

Note: This article, which I co-authored with several members of my transfer student research team, will appear in the inaugural issue of the journal *Mentoring Across Cultures and Disciplines* in July 2017. -CT

Traveling Together: Rewriting Transfer Student Literacy Sponsorship
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Writers in transit

There are six of us in the van, en route from Salt Lake City to Las Vegas, bound for the western regional conference of the Two-Year College English Association. Different people from different places, traversing the high desert landscape. The alfalfa fields yield to red rock, then Joshua trees. Conversation waxes and wanes: a game of twenty questions, some bickering about the playlist, stories of childhood trips to forts and casinos. Hay derricks turn to billboards as the dusk fades into oncoming headlights. We said we'd work on our presentation during the drive down, but a combination of chatter, road hypnosis, and motion sickness supersede writing; we trust that our words will fall into place tomorrow. There are no classrooms, no titles between Salt Lake City and Las Vegas. For now, we're just traveling together, looking forward to sharing the stage.

Our research team, comprised of a faculty member and seven students in the Department of Writing & Rhetoric Studies, has been working together since 2015 to better understand the writing experiences of transfer students at the University of Utah. We've learned that, on average, transfer students do as well or better than non-transfer students in writing-intensive courses—contrary to what some at the university might assume, transfer students are not, as a group, underprepared for writing at “the U.” However, the interviews we conducted also suggest that some transfer students face distinctive writing-related stresses during their initial semesters at the university, stresses that are as much about money, life responsibilities, identities, and institutional and departmental culture as some abstract notion of “academic preparedness.” Furthermore, many transfer students are not accessing writing-related resources and opportunities available on campus.

Based on these findings, we have been working with units across campus and faculty colleagues at Salt Lake Community College (SLCC) to cultivate academic networks for students as they move between our institutions. Our goals are to provide students with opportunities to critically engage reading and writing in their major disciplines, connect with peers, and take advantage of the range of resources and co-curricular opportunities available at the U. We view this work as a matter of equity for the diverse students who begin their postsecondary education at community colleges, as well as a recognition of the valuable knowledges, experiences, and commitments these students bring to the university. Over our time together, we have also experienced the challenges and rewards of forging a research team that includes transfer students as co-investigators of transitions they themselves are navigating. In many ways, the benefits of our collaboration have been greater than the sum of our parts, and we think our experiences have something to offer larger conversations about undergraduate research, transfer student engagement, and mentorship.

Thus, we were honored to be invited to contribute to this inaugural issue of *Mentoring Across Cultures and Disciplines*. However, we do so with humility and some circumspection about the term “mentor” and the relative expertise, wisdom, and power it might imply. As we

discussed what our essay might look like, we found ourselves gravitating toward a well-established concept from our own discipline: *sponsors of literacy*. Deborah Brandt defines sponsors of literacy as “those agents, local or distant, concrete or abstract, who teach, model, support, recruit, extort, deny, or suppress literacy and gain advantage by it in some way. Sponsors become the tangible link between individual scenes of writing and reading and larger social, economic, and historical powers of literacy” (49). This definition of literacy sponsorship is, admittedly, not as warm and fuzzy as *mentorship*. Indeed, it may raise uncomfortable questions about the motivations of people who take on these roles and the interests they serve. For us, that generative discomfort is part of the term’s value.

Our goal is not to undercut the importance of mentorship—we often revert to this term in our individual narratives, and, as we will argue, we believe it is essential that faculty live up to their responsibilities to serve as teachers, facilitators, and conduits to resources for transfer student writers. However, we also recognize that universities sponsor literacies tied to specific academic cultures and traditions that are embedded within, and can function to reproduce, broader structures of social inequality (see Smitherman; Royster; Gilyard; Rose *Lives*; Villanueva; Lu; Lindquist “Class”; Peckham; Young; Young and Martinez; Martinez; Canagarajah; Powell; Powell et al.; and Inoue, among many other writing, rhetoric, and composition studies scholars). Acknowledging that reality enables us to think critically about *how* we—as individuals and as institutions—sponsor transfer students’ academic literacies, and to what *ends*. This article is, in many ways, an extended meditation on those questions. Rather than positing hard answers, we offer our stories and thinking-in-progress in hopes of spurring new insights, and perhaps new questions, among faculty, students, and community members contemplating mentorship in their own contexts. Given the focus of our research together, we also hope this article will draw needed attention to the voices and experiences of transfer students, who constitute a growing percentage of undergraduates in many U.S. universities.

Through much discussion and some experimentation, we chose to present our work in a hybrid genre, one that combines our academic “we” voice with narratives and commentary from individual members of our research team. Such genre-splicing enables us to draw on scholarly conversations relating to transfer student writers and put them in conversation with our own diverse experiences and perspectives. Laying these different kinds of writing alongside one another reveals some of the complexities and tensions inherent in academic literacy sponsorship. A number of themes run through these passages: “transfer” as a recurring phenomenon across different spaces and domains; the roles academic literacies can play in both reproducing and challenging structures of social inequality; the benefits and costs associated with the mobility these literacies make possible; and the fact that transfer students are simultaneously being sponsored and sponsoring others at every point in their journey. Through this rich and sometimes contradictory assemblage, we demonstrate how researching and writing together can itself be a form of reciprocal literacy sponsorship that benefits both students and faculty while contributing new knowledge to our field.

College is weird...

Education thus becomes an act of depositing, in which the students are the depositories and the teacher is the depositor. Instead of communicating, the teacher issues communiques and makes deposits which the students patiently receive, memorize, and repeat. This is the “banking” concept of education, in which the scope of action allowed to the students extends only as far as receiving, filing, and storing the deposits... But in

the last analysis, it is the people themselves who are filed away through the lack of creativity, transformation, and knowledge in this (at best) misguided system. For apart from inquiry, apart from the praxis, individuals cannot be truly human. Knowledge emerges only through invention and re-invention, through the restless, impatient, continuing, hopeful inquiry human beings pursue in the world, with the world, and with each other. (Freire 72)

I still remember the day that I decided to drop out of high school. It was December and a snow storm. I was a junior and saw no way I could graduate with my poor my grades. I waited in my car after class til everyone else had pulled away, on busses and in beat-up pickup trucks, my windshield wipers flying and my chest pounding. I walked back into school to my English teacher, Mr. Van Natter's room. He was just putting on his coat to leave.

I've never been a very good student in the traditional sense. In those days I rarely went to class, turned assignments in late, and when teachers threatened me with grades, I repudiated them with flagrant indifference. I didn't feel like I was invited to the game, so why play ball?

After I had discovered it was still possible to graduate from high school, Mr. Van Natter and my Creative Writing teacher, Mrs. Riley, challenged me to be and do better...not for a grade, but for a better life, something that up til then, I didn't think I was capable of, nor deserved. My senior year, I took every class I could with Mrs. Riley, did night school to catch up, and in the spring graduated with a 1.6 GPA. I couldn't have been more proud. I felt like I had fooled them all. Had beaten them at their own game.

A few years later, I enrolled at Salt Lake Community College—a better student this time around. As it is for a lot of people, college was to me some sort of testing ground where I hoped I could figure myself out, develop some idea of how the world worked, and leave somewhat more equipped to make a living for myself without saddling too much debt along the way. Frankly, I was just glad for the excuse to get away from working construction for a few years.

I wasn't at SLCC long before I began pursuing a career in writing, something that I had always wanted to do, but never saw as a viable career path. As the son of two trade unionists, I was brought up with the belief that social mobility relied on developing a tangible skillset that could be applied across contexts—I didn't realize that writing could be exactly that. As I focused in on what I wanted to do with my life, I began cultivating networks within academic and professional spheres, developing, acquiring and deploying literacy sponsorship in as many ways as I could to advance my abilities and increase my mobility in life after school. I soon found work with the Community Writing Center (CWC), a nonprofit extension of SLCC which serves as a sort of institutional literacy sponsor for the nonacademic community of Salt Lake City.

My experience with the CWC was transformative. The nondirective approach and Freirean pedagogical framework resonated with me deeply. In my two-plus years at the CWC, I was privileged to work with writers of all stripes: inmates writing to their judges; a father writing to his daughter; an addict writing to himself. All of them finding the power in writing to better their lives. Here, I got the opportunity to act as a literacy sponsor to my community, an opportunity that would reshape my view of the world forever. During my years at the CWC, I completed my coursework at SLCC and transferred to the University of Utah, the final stop along my educational path before joining the workforce. I didn't know it then, but I was about to face one of the most challenging chapters of my educational career.

Transferring schools is difficult. It means relearning all of the nuances of college—transportation, parking, counseling services, campus layout, student opportunities. Where school

had become a sort of solace for me at SLCC, and my identity imbued with education, the challenges I would face at the U would shake my foundation, make me question my goals and even my identity. Looking back, that was as valuable an experience as I could have asked for. After all, college is supposed to make you ask the hard questions. But at the time, I felt increasingly alienated by school and ultimately came to a point at which I wasn't sure I wanted to continue. Having had all of the experiences I'd had with nontraditional education—the CWC, after school dropout-prevention programs, mentoring alternative high school students transitioning to SLCC—sitting in the classrooms of the Research-1 “flagship” university on the hill felt...weird. That old, familiar feeling from highschool of being both unwelcome and unfit came back. I found myself wondering whether continuing to pursue my education in that capacity was the right decision. After all, I thought, all this school nonsense was just a nice break from pouring concrete anyway.

I still remember the day that I decided to drop out of college. It was July and sunny. The final semester before my senior year. I emailed my instructor and told her how I was feeling. Somehow, it took me a long time to see the parallels between the 17-year-old-punk and the 24-year-old Freirean radicalized versions of myself in these situations. What Mr. Van Natter and Professor Toth told me at these junctures, I can't exactly remember. But they didn't defer me to counseling services, they didn't offer me a nostrum of extra credit: they listened. They took the time to talk with me, and what they both reminded me was that whatever I decided to do about school, which at that moment felt more like a thresher, wasn't necessarily an indictment of me as a person. Neither of them pushed my proposition of dropping out off the table (though they certainly discouraged it). Rather, they listened to why I had put it there in the first place.

I did turn it around, at least for the time being. I'm now about to enter the final semester of my senior year. This is not a “Phoenix Rising” story. I haven't graduated, or really done anything, yet. Maybe this all seems like a lot of boo-hooing for a middle-class, white, heterosexual, able-bodied man who didn't have the discipline to just shut up and do his homework. But what my mentors have helped me realize is just how lucky I am. The position of power and privilege that comes with education is not given to everyone, no matter how much I believe it should be. Mentorship is a social contract that demands reciprocity. As I finish my undergraduate degree, the time is coming for me to give back. To be the literacy sponsor that helps others realize their own worth. To be honest, I'm not exactly sure what that will look like. But just as my mentors, my literacy sponsors, found me when I needed them, I trust the same will happen when it's my time to return the favor.

While popular media often portray “the college experience” as a contiguous four years in residence at a single baccalaureate-granting institution, this trajectory is no longer the norm for a majority of U.S. students. Growing numbers are attending college part-time while working, commuting to campus for classes, and/or returning to school after breaks in their education. Forty-five percent of the nation's postsecondary students are enrolled at two-year community colleges (American Association of Community Colleges). Community colleges are a particularly significant point of academic entry for first-generation college students, students from low-income and working-class backgrounds, women, students of color, immigrants and aspiring citizens, students with disabilities, older students, and veterans (Cohen, Brawer, and Kisker). Even for students who don't attend community colleges, inter-institutional mobility is becoming more common: according to the National Student Clearinghouse Research Center, more than one-third of U.S. college students transfer between institutions at least once while earning a

bachelor's degree (Hossler et al). At the U, an urban campus with a large commuter population, nearly 40% of undergraduates are transfer students of some kind.

Such mobility means that large numbers of students are entering university curricula “midstream,” and many come from backgrounds that historically have been underrepresented at four-year institutions. While these students bring valuable knowledges, experiences, and perspectives to their university education and to the campus community, some may also face challenges transitioning to an academic and social context that continues to privilege “traditional” university students—i.e., students who are white and middle-class, younger than 25, and whose primary languages approximate so-called Standard American English (SAE). Thus, we believe any conversation about mentoring university students across cultures and disciplines would do well to consider the experiences of transfer students, whose complex postsecondary pathways are often less visible and supported than those of students who begin at the university right out of high school.

An important dimension of many transfer students' transitions is learning their major's discipline-specific reading and writing practices, which become particularly important in upper-division courses (see Mathison; Gere et al.). Like the broader academic culture in which they are situated, these disciplinary literacies often reflect—and privilege—the intellectual histories, dispositions, values, and languages of a predominantly white, middle-class, male professoriate, even when those literacies are presented as “colorblind” or race-neutral (see Martinez; Behm and Miller; Inoue). For transfer students, navigating disciplinary literacies inevitably involves sponsors, and universities should be asking themselves who or what is performing this role at their institution. The nature of the sponsorship students experience can shape their understandings of academic literacy practices, their experiences in the classroom, their developing identities as writers, and their ability to adapt to new writing contexts, both within and beyond the university (see Wardle “Creative”). The nature of that sponsorship can also inform (or inhibit) transfer students' critical understanding of how different groups are privileged or marginalized by current disciplinary practices. This understanding in turn shapes students' sense of the possibilities for challenging and transforming those literacy practices through their participation as writers.

Joining the conversation

I used to believe I would never achieve success as a college student. I was unable to learn how to read until the third grade, and I had a hard time following the classroom curriculum. The other students were writing sentences, and I was drawing squiggly lines that looked like cursive letters my mom and grandma wrote. I can remember being tested for learning disorders in school. The testing was always followed by long, inconclusive conversations between my mom and teachers. By high school I spent most of my time skipping classes. Eventually, I dropped out and got a job as a cashier at a ski resort; my peers studied with their teachers while I learned to carve a snowboard in knee-deep powder.

I enrolled for night classes at an alternative high school, and went on to start a career as a massage therapist. I got married and had two amazing boys. It was not until my son was in kindergarten and experienced similar learning problems to the ones I experienced that I, prompted by his teacher, researched different types of learning. I got stacks of books and I would read in bed late at night, tears falling freely in the dark silence as I learned about successful people who had similar struggles but overcame them with support from their parents or their

community. I realized that I was not alone, and the tears were for all the others that had struggled, for the struggles my son might face, and for my own academic struggles.

Not wanting to be defeated, I decided to return to school. Motivated to prove to myself that I was capable of learning, and to learn ways to help my son, I started classes at Salt Lake Community College the same day he started first grade.

The first day of class was the scariest day of my life. I dropped my son off at school, and cried the whole way to the SLCC's South Campus. I arrived early and walked the route to my classes. I didn't want to be late. I was noticeably older than most of the other students, and I was terrified of what was going to happen once class started. I was terrified that I would fail, but the thought of failure was easier to navigate than the thought of not trying at all.

It had taken me two months to apply, take placement tests, secure financial aid, and register for classes. The process was confusing and I was constantly going from office to office at SLCC. I utilized the academic advisors and met with several, and after I vented my stress and frustration about choosing a major, an advisor suggested the possibility of studying English. He said that I scored high on the reading comprehension test, and that it might be an area I would do well in. I was an adult that had been married, had owned a home, had run an electrical contracting company with my ex-husband, had two children and volunteered at their elementary school twice a week, and I did not know that you could get a degree in English. I knew there were English teachers, but I guess I assumed they studied education and just liked to read a lot.

At that point in my life, I believed education was a means to a better job with stability and benefits, and not something to do just because I found a topic to be interesting. I grabbed hold of his advice, and used it as my reason to move from a vocational to a liberal arts educational pathway. I started classes to get an Associates of English degree and strategically registered for courses. I didn't have extra time or money to spend taking classes that didn't directly apply to my degree. I started with a study skills class, a math class that was two levels below the required college-level course, and two English classes. It would be a whole year before I would reach college-level math, and that would add an extra six months to the time I spent at SLCC.

I graduated from SLCC with an Associate's Degree and a Writing Certificate of Completion and transferred to the University of Utah. It was in my Writing as a Social Practice class at the U that I first read Brandt and learned about sponsors of literacy. I imagined a sponsor of literacy to be a formal arrangement, sort of like applying for a scholarship. But not everybody had to apply; for some people sponsors just appeared. At first I was angry. Why didn't I have a sponsor that transformed my educational experience? I wondered how one goes about acquiring a sponsor. Could I ask for one? What does it mean if you don't have a sponsor?

However, as I reflected on my educational experiences, I thought of the interactions with teachers, advisors, friends, and family members that had shaped my educational path. Some of the most impactful moments of sponsorship in my life stemmed from a single conversation. Over time, my anger changed to gratitude. I did not have one person that sponsored my education, but I had many people helping me along the way. Many of my sponsors played a nuanced role in my education; they cut letters out of sandpaper, told success stories of students similar to me, encouraged me to present at a conference, wrote letters of recommendation, provided feedback on my work so I could learn what to improve or what concepts to grapple with, told me that they believed I would do well in my future. They invited me to join an age-old academic conversation when I didn't believe I had a place at the table.

Our thinking about academic literacy sponsorship has been shaped by long-standing conversations in composition studies about how students' class, gender, age, (dis)ability, race, culture, and language backgrounds relate to their college writing experiences. However, we have also been influenced by conversations about transfer students in other disciplines. A growing body of research in higher education points to the complex relationships between transfer students' academic performance and the social context they are entering. Some scholars have framed these issues in terms of transfer student *integration*: that is, the extent to which students perceive themselves to belong, academically and socially, at their receiving institutions (Townsend and Wilson "Hand"; "Academic"; Flaga; Owens). These experiences can be influenced by transfer students' race, ethnicity, class, gender, age and/or parental status, language background, and cultural and religious identities, particularly relative to peers and faculty at the receiving institution (e.g. Wolf-Wendel et al; Reyes). Other scholars have drawn on the related concepts of *involvement*—the intensity of student participation in institutional activities—and *engagement*, which emphasizes forms of participation that are known to foster deep learning and personal development, including various forms of mentorship (for a review of these scholarly conversations, see Bahr et al). What all of these lines of inquiry share is a concern with how transfer students become sufficiently *connected* at the receiving institution to succeed in their courses, persist to degree completion, and take advantage of the various co-curricular learning opportunities available to them.

Some scholars have shifted the frame from individual student perceptions and behaviors to structural factors that influence student success. These include so-called "environmental pull factors" (Bahr et al. 488) that are often linked to socioeconomic status and/or culture, such as time and costs associated with transportation and housing; unexpected personal or financial crises; and the periodic need to prioritize employment and/or family responsibilities over schoolwork. While we question the term "pull," which seems to center the university rather than students and their communities, transfer students—particularly commuter students, older students, and women of color—sometimes do balance more of these factors with schoolwork than many "traditional" students (see Wang; Townsend and Wilson "Hand"; "Academic"; Flaga; Owens; Reyes; Bahr et al). While such factors may not ultimately prevent transfer students from completing their degrees, they can limit the time and resources those students have to devote to some forms of academic and social engagement. That makes it all the more important that transfer students have access to literacy sponsorship that respects and accommodates their non-academic responsibilities.

Some critical scholars, drawing on the work of theorists like Robert D. Putnam, Gary S. Becker, and particularly Pierre Bourdieu, have framed transfer student experiences in terms of *capital*: specifically, cultural, social, and academic or transfer capital (e.g. Laanan et al; Wolf-Wendel et al.; Reyes; Bahr et al). In these frameworks, privileged cultural knowledge, access to powerful social networks, and familiarity with the structures and norms of higher education and the transfer process all constitute "wealth" that can be converted into academic success at the four-year institution. These forms of capital are not distributed equally—in fact, they typically map onto and sustain structures of class- and race-based inequality—and they can influence transfer students' experiences navigating the university (see Bahr, et al).

These theories of capital align well with the concept of literacy sponsorship. We might understand proficiency with "standard" written English and familiarity with disciplinary discourses and literacy practices as important forms of cultural and academic capital at the university. The acquisition of these literacies and the access to power they provide is always, on

some level, transactional. Such critical frames draw our attention to the stakes of literacy sponsorship for transfer students, particularly those from backgrounds that have historically been underrepresented at the university. Not only might these students have differential access to the kinds of material, cultural, social, and academic capital that often “fund” college success, but the extent to which transfer students are able to gain such capital through classroom-based learning and other forms of co-curricular engagement may influence the professional and civic opportunities they encounter after they earn their degrees.

Not as I do

As a first-generation college student, I was taught that college was a mysterious and expensive place hidden in a grove of more expensive houses somewhere east of where I grew up in South Salt Lake. Attending college was something my family expected of me, though they could provide little guidance on how to get there (dismissing some misleading advice meant to scare me into being a better student). Navigating the intricacies of higher education has not been without a fair amount of inspired floundering on my part, after having spent no more than one or two afternoons seriously planning for college during high school. My trial-by-fire method of stumbling through college taught me lessons primarily through failure and hindsight, lessons I now try to impart on my roommates of inconsequentially younger age. If successful, I’ll hopefully be able to provide them with advice that will save them some time and spare them some of the unnecessary hardships I’ve faced.

Coming from a working-class family that lived paycheck-to-paycheck, for me going to college signified far more than learning more about some particular field—it was a formal step I was making to move up the socioeconomic ladder. It’s easy coming from a background such as mine to think that you’ve “made it” simply because you’ve gone to college; the best many kids from my neighborhood could hope for was to avoid teenage pregnancy and not get arrested for possession. Unfortunately, “making it” required me to enter a community I was largely unfamiliar with, where your plans for the future had to be a bit more nuanced than “try to get a job where you don’t risk death or injury on a daily basis.” Between applying for financial aid, struggling to find scholarships for part-time students, starting full-time work and moving into an apartment whose ceiling leaked whenever the neighbors took a shower, I quickly felt overwhelmed and underprepared. I couldn’t very well go to my parents for advice in this transition, given that neither of them attended college. I needed someone I could talk to about my experiences. Some years passed, and with them passed a carousel of mentors: friends and their institutionally educated families, film characters, coworker after disgruntled coworker. As I finally settled on my major, I found several instructors and friends that were willing and able to listen to me and give me advice on my academic trajectory. Though it initially felt like I was abandoning the people and the background that shaped me, I’ve learned that college has yet to make me forget where I’ve come from, and that my background and my education work in conjunction to allow me to critically analyze the academic community I’m entering and the working-class community I’ve left.

The transition from a community college to a university was yet another hierarchical obstacle I had to navigate. When community college students in my area are asked where they attend school, they’ll oftentimes shrug and mutter “just SLCC,” whereas no one ever puts the word “just” before “the U.” Public opinion appears inherently biased against community colleges, perhaps because of their perceived value given their open admissions and cost of attendance, their lower graduation rates (in Utah, roughly half the rate of “4-year” institutions)

(Utah System of Higher Education, 2014), or the stigmas attached to the race, age, and socioeconomic backgrounds of the students in attendance. However, my mentors have been quick to disabuse me of the notion that starting at a university is somehow more special than starting at community college, and helped me see that the rhetoric suggesting otherwise is wrapped up in socioeconomic power struggles. This rhetoric seems to exist to make those who have had the privilege of attending a university from the start feel better about having paid more for it, to the detriment of those attending and working in community colleges. Given that open-admissions community colleges make education accessible to a broader spectrum of humanity, it seems pressing to shift public perception of those institutions, lest we allow this condescending and destructive rhetoric to further perpetuate the stigmas associated with the people who attend them.

This inclination to question the status quo and look for who might benefit or become disadvantaged through these systems of power and privilege stem from my mentors, who were able to keep my ego in check and prompt me to think critically about the communities I was engaging. This approach reflects one of the responsibilities placed on a mentor: that their influence affects more than the individuals they're mentoring and can move ripple-like through communities. It would be easy to use a position of mentorship to propagate a new generation of like-minded individuals, making the mentee an echo chamber for values and practices that are passed down as tradition rather than fulfilling tangible needs in our communities. However, such mentorship practices would miss a chance to help create a more diverse, accepting, and interconnected society.

As my co-authors have been addressing, when we were invited to write about mentorship for this publication, we quickly turned toward thinking about what mentorship means, what it could mean, and how the word traditionally has been applied. Each of us being rhetors (those angry folk who will argue night-and-day with Microsoft Word that "rhetors" is a word, thank you very much), we quickly decided that "sponsor" would be a better fit given what we believe a relationship between a mentor and mentee should look like. To me, sponsorship implies a mutually beneficial partnership between the parties involved. Furthermore, by highlighting the notion that the sponsor does in fact have something to gain from such a partnership, it invites the sponsor to think critically about what it is that they're gaining, rather than hiding behind the guise of charity. The problem I take with this false premise of charity is the implied power structure. I believe that understanding that the sponsor and the person they're sponsoring each have something to gain by their relationship can create a more open and respectful partnership, in which each party understands that they're held accountable to the other person, that they're each making a difference in each other's lives, and that steps are being taken in order for each person's goals to be met.

There have been numerous checkpoints at which my mentors have stopped me and asked if I'm happy with the direction I'm going in. When I first decided to major in writing and rhetoric studies, I skipped my way down to my first-year composition instructor's office to tell him my decision. He surprised me by bluntly asking, "Why?" We proceeded to have a conversation about my goals and what exactly I was expecting to gain from going into this field. It wasn't quite the warm welcome I was anticipating, but in hindsight I appreciate his genuine concern for my well-being. By asking me if I was comfortable with the direction that I was going, he reminded me that I am ultimately in control of my future, and shouldn't feel compelled to follow in my mentors' footsteps. Here was an example of mentorship that deviated from mere replication, a model that demands that the mentee be explicitly conscious of the decisions they're

making that will shape their future. As my dad constantly reminds me, “You’re the only person that has to live with yourself all the time.”

While I’m not saying that being invited to work on a research project studying transfer students was akin to being given a special map that illuminated every nook and cranny of higher ed, it has provided me a behind-the-scenes perspective to begin to deconstruct how education is made, valued, and contested. Through this experience I’ve grown to learn that many of the topics being researched in the field stem from researchers’ personal experiences, and if a problem isn’t visible to the academic community, then it isn’t a recognized problem. In order to hear voices that oftentimes go unheard in academia, we must go out of our way to listen for them. Mentorship is one way of engaging in the socially responsible practice of bringing to the table more members of the community to raise awareness of topics that more privileged groups wouldn’t think of, understand, or know to investigate. One cannot hope to address a problem if they don’t know that problem exists. By creating a more diverse field, we invite new backgrounds and identities that can shape how we look at the world.

As may be now be evident, we believe that sponsoring the critical literacies of transfer students is social justice work. In taking this position, we align ourselves with Dimpal Jain, Alfred Herrera, Santiago Bernal, and Daniel Solorzano, who argue that two- and four-year institutions have a shared responsibility for creating conditions that support equitable transfer opportunities (see also Herrera and Jain). Drawing on tenets from Critical Race Theory, they assert that meeting this responsibility requires overtly challenging ideologies of meritocracy and race neutrality that mask structures of privilege and oppression. Within this framework, four-year institutions have an obligation to create a *transfer receptive culture*: that is, they must make “an institutional commitment...to provide the support needed for students to transfer successfully” (Jain et al 253). Making this commitment means questioning university “business as usual” at many different levels.

Jain and her colleagues identify several elements that help create a transfer receptive culture at four-year institutions, including establishing transfer as a major institutional priority, partnering with community colleges to provide extensive pre-transfer outreach, developing dedicated financial and academic support for transfer students, and valuing students’ lived experiences and the important roles their communities and families can play in their education. Crucially, a transfer receptive culture rejects deficit discourses about transfer students, believing instead “that students will be successful *because* they are transfer students” (Jain et al 253) who bring academic, experiential, and community knowledge that can make important contributions to the entire campus. This framework suggests the value of asset-based approaches to literacy sponsorship that span students’ academic experiences across institutions. It also supports the kind of collaborative knowledge-making our team has been undertaking in our research projects and our co-authorship of this article.

Down the Rabbit Hole

It’s the first day of school in the new country. I’m sitting on the frame of my dad’s bike and trying to memorize how to say, “Hola, mi nombre es Nicolas,” in English. As I look at the road ahead I feel the wind whipping my face. I keep expecting to see the school around the next corner, or the next street. I don’t know what it looks like. I don’t know how far away we are from it, or from home. I’m trying my hardest to mouth out the words my dad taught me a few minutes earlier, words I heard only the night before, and keep the same rhythm throughout the

sentence—I don't want people to know that I don't know a 6th word in English. That means no mumbling. No stuttering. No long spaces in between any of the words. Nothing that might indicate that I have to think about saying my own name. I figure, if I say this one sentence just right, they'll have no basis from which to doubt me.

That was 16 years ago.

Since then, I've moved five more times. I've learned how to relearn. I've learned how to move through new spaces. I've learned that if you ask the right questions, you'll get the right answers. I've learned that the right words can do a lot of that work for you. You just have to find them.

Early on in my life, perhaps even that same day on the bike, I realized that words have a great impact on our world (both internal and external). It's the reason we had such a hard time with the word "mentor" while writing this. It's the reason we have a problem with this rhetoric of deficit that surrounds community colleges and transfer students. It's the whole reason I'm in this ~~business~~ field to begin with. You see, some people think transfer students might not be as good as other students. That we stand still, unsure of where we are or where we should go, in a state of paralysis, or crisis or something. I think it might be quite the opposite. I'm not a big fan of absolutes, but I think we all *know* where we're going, or, at least, where we *aren't* going. My life's made it obvious that if anything, you're not anywhere for very long. Things do make a lot more sense once you realize where you've been, however.

For example, a few days ago I was in the Salt Lake County Jail facilitating a creative writing workshop. Flash-fiction, I think. Now, I don't know if what I do is mentorship, I wouldn't even really call myself a teacher, but I think explaining what I do there will help illustrate my point.

Every week I go to the jail and do my best to help our students understand and learn the day's material. The challenge is that no two classes are ever the same. Every week I go in there's different students. There's a different guard on duty (some who are nicer than others), and a different workshop to teach. Their lives are just as convoluted and strange as mine. And yes, there's transfer happening even here, in these holding units. Our students are moved around, they switch cells, pods, roommates, even facilities sometimes. Nevertheless, my job is more-or-less the same every week.

I go in, with my tote bag full of golf pencils, paper, and our curriculum, and I do my best to teach the workshop and explain materials as best as I can to that day's class. I ask questions (as I've been taught to do by the Community Writing Center) and facilitate conversation. I use everything in the room to gauge what and how things need to be said to create the learning environment I'm looking for. Essentially, I try to meet them in the middle—wherever that is. This means I have to understand my position in relation to theirs. I don't always find their "bicycle story," but I know that some version of it is there, and that's good enough for me. I walk into these workshops with a simple idea in mind: that I can do something good for these students, as long as I work in conjunction with them, and not from a position of power. Not that I always have that position either—I've learned that too. Whether it's a good day at the jail, or a bad one, my time with these men and women always gives me something to take home.

It's amazing what happens when we leave our egos behind and approach each other as two travelers should—with understanding. We live better. I'm humbled by the knowledge my students bring, and they by mine. It's reflexive. It creates dialogue and mutual respect. It also means I am constantly revising my analogies, my linguistic choices, my curriculum—my entire approach, really, to better fit the students of the day. I do the same thing in my other

classrooms—the ones at the college and university. I mean, it's the nature of the place, right? Or of the job? The beast maybe.

Truth is, I often struggle to find the right metaphor for transfer. Are transfer students pinballs ricocheting across the educational board? Or are we more like commuters with great knowledge of the public transit system? Does that make literacy sponsors pinball wizards or buses? Our research team has a joke about us all being rabbits in lab coats— you know, transfer students studying transfer students. That might be the most appropriate metaphor. I think that effectively makes me both the joker and the punchline, too. And while it can be hard explaining our study to people I meet, I never get angry. Just like I never get angry when people ask me where I'm from. I just find it funny. People I meet know I'm not from here, whether I be at the university or on the street by my house. I can tell by the way they ask. "Where are you *from*?" they say. The joke is: I don't know anymore. I've moved around so much that I can only identify with transfer really. Ironically, it's been the only constant in my life; living in between places, between the lines. It can get confusing, but I think it's probably because I haven't found the right words yet. As I mentioned, that's part of the game.

The important thing to remember here is the goal. It's simple: help someone learn something new in a way that is engaging— and if possible, fun. I find that this works best when I use my knowledge in conjunction with theirs, and I've learned that from my own mentors. It's in those rare moments where two people stop and share with each other that knowledge is made, that a connection sparks— whether it be in a jail or in an office. I find that you learn more about yourself through your other (I have Jacques to thank for that). No two paths are alike, as my co-authors have shown, which is why my favorite mentors, the ones that have helped me the most, have been the ones who stop to listen, assess, and adapt—it strikes me that they must be transfer students too, in a way. It inspires me to do the same with the people I meet.

As I journey through the academy, and the world at large, mentors find ways to bridge people and situations together. Sometimes they help you make sense of an assignment; sometimes they help you make sense of your life. Sometimes they put you back on that bike. All I can hope for is to do the same with my work. Essentially, I become that bridge, and I think that's really what our study and work is all about. We're working hard to connect two schools and their students who have been wading the waters of transfer alone.

I think that's what makes this study so important. It provides sponsorship to us, transfer students, and also serves to bridge the socio-economic barriers between these two schools— effectively, creating more opportunities for future transfer students. Building this bridge is huge because it is a step in a direction that, although some would say is obviously beneficial, has rarely been taken. I never quite understood why; I saw both of these schools as part of the same group. A group dedicated to providing students with the best education possible—if you're reading this, that group probably includes you. So, why shouldn't we work together?

I hope our words will make clear that transfer can be positive. And also, that it can be negative. But that's not really the point. The point is understanding—understanding that you just might find yourself back on that bike tomorrow and that there's rabbits walking around in labcoats today. Get it?

Despite the many studies in the higher education literature about transfer students' academic and social experiences, there has been relatively little research focusing specifically on students' post-transfer *writing* transitions. In 2003, Maureen Mathison argued for the importance of demystifying disciplinary discourses while encouraging transfer students to bring their own

voices and experiences into writing in their fields. More recently, a study conducted at the University of Michigan identified five key writing transitions that many transfer students experience: adjusting to an increased reading and writing load; understanding upper-division writing expectations that are often discipline-specific; navigating instructional differences; negotiating peer relationships; and identifying local writing resources (Gere et al). These studies suggest that transitioning to university writing is not simply a matter of transferring discrete, decontextualized literacy “skills” —a notion our field began dismantling decades ago—but rather a process of becoming familiar with a new academic and social environment in which writing expectations are tied to disciplinary values, ways of knowing, and genre conventions. This familiarity is cultivated through classroom learning, assigned reading and writing, relationships with faculty and peers, and engagement with a range of campus resources.

However, we believe it is not enough simply to sponsor students’ entry into existing disciplinary literacy practices. Rather, we ought to be inviting transfer students into our disciplinary “activity systems” with the goal of *changing* those systems and the literacy practices that sustain them. Following the lead of David Russell, many writing studies scholars have used activity theory to conceptualize the social situatedness of writing. Although theorists have put forward several variations of these models, Russell defines activity systems as “goal-directed, historically situated, cooperative human interactions” that consist of “a subject (a person or persons), an object(ive) (an objective goal or common task), and tools (including signs) that mediate the interaction” (53). These components are continuously shaping and reshaping one another as new people enter the system and create or adapt tools from other systems to accomplish shared objectives that also evolve over time. This suggests that *who* enters (or is admitted) into an activity system can have a profound impact on *how* members of that system understand their objectives and the communicative tools they use to accomplish their goals.

Academic disciplines are prime examples of activity systems, with researchers as subjects, knowledge-making as their goal, and a variety of discipline-specific *genres* functioning as mediating tools. These scholarly activity systems overlap and interact with the school-based activity systems through which students typically encounter disciplinary literacy practices (see Russell; Wardle “Understanding”; “Creative”). Historically, these interrelated activity systems have been dominated by middle- and upper-class white men, and the systems’ objectives and writing tools have largely been made by and for individuals from those backgrounds. For us, sponsoring the critical academic literacies of the diverse students who transfer into our universities means inviting them into our activity systems *in order to change those systems*. The changes we seek include cultivating explicit social justice objectives and expanding the range of communicative tools (written and otherwise) that are recognized, respected, and used (for related arguments, see Royster; Gilyard; Bizzell; Bizzell, Schroeder, and Fox; Villanueva; Canagarajah; Young; Martinez; Young and Martinez; Banks; Rios; Riley-Mukavetz; Powell; and Powell et al., among many others). Such openings will help us create activity systems that support the successes and further the goals of students from groups that have long been marginalized in higher education. These transformed activity systems have the potential to foster more socially just teaching, learning, and knowledge-making environments for students and faculty alike.

In the spirit of disciplinary publications like *Young Scholars in Writing*, we believe that one way to invite transfer students into our disciplinary activity system and sponsor their critical disciplinary literacies is to collaborate as co-researchers and co-authors. Such collaborations create opportunities to develop meaningful, reciprocal relationships between faculty and students who are navigating new institutional structures and discourses. These collaborations can also

reveal some of the limitations of knowledge produced under the traditional split between “researcher” and “researched”: between the lab coat and the rabbit. Furthermore, deliberately diversifying our disciplinary activity system’s participants and goals can push us to devise new communicative tools—more flexible genres, more collaborative writing practices—that help expand academic writing conventions in our field.

Transfer student too, in a way

I grew up in a military family that moved around a lot, mostly back and forth between overseas bases and U.S. expatriate communities. From an early age, I experienced reading and writing as reliable touchstones in an otherwise mobile existence. No matter where we lived, my parents always made sure there were books, and because I was a shy kid, I often chose reading over trying to make friends in my new school or base housing. I soon learned that I could use writing to gain the approval of teachers, and I trusted the predictability of educational institutions more than the uncertainty of my peers.

As I got older and saw and read more, I became suspicious of what I would later learn to call American exceptionalism, the ideology that underwrote the lives of almost everyone I knew. By my sixteenth birthday, I’d decided I wouldn’t be joining the military, which was the default career choice for most of my classmates. (I turned sixteen in 1998—many of those classmates would go on to fight, and some die, in the coming decade’s wars.) I’d always tested well, and college seemed to promise a different life path. I thought it would enable me to escape the dislocating forces of my childhood and reconstruct my world outside the increasingly ill-fitting frame I’d been born into. I thought higher education would allow me to author my own destiny.

While I didn’t avoid dislocation—an academic career can be as peripatetic as a military one—for the most part I wasn’t wrong about college. I didn’t arrive with the same social and cultural capital as my wealthy, prep-school educated peers. Having been raised around uniforms, I *still* never know how I’m supposed to dress in professional settings, and I remain viscerally uncomfortable with the classed and gendered “table manners” of academia. However, I received an excellent liberal arts education, largely funded by the middle-class incomes that my parents, like their fathers before them, secured through military service. Those academic literacies gave me critical concepts to begin understanding my own life experiences and how they were situated in broader social and historical context. That wasn’t emotionally easy in the early 2000s, as the U.S. response to September 11 obliterated the “peacetime” military of my childhood. And I’m not proud of how I’ve handled the disagreements those literacies sometimes ignite between me and people I love. There has been—continues to be—a personal price to pay for my education.

Nonetheless, I can’t regret how the literacy sponsorship of the academy has changed me. Along with a living, it’s provided me with tools to interrogate my own subjectivity as a middle-class, heterosexual, able-bodied, white female citizen of the U.S. settler state. These same tools have made me critical of the structures of university-based literacy sponsorship, which render the academy relatively hospitable to people like me but inaccessible and alienating to many who aren’t. I am profoundly troubled by the race- and class-based sorting function higher education can play in our society, and the way we often use the language of meritocracy to encourage students to blame themselves when they’ve been sorted out (see, for example, Brint and Karabel; Beach; Goldrick-Rab).

To me, the hierarchical culture of the academy appears to be fundamentally self-serving, and I worry that we’re often serving ourselves from students’ plates. Thus, much of my scholarly work aims to challenge ideologies that marginalize community colleges, their faculty, and their

diverse students—not because these institutions are without their own problems or inequities, but because I believe all of us who work in this country’s postsecondary educational system have a responsibility to deliver on the democratic promise of open admissions. To me, that promise includes providing locally accessible, culturally relevant and sustaining education (see Ladson-Billings “Toward”; “Culturally”; Paris; Paris and Alim) that does *not* force students to relocate from their communities.

These commitments keep me connected to what I still value most about the community I come from. My father used to tell me, “Whatever you do with your life, work for something bigger than yourself.” On my best days, those words are my compass, even as I strive to always think critically about the bigger something I serve. At the age of 34, I’ve found myself in a middle-class career as a scholar and educator. I work with students from many walks of life who are looking to postsecondary education for possibilities similar to those I sought a decade and a half ago: new understandings of the world, greater control over their lives and conditions in their communities, work they find meaningful. My job is to facilitate opportunities, both within and beyond the classroom, for students to acquire literacies that further their goals. I have become a professional literacy sponsor, albeit with a healthy circumspection about what it means to take on that role.

For me, sponsorship means listening carefully to what students say they want to accomplish and marshalling my own academic and social capital to support their efforts. In doing so, I also seek to recognize and respect the knowledges students bring with them to the U. Influenced by critical and collaborative pedagogues like Paulo Freire, bell hooks, Ira Shor, Julie Lindquist, and Bump Halbritter, as well as Indigenous and decolonial rhetoric scholars like Malea Powell, Angela Haas, Qwo-Li Driskill, Andrea Riley-Mukavetz, Gail MacKay, Lisa King, Gabriela Rios, and Ellen Cushman, I invite students to put their academic and out-of-school experiences into critical conversation by considering the affordances, limitations, and systems of relative power built into the different discourses and knowledge-making traditions to which they have access.

For me, sponsorship also means doing my best to get off the hill. I make a point of maintaining relationships with two-year college faculty and seeking out community college students, and I invite both to collaborate on scholarly projects and (inter-)institutional initiatives. I strive to tap the resources at a research university to compensate collaborators for their time, labor, and expertise. Such connections have enabled me to learn from my community college colleagues and transfer students as co-researchers. In addition to my paycheck, the rewards of sponsoring the literacies of these students includes forging meaningful relationships and making knowledge together that I wouldn’t be able to make on my own (see Toth, Reber, and Clark). Such knowledge informs my teaching and out-of-class interactions with students, and sometimes finds its way into conference presentations and scholarly publications, this article being a case in point.

I’ll be the first to admit that negotiating such literacy sponsorship involves anxieties and missteps, most of which spring from my age, the pressures of junior faculty life, and the limitations of my own perspective, given my background and experiences. I am still figuring out what it means to leverage my newfound professional authority to support transfer students’ interests while questioning the epistemologies and power differentials from which that authority derives. Fortunately, my co-authors have been patient mentors.

I guess it remains to be seen whether embracing these responsibilities is compatible with earning tenure at a research university. During the question-and-answer period at our recent

conference presentation in Las Vegas, one scholar asked how our university “counted” this kind of collaborative work with undergraduates. Before I’d quite formulated the thought, I found myself answering, “I don’t know. We’ve gotten a lot of institutional support for transfer initiatives, but I’m not sure how much of that will count as ‘scholarship’ in my tenure case. But if *this*” —I gestured to my student co-presenters— “can’t be the job, I don’t think I want it.” Even as I said the words, I was relieved to realize they were true.

After-words: On writing together

Shauna: I often ask myself whether, if given the opportunity to do the things I always say I want to do, would I still do it? Collaborating on this article changed the question: if I am given the opportunity to write what I really wanted to write, would I write it? I am often told by well meaning friends and family members how great it is that I have gone back to school and am working toward a second chance at life. However, behind the encouragement and pats on the back is the unspoken sentiment that I somehow made mistakes the first time around and because of that it is now much harder for me to get an education and have a successful life. Working with the research team on this research project, conference presentations, and collaborating on academic writing has given me a space to acknowledge the opportunities that education and institutional support has afforded me while voicing inequities in the educational system I am choosing to participate in (see Rose *Open*). Without my team members’ willingness to speak outside of academic norms, I don’t know if I would have written what I really wanted to write.

Westin: Over the last year I’ve been so fortunate to share the page with this group of great writers and better people: Christie, Nic, Shauna, Nate, Sandra Salazar-Hernandez, Davor Simunovic, Justin Whitney, and others who helped us along the way. I’ve grown both as a writer and a person from working with them, an opportunity I’m forever grateful for. It’s a funny thing, writing as a group. It’s more difficult in many ways than writing individually. To some extent you sacrifice control and your voice but the outcome, when you are as fortunate as I’ve been to work with a group like this, is something truly greater than the sum of its parts. All of those experiences-- being part of this research project, studying at the U, working at the SLCC Community Writing Center-- sort of blend and have shaped my identity as a writer and person. I don’t believe such a thing as good writing really exists; it’s a notion born out of broad-stroke misunderstandings of the craft that breeds more assumptions than insights. I guess you could say I believe in writing good—that is, writing responsibly, creatively, uniquely, and writing something you are proud of and had fun with. Writing with this group has been good.

Nathan: This piece was particularly interesting to write, given the audience and tone we chose to take with it. Working together in a group on this was akin to the formation of metamorphic rock—as we each began to toy around with the central idea of the piece, our ideas began to mix and react to each other’s work in ways that would not have happened had we each separately written this piece. We invited and challenged each other to push our writing further, both in theme and personal inflection, deviating from more traditional ideas of what prose in an academic piece might look like. As I read through the article over time through each revision, I found openings in which my experiences could illustrate topics that I felt were important to cover for this sort of publication. I was encouraged to not fall back on my comfortable habit of making arguments using self-deprecating humor, because I was speaking not only for myself, but

for others who have experienced circumstances similar to my own. Once I veered from that, I was able to write in a more honest and biting way that was surprisingly liberating.

Nic: Writing this was an act of transfer itself. I pieced this monster together from parts of different speeches I'd given at the conferences we'd attended together and conversations I'd had with the team and others. I really pushed myself to create something new and interesting. I followed my trains of thought and did my best to articulate where I saw that the tracks met, in what I hope were explosive results. The piece was like nothing I'd ever worked on and through our combined efforts I believe we created something fun and powerful. We all found places within the article where our narratives could really flourish, which was great. It was interesting to see how each of us found their own place and specific part to play; a real team effort, if ever there was one. As with all my writing, I walked away different-- with something new to add to my repertoire.

Christie: Authoring this article with my student co-researchers was one of the hardest and most rewarding writing experiences I've ever had. It was hard because it forced me to write quite directly about my own personal journey and how it has shaped my academic values: the vulnerability that my co-authors were willing to express compelled me to be honest about my own perspectives in ways that felt risky. However, I think that risk is part what made the experience so rewarding. My desire to be a good "sponsor" to these students-- to live up to the ideals we so often discuss as we work together-- emboldened me to articulate commitments I haven't voiced in my previous scholarship. Discussing, drafting, revising, and presenting this material with my co-authors also helped me clarify for myself what it is I think I'm up to in our various collaborations. What I've learned through the experience is already reshaping parts of the book project I am developing out of this study. Writing together has both reflected and strengthened our team's relationships with one another: for me, it has been a labor of love.

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