took time out of their busy days and responded to our surveys, sharing their personal experiences and strategies for success. Although we have changed their names, they know who they are, and we owe them a great debt of gratitude.

Rachel and Kristen
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Introduction

Why We Decided to Write This Book and Who We Are Anyway

It was in the meeting with the dean and associate dean of academic affairs that Kristen started leaking. She sat mortified, listening to them explain the possible benefits package that she would get if she were lucky enough to be offered the tenure-track job. As the deans spoke about health and dental benefits and how much the college would contribute to her retirement account, she was silently becoming hysterical as the cotton pads in her bra quickly became saturated with milk. Kristen was just finishing up her PhD at Berkeley, and this was her first on-campus interview. She had delivered her baby by caesarean section less than a month earlier, and had been contacted for a telephone interview within a week of leaving the hospital.

Her mind clouded by lack of sleep and a necessary regimen of prescription painkillers, she asked the department to call her cell phone, and she answered their questions from her car because she was terrified that they would hear the cries of a newborn baby in the background. This was 2001, but Kristen had been warned that certain departments would look unfavorably on her status as a new mother, fearing that her family obligations would compromise her ability to publish high-quality scholarship and thereby weaken her chances of getting tenure. It was a logistical feat of Himalayan proportions to leave her little daughter and fly from California to Maine for a two-day interview, all the while pretending that she was just another childless graduate student.

The interviews started at 8:30 a.m. and followed one after another until 3:00 p.m. Lunch was shared with another group of faculty, and even when she found a moment to use the restroom there was never enough time to pump. Some faculty member was always waiting outside to take her to the next interview. Kristen had put the cotton bra pads in as a precaution, but she had never been away from her baby long enough for them to be necessary. And she had pumped for thirty minutes in the morning. She thought that would be sufficient.

Instead, the cotton pads soaked through within moments, and Kristen felt the milk stain spreading out under the sleeve of her brand-new interview suit. She pulled her arms in close to her body, hoping they would not see the ever-widening wet splotch. If they did notice, she hoped they might think it was perspiration and that she was merely nervous and sweating. When they asked her if she had any questions for them, she cheerfully smiled and said, "Not at the moment, but I am sure I might have some later after I read through all of these materials." She grabbed the thick folder that they had prepared and abruptly stood up, extending her hand just enough to shake their hands before mumbling something about wanting to have some time to get ready for her job talk.

According to her preset interview schedule, she was supposed to have half an hour to prepare for her one-hour talk at 4:00. It was 3:36 when she left the deans' office and was finally left alone. Rather than going through her slides or reviewing her main arguments, Kristen spent all twenty-four minutes frantically pumping her milk into a sink while trying to get the wet spot out of her jacket with a wall mounted hand dryer at the same time, praying that no one would walk in. Her little handheld pump needed to be squeezed constantly, and the dryer kept automatically turning off. She caught a glimpse of herself in the mirror, one hand pressed against the large silver button of the dryer, one breast hanging out of her button-down shirt, body oddly contorted to maximize the direct airflow onto the milk stain, the other hand squeezing furiously as thick white streams splashed into the porcelain basin, swearing all sorts of obscenities under her breath and wishing that she had not come.

A wave of doubt overcame her. She felt a hot tear of frustration roll down her cheek. "There is no way I can do this," she thought. "How am I going to start a new job with a new baby? How am I ever going to finish my dissertation? When will I be able to spend time with my daughter? Maybe I should

just stay in school for a few more years. Or maybe I should file the dissertation and take a few years off. I'll never get an academic job in California, and I don't know anyone here. It's just too hard."

But Kristen's story worked out in the end. Mammary ducts emptied and suit jacket relatively dry, she gave her job talk and was offered an assistant professorship. Rachel, the chair of the search committee, was outraged when she eventually found out that Kristen had left a twenty-seven-day-old baby at home in California.

"Why didn't you tell us? You could have brought her along."

"I was afraid it would be held against me," Kristen replied. "I wanted to be seen as a young scholar. Not as a new mother."

"But you can be both!"

"It doesn't feel like it," said Kristen. "It really doesn't feel like it."

And it was in that moment, a decade ago, that the initial seed of the idea for this book was planted.

It was our idea to write a book that would refute the false dichotomy set up by those who believe that postponement or opting out are the only choices. These two points of view often dominate the debate, and young women like Kristen feel caught in an impossible dilemma: to have a family or to have an academic career. Yet there are many examples of women in the academy today who have successfully combined the two. The trouble is that their voices are rarely heard. These women are simply too busy to attend meetings on work/family issues or to write about their experiences and offer advice and mentorship to their younger colleagues. Until now. This book is designed as a step-by-step guide to being *both* a parent and a professor, starting from graduate school, through the job search, tenure, and all the way to becoming a full professor. Our goal is not only to explain how it can be done, but how it can be done well, with the minimum amount of guilt and compromise and a maximum amount of sanity and satisfaction.

One look at the growing number of women with new PhDs each year and it is clear that this book is needed now more than ever. Between 1995 and 2005, the percentage of PhDs earned by women grew nearly 20 percent, from 44 percent to 51 percent. Even more striking are the changing demographics of faculties across the United States.[1] In 1995, women made up 35 percent of full-time faculty. Within ten years, that figure had increased to 41 percent. While more women are in the assistant-professor and lecturer/

instructor ranks than in the associate- and full-professor ranks, these latter categories have seen the largest percentage of growth for women. Women in the associate-professor rank have grown from 32 to 39 percent, and women in the full-professor rank have increased from 18 to 25 percent.[2] These results show that many more women are achieving tenure. But can they have tenure and their families too?

While we discuss research that finds that early childbearing is associated with lower rates of tenure attainment and lower publication rates, it is important to note that fully half of women in the sciences and 38 percent of women in the humanities and social sciences do have children in their households when they receive tenure.[3] We know all too well that many young faculty women are nervous and confused about when to start a family and how it will affect their chances of professional success. Many inevitably postpone childbearing until they are of an age when their chances of having children are considerably diminished or to a point at which they are forced to use medical interventions that are physiologically draining as well as costly. Unlike their male peers, women in the academy face what economist Sylvia Ann Hewlett calls "the unforgiving decade": between graduate school, postdoctoral fellowships, and the tenure track, women often lose the thirteen or fourteen years of their life that are most physiologically optimal for childbearing because they are consumed with the demands of research, teaching, and publication.[4] Those who decide not to postpone motherhood face seemingly insurmountable challenges and often outright discrimination in the academy. Finding a non-academic job or opting out of the labor market altogether seems a better path for women who claim to be tired of the "rat race" anyway. But we want to encourage young women not to capitulate to these pressures so easily, no matter how difficult the challenges they face. With a little planning, and a lot of self-knowledge and discipline with your time, it is possible to do both. This book will help you learn how to achieve family and professional success.

CHILDLESSNESS VERSUS OPTING OUT

There is a certain type of woman in the academy who is brilliant, productive, and universally acclaimed for her contributions to the enhancement of collective knowledge of humankind. She has a CV as long as Kant's *Critique of Pure Reason*, and she jets around the world dazzling scholarly audiences with her latest research findings. She sits on the boards of major foundations, and university presses clamor to publish her next tome. She is *Academus superstarus*, the kind of scholar who inhabits the intellectual stratosphere, only rarely descending to cavort with the mere mortals who are her graduate students or less esteemed colleagues. Although she has many things in common with the males of her species, unlike them she is usually childless.

Whether the result of a deliberate choice or the outcome of what Hewlett dubbed the "creeping non-choice" (whereby professional women delay childbearing to the point of infertility),[5] *Academus superstarus* tends to view her childlessness as an almost necessary precondition for a successful intellectual career. Although women have been making steady advances into the academy over the last three decades, scholarly life in the United States is still a deeply masculinist culture; there is a continued expectation that professors are not the primary caregivers to their children.

This is at least partially the result of yet another creature to be found roaming the halls of the proverbial Ivory Tower—*Spousus supportus*. The unpredictability of the academic job market means that young PhDs have to be ready and willing to move anywhere their careers take them, and their partners have to be ready and willing to follow them. It is not surprising that most of the time the *Spousus supportus* is a woman and that, in addition to supporting her partner's academic career, she throws herself into child rearing once the couple starts a family. These women are often the übermoms who attend all of the PTA meetings, organize the school fundraisers, go to all of the soccer games and band concerts, and then find time to bake cookies using organic wheat grown cooperatively in local community gardens. Although there are more and more men who are involved in parenting these days, there are still a lot of men who have stay-at-home partners, especially at the more elite institutions. *Professorus breadwinnerus* rarely has to worry about being late to pick up the children from day care or about what to do when children are home sick. When a crucial deadline nears, he can toil long into the night and through the weekend, safe in the knowledge that his children are well cared for by their loving, selfless, and dedicated mother.

Then there is this poor creature stuck in the middle—*Professorus momus*. Balancing a career and family, she worries that she will never achieve the academic-superstar status of her childless female colleagues, nor will she ever be as "good" a mother as the stay-at-home partners of her male colleagues. At best, she fears she is destined to be a mediocre scholar and a mediocre mother,