If your graduate school experiences were like mine, they conveyed the requirements for success in academia: Publish often and appropriately, teach acceptably, make some service contribution to your institution and discipline, and strive for professional recognition through scholarly contributions. General guidelines abounded for the appropriate number of articles to publish, the kinds of journals to target, and “tenure-friendly” time frames for cementing a scholarly reputation. I logged in the appropriate number of hours with fellow graduate students before graduation, testing future projects, sharing ideas and plans, making sure I knew the appropriate ropes to skip. From the postdissertation trenches, everything seemed straightforward. So, doctorate in hand, I set out in 1985 to begin my academic career. It was not long before panic set in. So now that I’m here, how do I do it?

The teaching part was relatively easy. Courses were assigned and classes needed to be taught. The structure and requirements were externally provided. The same was true of institutional service: Committee assignments made it easy to keep busy. But what about research and scholarship?

I began, as advised, spinning off articles from my dissertation. I sent out three pieces within 4 months of receiving my degree. I was feeling good and right on track, especially in light of the fact that I also carried a full teaching load, was still nursing my infant son, and shared care for my mother, who now lived with us and was dying of cancer. I worked on additional articles while I waited for word on my initial submissions. Three letters came. I quickly interpreted them as three flat rejections—letters that I now realize, years later and a journal editor myself, were encouraging, complimentary, and much more suggestions for refocusing and revising than recommendations to throw in the towel. But, inexperienced and too quickly discouraged, I stopped writing articles. I put the three letters, my three initial journal submissions, and notes for additional pieces in the bottom drawer of my desk.
I turned to planning a book project. My dissertation was on dual-career marriage, a hot topic in the mid-1980s. I worked hard for a year, learning to write a solid book proposal and engaging query letters. With cold calls and unsolicited submissions to the major trade houses, I received serious consideration from several publishers, but a contract never quite materialized.

Knowing what I know now about the publishing industry, I should have been encouraged. As an unpublished author, I got a foot in doors that are usually tightly sealed. As a young academic, however, I was devastated. Rather than persist and seek alternative publishing outlets, I took each rejection as evidence that it was time to move on to something else. I had no external pressures to publish: I now taught in a graduate management program, at Radcliffe, that rewarded only teaching. My internal needs, however, were as strong as ever.

I floundered. I filled folders with promising ideas and unpublished manuscripts. After I had done much soul-searching, it slowly became clear. I had had my doctorate in hand for 3 years, and yet I did not know how to be a working scholar. I knew research methods and techniques. I had plenty of ideas. I wrote well. I did not know, however, how to translate all that into a productive scholarly life. I can look back now and name three critical steps in my own professional evolution: learning to appreciate what I now call the "human side" of scholarship, developing a research identity, and claiming my own scholarly voice.

Appreciating the Human Side of Scholarship

I entered graduate school with no plans to become a professor. I initially went to Harvard for a master's in educational administration. There were things I wanted to learn before returning to a university administrative career. A chance meeting during my first week on campus with Chris Argyris, the distinguished organizational theorist, and my delight in discovering that the field of organizational behavior existed turned my administrative career intentions on end. I applied and was accepted to the doctoral program at Harvard. I realized that I could teach. I was now on the path to becoming a professor.

I had little knowledge of academic life. Graduate courses and doctoral seminars did little to fill the gap. I knew that professors taught classes and published research. I had no idea how that translated into day-to-day behavior. I was the first member of my family to attend college, let alone the first with any thoughts of teaching in one. I envied two fellow students who had professor parents, whose home experiences seemed to give them the inside scoop on academic life—an implicit understanding of the expectations and academic rituals, the ability to see professors as fallible and approachable human beings, and the confidence to share their own ideas and critiques with those who write the great books.

My family's legacy was different. To an ethnic family like mine, which deeply valued education and accomplishment, professors were distant icons. They were larger-than-life people who performed sacred work—they were folks to respect, listen to, and admire. My parents, a high school-educated electrician and a homemaker who ended her formal schooling after the eighth grade so that she could go to work to support her immigrant parents, were supportive of a daughter who aspired to such a noble occupation. "Who would have thought a girl from Lyman Avenue could get that far?" my parents would repeatedly marvel. "Not just a schoolteacher. A college teacher."

That family legacy of awe and respect, and the implicit reminder that people like me don't usually "get that far," blinded me as a budding academic to what I now call the human side of scholarship—the fact that productive scholars are everyday people, not deities, who succeed in the face of life's daily challenges. They are men and women who work hard and long, establishing goals and responding to serendipitous opportunities. I knew I struggled, working long hours and alone to hide my fears, rewriting and reediting pieces that I was sure would never be good enough, but I assumed it must be different for the great names who wrote the great works.

I could not see the writing struggles, the confidence swings, the inevitable rejections, the critical reviews, the frustrations and blocks, the infrequent great breakthroughs, the risks and failures as things that all academics experience. I ignored the persistence and overlooked the
guesses, speculations, and risk taking that are part and parcel of scholarly discovery for all. I saw only the finished products—the acclaimed models, published theories, and public achievements—of the great masters. I mistook their finely polished products for the scholarly process itself and perceived an ease and a mysterious genius in all this. I privately questioned whether the "girl from Lyman Avenue" had the right stuff for academic life. The hidden fears and self-doubts led to self-censorship. My folder of ideas and unshared manuscripts swelled.

A critical turning point in my own development as a scholar came when I learned to look behind the facade of scholarly mystery and ease. Unwilling to give up on myself as a contributing member of the academy, I reflected on a set of experiences I had early in graduate school and finally saw what I needed to see. The great commonsense philosopher Yogi Berra was right in my case: Sometimes you just have to look a long time to see what's really there.

Tired of living in an old graduate dorm but without the resources to navigate the Cambridge apartment market successfully, an enterprising friend and I had lived for years as resident dog walkers and house sitters for a professor and his wife. The professor was eminent even by Harvard standards—a man whose books, government service, and celebrity status have made his name a household word. Those were wonderful years for many reasons; I return often to the memories with fondness, deep gratitude, and affection for the family.

From a career perspective, however, those memories became an invaluable resource for clarifying the real secrets of scholarly success. There I was, struggling to figure out academic life, when I realized I had had a unique opportunity to take a behind-the-scenes look at how a seasoned veteran does it. What had I seen in those years? What could I learn from that experience that could facilitate my own research and writing?

When I looked carefully, I saw persistence, discipline, commitment, and hard work as the key elements for success. I remember, for example, the house rules about quiet in the morning while the professor wrote. He wrote every morning, rising early to work before the phone could start ringing and each day's endless stream of fascinating visitors began. He was a social man, but he did not want conversation in the morn-

ing. He took a breakfast tray and ate alone in his room. Then he worked. He was disciplined about setting aside time for his writing. It was an important personal priority, and he managed his schedule accordingly.

External structures to support the writing process are important, but from reflecting on the work life of this scholar, I saw more. He had a firm internal commitment to writing, and he honored that commitment even in the face of attractive distractions. Exhaustion from foreign travel or meetings with world leaders would be enough to keep the average author from a manuscript, but not him. At times, writing can be fun; more often, it is tedious, hard work. I'm sure it is more satisfying to offer advice that can shape the course of history than to struggle for the right words to convey an argument. As this professor's life illustrated well, however, the commitment to keep writing has to be deep and internal. External requirements are not enough for any academic in the face of all there is to do.

Even with discipline, focus, and commitment, all writing takes time. I remember seeing this great man sit long hours in front of an old typewriter in his study, then leave for his office to work some more. I saw him pacing the yard deep in thought, sorting out some new idea or maybe just looking for the right turn of phrase. I heard him many times climbing the stairs well before dawn to a large and airy third-floor room where he sometimes liked to write: unable to sleep, maybe excited by a new project or troubled by an old one, he would try a change of venue to free the creative juices. I remember the spirited debates and intense exchanges with valued others over meals to fine-tune old ideas or stimulate new ones. I knew about the hours of inevitable editing and rewriting that made his prose sing. There was no mystery and ease in this man's vast productivity. He established and maintained structures that worked for him. He persisted in the face of critical reviews, as well as temptations to rest on praise and past laurels. He wrote regularly. He worked long and hard.

When I allowed myself to demystify academic life and create a workable model for how to manage the scholarly part of my own life better, my writing and publishing soared. When I am home, for example, I set aside time to write 5 days a week; it may be hours, it may be only a few minutes, but the regularity helps. The more I write, the easier the words come. The more
I feel fortunate that my graduate training involved work with a number of respected academics who held vastly different beliefs about research and scholarship. In one year, for example, I took courses from a proponent of anthropological research and had opportunities to explore the intricacies of ethnomethodology, from a traditional researcher who ran rats through mazes to learn about human nature, and from a critic of traditional research who promoted single-case analysis and action research as the way to ground theory and practice, as well as from a host of others with beliefs and scholarly agendas that fell somewhere along a research continuum from highly traditional to radically innovative.

As a graduate student, I remember feeling fragmented and confused by such pluralistic teachings; I struggled to reconcile the contradictions in what I heard, and felt as if I continuously confused research apples with oranges. It turned out to be productive confusion. As I sorted through the options, I became energized by my implicitly acquired appreciation of epistemology. I was excited by the realization that I had real choices about how to define scholarship and my contribution to truth. I saw a variety of legitimate options. The choice was mine.

This was a freeing realization. All I needed to do, I told myself as a young assistant professor, was choose an arena and plunge in. I knew I was not passionate about empirical research. I enjoyed building theory by reflecting on my own and others' clinical experiences. There was my niche.

Identifying an arena, however, was easier than unambivalently throwing in my hat. I knew how I wanted to make my contribution, but I was wary. I recognized the potential costs of choosing a somewhat nontraditional path. I knew that traditional researchers, whose positivist paradigms still dominate academia, would sit on journal editorial boards and possibly my tenure and promotion committees. I feared their questions about the rigor and reliability of my work, and anticipating their questions triggered my own. It took time for me to muster the courage to confirm my choice of a research paradigm. It took experience for me to respond to critics with questions about their methods, rather than doubts about my own.

Winning the Fritz Roethlisberger Memorial Award in 1990 was an important boost. The
award, presented by the Organizational Behavior Teaching Society, named "Developmental Diversity and the OB Classroom: Implications for Teaching and Learning" (Gallos, 1989a) the best paper on organizations and management education published in the Organizational Behavior Teaching Review in 1988-1989. This endorsement from a group of respected colleagues was a welcome confirmation that I was heading in the right direction. No longer burdened by requirements and standards set by other research models, I embraced my own with gusto. Five years after finishing my doctorate, I finally felt ready to run.

Claiming My Scholarly Voice

The decision to run my own scholarly race was even deeper, in retrospect, than settling on a method and means for doing my work. It involved resolving internal teleological and ontological struggles in order to claim my own scholarly voice. Why do I write? Why should I write? What is my purpose in all this? At Radcliffe, I had no external pressures to publish. What did I hope to accomplish by sharing my words on paper? What kind of contribution could I make to our understanding of the world?

Without realizing it at the time, I implicitly answered those questions with my decision, 2 years out of graduate school, to teach at Radcliffe. I left a more traditional, publish-or-perish university environment after a well-meaning senior colleague took me aside and warned that I'd have a limited future there if I continued to focus on gender and those kinds of "tangential" issues. I vividly remember that conversation and our long walk through campus on a lovely spring day. It was a critical turning point in helping me understand that my purpose in writing was not to please other academics who had power over my future. That was neither the work I wanted to do nor the position I wanted to be in.

It may have been arrogance or counterdependency, but I now see my decision to choose the teaching-centered environment of Radcliffe over other tenure-track possibilities as my teleological awakening—a defining moment when I clarified my purpose as a scholar. I had something to say, and I wanted an environment that would offer support and freedom for me to do that. It seemed a risky choice at the time. I worried. If I step off the traditional tenure path, can I ever get back on? But more important, was I disciplined enough to be an independent scholar? Those fears gradually dissipated as I began to build my own body of work. The Radcliffe choice, on the other hand, offered priceless opportunities for me to learn about myself and to develop my own scholarly voice.

Having a clear scholarly voice involves the willingness and ability to speak out, but it is more than just taking a stand. It entails a personal commitment to your own research agenda and a push to explore multiple facets of that agenda before moving on to something else. It requires identifying a passion for some set of issues and setting out to explore that deep interest, even in the face of opposition and critique. It means believing you have a worthwhile contribution to make. It involves finding a style of writing and expression that is uniquely and comfortably yours.

I found my scholarly voice during my Radcliffe years. I reaffirmed my deep commitment to gender and learning issues, providing myself with a valued, long-term research thread. My teaching in the Discovery program for underemployed women served as a catalyst for my work on gender in the adult classroom. It also provided a magical experience and transformation for me as a writer.

Writing about the Discovery Women was not a task or job. It was an engaging mission of love. As these women worked hard each week to claim their voices as students and professionals, I guided and chanted their efforts. I shared their struggles and worked at the same time to claim my voice as a scholar. I wanted to tell their story well, for them and for me (Gallos, 1992, 1993, 1995b).

I learned from working with the Discovery women that I write best when I write from the heart. I like to harness passion and wed it with intellect. I write to make a difference on issues that I consider important. I will no longer write about something unless I care deeply about it. I do not strive to be an objective observer. I am a very subjective interpreter of the world around me. I do not write to report; I write to teach—to stimulate, to provoke, to unsettle, to share how I make sense of things so that others are encouraged to do the same. I write for impact, placing articles where my intended audience will find them (e.g., Gallos, 1995a, 1995c) rather
than only in those first-tier, refereed journals that my present institution's promotion committee suggests. I write and publish more when I do it my way. I am willing to take the career risk that more is better for all concerned.

Consciously identifying and embracing this has liberated my voice. It drives my writing style and content. I no longer, for example, feel the need to justify my claims and beliefs with multiple references. I now use references to identify alternative resources or borrowed ideas, but no longer for permission to take a stand safely in the company of distinguished others. I remember years ago, however, writing a chapter on women's development (Gallos, 1989b) and agonizing over how many references I needed in order to assert that men and women are different. I spent weeks thinking about the issue, rewriting and adjusting my claim. It was a watershed experience; I realized I was less concerned that readers would disagree with me than I was fearful that invisible critics would say I had no right to say that. That distinction facilitated my writing further; I, more than anyone else, had a right to describe my beliefs and perspectives. My scholarly voice was finally in place.

Well-meaning colleagues periodically ask me to reflect on the downside of writing from the heart, but thus far I have experienced more benefits than costs. I deeply enjoy my work and am happy doing what I do. All this has increased my productivity and, paradoxically, has made me professionally attractive in some very traditional academic circles. My directness and willingness to take a stand have given me a distinctive edge and reputation. I write persuasively enough that people take my work seriously, even if they disagree. I feel satisfied, rewarded, and at peace.

Reflections on the Journey: Advice to Young Scholars

Becoming a productive scholar is a developmental journey. It involves understanding the research terrain, comparing alternative routes, choosing a personal path, recognizing critical crossroads, navigating roadblocks, sustaining personal commitment, and celebrating the joys of the expedition. I acknowledge that this essay tells only part of my story. Other factors have influenced my journey as well—motherhood, geographic commitments, marriage, economic factors, a supportive and academic spouse, family responsibilities, gender, opportunities, luck, and fate. I have chosen, mindful of page limits, to focus on three central themes—appreciating the human side of scholarship, developing a research identity, and claiming a scholarly voice. These substantive, core issues are critical for all who navigate the road to scholarly productivity. I do not mean to imply, however, that the personal context for the journey is unimportant.

As I reflect on my life as a scholar, what have I learned? What advice do I offer to those beginning their journey? Plan well. Follow your heart. Enjoy the travel. Replenish your spirit along the way.

A Good Map Is Valuable: Plan for the Journey

A good map makes travel easier. It helps you see the big picture, understand the terrain, compare roads and options, plan a workable itinerary, identify landmarks you want to visit, and mark alternative routes if necessary. The same is true of the scholarly journey. You can't wander aimlessly from project to project, hoping some combination of publishing luck and divine intervention will get you to your destination. You need some sense of the big picture: where you're going and how you'll get there.

Understanding research options and consciously choosing a methodology are important steps in this process. Map out the possibilities. Identify the route that is right for you. If you feel limited in your methodological options, you may want to broaden your horizons by sitting in on different methods courses at your campus, reading, and interviewing colleagues who do different kinds of work. Don't assume that there is only one way to do research, especially if the one you use isn't working for you. Experiment. Broaden your research horizons. Find a method that inspires you.

Understanding the institutional terrain is also critical. What does it really take to get tenure and promotion at your institution? What does that mean for your scholarly journey? Not all colleges and universities are alike. Learn about the norms, requirements, and expectations at yours. Use the information to sketch out an
On Becoming a Scholar

How do you find your anchor? For me, it has been a process of discovering my own path, learning about myself and my choices, and choosing to follow my heart—listening to my internal voice and identifying the projects and products in which I can openly and unambivalently invest. A successful academic core is rooted in a clear sense of contribution (What do you want to do?), an honest assessment of talent (What do you do well?), a choice of method (How will you make your contribution?), and knowledge of what is joyful for you (What do you like to do best?). Answer those questions honestly for yourself. Find your niche. Identify your contribution. Claim your voice. Follow your passion. Know yourself as a scholar. You'll be able to navigate with the sun.

Follow Your Heart

Maps are useful but always incomplete. Freeways change. Exits close. Routes shift because of accidents or detours. We hit dead ends. We find ourselves off the main road. Sketching out a travel plan is important, but experienced travelers are always flexible and prepared for the unexpected. Academic life requires the same.

It may seem contradictory for me to advocate both solid plans and flexible openness, but both are requirements for academic success. Academia requires creativity. It is hard to anticipate and plan for everything in jobs that are steeped in learning and ambiguity. Unanticipated roadblocks, wondrous discoveries, coincidences, major disappointments, chance, and learning can all change professorial lives and directions. Collaboration with a colleague, the impact of a powerful book, and contextual factors such as parenthood or a new dean can turn the best-laid plans on end. Staying open to catch the wind is a good way to turn surprises into productive outcomes.

At the same time, a successful academic needs an anchor. Those without plans for their journey flounder, filling folders with possible ideas they never develop, bouncing from project to project, searching endlessly for their niche. Tenure committees have looked at files filled with good published work and still decided no, because they found no coherence, no sense of direction or identity in the portfolio. The essential task for any successful scholar is to find an anchor: solid core, flexible application.

Celebrate the Joys of Traveling

We embark on a journey to reach some destination. It is foolish, however, to focus only on the end point and miss the scenery along the way. Roads twist in surprising ways, unanticipated sights capture our fantasies, new vistas offer opportunities and unforeseen pleasures. We change plans, taking an occasional back road to places discovered en route. Being open to the unexpected makes travel rich and enjoyable.

University environments keep academics so focused on the external rewards of the scholarly journey—tenure and promotion—that budding professors can forget the intrinsic joys of the process. Enjoyment drives the creative juices. Learning and discovery are fun. They are what attract many of us to academic life. I have seen, however, too many colleagues frozen by a focus on publishing so as not to perish rather than energized by the process of discovery. They shortchange themselves, missing the pleasures of creativity and overlooking progress. The critical question for productive scholars is how to bring fun and playfulness into research and writing. It is harder to feel anxious and pressured when you're having a good time.

For me, that means thinking about what I choose to do, as well as when, how, and with whom I work. I know I need to limit better the number of projects I take on and to schedule my work with sufficient slack to allow me to meet deadlines. I am getting better at that, but
the piles of "promised yesterday" folders on my desk tell me I've still got a long way to go. In the meantime, my perspective on the work becomes critical. If I frame my overload as overwhelming drudgery, it becomes just that. On the other hand, if I immerse myself deeply and completely in my present activity, reminding myself why I chose to accept this new challenge, I can dwell on the excitement of the learning moment rather than be dragged down by the reality of all else that waits for me. Working with good colleagues can keep you honest in all this and can be joyfully refreshing. Plan projects and work meetings to include time explicitly scheduled for fun, rejuvenation, and learning.

The "publish or perish" dictum also encourages academics to drive themselves so relentlessly that they miss creative twists and turns on their research routes. I know I have been too quick in the past to assume that an article or two is all I can do on a subject, instead of asking how research findings could be reframed and new implications developed for different audiences.

Replenish Your Spirit

The scholarly journey is long and difficult. The road seems forever uphill. Sustaining commitment requires that you periodically replenish your scholarly spirit. What nourishes you? What rejuvenates? The answers are different for different people. Find out what fits for you.

For some, work within the academy sustains and reinforces their commitment. Professional associations, presentations at conferences, positions as journal reviewers, conversations with colleagues on the Internet keep folks psychologically "close to home" and focused on their chosen destinations. For others, forays outside the academy—time in the community, in the corporate world, or just evenings at home with the family—put the meaning and pressures of the scholarly journey in perspective. University-funded sabbaticals are wonderful but too rare. Find ways to finance mini-sabbaticals for yourself.

Most of us need good traveling companions. Growth-filled collaborations are remarkable sources of support and learning. A good mentor can offer advice and serve as a welcome way station when the journey gets rough. Support groups and significant others provide camaraderie and acceptance as well as reality checks. Communities of faith with whom we can explore the meaning and purpose of life offer balance and perspective.

I am writing this essay a few months before I enter the valley of promotion and tenure review, and I've been reasonably diligent in building my file. I would like to try life with the new title and status, but I expect that even with them, I would do very little differently. Instead of holding some part of myself in abeyance until the big academic reward arrives, I am diving enthusiastically into my work. For me, the journey itself is my destination. My joy is in teaching and learning. My real commitment is to continue my journey—follow my heart, write about things I love, persist through times of anguish and self-doubt, and rejoice when I produce something that I think is pretty good.

No doubt your journey will be different from mine. We each need to find a path that is right for us. I share the struggles and joys of my academic travels as a bonus voyage gift to you. May they speak in some way to your experiences, offer you support and guidance on your journey, and enable you to find a path that is productive and rewarding.

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