words, I answered with tears. I could not go back. Coming back would be going backwards. I needed to go forward, or outward, somewhere else. Where could I go to combine my passions for learning and teaching and research and writing? Where could it be? How would I know how to get there if I did not know where I was going?



"...And that's my experience of going through the process of getting a tenure-stream position," **she** said. "You are welcome to borrow my materials. [pause] I don't help everyone, you know!"



Two weeks ago **he** sent me a copy of a listing for a tenure-stream position in teacher education at OISE/UT. (Just two weeks before, I defended my thesis.) At the top of the page **he** wrote in handwriting so illegible but familiar, "Professor Margie Buttignol." I did not understand what **he** meant. I had never seen the word "Professor" attached to my name. I felt comfortable and safe being a doctoral student and a preservice teacher educator on contract. But then I realized that I was no longer a doctoral student...even if I still wanted to be one. Well, I did and I didn't.... I was really on hold, on probation, on trial, like a Tweenie in wings and in waiting.



I heard so many things in the offices, halls, cafeteria, classrooms and washrooms of the twelve story tower. Only now I look back. The advice was like a chorus. Chains of command, personnel manuals, employee benefits, policies and regulations about

tenure and promotion, university politics, institutional boundaries, the pursuit of knowledge, protect your ideas until you have published them as your own, develop your personal stamp or signature, credit others for shared ideas, choose your professional workplace carefully, collegiality is important, be original, expect rejections because publication is not an entitlement, practice writing. All this advice **he**, too, had been giving me during our thesis meetings. I now realize why.



As I thought about the other applicants for a tenure-stream positions in teacher education, the following thoughts collided in my head. I think that **she** has a more convincing application for those teacher education tenure-stream positions than I do. **she** has a much stronger publication record. I have more years of teaching experience though, including two years of preservice teaching at this Institute. How much does teaching experience *actually* count in matters of tenure and merit? Is a "degree in hand" really that important for securing a tenure-stream position? If yes, then what are the exceptions?



What is the difference between "in review," "forthcoming," and "in press?" I asked **him** and **her** and **him** and **us**. Each person seemed to offer a slightly different interpretation. I became confused.



He had given me a copy of **his** Curriculum Vitae so that I could see what it looked like. When I had completed my own, I brought it to **him** for advice. "Looks good," **he** said as **he** flipped intuitively to the section called Publications-Life-time Summary Count. "This section is extremely important. It may be the only thing on your C.V. that they have time to examine!" **he** concluded with a sigh.



I understand that peer review is very important in Academe. But what I need to understand is this: Which journals are "refereed"? And then, which are the best refereed journals to be published in? Do I have to write differently for each journal? How will I know how I am supposed to write? Do people really put a \$20.00 bill into their dissertations on library shelves to measure how frequently their scholarship is consulted? I have a confession that every time I visit our library I check to see if the circulating copy of my thesis is *in* or *out*. I get really excited when I see that it is *out*. I may put some blank sticky papers inside the cover, and invite readers to respond to my text. I have just learned that my circulating copy is missing. **He** said only the best ones are stolen. "Permanent loan," **he** smiled.



"Book chapters are very important for you to have," **he** counseled me. "But remember, single authored book chapters are more important than multiple authored ones." "And," **he** added, "find ways to get double duty out of everything

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that you do. Always write up your conference presentations and later submit them for publication."

I pull my favourite books from the shelf to check who published them. Falmer, Caliburn Enterprises, Altamira, Caddo Gap, Teachers College, Longman, Brookline, Sage, OISE Press (scrap OISE Press because it is no longer in existence), University of Toronto Press, Open University Press. Maybe University Presses signify something to members of a search committee? Which publishers might be interested in my work? How do I find out the names of the editors of publishing companies? What do I send them? Are proposals acceptable or do I need to submit completed manuscripts? How long will they take to reply? Can I send out simultaneous submissions (changing each a little)? How will I cope with the inevitable rejection?



"What kind of paper did you use for your tenure-stream application?" **ewe** asked me on the day that they were due.

"I used a 50 per cent cotton off-white," I said as I showed **uea** my cover letter.

"That's nice," she said as **ewe** felt the texture between her thumb and index finger. "The ones that I have are not right. This one is too pinkish and this one is too grainy. This one is almost okay but it is a bit too yellow."



In the back rooms and hallways of the tower, I have heard it said that the people who can really help you won't. This has not been my experience. I have many magic helpers. They are my other Brownies. Evans (1981) tells me that "Brownies are brown or tawny spirits and farms are their favourite abode" (p. 164). But then again, maybe there is something that I don't understand. Or, maybe I'm not *really* there yet!



Does tenure promote academic freedom or stifle creativity? I read somewhere that in the Middle Ages tenure emerged as a means of protecting scholars and reinforcing the view that teaching in a university was a highly privileged calling. These days, tenure seems to be viewed as more of a burden than a benefit. Is that because of the requirement to publish? Has this requirement also turned university teaching into a burden? I view teaching as scholarly an act as research.

What is at the heart of a university's mission? Teaching students, contributing to the knowledge base through research (and publication)? Or both? Or is publication alone of primary importance? I have also heard that academic journals favor publishing research with positive "results." Does pressure to publish limit the kinds of research questions that researchers choose to pursue? Does this mean that scientific inquiry is shaped by pressure to publish for tenure and promotion? What is inquiry anyway? To me, it is *not* choosing something to investigate and proving that it works. How can qualitative research findings be gauged as

"positive" or "negative"? I attend to issues of "trustworthiness" and "authenticity" when evaluating the worth of qualitative research.



When I started Brownies, I did not know that becoming a Brownie was *just* the beginning of something else. No sooner had I become a Brownie than I was told that I had to pass the big Brownie test: The Golden Bar. There were so many things for me to remember. The Brownie books did not really help. The Brown Owl said that it is important for Brownies to know all kinds of things. I had to know the Brownie Promise, the Brownie Law, the Brownie Motto, the Brownie Salute, Sign and Handshake, the Brownie Smile, the Brownie Good Turn, the Fairy Ring and the Grand Howl. I also had to know how to how to fold my own tie, brush and part my own hair, how to wash up the tea things, and how to plait. I earned many new badges on the way to earning my Golden Bar. "Finally, I am really a *real* Brownie," I remember thinking to myself at the Golden Bar ceremony. But it was not true. No sooner had I sewn my Golden Bar onto my Brownie uniform, was I told that I had to pass an even bigger Brownie test: The Golden Hand. As I reached every new level of Brownies, I always felt like I was starting over from the beginning. I learned to look ahead, but just to the next step.



Robert Louis Stevenson (1886), author of *The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, claimed that he was inspired by muses. Stevenson called these "little people" his "Brownies." The "little people" recall my Irish belief in leprechauns who guard the crock of gold at the end of the rainbow. Ivory is also the symbol for the prize. What will I find if I make it across the tenure-stream? Who have been helping me get there? I think that I know.



I felt disoriented and dazed right after I defended my thesis. Some things felt the same but something was different. The members of the examination committee, myself, and four friends assembled to leave the vicinity of the examination room. "You go first," **She** said to me. I turned as if on a whirling carousel. A number of doors and stairways and vestibules flashed in and out of my vision. "This way," **She** said. I felt **her** hand on my shoulder. I remembered my Brown Owl on the night that I became a Brownie. **She** guided me through each new threshold as we made our way out of the dark building and into the sunlight of St. George Street. "Remember the firsts," **She** said. "These are your firsts as Dr. Buttignol: First time through a doorway, first time down the stairs, first time walking down the sidewalk. Remember the firsts."

I saw that I was surrounded by magic helpers. **She** was on my right, **he** was on my left. **He** and **she** were there too, and so were **they**. I realize only now that the time of defending my thesis marked the beginning of another new spiral in my professional life. I have heard that the learning experiences required to earn

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a PhD are rehearsals for the life experiences of the professor. I view each new journey as another part of a continuing spiral. A prize is won in the end. What do I need to remember from my doctoral student experience? I know how to research. I know how to write. But, maybe I don't know *how* to get my work published.



Strategies to Help Me Thrive in the Tenure-Stream Stream and Beyond:

Three Dilemmas.

I now consider three dilemmas that face me as a prospective professor in Academe. All relate to the notion of "publish or perish." Perhaps consideration of these dilemmas will aid me in getting to the tenure-stream and even beyond. I offer them as strategies to thrive in Academe, not just survive.

Teacher Educator Dilemma # 1:

Serving the Demands of the Academy and the Teaching Profession

It is well and historically recognized that since their inception and affiliation with universities, schools of education have struggled to serve the demands of both the academy and the teaching profession, a struggle indicative of two very different kinds of institutions with often highly incompatible and competing agenda. (Cole & Knowles, 1996b, p. 11)

[Teacher educators] have seldom succeeded in satisfying the scholarly norms of their campus letters and science colleagues, and they are simultaneously estranged from their practicing professional peers. (Clifford & Guthrie, 1988, p. 3)

Teacher educators have historically occupied a lesser position in Academe. Some reform prescriptions, such as those of the Holmes Group (1995), blame teacher educators for not adequately preparing teachers for present educational realities. Teaching is the heart of teacher educators' work (Cole & Knowles, 1996b; Cole, Elijah, & Knowles, 1998). I can understand how this conviction can cause time conflicts for teacher educators. Academic institutions traditionally underline the importance of research, and publication is taken as proof of that research. Is teaching forced into a lesser place?

Teacher Educator Dilemma # 2:

Understanding the Difference Between Research and Publication

When I searched for background literature to help me understand the notion of "publish or perish," I came across an interesting distinction: Research and publication are not synonymous terms, although they are often used that way. I

found two authors particularly helpful in separating the distinguishing features of the two terms:

Research may lead to publication, and often does, but there is nothing in the set of activities subsumed by the term requiring that research eventuate in publication. Despite putdowns one frequently hears in academic circles, such as "If it isn't published, then it isn't research," the fact remains that research and publication are independent concepts.... Although one may undertake research with a view towards publishing manuscripts based on it, there is nothing about the activities involved as such that demands publication. Neither is there anything inherent in the process of publication requiring that the product be an outgrowth of one's research.... Research is the *sine qua non* of the academic profession, and writing is the most visible evidence you have accomplished it. (Gouran, 1994, pp. 184, 185, 210)

And, according to Benjaminson (1992):

America's academics, like bespectacled grains of wheat, are continuously ground between the millstones of two of the country's major intellectual industries: academia and publishing. While continuing to teach, academics are required to publish more to retain their positions. As more of them are pressured to produce by an academic machine increasingly devoted to publishing and decreasingly devoted to teaching, more academics are propelled willy nilly toward the academic and commercial publishing industry.... [C]ommercial and university presses must fend off squadrons of desperate academics begging for publication, academics who are willing to give up many or all of their publishing rights to attain publication, or to actually pay for publication out of their own pockets.... A book contract should be an academic author's bill of rights, not a catalogue of shame. But with the pressure that professors are under these days, it's often the latter. Most academics don't know anything about a book contract.... They just sign one. (p. 13, 14, 17)

Karen Guilfoyle (1995) reports a critical revelation that she and three other women experienced in their third year as untenured teacher educators:

In our third year...[w]e learned that it was not the conflict between teaching and researching that created the tension. It was the significance of becoming a published researcher that created the problem. It seemed that the system valued publishing above all else. (p. 17)

New scholars may wrongly assume that publication is an automatic part of the research process. Both Dennis S. Gouran (1994) and Peter Benjaminson (1992) emphasize that this *is not* the case. The need for publication takes scholarly authors into yet another unfamiliar world that is apart from Academe. Publishing, they emphasize, is yet another institution and process to be mastered. Benjaminson (1992) goes as far as suggesting that academic authors hire an agent (if they can convince one to take them on); and join The National Writer's Union to know and protect their rights in the secret world of publishing.

**Teacher Educator Dilemma # 3:
To Write You Have to Write**

Writing is hard. You get better at writing by writing. Write every day. Write anything but write every day. This advice is easy to say but difficult to do. I continue to struggle with my writing. Here are some books that have helped me in exercising and bringing out my writer's voice: Julia Cameron's (1992) *The Artist's Way*; Nathalie Goldberg's (1986) *Writing Down the Bones*; Lucia Capacchione's (1988) *The Power of Your Other Hand*; John Lee's (1994) *Writing from the Body*; Mary Lou Holly's (1989) *Writing to Grow*; Gabriele Lusser Rico's (1983) *Writing the Natural Way*; Henriette Anne Klausner's (1987) *Writing on Both Sides of the Brain*; and my cherished childhood book by Beatrix Potter (1902), *The Tale of Peter Rabbit*.

Something Unexpected

Four days before I submitted my application for a tenure-stream position in teacher education I had been hooded into another secret world, the world of Doctors of Philosophy. In the Preface to the second edition of *The Academic's Handbook* (DeNeef & Goodwin, 1995) the authors state:

In the ten years since the first edition of *The Academic's Handbook* higher education in the United States [and Canada for that matter] ha[s] undergone significant change. It has also, however, stayed very much the same, at least in one central respect: most new PhDs emerge from the nation's premier graduate schools with very little specific knowledge about how colleges and universities really operate or about what academic life in such institutions is all about. (p. vii)

As I end this article, I ponder my application for a tenure-stream position in teacher education. I imagine my submission (cover letter, Curriculum Vitae, and three reference letters) awaiting the Dean and the members of the search committee. Will I be summoned to leave the safe bank leading to the tenure-stream to swim to the other side? Will I be allowed passage into that mysterious world of Academe, as a tenure-stream teacher educator? Have I done enough at this time to earn my Brownie wings for research, teaching, and professional service? Is my publication record strong enough at this point? How can I learn more about the secret world of publishing? Or, do I already know enough to get started? Will I be allowed passage into the "Brownie Ring" of Academe? Is the Dean like the "Brown Owl" in Brownies? Does Academe have a "Grand Howl"?

In this article, I promote the rite of passage as an analytical framework for understanding my present experience. From the bank of the tenure-stream, I offer my reflections of the transition that I have just begun to experience. Through this rite of passage I have made it here. Standing in the tenure-stream, but still touching safe land, I am in a state of liminality (from the Latin *limen*, meaning "threshold").

I am neither in my former state of doctoral student nor yet in my desired new state (tenure-stream teacher educator).

Writing as in arts-based inquiry can result in professional development (Diamond, 1991). Something unexpected has just happened to me. I have just experienced a shift. Through writing this commentary, I have gained the courage to let go of the bank of the tenure-stream. I have passed from the liminal stage where I was before I began writing it. Cast adrift and no longer touching bottom I must reach the bank on the other side or perish. Like my-self-as-Tweenie, I feel "betwixt and between" (Turner & Turner, 1978, p. 2) as I stand in a state between my past as a doctoral student and my possible future in the still secret world of Academe. Academe's pronouncement of "publish or perish" at the same time frightens and entices me.

I seek that bank on the other side of this tenure-stream. Through this writing, I have presented pieces of cultural knowledge about the secret world of Academe that I have acquired. Arnold van Genepp (1960) maintains that "rites of initiation [or rites of passage] are...important since they secure for the individual a permanent right to attend or participate in the ceremonies of fraternities and the mysteries" (p. 177). I too believe that initiation rituals and rites of passage *are not* particular to traditional societies. Hope is the thing that beckons us all onward. I have just been shortlisted.



i am at the end of the path. i see guards standing at
the opening to the Brownie Circle. what will i do if they
won't let me in? i think that i am going to cry. where
are you Mummy? i can't see you in this dark room.

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