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A theoretical framework for social interpretation of public buildings is proposed. Seven types of social meaning attributable to such structures are identified, by which we mean forms of understanding apart from those associated with the standard architectural criteria of aesthetic quality and programmatic functionality. These types are named after John Ruskin's *Seven Lamps of Architecture*: Sacrifice, Truth, Power, Beauty, Life, Memory, and Obedience. Utilization of this analytic framework is illustrated by applying it to the State, War and Navy Building in Washington, D.C., now known as the Old Executive Office Building (OEOB).

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Cover Art

The State, War and Navy Building, Washington, D.C.

A view across 17th Street of the State, War and Navy Building, now named the Old Executive Office Building (OEOB). The west wing housed the War Department until completion of the Pentagon. Built between 1871 and 1888, for many years this was the largest federal office building in Washington, D.C. and the nation. Photograph by Charles T. Goodsell.

Social Meanings of Public Architecture: A Victorian Elucidation

*James P. Armstrong, Jeffrey M. Coleman,
Charles T. Goodsell, Danielle S. Hollar, Keith A. Hutcheson*

This analysis is Victorian in two senses. First, we draw upon the language of John Ruskin, an eminent Victorian art critic and essayist, to label a theoretical framework for social interpretation of public architecture. This framework identifies forms of social meaning embedded in government buildings that transcend the usual architectural categories of programmatic functionality and aesthetic value. Second, we apply the framework to a Victorian masterpiece of public architecture, Alfred B. Mullett's State, War and Navy Building in Washington, D.C., now known as the Old Executive Office Building (OEOB).

The Seven Lamps Reincarnated and Reapplied

John Ruskin's life (1819-1900) coincides almost perfectly with that of Queen Victoria (1819-1901). Ruskin was a notable figure of the Victorian Age and reflected its character in his ostentation, verbosity, romanticism, and fascination with great buildings. Today he is identified with the idea that art can transform society. In 1849, at the age of 30, Ruskin published *The Seven Lamps of Architecture*, in which he proposed fundamental principles of gothic architecture. Little noticed at the time, the book later became an icon in architectural literature, often cited for its description of the moral and sacred character of gothic architecture and the relationship of the stone cutter's personal happiness to noble acts of construction.

Wilenski (1933, 1967) describes Ruskin's vast published corpus as jumbled, inconsistent, and incoherent. Brilliant eloquence intersperses rambling nonsense. A manic-depressive, Ruskin's output on a given day depended on his emotional state at that moment. His eccentric attitude toward the opposite sex and his hatred of the Roman Catholic Church frequently colored his rhetoric, but this did not keep Ruskin from contributing to the influential letters of his time. His proposals for restraining the excesses of laissez faire capitalism foreshadow public policy reforms of the twentieth century.

Our use of *The Seven Lamps of Architecture* commemorates Ruskin and his theories without drawing on the book's intellectual content. It is important to underscore this point. In constructing our framework we do not use the volume's ideas or aphorisms. All we do is utilize his imagery of seven lamps as a language to elucidate various meanings of public architecture. The analysis bears the titles of Ruskin's seven lamps as names for our categories of social interpretation (Table 1).

Table 1: Concepts Linking Ruskin's *Seven Lamps of Architecture* and the Authors' Proposed Framework

Ruskin's Lamps	Our Framework	Linking Concepts
Sacrifice	Controversies	Conflict
Truth	Metaphors	Meaning
Power	Markers	Rank
Beauty	Museums	Exhibitions
Life	Influences	Socialization
Memory	Histories	Preservation
Obedience	Intimidators	Control

This practice is not without its logic, for in poetic and functional ways, the lamps' names can be associated with our ideas. Ruskin's lamps are Sacrifice, Truth, Power, Beauty, Life, Memory, and Obedience, presented in that order in his book as titles to its seven chapters. In our analysis these titles refer to interpretations of public buildings as (1)controversies,

(2)metaphors, (3)markers, (4)museums, (5)influences, (6)histories, and (7)intimidators. This analysis evaluates a Victorian building using a Victorian lens, influential during the building's design, construction and early occupation.

Turning to the second sense in which the elucidation is Victorian, the seven lamps illustrate social meanings embodied in the State, War and Navy Building in Washington. Built during Ruskin's lifetime, between 1871 and 1888 in America's Gilded Age, this Second Empire structure represents the Victorian era in style and time. Our examination is limited to the building's first seventy-five years when it was commonly known as the State, War and Navy Building. It was officially renamed the Department of State Building in 1930 and the Executive Office Building in 1949.

This giant edifice, 560 by 342 feet, covering an entire block, sits at the corner of Pennsylvania Avenue and 17th Street, NW, across West Executive Avenue from the west wing of the White House. Construction of its south wing commenced in 1871, which the State Department occupied in 1875. When the entire structure was completed in 1888, it was the largest office building in Washington, D.C. and perhaps the country. With seven floors, five wings, eight circular staircases, 553 rooms, more than 650,000 square feet, and over two miles of corridors, it was the governmental equivalent of the massive privately-owned palaces built during the same era by America's millionaires. This grand structure, with its projecting pavilions, superimposed orders, and crowning mansard roof rising 253 feet above the street, exudes a magisterial presence in the nation's capital (Figure 1).

The Lamp of Sacrifice

One kind of social meaning a building can take on is that of controversial landmark. Regardless of whether the structure is or is not functional or admired according to certain criteria, if its design, size, cost, or siting generates significant opposition, it is no longer just a building but becomes an item on the

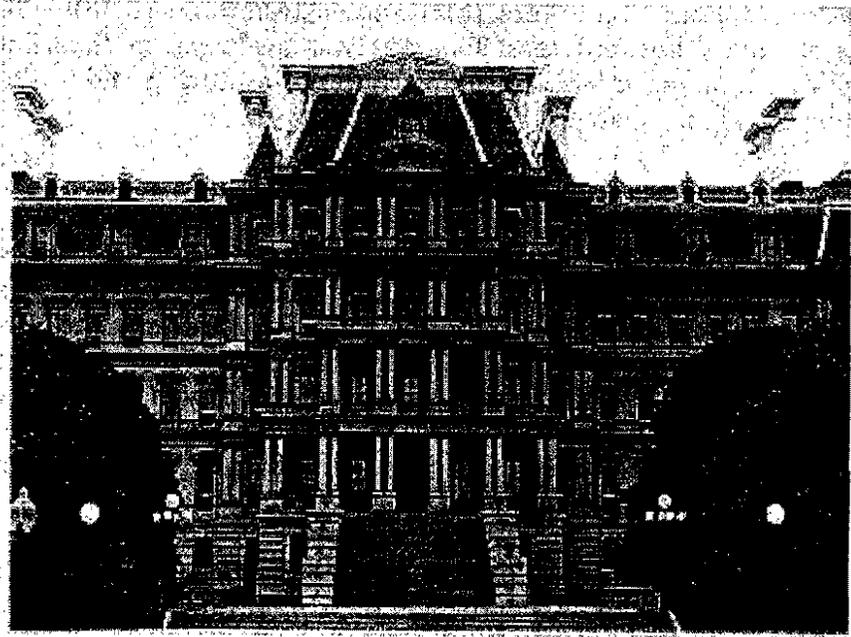


Figure 1: A view of the central portion of the south wing of the State, War and Navy Building, now named the Old Executive Office Building (OEOB). This massive southward facing wing, the first of five completed, was occupied by the State Department from 1875 until 1947. Its central pavilion housed the secretarial suite and the Diplomatic Reception Room on the second floor and the State Department Library above. Photograph by Charles Goodsell.

public agenda. This is because buildings are “public” in the sense that they are visible to and judgeable by all. The builders, architects or critics may argue that the opposition is uninformed or unwarranted and they may be correct professionally. This does not erase the constructed reality of controversy. When a structure is the center of political or cultural debate, it is no longer just a physical object but also a socio-political phenomenon. Controversy sacrifices the relative anonymity and passive acceptance the building would otherwise enjoy.

When controversial architecture is governmental, the notoriety is potentially more common, more emphatic and longer

lasting than for a private building. The costly but underused "white elephant," the overbuilt "Taj Mahal," the incongruous avant-garde city hall or courthouse, and the urban development project that destroys an historic neighborhood become causes celebres in which all manner of citizens and media engage. Taxpayer dollars are at stake, along with key public policy values and the image of the community. The project takes on a life of its own as unintended symbol of political and community struggle.

For many years the State, War and Navy Building was such a symbol. Its planning and early construction occurred during the Grant administration, although it was not completed until four presidencies later when Grover Cleveland sat in the White House. Political opponents of Grant and Reconstruction, and progressives outraged by the corruption of the period, identified the structure with moral evil. According to Ossman (1996: 5), "Opponents of the patron administration's political and architectural institutions characterized the building as a visual metaphor for immediate sordid realities rather than for enduring ideals."

Alfred B. Mullett became the building's architect by virtue of a patronage appointment as Supervising Architect of the Treasury and Secretary of State Hamilton Fish's appreciation of his work. Following a design competition before the Civil War, Mullett's assignment created jealousy among independent architects who no doubt wanted the commission. Disputes between the Treasury Secretary and Mullett over his management and his fees eventually led to Mullett's suicide.

After the brief popularity of the Second Empire style, architectural arbiters of the 1890s embraced the neoclassicism of the Columbian Exposition's "White City." They attacked the State, War and Navy Building as cluttered, ugly, and outdated. In 1890, *American Architect and Building News* described it as "a huge fussy, bulging carpenter's creation of little straddling porches, pavilions, dormers, domes, roofs, pediments, chim-

neys and trimmings of all shapes and sizes. Such a building would be offensive enough anywhere, but as a balance to the beautiful and quiet Treasury it is revolting" (Ossman, 1996: 206–207). Characterizations like "the greatest monstrosity in America" and the "ugliest if not the smuggest mass of masonry in Washington" continued over the years (Moore, 1929: 327; Federal Writers' Project, 1937: 843; Lehman, 1964: 88).

Government officials in Washington were not immune to the criticism. In 1917 the Commission on Fine Arts asked John Russell Pope, designer of the National Archives and National Gallery of Art, to render a neoclassic exterior for the building. In the same year Waddy B. Wood, the designer of many of Washington's wartime temporary buildings, prepared a similar plan. A 1929 Treasury Department film included "before" and "after" scenes of such an undertaking. The Hoover administration began planning the project, and in 1930 Congress appropriated funds to proceed. Wood was hired and told to make the building match Robert Mills' Greek Revival Treasury building to the east of the White House. Angry protests from the foreign service community and the deepening depression killed the project. In 1957 a proposal was made to replace the building with a new presidential office building, but it was rejected for fear of overshadowing the White House and destroying the historic character of Lafayette Square (Lehman, 1964: 77–80).

The Lamp of Truth

A second type of social meaning attributable to public architecture is metaphorical truth. Features of design, scale, siting, and spatial relationship can constitute physical analogues of nonphysical phenomena. Architecture is "symbolic" in a specific way. Our lamp of truth illuminates a correspondence between the physical and the social worlds. To illustrate, the distances between the Capitol, Supreme Court and White House may be used as a metaphor for the separation of powers. Some architectural metaphors are intended by the designer, and some are not. In either case, the lamp of truth

sheds light on contemporary social constructs by retrospective reflection.

Plans for constructing the State, War and Navy Building were afoot in the years immediately following the Civil War. A building commission was formed in the first year of Grant's presidency and Congress authorized the first appropriation in the middle of Reconstruction, in 1871. Hence one possible metaphoric understanding of the structure is as a monument to the Union victory, instigated by the North's general to house his army which was then supervising the Southern military districts. Indeed, the colossal, elaborate, and opulent building was an architectural monument to the victorious Union (Ossman, 1996: 31). Its first completed formal entrance faces south as if to stare down the vanquished. Its working entrance, completed later, faces north as if to do business with the victorious. The building's scale and prominence give expression to the swell of national pride that swept the north following this unprecedented war.

Mullett's radical mansard-roofed departure from the classical forms that characterized prewar federal buildings represented a change in how the federal government viewed itself. It was more aggressive than the young republic had been (Santoyo, 1988: 5). Over a century later, the granddaughter of the architect reflected (Smith, 1990: 44): "The grandeur of French Second Empire style combined with the enormity of the State, War and Navy building exemplifies America's emergence from the Civil War as a nation confident in itself and certain of its future."

Another metaphoric use of the building is as a manifestation of the emerging national state. Skowronek (1982) argues that emergence of the American state can be traced to the development of modern military and civilian federal bureaucracies in the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries. Professionalism and expertise began to replace patronage organizations run by clerks and boards, exemplified by emergence of the gen-

eral staff and engineer corps in the War Department, the bureau system in the Navy Department, and the State Department's foreign service (White, 1958; Paullin, 1968).

Early in the nineteenth century the four charter departments (State, Treasury and War, with Navy broken out of the War Department in 1798) each occupied nearly identical two-story buildings. As the middle of the century approached, these structures became woefully inadequate for the federal administration. Construction of a new Treasury Building began in the 1840s, and the State Department was forced to move to a rented orphan asylum in 1866 to permit completion of Treasury's north wing. The Navy and War Department offices were expanded as the Civil War began, but were bulging at the seams under wartime conditions. It is said that Grant resented having to conduct the Union campaign from within these limited structures as his headquarters (Applewhite, 1981: 126).

Construction of a mammoth new office building following the war opened new spatial and psychological vistas for the departments that would eventually occupy it. Secretary of State Hamilton Fish was the most powerful figure in early negotiations over the structure and his department was the first to move into the south wing in 1875. The War and Navy Departments moved into the completed east wing four years later, and in the 1880s the War Department spread into the north, west, and center wings as they were finished. By 1888, at a cost of \$10 million, the largest and most expensive bureaucratic building in the country was in place (Figure 2). Its rise complemented the rise of the federal administrative establishment and reputedly cemented the location of the national capital in the District of Columbia (Reiff, 1971: 141; Craig, 1978: 155).

A third metaphor that may be seen as embodied in the State, War and Navy Building's completion was America's emergence as a world power. Soon after its completion, the U.S.

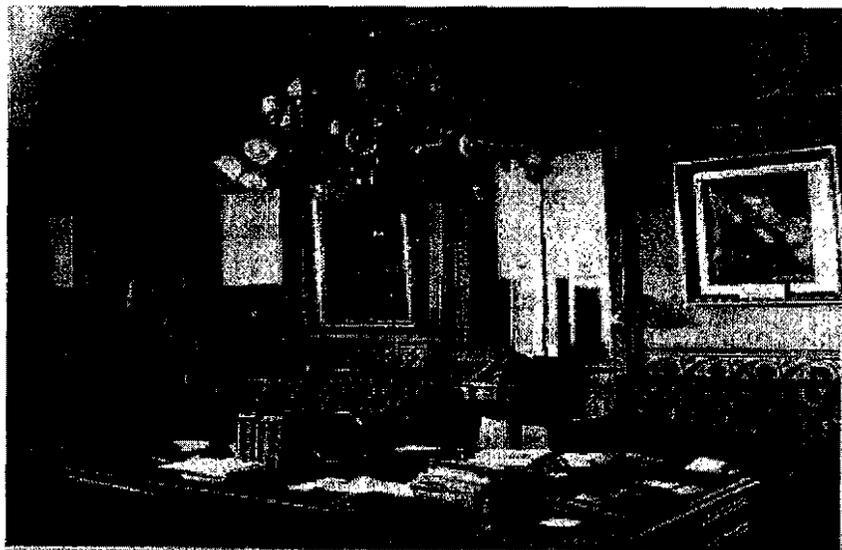


Figure 2: An interior view of the office of the Secretary of the Navy in the late Nineteenth Century. Rococo decoration using department specific motifs and rich, businesslike furnishings characterized the secretarial suites, the Diplomatic Reception Room on the second floor, and the departmental libraries on the floors above. The light fixtures were fitted for both gas and electric service. Photograph courtesy of the Curator of the Treasury.

went to war with Spain, annexed Puerto Rico and the Philippines, established protectorates in the Caribbean, and built the Panama Canal. America had become a significant player on the world stage. Containing both the foreign ministry and military establishment of the government, the State, War and Navy Building was the operational headquarters of the staff work, diplomacy, mobilization planning, naval engagements, invasions, occupations, and engineering miracles that underlay this transformation in the nation's identity.

Secretary Fish was a frequent traveler to Europe and admired the great government buildings there. In the 1860s and 1870s the Second Empire style, originating with Napoleon III's New Louvre in Paris, was seen in more provincial quarters as the ultimate in sophisticated architecture. Millionaires and gov-

ernments attempting to acquire prestige were drawn to it, including those in the New World (Dolkart, 1984: 10-14).

Four years after the State, War and Navy Building was finished, the European great powers improved America's international status by upgrading the rank of their diplomatic representatives to Washington from minister to ambassador (Kennedy, 1989: 194). For the War Department, moving into the new center of colonial power coincided with a shift in its role from an instrument of internal unification and westward expansion to a means of expanding influence abroad. The Navy Department, infected with the doctrines of Admiral Mahan regarding the efficacy of sea power, gained a greater voice in international affairs, although the State Department was always reluctant to share its primacy in the international arena (Albion, 1949).

The Lamp of Power

This lamp illuminates past power relationships. Authority relationships manifest themselves explicitly and implicitly in the details of architectural design and spatial composition (Goodsell, 1988a). Since buildings are durable social records, they can provide retrospective understanding of concepts of authority prevailing at the time of construction and subsequently through both spatial relationships and status markers.

The footprint of the building is a giant H, closed at north and south. Although the original ceremonial entrance is on the south facade, the opposing north-south and east-west facades are almost identical. Hence the structure lacks a true front. This was helpful to a building planned for occupancy by several departments. There is no obvious superior cardinal location. In the south wing, the Secretary of State faced the Potomac River. The Secretary of the Navy in the east wing faced the White House, and the Secretary of War, first in the north, and then in the west wing, faced the major public thoroughfares, Pennsylvania Avenue and 17th Street.

The second floor has always been the "power" floor of the building, the floor containing offices for the most authoritative occupants (*piano nobile* in Palladian terms). Each Secretary was positioned in the center of the second floor of his wing, with the War Secretary initially located in the north wing, and later in the west. These offices were the most luxuriously appointed in the building (Figure 2). Adjoining offices for chief clerks, Assistant Secretaries, and other aides formed secretarial suites. Corresponding to these suites on the outside of the building were projecting, centered pavilions, adding further to their architectural designation of importance. Ossman speculates (1996: 128) that spatial prestige devolved from this secretarial pinnacle to corner offices, other facade offices, inner court offices, and the basement and attic (Figure 3).

Public circulation space also demarcated rank. Located outside the military secretarial suites, two curved stairways with stained glass skylight graced the scene. These features were magnificently designed by Richard Von Ezdorf, an Austrian architect largely responsible for the building's interior. Down the hall from the Secretary of State's office, the Diplomatic Reception Room was furnished in sumptuous Victorian style. In addition, ornate departmental libraries occupied the floors above each Secretary's office. Although each of these libraries is distinct, the fact that each department possessed one is another indicator of a conscious attempt to distribute institutional status.

A celebrated incident early in the building's occupancy illustrates that the combination of physical propinquity and status equivalence both enhanced and confounded smooth interdepartmental cooperation. The State Department haughtily saw itself as the building's first and ranking occupant when it moved into the south wing and operated in Olympian isolation for a year before the military departments arrived. The corridor openings that would eventually communicate with future wings were closed on all floors as a temporary measure for safety and protection against the weather. When the military

departments began to move in, the State Department wanted the openings permanently sealed so that it could operate without distraction or interference. Secretary Frederick Frelinghuysen ordered the erection of solid partitions. The military secretaries strongly objected, and the issue was not settled until Congress intervened by statute to open the corridors on August 5, 1882 (Albion, 1949; Lehman, 1964: 54-56). Not to be outmaneuvered, the State Department installed fences and gates at strategic points in order to continue to control admission to its floors. The holes to support these barriers are still visible in the marble tile in the southeastern stairwell.

The Lamp of Beauty

Ruskin's fourth lamp of beauty sheds light on the aesthetic qualities of gothic ornament. Ours refers to a meaning of architecture beyond innate beauty. Structures may embody and preserve a variety of aesthetic, social or political values over time. As a physical object containing physical objects, the public building can act as a museum of artifact-represented meaning, identifying and preserving cultural values (Goodsell, 1988b). Moreover, as a government building is a symbol of the overall society, this cultural repository is capable of preserving a broad aggregate definition of collective memory, as well as individual organizational cultures within that composite.

"I don't understand why the President chooses to live in the cottage and not the palace." A visiting diplomat looking south from Lafayette Square toward the White House, the Treasury Building and the State, War and Navy Building once made this observation (Smith, 1990: 43). The State, War and Navy Building constitutes the leading example of French Second Empire architecture in the U.S., with the Renwick Gallery across Pennsylvania Avenue among its few extant competitors. As such, the building itself embodies and preserves a long-lost Victorian spirit in government architecture. The building's exterior and interior construction and decoration remind us of the exalted standards of craftsmanship once believed necessary to house the public business.

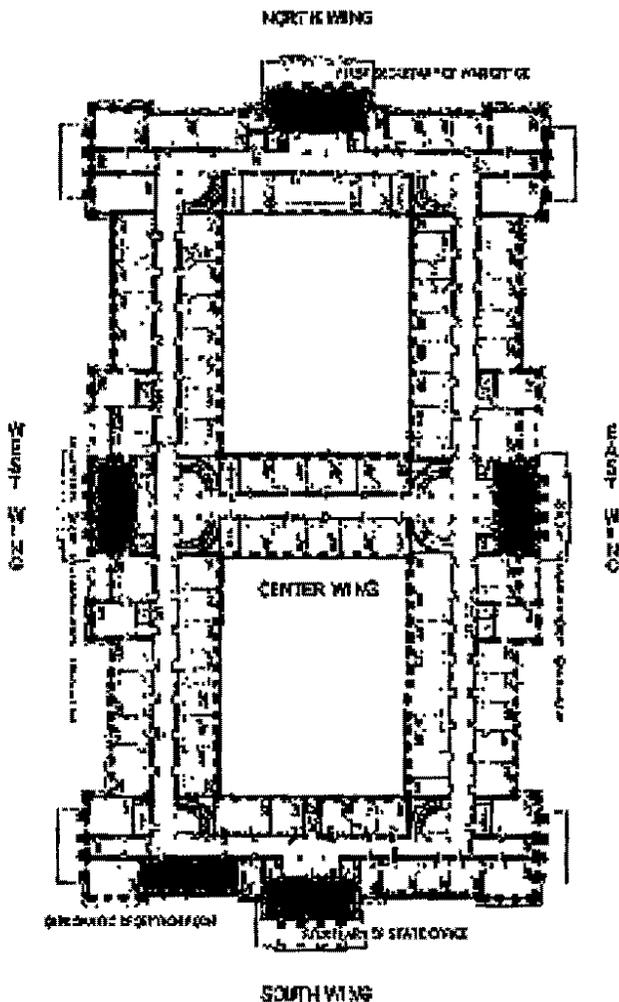


Figure 3: The plan of the second floor of the State, War and Navy Building, showing the relationship among the secretarial suites and the Diplomatic Reception Room (the shaded areas in the plan). The plan shows the locations of stairwells at the ends of the Center Wing and at each corner of the building. Departmental libraries were on the floors immediately above the Secretaries' offices.

If one looks closely, the building reveals separate cultural signs of the three departments for which it was built. Exterior pavilion pediments vary in design depending on what department was beneath. Original gas brackets and fireplace mantelpieces corresponded to the intended user. Today one can spot three separate brass doorknob designs, each bearing a modified version of the respective departmental seal (note images in Dolkart, 1984: 28).

Individual expression of each department's culture is also preserved in the libraries. The two-story Navy library, conceived more as a reception room than depository for books, was the most expensive space per square foot in the building. It is richly ornamented with native and imported marbles, onyx trim, encaustic tiles, fluted pilasters, and an iron balcony railing bearing allegorical naval and sea symbols. In the corners of the room bronze lighting fixtures, designed by Von Ezdorf, represent "War and Peace," "Industry," "Liberty," and "Arts and Sciences." In 1918 the space was renamed the Indian Treaty Room, for no known reason (Dolkart, 1984: 38-40).

The three-story War Department library, intended primarily for books and still used as a working library, is more eclectic in design. It combines classic, gothic, and Moorish geometric and naturalistic forms, with departmental insignia cast in relief at key points. The State Department library, with four levels of recessed book stacks facing a large atrium, is the most dramatic space in the building. It served many purposes through the decades, including a working library, an archive for State Department records (Henry Adams was given a desk here), and a place of safekeeping for the Declaration of Independence, the Constitution, and the Great Seal of the United States (Lehman, 1964: 82-84; Dolkart, 1984: 31-33, 42-43).

Indeed, the State, War and Navy Building functioned for decades as a museum, drawing crowds of public visitors on a routine basis. Popular exhibits in the State Department library, in addition to our founding documents, were George

Washington's sword, the desk on which Jefferson wrote the Declaration of Independence, and Benjamin Franklin's crab-tree walking stick. Corridors in the War Department wing were lined with cases displaying uniforms and weaponry of each service for each war. In the Bureau of Military Justice, relics of the Lincoln assassination were on display, including Booth's pistol and Bowie knife, the hat worn by the President, and the fatal bullet. The Navy Department's displays included models of notable naval vessels such as the *Vesuvius*, *Miantonomoh*, *Monterey* and battleship *Pennsylvania*. Outside the north entrance some twenty-nine captured enemy cannons were on display. Removed in 1943 in the spirit of wartime scrap drives, only ten duplicates were actually melted down. (Moore, 1884: 90-91, 170, 193; Lehman, 1964: 90).

The Lamp of Life

Students of environmental psychology and design study ways in which physical setting affects human behavior. Schools of thought differ on this question, with extremes ranging from a nearly deterministic faith in the power of a space to affect its occupants to the doubt of skeptics who point to weak evidence of predictable causation. We accept Rapoport's (1976, 1977) intermediate position of mutual interaction, where setting conditions behavior but does not control it.

The design of the State, War and Navy Building promoted, but did not assure, communication among the institutions and people occupying it. The typical modern office building is a high-rise tower where circulation depends on elevators and the ground-level lobby. By contrast, this Victorian antiquity contains five principal floors connected vertically by eight broad stairways. Four of these are at the building's corners and two are located midway along each long wing. Elevators always existed in the structure, but the cars were small and incapable of carrying all traffic.

Horizontal circulation is accomplished by over two miles of broad corridor, bisecting all wings on all floors. Except for the

State Department's period of proud isolation behind gates, these fully interconnected to form an extensive network of pedestrian walkways. Along with the stairways, these facilitate the easy interoffice mobility and spontaneous interaction with colleagues and counterparts that working occupants of the building have always noted. There are no significant ground floor lobbies.

Another pressing issue was overcrowding caused by the inevitable expansion of each department's workforce despite a fixed amount of space. Clerks moved out into the corridors and several incidents of hostile interdepartmental jockeying over space ensued (Senate Reports, 1902 and 1906; Hunt, 1914: 429-30).

Buildings have long influenced the life rhythms of the external community. Before development of reliable clocks and watches, medieval communities' days were marked and regulated by the bells of churches and monasteries. With the advent of the industrial revolution and the age of steam, the morning, noon and evening whistles marked time for the local population. On the roof of the Navy's pavilion, a copper time ball was mounted on the flagpole. Each day it was cranked to the top, and exactly at noon, on a signal from the Naval Observatory, it was triggered to fall. When this quaint service ended in 1936 the loss almost went unnoticed (Evans, 1892: 88; Lehman, 1964: 74-75).

The Lamp of Memory

Ruskin wrote in his sixth chapter of this name (1880: 187), "it is in that golden stain of time, that we are to look for the real light, and colour, and preciousness of architecture..." Our own view is that a backwards-looking meaning of public buildings is indeed precious. Great edifices in which famous men and women did notable deeds serve as vehicles for exciting the historic imagination. If these are government buildings and public personalities, shedding light and color on the historical record is meaningful to us all.

For example, when one enters the former Secretary of the Navy suite one walks in spaces that surrounded Assistant Secretary Theodore Roosevelt when he helped precipitate the Spanish-American War. In the same room Assistant Secretary Franklin Roosevelt advocated naval preparedness for American entry into World War One. In the War Department wings, John J. "Black Jack" Pershing was busy mobilizing the massive land army that eventually ended that war.

President Herbert Hoover transferred his office here for a few months when the White House was being remodeled. President Dwight Eisenhower gave his press conferences in the Indian Treaty Room. Without knowing it, Vice President Lyndon Johnson awaited his destiny here, to be played out a few yards across West Executive Avenue.

In the State, War and Navy Building the war against Spain was concluded in 1898, treaties enabling construction of the Panama Canal were signed in 1903, policy over the sinking of the Lusitania was debated in 1915, President Wilson's Fourteen Points were developed in 1917, Japanese diplomats were summoned following Pearl Harbor in 1941, the future United Nations was planned in 1942, and George C. Marshall conceived his Plan to rebuild Europe in 1947.

Those who frequent this building and know what happened in it can revisit history. A tour guide who once worked in it confides (Prentice, 1997: 9), "these corridors and offices are filled with friendly ghosts when I check in for my volunteer work." Herbert Stein, former Chair of the Council of Economic Advisors, wrote regarding his time in the building (Stein, 1997: 45), "One had the feeling of being part of a chain of public servants who had worked there through a century of great change and many problems." President Reagan wrote near the end of his presidency (Santoya, 1988: iii), "As I have walked its halls, I have often thought of the OEOB [Old Executive Office Building] as a historical treasure" because of the distinguished leaders who labored there.

The Lamp of Obedience

The final type of social meaning embedded in public architecture concerns intimidation of the citizen. Several kinds of theorist argue that large government buildings can only be understood as manipulative assertions by the state of its authority and power. Postmodernists complain that architecture is spatially coercive, demanding its reality be uncontested. Marxists contend that architecture reproduces capitalism by reinforcing a psychology of dominance by the capitalist class. Public buildings enshrine society's code of law and order; imply the existing regime's permanence and might, and intimidate the individual citizen (Milne, 1981; Cosgrove, 1984; Lefebvre, 1991; Edelman, 1995).

These deductive arguments cannot be tested empirically. Indeed, they are asserted within an ontology that rejects logical positivism to begin with. Our heart, more than our head, will tell us what is "true" in this regard. We may certainly feel intimidated in the presence of great buildings if we expect to be. At the very least, their monumental facades can influence our perceptions and images of government, especially on a first viewing.

Certainly, the great building we have examined in this article is imposing. As Ossman observes (1996: 2), "Its massive scale and dense gray granite facades most immediately convey an imposing and assertive presence." With over 900 exterior columns, five orders of windows, and numerous secondary projections, when the building is viewed on an angle "the net effect is that of seemingly infinite proliferation of repetitive elements and formal groupings" (Ossman, 1996: 3). The enormous expanse of the planes of the facade overwhelms the observer's visual field from the street level (Figure 1). The mansard roofs' steep angles, punctuated by dormers and topped by tall chimney stacks, augment the sense of height and prominence. The principal projecting pavilions, with their double-columned bays, stacked porticoes, and axial stairs rising from the ground, focus attention on entrances and invite

penetration. The visitor knows where to go and realizes that what is inside must be very important.

Seven Ways to Skin a Rabbit

In a recent reader on western architecture and cities in historical context, Ian Borden and David Dunster point out (1996: 1-6) that their subject can be interpreted in many different ways. Looking at, visiting, and describing individual buildings is not enough to achieve understanding, nor is empirical investigation sufficient. "Other forms of enquiry are also necessary if a larger range of meanings is to be unpicked from architecture," they assert. Borden and Dunster offer six "ways to skin a rabbit," time and place, interpretation, theory and practice, society, cities, and the present future.

In this article we offer seven ways to skin a rabbit. We propose seven types of social meaning that may be embedded in public buildings: controversy, metaphor, marker, museum, influence, history, and intimidation (Table 1). This taxonomy may be used as a tool to evaluate social meanings of significant public buildings constructed at other times, for other purposes, by other levels and branches of government. Our categories are theoretical, not topical, in the sense that we distinguish forms of understanding as against classes of thought or substance. Our categories transcend the architect's usual concerns for aesthetic quality and program functionality, unpicking a range of added meanings from public architecture. These lamps of architecture have more fully illuminated Alfred Mullett's masterpiece in Washington and our understanding of it.

Note to the Reader: Free guided tours of the Old Executive Office Building may be arranged on Saturday mornings by calling (202) 395-5895.

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Two Thumbs Up: The Media Are the Message

Samantha L. Durst and Charldean Newell

“Pay no attention to that man behind the curtain”
(Mervyn LeRoy, producer, *The Wizard of Oz*, 1939).

In the motion picture adaptation of *The Wizard of Oz*, the “wizard” is revealed to Dorothy and her companions as a man behind a curtain, able to promote an image of himself and of society through behind-the-scenes gimmicks, gadgetry, and resourcefulness. Only the careful observer (in this case Toto) is able to see past the spectacular image of the wizard to the reality of the man and the administrator. This article describes a project used in a master’s level public management course to encourage students to recognize and evaluate the effect of images of the public sector on that sector. Many of these images are as vivid and just as misleading as the illusions created by the wizard, but are far more destructive than those created by him.

Students—both in-career and would-be administrators—need to understand the world they will confront and the images that will assail them. Goodsell (1994) rues this world as one in which “Americans are taught throughout our lives, from hearth and home on through school and career, that our government is a sea of waste, a swamp of incompetence, a mountain of unchecked power, an endless plain of mediocrity” (p. 3). Politicians, particularly, unhesitatingly criticize bureaucracy,

and their charges, even though leveled without proof on many occasions, seem to be accepted by the public. According to Meier (1993), "the contemporary criticism, however, must be classified more as rhetoric than conclusive evidence" (p. 4). Terry (1997, 54) points out that presidential administrations have successfully portrayed public administrators as villains and evildoers from whom the public must be protected.

Some recent research has even been published about the influence of this type of image on public attitudes toward government (see, for example, Chilton and Chilton, 1993). Larkin (1993) found that the usual portrayal is negative, but not always so. A somewhat different trend is found in children's literature where government officials are usually viewed as benevolent and authoritative, although Chilton and Chilton found little difference in public service characters and all others in the Dr. Seuss books, which rarely showed any character as truly competent to solve a problem (1993).

The class assignment reported here requires teams of students to complete an "Images of Public Service" or "Images" project. The assignment is to evaluate the effect of a particular, specific image of the public sector or of public servants on both government and public opinion. We broadly define an "image" as any portrayal of the tasks or roles of public administration or public administrators in any art form, including film, music, drama, or literature.

The assignment has been given in five separate semesters by two instructors and has involved more than 100 students. Throughout the project, we emphasize that today's downsized, reinvented, customer-oriented government requires employees who make critical evaluations of the information they receive and who respond creatively to new demands and situations. One of the best ways, in our minds, to prepare students to respond critically and creatively in the public work place, is to force them to respond that way in the classroom, in this case,

to confront both the good and the bad images perceived by the public, press, and politicians.

In a typical public management course instructors address practical topics such as planning, decision making, implementation, evaluation, and conflict resolution as well as cover various functions such as budgeting and personnel management. Broad theoretical issues such as the context of public management also are examined through large doses of leadership theory, organization theory, and notions of interorganizational cooperation. The effort required to join the practical and the theoretical in a single course can be quite cumbersome. Thus, the tendency is to rely on term papers as the means by which students tie a specific practice to a specific theory of operation.

Efforts to encourage (or force, or cajole, depending on where, when, and how long one has been teaching) students to integrate the theoretical and practical material into a base of knowledge to be applied to a multitude of new situations and problems are nothing new. We made several attempts ranging from a traditional term paper based on theories of leadership applied to specific individuals to briefing papers on the potentials and pitfalls of government reform. These earlier experiments were both in keeping with the approach described below since all three are designed to assist students, who are largely practical in orientation, to think about bigger issues and about the context of government.

However, we think the assignment we are currently using is much more likely to elicit the integrative, nontraditional thinking we are trying to promote among would-be public servants than our earlier efforts. Our experience has led us to the conclusion that the development of integrated, nontraditional thinking can best be developed through work on integrated, nontraditional (at least, for public administration) assignments. In virtually every respect other than the assignment described here, this is a traditional public management

course, similar in content to courses in every MPA program in the country.

The “Images of the Public Service” Project

I shot the sheriff, but I didn't shoot the deputy all around in my hometown, they are trying to... track me down...Sheriff John Brown always hated me, for what I don't know. Every time I planted a seed. . . he said “kill them before they grow”...freedom came my way one day...I shot the sheriff, but I didn't shoot the deputy...I swear it was in self defense...If I am guilty, I will pay...

(Bob Marley, *Legend*, 1973)

To improve understanding of the rationale for the Images project, the course competencies may be helpful. Among other things, we require students to demonstrate that they can:

- work effectively as a member of a team;
- use critical thinking skills; and
- present research and project findings in a professional manner (to include the use of audio-visual aids ranging from simple handouts to multimedia shows, as appropriate for the topic.)

The Images assignment helps to meet each of these course competencies.

Team building skills are enhanced by the Images project because students are required to rely on each other in selecting and presenting material and to design a single course project, rather than individually determined and designed projects. The traditional graduate student *modus operandi* does not help the student to learn how to get along with peers or to deal with a shirker who threatens the overall efficiency rating of the team. It does not help the student learn how to overcome logistical obstacles. We thought that this particular exercise was ideal for teaching teamwork and for building teamwork skills. Its flexibility allowed individuals to contrib-

ute what they could do best; its breadth required them to talk seriously with one another to identify themes and draw generalizations.

The contemporary reality is that individuals who work for large organizations frequently find themselves in a team setting, either a temporary project team or a semipermanent work group. Graduate students are often resistant to working in teams. In a metropolitan university such as the one in which the Images project was used, most of the students work and many of them commute. The logistics of a team project are considerable. Moreover, graduate students are always competitive about grades. Thus, their inclination is to want to work independently. Nevertheless, team building skills are essential in the modern public work place.

We also use the project to promote critical thinking skills. By critical thinking skills, we mean that students are expected to evaluate and respond to material, as well as to demonstrate their understanding of it. As Williams (1991) states:

Critical thinking involves effective reading and writing in association with other critical thinkers who are interested in a dialogical process in which critical questions are raised and answered. Preliminarily, these questions ask: What are the fundamental issues raised? What is the relevant evidence required for resolving these issues? Is the source of authority credible? Are the reasons given adequate? Are there contradictions in the logic and evidence presented? Are the conclusions based on appropriate assumptions and premises? Are there other points of view that can be considered? (p. 511).

Learning to ask, anticipate, and respond to these questions (and others like them) is the objective of a critical thinker. We believe critical thinkers are more creative than other thinkers

and actors. Because they more attentively evaluate information, they can react more quickly and responsively.

Students in a professional master's degree program in public administration are often overly dedicated to application, particularly when the program has a management, rather than policy, orientation. Thus, they need to be prompted to think beyond "how can I use this information in my job or internship?" Instead, they need to think about the political milieu in which they will work, about how the public perceives individuals who work for government, about the lack of citizen distinction between elected officials and career public servants.

Moreover, public administration students need to be very sensitive to matters of propriety. In the public sector where even the appearance of wrongdoing is tantamount to misconduct, attention to ethical considerations is vital. Media are an effective way to make this point; the variety is myriad, and the influence of the image on perceptions can be readily discussed (see, for example, Marini, 1992).

In addition to prodding students to think beyond applications, traditional term papers, and narrow issues, the Images assignment was designed to help them be more creative in selecting and presenting their reports. The students' creativity in selecting topics and in determining which medium or media to use ran the gamut from themes as somber as police corruption to comedic portrayals of bureaucrats. Most of the presentations showed careful reasoning, followed a single theme, and relied on well-designed transparencies for visual support. The students concluded that the flexibility was "a lot better than another paper on Total Quality Management."

While the boldness of some presentations could not be replicated in front of a governing board, students clearly let their imaginations roam and developed skills at multimedia presentations. For example, one team examined the image of the military from World War I through the Viet Nam War. Clad in

costumes ranging from a World War II Army uniform to a 1960s typical "hippie" garb, this team used video clips, 35 millimeter slides, sheet music, recordings, transparencies, poetry, and posters to make their presentation. They made the point that even "popular" wars were unpopular with some groups and that some government-backed imagery is not quite what it seems. For example, heroic films about war mask resistance to U.S. involvement abroad and the promotion of war bonds may imply that other (perhaps more profitable) investment strategies are un-American.

Another team looked at law enforcement as presented in Western movies, and a modern-day police officer even appeared in Western chaps and a Stetson hat. (Costumes were not required, but were effective in the instances when they were worn.) When people watch Clint Eastwood in "Dirty Harry," they are eager to see the criminal punished. They see some sort of balance being regained between the rights of the criminally accused and the rights of private citizens to feel safe. Yet, as the students who pursued this theme of retribution concluded, some citizens might feel very different about affording rights to the accused if they found themselves or members of their families as the alleged wrong doers. One group even showed "Dirty Harry" clips to law enforcement officers, who reinforced the idea that the police can't, and don't, go around shooting alleged criminals at will.

The Specific Assignment

"The hand that signed the paper felled a city"

(Dylan Thomas, "The Hand that Signed the Paper,"
The Notebooks of Dylan Thomas, 1933)

The specific assignment to examine the images of public employees or the public sector in the mass media was inspired by Larkin's brief look at how bureaucrats have been portrayed in the movies (1993) and by other works published or reviewed in *Public Voices*.

Once students were sensitive to the notion of looking at the ways in which public administration is characterized, their innate media awareness led them to many resources. The presentations included common themes such as government treatment of the public, government activity as red tape, public corruption, and government as incompetent. These and other themes can easily be drawn from sources as diverse as movies (*Modern Times*, *10 North Frederick*, *Wayne's World*, *The Coneheads*, *Ghostbusters*, *Robocop*, *City Hall* and *The Big Easy*); books (*Brave New World* and *Serpico*, any Allen Drury novel); plays (*Antigone*, *Julius Caesar*, *Oedipus Rex*, and *Murder in the Cathedral*); TV shows (*Star Trek*, *The X Files*, *NYPD Blue*, *Spin City*, and *Dr. Quinn, Medicine Woman*); comic strips (*Pogo*, *Doonesbury*, *Mark Trail*); songs (*Secret Agent Man*, *When Johnny Comes Marching Home Again*); and children's literature (*The Butter Battle Book*). Even poetry may be used. See for example, Frederickson and Frederickson (1994) on the poetry of Howard Nemerov.

Many students present multiple images that illustrate the same theme in a variety of contexts or historical periods, or that were drawn from different media. In addition, instead of evaluating how the public sector is portrayed by those outside it, some students have evaluated ways in which the public sector has attempted to shape perceptions through its own advertising campaigns (the "open" design of public buildings and statues, the association of Smoky the Bear with the Forest Service or the dog McGruff with crime fighting, and the development of School House Rock as a public education tool, to name a few examples). These images are positive, designed to engender the trust of children and encourage them to follow rules and to trust government figures. After making this kind of evaluation, a graduate student might conclude that deciding to support a community-orienting policing (COPS) program in the city where s/he works is an effective, long term method for improving community-relations.

As part of the assignment we require students to assess how the image creates, reinforces, alters, or challenges popular perceptions or attitudes. The discussion can then expand to one of how these perceptions and attitudes affect the public service and those who are employed in it. This is, of course, the hardest and most important part of the assignment. Students, at least many of ours, seem very willing to watch television for hours and to edit video tape for days to identify the perfect image, but are hesitant to evaluate that same image. For example, one recent team of students seemed willing to accept the notion that covert government agencies recruit assassins from among death row inmates (based on their review of the film *Point of No Return*) until forced into more analysis and research. This "finding" was alarming to faculty and fellow students alike since good management practice does not equal believing whatever stories one hears or blindly accepting public images of government action.

Public administrators need to know what is being expressed by the many stakeholders in government and to see beyond images that have both magnified and sometimes replaced reality. For example, they need to understand that an African American might fail to stop for police on a deserted road because of images of police arbitrariness and that social workers, often depicted as bureaucratic and heartless, must sometimes separate children from their parents for the children's well being.

In part, perhaps because of the way students are educated, they are always looking for a way empirically to analyze any problem. In fact, in our program they may be enrolled simultaneously in the management course and a quantitative analysis course. If they choose to apply quantitative tools in assessing images, they may do so. Yet, we emphasize throughout the semester that this assignment is essentially a creative one, designed to enable the students to apply their problem-solving and their critical thinking skills to a non-traditional assignment.

Questions that students may wish to ask as they complete the assignment and that may help them focus on the critical elements of the assignment include:

- What message does this image convey?
- Who created the image?
- What is the background of the creator?
- How might the background shape the message or its purpose?
- What are the weaknesses in the argument?
- Is important information omitted?
- Is the opposing viewpoint included?
- Is there an opposing viewpoint to be included?

This project requires the students to work in teams of three or four to complete one paper and to make an oral presentation to the class. It is required in addition to other course assignments and 30 percent of each student's final grade is determined by this project. It is due at the end of the semester to reinforce the point that it is a course-long exercise. In order to promote the notion of team building, we require that each member of the team contribute equally to the project, but we do not require that each student contribute the same things to the team although each team member receives the same grade. We have found that assigning the same grade to each member of the team—except in the event of extraordinarily good or extraordinarily poor performance—and giving students the opportunity to evaluate one another enhances student participation and the quality of the projects. (The students are apprised from the first day of their roles in evaluating one another.) However, other instructors may not wish to assign grades in this manner.

In using a team approach, any instructor must allow ample credit for individual work not only to distinguish among the students in a class but also in fairness to students seeking rewards for individual initiatives. We keep the proportion of the final grade based on the team project relatively small so

that an individual is still independently responsible for most of the grade.

Oral presentations should not exceed 30–45 minutes, including set-up time and class discussion (depending on the number of teams and the amount of time available for presentations). Criteria for grading of the oral report include the creativity of the project, the clarity of the oral presentation, and the depth and quality of the evaluation demonstrated in the oral report. We limit written presentations to ten pages (economy of language is encouraged). Grading for the written part of the report is based on traditional criteria, including accuracy, clarity, literary quality, quality of the analysis/evaluation, and technical precision of the presentation.

Evaluation of the Project

“...the magistrate who knew no glory but his country's good; to that he returned”

(Edward Everett, 1794-1865,
Oration on the Character of Washington).

From the perspective of the faculty members the purposes of the assignment—creative thinking, team building, and effective presentation—were achieved. The students moved beyond thinking about solutions to immediate management problems to thinking about images of the public service and government itself and the complexities involved in modifying that image. They also developed, or in some cases honed, skills at making public presentations in a way that would catch the attention of a governing board, citizens' group, or a panel of senior managers. Indeed, several teams moved considerably beyond the technology skills of the instructors!

At the same time, the students developed team building skills. Even if reluctant at the outset, they had to learn to rely on one another, to find one another's strong points, and to co-ordinate each of the individual contributions so that the whole truly became greater than the parts. In other kinds of projects,

where functional expertise (like budgeting or personnel management) is more readily translatable, it is our belief that team-building skills are not as likely to be developed and open dialogue could be limited. Someone in the group becomes the "expert" or the one with the "most experience." This assignment tends to equalize student expertise and experience. All have seen a movie or a play or watched television, but none are professional critics. The nature of this assignment, the only one of its kind in our MPA program, gives the first-semester student the same level of "expertise" (or lack of it) as the senior-level public manager. There is no single formula for success in completing the Images project, something all students find very challenging. Opinions have differed, for example, as to why Shakespeare seems to have had antipathy toward public servants and whether that attitude shaped the content of his plays. Initially, the team identifying an image struggles with making sense of it. Ultimately, the class will review and evaluate the team's decision making during an oral presentation.

Our next observation will not surprise any experienced teacher. We have found that one of the greatest challenges to the successful implementation of this project, and we would guess any project seen as "unusual" by students, is that students are most comfortable when they believe they have discovered the formula for paper-writing success. Subject to the limitations of their educational preparation, college students are fairly comfortable with "read-and-report" assignments that require them to follow the formula. They are less comfortable when being judged on "creativity" and the "quality of the evaluation" [of the image]. In fact, most faculty members are probably just as uncomfortable. Students readily understood the technical particulars of the written part of the project (the need to write a 10-page paper using good grammar, e.g.). These requirements are easy for most students to understand, in large part because students are used to meeting faculty expectations in this regard. They also understood that they had creative license in the format for the oral presentation.

Wrestling with the concept of "image" and how to identify and critique it through various media was more problematic.

One of the most challenging tasks of the faculty member in using this assignment is to relate it to substantive issues in public administration. Students demand it. The relevance of images of the public sector and of public servants can be important for discussing public sector ethics, customer service, recruitment and retention concerns, and for understanding the budgetary decisions made by political officials. The images created by the media have real implications for students of public administration. Unfortunately, without the Images assignment, many of our students would simply accept (or, perhaps even perpetuate) those images without understanding the consequences.

From the perspective of the students, the benefits of the Images assignment may be more mixed. In the evaluations of both the professors and their fellow team members, the members of the class more nearly emphasized the presentation skills and the team building skills rather than any enhancement of their perspectives on public service. In fact, in later semesters the students reported that the exercise had made them more competitive on the job market because, they reported, presentation skills were at a premium.

Conclusions

"The captains and the kings depart"

(Rudyard Kipling, *Recessional*, 1897).

We think that a creative thinking/team-building approach is worth trying in a variety of courses. The approach used in the Images assignment is not unique to a management course or to a focus on images of the public service. For example, the general approach was used in a middle-size (51-student), junior-level course on bureaucracy and public policy with the substantive focus on national policy development. Evaluations of that exercise indicated student satisfaction (except for a few

die-hard individualists) with the team building and presentation skills, and most of the students thought their grades improved with the cooperative effort (the old "two heads are better than one" adage). Participants in an intergovernmental relations class might gain a better understanding of the problems and perspectives of each level of government through an assignment of this type.

The approach moves students away from formulaic term papers that are routine to them and to the professor and encourages greater creativity in both content and presentation. Besides, the professor has fewer papers to grade, discovers what current student tastes are, and probably learns some new presentation skills. Because students need to sharpen their critical thinking skills more than they need to write another term paper or prove their ability once again to apply theory to practice, this approach can be a valuable addition to a teacher's repertoire.

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Call for Manuscripts

Public Voices hopes to provide a more emotive approach to public management than the traditional forms of analysis presented by many professional journals. As such, *Public Voices* focuses on humanistic, artistic and reflective expression concerning public administrators and the people they serve. Unlike traditional social science journals, *Public Voices* publishes unorthodox, controversial perspectives on bureaucracy by students of organization, broadly defined as public servants, the public, writers, and artists, as well as academics from all fields. That dialogue is aimed to:

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Manuscripts and proposals for featured topics (i.e. symposia) are welcome on a wide variety of artistic and humanistic perspectives relevant to the public sector. Original fiction, including creative writing, poetry, and plays, will be featured in each issue. Reviews of novels, cinema, art and other related forms of expression may comment upon life within bureaucracies. Artistic works may include such material as photographs, sketches, and cartoons, and such work may be featured on the cover of each issue. Personal essays by public servants and clients are also welcome. All submissions will be evaluated on a blind, peer reviewed basis.

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Waiting to Endow

Larry Hubbell

"Jerry, I want you to be responsible for Earl Belinski next year," says Jack Wright, Dean of the College of Arts and Letters.

"And what does that entail?" I say.

"Arranging for him to speak in your classes; accompanying him when he's on campus; handling the necessary administrative details; assigning..."

"Oh, come on Jack. Are we talking baby-sitting? I'm no good at this. Can't you get someone else to do it?"

"What do you want me to do? Send him to the Physics Department? My office has been handling his arrangements for the past year. It's your turn now."

"He does have a political background, after all. You are the chairman of the Political Science Department... Besides, I know you two fellows will connect. You're both from Chicago. He'll like that."

"Yeah, but we don't connect psychologically or ideologically. From what I've heard, he would be much happier paling around with Chicago ward bosses than he would with academ-

ics. Look, I know you're trying to hit this guy up for money. What does he want... the library named after him?"

"If the legislature provided us with an ample budget, then we wouldn't have to beg from people like Earl. Maybe we need stronger advocates at the top. We could use a president who doesn't do a backflip every time the legislature says 'Jump!'"

"Don't be ridiculous," says the increasingly cross dean. "You have no idea how hard we battle for resources."

I would have an easier time believing that, if I also didn't believe that his career as an administrator is so tied to how effective he is at pleasing both the university's trustees and the legislature.

"Tell me the truth. What goes on behind closed doors? Isn't it necessary now and then for you to occasionally tear into the faculty, when you're talking to legislators, but to do it ever so privately."

Not liking the tenor or tone of the conversation, Dean Wright, known otherwise simply as "the Dean," takes another tack. "Jerry, don't be so conspiratorial. Just remember, I could have just as easily decided to give the Sociology Department that new position last year instead of your department."

"Just a moment, my good Dean Wright, I thought your decision was based on workload, student credit hours... all that wonderful data that your office generates. Does that data mean nothing? Are you suggesting that your decisions are based on less than quantitative criteria?" I say with more than a hint of sarcasm.

"Get off it, Jerry. When was the last time you did a mathematical computation... besides balancing your check book?"

"Jack, I make no pretense to being a numbers guy."

"Well, I'm sure that you at least understand the hierarchical relationship. Although this is academia, I am still the supervisor and you are still the subordinate."

With that rather unexpected comment our fairly good-natured party takes a wrong turn. "That's a low blow Jack. Are you ordering me to do it then?"

"I seldom order my department heads to do anything. I usually advise... in this case strongly advise."

"I'll take that as a 'yes.'"

"You may take it as you like it."

Is this guy ever going to forget his academic background as an English professor? He always seems to incorporate the title of plays, novels, whatever, into his conversations. I find it somewhat irritating. Of course, after this conversation I'm likely to experience resentment easily.

Usually we get along quite well. We actually like each other, but it is also a relationship based on mutual need. He needs me to quell the occasional 'academic riot' in the department, whether it is over 'requests' for information, university policies or something else. I need him, so that I can 'bring home the bacon'—the resources necessary to keep department members happy—new positions, salary money, choice office space. Like it or not, ultimately, that is how I am judged by my faculty. And if I don't do favors for the Dean... Well, it's very simple. He won't do favors for me.

My job is often miserable. It becomes especially miserable when I am required to do the "little extras," like assisting the administration in trying to coax potential donors to contribute money. I don't know Earl Belinski very well, but I don't think I'll like him. It's my understanding that he spent thirty years making a killing in the discount retail business in the Chicago

area and then just four years ago decided to take early retirement and make our big, rectangular state his home. I understand that he owns a ranch with a big, god-awful house in Pine Valley. I guess this gives him a chance to be a big fish in a small pond.

Why didn't he give some of his millions to the University of Chicago? The University of Chicago probably wasn't willing to give this aspiring member of the nouveaux riches the time of day, let alone devote much time to putting their hands in his pockets. He's probably a bit crude. He certainly wouldn't fit in with the other U. of C. donors.

Out here, he'll be just like one of our mainstream hayseed contributors, albeit with an ethnic overtone. Like it or not, I have to meet with him tomorrow. Maybe it would be best to meet over a cup of coffee in the Union.

The next morning, unlike myself, Earl appears in a \$1,000 double breasted suit, complete with circular gold cufflinks, one of those "Save the Wilderness" ties and what must be hand-made Old English shoes. His stylishness stands in sharp contrast to all of the student body and 99 percent of the faculty. Earl is a tall man. He looks quite good for a man pushing 60. He doesn't even wear glasses—those glaring blue light specials must not have spoiled his eyesight. The only sign that betrays his class background is his slickbacked hair—every strand in place, just like coach Pat Riley.

Earl orders a cup of coffee and adds four packages of sugar.

"You must be Jerry O'Neill. Or should I say Dr. O'Neill?"

"We don't go by formalities here. Just call me Jerry."

"I like that. Okay... Jerry. Dean Wright tells me you're from Chicago."

"Yeah, I grew up there."

"North side or south side?"

"North side."

"Then you must be a Cubbies fan."

"Actually, I've never cared very much for sports."

Wrong answer. The conversation just stops. Awkwardly, Earl alternately adjusts his tie, looks out the window, nervously taps the floor with his shoe, and slurps his heavily-sugared coffee.

"Well, Jerry, enough of the small talk, let's get down to business. I understand that the Dean would like me to give a few guest lectures in your department. I think that your students might be interested in how the real world of politics works."

"Have you ever lectured before?"

"You don't have to worry about me. I can handle it. I'm not a babe in the woods when it comes to speaking before an audience. I'm a member of Toastmasters. I've got a joke for every occasion—even the classroom."

"And as for political experience... Well, you know, when I was building my business I had quite a bit of contact with the Chicago Democratic Organization, including Mayor Daley. They called him Hizzoner. The greatest mayor Chicago ever had or ever will have. He was a great old guy. When he was mayor, the city ran like a well-oiled machine. He knew how to keep the trains running on time."

"Yeah," I mumbled, "so did Mussolini."

"What d'ya say?"

"I said, 'He must have been a great man.'"

"You know he once invited me to his summer home in Wisconsin. We had one helluva time. Daley always drank Pabst. He inhaled the stuff. But he could hold his booze, including the hard stuff."

"As a political scientist, you should know, I don't have to tell you, that the people of Chicago loved him. He was one in a million. There will never be another one like him. When he died, God bless him, they broke the mold. Young Richie, he's all right mind you, but he doesn't know how to deal with the coloreds. Oops, I mean... blacks."

"Anyways, let me tell you, Daley got a bad rap during that 1968 Democratic Convention. Do you know that those damn SDSers were actually throwing shit on Chicago's Finest from the upper floors of the Conrad Hilton. No wonder those cops bashed in a few heads. They had it coming. And Daley stood four square behind his men."

I am aghast. This guy is going to get the university and probably me into trouble with his verbal bilge. I can't believe that we have come to this—soliciting money from this knothead. The unfortunate thing is that there are undoubtedly more like him—willing to open their pockets in exchange for the puny status that we can confer upon them.

We cling, ever so desperately, to our status as a research institution of a second rank. We don't have the luxury of turning down those, lacking credentials or couth, who are waiting to endow. And in the meantime we provide them luxury boxes at the football game and private dinners with the university president and present them plaques at special ceremonies in

their honor. It is all very demeaning—a manifestation of our insecurity and financial instability.

“Have you given any thought to which courses you would like to lecture in?” God, if I had any guts I’d tell this guy to take a hike. Maybe my natural obsequiousness means I’m dean material.

“I did look through your catalog. I think that the kids could learn something from me about American Government. Yeah,” he says affirming himself. “And that Interest Group course. Hell, I knew how to work Daley’s precinct captains pretty well. I could teach that too. You know, I also worked in one of Daley’s campaigns. Put me down for that media course too.”

“You know, we’re not asking you to teach the course. Just provide some guest lectures.”

“Yeah, I know. Don’t worry professor I won’t intrude on your turf.”

“It’s not that.”

“Sure it is. But don’t worry I know the score.”

With that comment, he finishes his coffee, crumples up his Styrofoam cup and hurls it into a trash can six feet away. He hits it square on. Nothing but net.

“My secretary will be in touch with you to work out the administrative details.”

“I’ll be looking forward to it. Hang in there.”

How am I possibly going to convince the faculty to have Earl lecture in their courses? I can hear their complaints now. “This is an infringement on academic freedom.” “Jerry you’ve got to

stand up to the dean more." "You've got to be kidding. What could that half-wit possibly teach my students?"

After several conversations, my prediction holds true. Nevertheless, I am able to "convince" two untenured assistant professors to take up Earl's offer. Earl will provide a total of five lectures. I'm afraid he's going to bomb. At least I hope he doesn't make any racially inflammatory remarks and get the African-American Student Association all over me. As a precautionary measure, I decide to attend each one. Maybe my presence there will serve to inhibit Earl.

The first guest lecture is held several weeks later in the Parties and Interest Groups course. The class is a seminar composed of about 20 juniors and seniors, who are mostly political science majors. It's an early morning class, so in addition to appearing slightly disheveled many of the students appear to be bleary-eyed, undoubtedly recovering from last night's revelry. Earl assumes his seat of honor at the head of the table.

After being introduced by me and the captive faculty member, Earl starts off with a self-deprecating comment. "You must be wondering why an old guy like me is here today speaking to you. You've gotta know I'm not an academic. You and your professors know political theories much better than me. I'm just a regular guy, who knew how to work the system."

"My name is Earl Belinski. And it must be clear I didn't grow up in these parts. I'm from Chicago—the Windy City. You probably never heard of him, but my father ran against Mayor Daley in the City of Chicago back in the 50s. He made one major mistake. He ran as a Republican."

Muffled laughter.

"Now that might not be a mistake around here, where God knows everybody but the cattle are Republicans, but in the City of Chicago that's a real boner."

More laughter.

"The only people who are Republicans in Chicago are a few people on the northwest side who think they're living in the suburbs, some little old ladies who never forgave Roosevelt and a few stiffs in the cemetery."

This time the laughter is louder and more sustained.

"So, not wanting to repeat my Dad's mistake, a few years after his ignominious defeat, I bet you college kids didn't think I knew the meaning of that word, let alone could pronounce it..."

More laughter.

"I switched parties. About the same time, my business started to take off. Oh, I forgot to tell you. I was in retail. I owned a chain of discount stores in the Chicagoland area. Now, you might be thinking, why should a Chicago businessman get involved in politics? Well, let me tell you, in Chicago everything is political. I found that out when I was just a kid."

"Anyways, when I started my business, one of the problems I had was with the Zoning Board. God, they were a pain in the ass. They had a damn regulation for everything and a lot of them, no—all of them—expected a payoff. That was when I decided to become more familiar with the powers-that-be. I wanted to get those guys off my back."

"The payoffs they wanted were getting extremely expensive, especially since my business was expanding. That's when I decided to get on the inside. I left the party of Lincoln and joined the Democratic Party. Sure I still made payoffs, but

after joining the Democratic Party I got something for my money. Today, they call it access."

"I found it very valuable to be allied with Mayor Daley and the Democratic Party. I'll be honest with you. It didn't hurt my business any. That's how politics in the real world works. I scratch your back. You scratch mine."

"But I've talked enough. Do you have any questions for this political dinosaur, who's frankly attended one too many rubber chicken dinners for the Democratic Party?"

What follows is a lively give-and-take that clearly the students find absorbing—so absorbing that the seminar goes 15 minutes beyond its scheduled time. Incredibly, as the seminar passes beyond its scheduled end, there is no rustling of papers or abrupt leave takings. No one seems to mind. Following the class, several students make a point of approaching me.

"Dr. O'Neill, Mr. Belinski was great. We'd like more people from the real world teaching us," remarks one bubbly senior.

Another more serious, bespectacled junior states in a careful, but mildly enthusiastic tone. "He may not be familiar with the academic literature, but Mr. Belinski was a refreshing change. Congratulations, for acknowledging that students want a balanced education."

I am surprised, but I'm certainly not pleased. Earl was a success with the students. He didn't embarrass me, the department or the dean, but is this what passes for education in the late 20th Century! Earl is an amusing speaker. He knows how to capture the attention of his audience. But he does so primarily by entertaining them. Is my disgust a consequence of trying to uphold academic standards or am I jealous? Perhaps, a bit of both.

After all the students have left, Earl lumbers up to me. "Hey, when I first started I was really nervous. To be honest with you, I wasn't really sure whether I had anything to tell those kids. Let me tell you... I was sweating in the armpits. But they seemed to like it. I think I'll do okay. I'm going to like this."

"Good job Earl. See you next week." That was my chance and I blew it. If only I had suggested that his 'performance' had been less than stellar, then maybe Earl would have doubted whether in fact he was cut out for the occasional academic lecture. Instead, I took the safe route. I remain the good soldier, ever willing to appease the potential donor and thus capitulate to the wishes of my dean. Careerism can be an awful thing.

Later in the week, I call a department meeting to discuss the administration's new policies regarding outside consulting. As is typical in department meetings, some faculty find them to be an opportunity to vent their frustrations with the administration. This meeting has already gone for two hours.

"Jerry, you mean to tell me that we have to report all of our outside activities to the administration?" grouses Winston Clarke, a grumpy, battle-scarred veteran of academic wars.

Winston holds an enduring dislike of anything or anyone administrative. He can be counted on to rail against the university administration at least once during every department meeting. Winston sports a carefully groomed goatee and hair that is always in place perfumed lightly with hair spray. A competent dresser, but certainly not a clothes horse. He wears the standard academic issue—stripped wool blazer, open collar, brown, well-ironed corduroys.

What very few people know is that Winston plays poker with the dean every Friday night. Actually, Winston and the dean go way back. Their relationship is a curious and a convoluted

one. Dean Wright was best man at Winston's wedding to Sally some twenty-odd years ago. However, Winston's relationship with Jack Wright began to go bad after Winston's divorce. Just six months after the divorce Jack Wright married Sally, causing Winston to experience an undying enmity towards his former pal. Winston pretends that his disagreements with Wright are purely philosophical, but I know that they are very personal.

Winston appears to be in an especially cranky mood today. Maybe he lost money last Friday.

"Winston, not all of your activities. Merely those that are for profit that in some way relate to your job."

"What the hell does that mean? Do I have to report my activities if I give a paid lecture to the Elks?"

"Winston, I don't think you'd be caught dead at an Elks meeting."

"C'mon, Jerry. I'm looking for guidance."

"Well, let's say hypothetically that you did display bad judgment and decided to give a lecture on a political topic to the Elks and they were going to pay you for it, then I guess you would have to receive advance permission."

"That's outrageous! What's the point?"

"I believe that the administration may be trying to prevent potential conflicts of interest."

"That's a lot of crap. This is heavy-handedness... pure and simple. I'm not going to seek permission."

"You do so at your own risk."

"Are you going to be monitoring me?"

"No, but somebody else might be."

"Well, the hell with them, I've got tenure."

The nasty little dialogue is finally interrupted by Keith Hurst. "I move that we have Jerry write a letter to the dean expressing our disapproval of the new consulting policy." Keith probably doesn't give a damn about the administration's consulting policy. He neither consults, nor does he usually play an active role in departmental affairs. But as a matter of course he tries to demonstrate to his colleagues that although he was formerly one of them—the administration—now he is one of us—the faculty.

"Seconded," shouts Winston.

"Is there any further discussion?" I ask, hoping that this matter will soon be forgotten like so many other issues that initially cause so much irritation and then slowly fade from view.

"Hearing none. I call for a vote. All in favor, please signify by saying 'Aye'."

"Aye."

"Those opposed?"

"Hearing none. The ayes have it unanimously."

"Lunch hour is upon us folks," I remark somewhat petulantly. "Would anybody else care to raise another issue?"

Still steaming after his verbal attack upon the consulting policy, Winston Clarke breaks the silence.

"I have a problem."

"What is it, Winston?"

"I don't understand why you believe it is necessary to have Belinski do guest lectures in our classes. This fellow has no academic credentials. He is not particularly articulate and I don't believe we should give a damn whether he is as rich as the Rockefellers. He's not going to give us any money. We compromise ourselves by giving him a forum."

"I'm doing the dean a favor."

"There you go again. Rolling over for the dean. That doesn't get you anything. This department has been consistently underfunded by your good friend—the dean. He doesn't give a damn about us and he demonstrates it by consistently underfunding us. I'm very serious. You've got to stand up to him Jerry. Don't always cave in."

"Winston, thanks for the advice," I mutter sarcastically, "but I can assure you I consistently stand up for the interests of this department. I don't always win, but I win more than I lose."

"Well, you lost this time Jerry. And you're going to continue to lose as long as you continue to appease him."

"What do you suggest I do? Throw a temper tantrum? Suggest that this department secede from the College of Arts and Letters? Lead a sit-in in his office? This department may be a democratic body—a condition that I do find frustrating at times. But outside this department this university is certainly not democratic. Like it or not. It is a hierarchy. The dean is my supervisor. The dean also provides this department with resources—resources that can be reduced if he so chooses."

"So, we're just supposed to grin and bear it. And hope that your beloved dean will occasionally throw a few bones our way."

"In this instance, I don't believe I asked you, Winston, to grin and bear anything. He's not lecturing in your classes."

"Yes, but we are a collective. I consider it an affront that you agreed to have him speak to any of our classes. And furthermore, I didn't want to bring this up, but the junior faculty may have been reluctant to deny your 'request'."

"Your objection is noted, but I will live by the agreement that I made with him. He will continue to provide five guest lectures this semester. Meeting adjourned." There are times when I enjoy exercising my puny powers.

"And you call this a democracy!"

Winston always has to get the last word. As I assemble my papers, I am approached by Keith Hurst, a disheveled, tall, slightly hunched over man in his late 50s. Many years ago Keith was a rising star in the administration. Indeed, ten years ago, many people believed that he would be the next provost. I'm not certain what caused his star to fade, but since his return to our department six years ago, he's done next to nothing. He doesn't publish much; seldom attends conferences; only occasionally attends departmental meetings; never volunteers for academic service; and delegates the maximum amount of his work to his teaching assistants. Keith is a classic academic burnout. He merely collects his paycheck, protected by tenure.

Keith Hurst is an African specialist. Or at least, he was an African specialist. He remains quite proud of his expertise on the subject. I'm sure that his star-struck sophomores really believe him when he makes his proud boasts in class that he was instrumental in negotiating the landmark deal between Nelson Mandela and F. W. de Klerk in 1990. If one were to believe Keith, one would think that he almost single-handedly brokered that deal. As a means of trying to confirm his alleged influence over the South African peace process, his office is

lined with innumerable pictures of him shaking hands with Mandela, de Klerk, Vorster, Biko, et al.—South Africa's entire political pantheon. I wonder how many people he had to elbow out of his way to get those pictures, which he prizes so much?

He still does take biannual sojourns to South Africa, but we always thought he went there to take advantage of the fine South African wines and the Cape Malay cooking, not serving as a go-between in the South African diplomatic circuit.

Others in the department are troubled by his revelations, thinking that his grandiose claims only tend to discredit them as well as himself. Although I share many of my colleagues' frustrations with him, we do see each other socially on a very occasional basis. I like him, even though I do find some of his comments a bit ridiculous.

Another unstated reason why the other faculty don't like him is that Keith, as the department's most senior member, occupies the most prized office space in the Department. It is a corner office, which overlooks the mountains. It has built-in bookshelves, a Pentium computer with two gigabytes of memory, a radiator that produces even heat and an executive mahogany desk. These may seem like petty concerns for people who frequently decry the symbols of status, but academics are often not so different from the "unwashed heathens" who live beyond their walls.

"Jerry, would you like to go to lunch?"

"Sure. Where would you like to go?"

"Why don't we go to that new place in town. Henry's, isn't it? I hear they occasionally serve wild game. Maybe we'll get lucky and they'll have zebra on the menu today. Did I ever tell you about the time that I was trapped in a mud basin surrounded by thousands of charging zebra? Well..." He takes me by the

arm and proceeds to relate in fine detail his adventures in Kruger Game Reserve as we leave for lunch.

“Jerry,” he exclaims as he mangles his finely threaded angel hair pasta, “don’t let the Department get to you. You’re doing a great job. You work real well with people. Nobody else could do a better job than you as head.”

Although I appreciate Keith’s accolades regarding my leadership abilities, I find his comments somewhat disingenuous. Although he supports me in private, never has he helped me deflect Clarke’s frequent taunts during department meetings. Keith has no hard and fast allies in the Department and although he probably doesn’t count me as an ally, I’m not an enemy either. Probably most important to him, I don’t hassle him about his lack of production. Instead, I assume a more benign posture—I’m waiting for him to retire. In the meantime, I’m fortunate that I don’t receive any complaints about him from his students. He probably forestalls any complaints by giving his students almost automatic “As” and by providing them with an end of the semester dinner courtesy of Professor Keith Hurst.

“Please, don’t flatter me. In my field they call it management by muddling through. That’s all I’m really doing... muddling through.”

“Don’t be so modest. You’ve got to expend more effort promoting yourself. You’ve got some real potential. I could see you as the next dean in five years. Hell, Jack Wright is nearing retirement age. You’ve got the talent. Don’t hide it. Let the administration at this place know more about you.”

“Keith, I have no interest in moving up the administrative hierarchy. I probably won’t even run again for head. Let somebody else do it for a while. I’ll be more happy spending more time doing research and teaching more classes.”

"It's your choice. But you're never going to make much money, even as a full professor."

"I didn't go into this line of work for the money. I'm not sure many of us did. Besides my interest's in research and teaching, I would like the independence I would be afforded as just a regular member of the faculty. I feel too constrained as a department head. I get caught too many times in between what the Department wants and what the dean wants. I don't need the hassle."

"Yeah, that's fine idealism. But aren't your kids nearing college age?"

"In six years, three of them will be in college at the same time."

"That's my point. How are you going to swing that financially?"

"I guess the good old American way. They will start to assume debt and I will sink ever deeper into it."

"It's your business, Jerry. But I still think you ought to consider it. There's a shortage of people in academe who want those positions. Sure, it's not as idyllic as the life of a professor, but it pays almost twice as much."

I am tiring of this conversation. I wish Keith would drop his self-appointed role as my career counselor.

"But that's not why I wanted to talk to you."

Thank God!

"I don't know if you knew that I have close ties to the South African Freedom Foundation."

“What do they do?”

“So... you’re not even familiar with them. It’s a foundation with board members from the U.S. and South Africa that fund special projects in South Africa. I’ve received money from them over the years. This year their emphasis is environmental degradation. They want American scholars to work jointly with their South African counterparts in order to run seminars with reps from business, labor unions, the general public... They recently got a large endowment, from George Soros, supposedly in excess of \$10 million, and frankly they’re desperately looking for ways to spend it fast. They called me just yesterday and they asked me to write a grant proposal. With your background in environmental policy, I thought you would like to be involved. Do you want to help me write it?”

“Gee, thanks. I’m flattered, but my plate is pretty full right now. Let me think about it,” as I slowly and reflectively sip my iced tea, trying to hide my serious reservations.

Do I really want to be involved with Keith any more deeply? I know what everyone in the department would say. Keith would use this as an opportunity to avoid work by having me write the grant proposal. Does he have ties with this foundation or is this just another example of Keith acting like an inflatable blowfish? Is he trying to further ingratiate himself with me or does he truly long for some kind of collaborative undertaking? How can I tell him “no” without offending him?

“Think about it for a week. I’ll get back to you.” Shortly following that comment, he makes some serious forays into his lukewarm pasta, smiling in between bites. When he’s not conducting a monologue about himself or southern Africa, Keith is a woeful conversationalist.

Upon returning to my office, I find Earl Belinski sitting outside my door, sitting in a brown Naugahyde chair. He looks relaxed, one leg crossed over the other. His black, well-shined wingtips reflect the afternoon sun.

"Do you have a minute?"

"Sure, Earl come on in."

"I hear that you took a lot of grief about me doing guest lectures."

"No worse than the normal department meeting. How did you find out?"

"Your secretary."

"She should be more discreet."

"Ah, don't come down hard on her. I plied her with some flowers."

"Why did you do that?"

"Have you forgotten professor, this is National Secretary's Week."

"Damn!"

"Don't worry. I covered for you. I told her we went half and half on the flowers."

"You didn't have to do that."

"That's okay Jerry. Earl Belinski takes care of his friends."

First an expression of friendship from Keith, now one from Earl Belinski. How could a department head be so lucky!

"Thanks for standing up for me pal. Hey, would you like to catch a drink with me after work? I'm buying."

"Sure, Earl."

We meet at our town's most posh bar. A mark of its sophistication is the fact that no animal heads adorn its walls. It is sleek, ferned and serves the latest microbrews. No cowboys or loggers dare enter this place or, at least if they do, they would need to demonstrate the good sense to park their spurs at the door. Earl looks natty, but has begun to dress down. Gone is the \$1,000 suit and the Wilderness tie. Now he is outfitted by Abercrombie and Fitch.

"Jerry, I'm really enjoying myself."

"I'm glad you are. I've gotten many positive comments from the students."

"I'm thinking I might take this one step further."

God, no! What is he going to suggest.

"This may sound ridiculous. But I'd like to get my master's degree in political science. Right here. I know I'm pushing sixty and I'm certainly not your average graduate student, but I'd like to give it a shot. After all, my old man told me 'never stop learning.'"

I just dodged another bullet. I had heard rumors that he wanted to buy an endowed chair for himself. The faculty would have gone ballistic over that proposal. Instead, the administration is going to love this. What better way to ensnare Earl and his fortune than to have him earn a legitimate degree from this institution.

"Earning a master's degree will take you two years going full time."

"Yeah, I know I've checked out the catalogue."

"It won't be easy Earl. You've probably been out of school for almost forty years. Are you prepared to sit in classes with students who could be your grandchildren? Study regularly? Write term papers?"

"I know the drill. I think it might be a kick."

"You used to run your own company. Are you going to be happy taking instructions from the faculty?"

"That's all behind me. If I had been happy running my old company, I'd still be doing it. It was my old man who got me involved in retail. I never wanted to do it. I guess he thought that it would provide me and my family with a steadier income than politics. He knew from experience. He lost more elections than he won. It seemed like he was always scrambling around for a job. He wanted my life to be better."

"My dad was from the old school and I bought into it. Back then, children followed what their parents told them to do—at least in my neighborhood. So I was a good son and turned a loan from my Uncle Frank into a chain of department stores. I made a good amount of money in retail, but I never enjoyed it."

"I might seem like an outgoing guy to you, but I really don't like dealing with the public. Screw the customer! The customer isn't always right. I got tired of kissing up to some of the dummies who used to come to my stores. Some people are cut out for that sort of thing. I wasn't, but I was good at pretending. I used to walk through my stores all day—now they call it management-by-walking-around—with a big smile on my face. But inside, I was hating it. My smile was a fake. I was a fake."

That's why this big, dumb old Polack got the hell out of retail. Hell, I'd much rather read a book than walk the floors."

This revelation comes as a major surprise. I didn't take Earl for an introvert, let alone someone who is introspective. The thick Chicago accent, the ethnic background, the expensive suits—these characteristics conjured up someone different in my mind. Yes, despite my avowed aversion to ethnic and certainly racial stereotypes, I fell victim to my own latent stereotypes. Growing up in Chicago in the 1960s I heard and tolerated by my silence many derisive jokes about Poles. In Chicago of the 1960s, these jokes were just as pervasive as those jokes that ridiculed blacks. I thought myself to be morally superior, because although I did not tell the joke-teller that I found the jokes to be offensive, neither did I laugh. But how much did those seemingly innocent jokes affect my view of them?

We lived in the same city. I was from the northwest side. They were from the near north side and the inner city. I was solidly middle class. They were usually working class. I went to a mainstream Protestant church. They attended the city's Catholic churches. My lawn was adorned, at least seasonally, by Santa Claus. Their lawns, more than likely, had a year round Virgin Mary. My accent was Midwestern, but not obviously so. Their accent was distinctively Chicagoan—heavily sprinkled with "dem," "dese" and "you'se".

My peers knew we were different from them. They were someone to look down upon. The Poles have never had a civil rights movement to make their ethnicity respectable. Maybe they needed one too.

"I had no idea you felt this way."

"Well, we've never had a drink together until now. People can surprise you sometimes."

"You sure did."

The rest of our conversation is fairly nondescript. He talks about Chicago. I moan about being a department head. We each have a few more drinks. Strangely, he indulges only in tonic waters, while I drink Bombay and tonics. I felt us starting to bond, unusual as that may seem.

The next week I see Keith Hurst loping down the hall and he appears to be trying to establish eye contact with me. Embarrassed about not getting back to him regarding his grant proposal, I quickly dart into my office, feigning haste, and close my office door. However, such a maneuver is not enough to deter Keith, a person who seems to be oblivious to both verbal and physical clues. Soon after my entry, I hear a knock.

"Jerry, sorry to bother you. I've got to tell you something."

"I'm sorry I haven't gotten back to you about the grant. I'm just not sure..."

"That's okay. Something new has come up. I'm not going to apply for the grant. I have decided to take advantage of the university's early retirement program."

This is incredible! I must be living right. I've waited for years for Keith to retire. This will be one less aggravation that I will have to put up with.

"The South Africa Freedom Foundation offered me a job as their executive director. It's too good of a position to pass up. With the extra money that I'll draw from my early retirement program, my pension and the salary I'll get from the Foundation, I'll be making more than twice my current salary. And I'll be based in Cape Town. Can you beat that?"

"I'm sure we can't."

"Jerry, that was only a rhetorical question," obviously Keith wasn't expecting to match their offer.

"I'm sorry to leave the Department in the lurch. I realize you won't be able to recruit anyone for next year."

"We'll get by."

"I'll have my office cleared out in a few weeks. I hope you don't mind, I've shortened my courses and canceled my final exams."

Well, actually I do mind, but I don't think I dare trample upon this area of academic discretion and be accused by someone of infringing upon academic freedom. Besides I'm too excited. He's leaving. And not only is he leaving, but I will also be able to exercise my prerogative as department head and grab his nicely-appointed corner office."

"No, I don't mind," I lie. If there is a God and the Catholics are right and there is a purgatory, I am going to spend a significant amount of time there for all the lies I have told as a department head.

"I'm going to be quite busy packing up during the next few weeks. So if I don't see you again, it's been great knowing you." And with that trite leave-taking, Keith left my life and lightened my burden.

I wonder how Keith became such a burnout? I hope I never get like that. He was so obsessed and deluded with his own self-importance that he felt obliged to tell virtually everyone he knew about his alleged importance in the South African peace process. I bet people waiting with him for elevators or those unfortunate enough to be stuck in a store line with him weren't even exempt from hearing about his glorious adven-

tures. That's pathetic. He had this need to promote himself when he obviously was so inconsequential—to EVERYTHING.

Am I inconsequential too? After all, I am a head, but the head of a department without a Ph.D. program at an institution that is clearly second or possibly third rate. Does that even matter? I like doing research. I like teaching. Does it matter where I do it? Is it time for me to move on before I pass the foreboding barrier of fifty? Even if I choose to move on, will another institution hire me? I raise at least ten more questions relating to my career or the lack of it and after trying to formulate answers, I sit back in my "Republican," oak, rolling chair, put my feet on my desk and take an afternoon nap.

It's just like Keith not to have cleaned out his desk. He was so self-centered. Always looking after himself. God, he was a packrat. It might be amusing to go through some of the correspondence he left behind. It should be good for a few laughs.

Here's one from a bill collector. He was two months late on his gas bill last year. This despite the fact that he was paid 25 percent more than anyone else in the Department.

Here's another one from a gushing coed (Is that a politically correct term?). She tells him how much she "absolutely enjoyed his Introduction to Africa class" and that "because of your class I am planning to pursue a MA degree in international relations."

Another one is from his estranged son. He's asking for money. He says he's in jail in Guatemala on some trumped up drug charge. Maybe that's why Keith couldn't pay his gas bill.

The African National Congress. Mandela's party. Why does he have a letter with their letterhead on it. It reads:

March 1, 1990

My good friend Keith:

I would like to express my personal thanks and the thanks of all of the members of the African National Congress for the essential role that you played in getting me released from gaol. Very few people, let alone a foreigner like yourself, have the credibility with both the ANC and the National Party to be able to serve as an effective negotiator.

I am confident that my release is a signal from F. W. de Klerk that the National Party is serious about engaging in the peace process. I don't believe that the cruel and inhuman system of apartheid can last much longer. The African people, who have been oppressed for so long in this country, must be free. I hope we can achieve that goal without further violence.

After spending more than 28 years behind bars, I can't tell you how happy I am to be free. It was so good to see Winnie and my family again. I have to pinch myself sometimes just so that I know that I'm not dreaming. I feel like I am reborn. How much I enjoy listening to the children laughing; and to have the freedom to go where I want, when I want.

It is all because of you my friend.

Sincerely,

Nelson Mandela

I don't believe this is a forgery. Was he really this close to Mandela? This seems so unlike Keith to have a correspondence like this merely stuffed in his drawer. I am surprised it wasn't framed and situated on a prominent position on his wall. I guess Earl was right—people can surprise you sometimes.

My contemplation is interrupted by a knock at my door. Earl walks in.

"I wonder if you had a chance to review my application for a graduate assistantship?"

"Don't you mean your application for entrance into the program?"

"No, I mean a graduate assistantship."

"Why would you be interested in a graduate assistantship? We usually give them to needy students."

"I may not be needy, but I could use the extra money."

"Earl, I thought, we thought you were well off. What about the chain of stores?"

"Yeah, I owned them. In fact, I sold them for a handsome profit."

"Well, then what gives?"

"I gave most of my money to the Evangelical Bible Mission, when I got saved."

"You're a born again Christian?"

"I was a born again Christian. I guess you could call me now a born again heathen. I gave it up two years ago. It just didn't fit right. But for about two years I bought into it. I told you before that I didn't like retail. For a while I thought religion was the answer. It all started in 1992 when I was feeling sort of depressed. I ended up having a long talk with one of my employees. He was a regular Bible thumper. I usually don't pay much attention to those people, but he was an awfully convincing and sincere sort of guy."

"He introduced me to a whole new side of religion that I had never thought of. For him, religion wasn't just a Sunday deal. It was something that affected every aspect of your life. At first, I was skeptical, but I thought some more about it and we kept talking. Six months to the day after our first conversa-

tion, I got saved; sold my business; and donated most of my fortune to the Evangelical Bible Mission.”

“You gave up most of your fortune?”

“Yeah, about five million. Boy... do I regret doing that. It was one helluva good tax deduction in 1992, but now I don’t have much to show for it.”

“Why did you do it?”

“You mean get saved or give up my millions?”

“Both.”

“I got saved because I hated retail and was looking for an alternative. As for giving up my millions... well when you get saved, you’re supposed to devote your whole life to Christ. Not any of this half-way crap. I was damn stupid. I really didn’t like the constant witnessing for Christ that they expected me to do. It was like... I was expected to talk about Jesus and the joy of being saved at any available opportunity. And they expected a lot from me. I was their showpiece. I was the rich Catholic who had become one of them. I guess they thought I could lead other Polacks to their brand of Christianity. Living in a town with so many Polacks, I was a damn entrepreneurial opportunity for them.”

“But, don’t you have a large mansion in Pine Valley?”

“I don’t know how that rumor got started. I have a two bedroom A-frame in Pine Valley.”

“You know, the administration thinks that you’re loaded.”

“Yeah, I know. I have to admit that I sort of have enjoyed the way they kissed up to me. But I never deliberately misled them. They just got the idea in their heads that I was loaded

with dough and I didn't see any reason to convince them otherwise. I probably should have said something."

"That's alright, Earl. You don't have to tell them anything. Keep them dreaming."

It's the middle of the day, but I feel like I need a drink.

"Earl, let's go out for a tonic water. I'm buying."

Larry Hubbell is an Associate Professor and former department head of the Political Science Department at the University of Wyoming. In addition to writing fiction, Larry has recently been writing on topics pertaining to academic administration.

The Empty Tower

Jay S. Mendell

Down the parade route, as far as Jerry Murphy could peer, the locals lined the avenue, crowding forward to wave ragged American and Pantamarian flags tied with bits of twine to broken off tree limbs. A clean old man in a tattered blue suit carried a small boy upon his shoulders, the boy waving a Stars and Stripes scribbled in crayon on wrapping paper, the old man and his old wife bawling with joy. In the confines of the turret of the Vietnam War battle tank, the Pantamarian president vigorously embraced the U.S. ambassador. "We love our American cousins," he said. "We love you all, Geraldo."

"I'm sure you do, Mr. President." He had flown in the night before, the State Department's sole representative at the dedication of the Senator Winston Q. Follsome Caribbean Clinic. It was a replica of the V. A. hospital that the late senator had porkchopped for his small Florida town and had insisted on replicating in Pantamarie's only city, as a payoff to the naturalized Pantamarian immigrants who had bumped him into office.

The ambassador and president had, yesterday afternoon, started at the airport lounge, migrated to the presidential residence, and all night had exchanged toasts and recollections of grad school at University of Miami and then had swapped confidences, stopping just short, the ambassador believed, of

revealing state secrets. Less than 24 hours on this island and I have bonded with its people. No wonder I have been going nowhere in the foreign service. Insufficiently tough, they call me.

Directly in front of the presidential battle tank there cruised the twelve ambulances of the Pantamarian Public Health Corps, each one driven by a paramedic in white, accompanied by a nurse, in white, proudly bearing the white cap of a registered nurse. Children ran beside the corps of ambulances, passing flowers up to the drivers and nurses.

Behind the tank straggled various gentle paramilitary and humanitarian services, firefighters, teachers in the uniforms of their schools, a high school band in a motley collection of jeans and tank tops, but all of them wearing MARLINS baseball caps. More American than the Americans.

Trailing behind were two huge earthmovers, their blades raised in salute. The one on the left displayed a huge Pantamarian pennant, the one on the right the U. S. flag.

The president grasped the ambassador's arm in a gesture of true brotherly affection. "Geraldo," he said "you and I have been close for how long? Has it been 20 years? Can it be that long we have been comrades?"

"Yes, Juan, at least that long."

"Then there is something awful which I must tell you in strictest confidence. I have done something simply dreadful."

"That I cannot believe, Juan. Unless you did it for your people." The ambassador became teary eyed, thinking of the fine Pantamarian people. No wonder they gave the Brazilian post to Bob Robinson, he thought. I am just a pushover for these little democracies.

“We are about to dedicate a hollow building, Geraldo.”

“Hollow, Juan? In what sense hollow?”

At this moment the parade turned onto the Avenue of Senator Follsome, and Murphy was stunned by an array of Pantamarian and American flags running 100 meters up to the clinic, sitting on an empty plaza on the bayfront, crowds standing patiently and gaily behind low wooden barriers. The avenue had been planted with flowering trees brought in from the jungles, and paved with brick, and the clinic balanced in lustrous glass majesty on the edge of a deep blue bay. Gulls wheeled overhead, and pelicans cruised in twos and threes.

“In the sense of being empty of clinical equipment, Geraldo. In the sense of being unstaffed. In the sense of holding no electrical and no plumbing facilities, no operating rooms, and no wards. The ambulances directly in front of us—they were sent to us by a Saudi prince in exchange for a heart-lung machine for which we would have no use in Pantamaria, as we have no doctors capable of performing such an operation as would be appropriate. The earth movers behind us are used in our jungles to open roads to the public health clinics to combat malaria and elephantiasis. We traded our suite of CAT scanners for the earth movers.”

“Then you sold everything?”

“Sold? Not sold, no. The Haitians were unable to offer us anything, so we let them have our plumbing. You cannot squeeze blood from a stone, I am afraid.”

“What are we—you—we—going to tell the Inspector General?”

The president grasped Murphy and turned him around to look backward past the earth movers. “Look back there, Geraldo, look at Pantamarie City. What do you see?”

parade had halted on a hill over the City. Murphy ran his eyes across what most Americans would have described as an unusually attractive village, rather than a city. "I see, um, cottages. People on bicycles. I see trees. What else? What do you want me to see, Juan?"

"Describe the trees, Geraldo. Describe the homes, the buildings."

"They are small, Juan."

"They are LOW, Geraldo. And why are they low? Because the hurricane takes away everything that is high. Pantamarie is low because the hurricane takes everything high!"

The president made a hand signal to his driver, and directly in front of the driver, two tank-mounted ground-to-ground missiles were rotated on their hydraulic pivots. Murphy had assumed they were decorative only.

"The hurricane is about to take our beautiful clinic, Gerald." Another hand signal and the missiles leaped forward with a whoosh, streaming acrid vapor. Murphy believed the missiles would pass on either side of the tower, but, no, they veered toward the shining glass structure, entered at the third story, and after a long quarter second, exploded.

Every bit of glasswall exploded outward, the larger shards plummeting, the smaller ones spinning and drifting, everything descending harmlessly to the empty plaza, so that for a moment the structure was a sequined skeleton poised on a sequined lawn. Then it heeled over into the bay.

"Well," said Murphy, "that's that, I guess."

"Quite."

The crowd was silent. Then the president raised his hands over his head in triumph, and the crowd expelled a collective, but confused, sigh.

On an impulse, Murphy embraced the president. Now the crowd roared.

The earth movers rolled forward and began shoveling the remains of the tower into the bay.

Jay Mendell is professor of public administration at Florida Atlantic University in Fort Lauderdale. He teaches computers in public administration, grants writing, and visionary management. This is Jay's fourth manuscript in *Public Voices*.

Call for Books to Review and Book Review Essays

Suggestions for books to review, particularly fictional works, and book review essays about fictional literature regarding organizational life and bureaucracies, are requested for future issues of *Public Voices*. Books being suggested for review should have complete citations, including title, author(s), publisher and date. A brief explanation of why the book is an important contribution and should be reviewed would be helpful. Books and book reviews selected should conform to the mission of *Public Voices* and the ASPA Section on Humanistic, Artistic and Reflective Expression, which include unorthodox and controversial perspectives on bureaucracy; explanations of how novels, short stories, poetry and other genre contribute to our understandings of society; and how society is reflected in the creative writings of novelists and others.

Please send your suggestions for books to review or completed book review essays to Willa M. Bruce, Book Review Editor, *Public Voices*, Department of Public Administration, University of Nebraska at Omaha, Annex 27, Omaha, NE 68182.

How to Speak and Write Postmodern

Stephen Katz

Postmodernism has been the buzzword in academics for the last decade. Books, journal articles, conference themes and university courses have resounded to the debates about postmodernism that focus on the uniqueness of our times, where computerization, the global economy and the media have irrevocably transformed all forms of social engagement. As a professor of sociology who teaches about culture, I include myself in this environment. Indeed, I have a great interest in postmodernism both as an intellectual movement and as a practical problem. In my experience there seems to be a gulf between those who see the postmodern turn as a neoconservative reupholstering of the same old corporate trappings, and those who see it as a long overdue break with modernist doctrines in education, aesthetics and politics. Of course there are all kinds of positions in between, depending upon how one sorts out the optimum route into the next millennium.

However, I think the real gulf is not so much positional as linguistic. Posture can be as important as politics when it comes to the intelligentsia. In other words, it may be less important whether or not you like postmodernism than whether or not you can speak and write postmodernism. Perhaps you would like to join in conversation with your local mandarins of cultural theory and all-purpose deep thinking, but you don't know what to say. Or, when you do contribute something you

consider relevant, even insightful, you get ignored or looked at with pity. Here is a quick guide, then, to speaking and writing postmodern.

First, you need to remember that plainly expressed language is out of the question. It is too realist, modernist and obvious. Postmodern language requires one to use play, parody and indeterminacy as critical techniques. Often this is quite a difficult requirement, so obscurity is a well-acknowledged substitute. For example, let's imagine you want to say something like, "We should listen to the views of people outside of Western society in order to learn about the cultural biases that affect us." This is honest but dull. Take the word "views." Postmodernspeak would change that to "voices," or better, "vocalities," or even better, "multivocalities." Add an adjective like "intertextual," and you're covered. "People outside" is also too plain. How about "postcolonial others." To speak postmodern properly one must master a bevy of biases besides the familiar racism, sexism, ageism, etc. For example, phallogocentrism (malecentredness combined with rationalistic forms of binary logic). Finally "affect us" sounds like plaid pajamas. Use more obscure verbs and phrases, like "mediate our identities." So, the final statement should say, "We should listen to the intertextual, multivocalities of postcolonial others outside of Western culture in order to learn about the phallogocentric biases that mediate our identities." Now you're talking postmodern!

Sometimes you might be in a hurry and won't have the time to muster even the minimum number of postmodern synonyms and neologisms needed to avoid public disgrace. Remember, saying the wrong thing is acceptable if you say it the right way. This brings me to a second important strategy in speaking postmodern, which is to use as many suffices, prefixes, hyphens, slashes, underlinings and anything else your computer (an absolute must to write postmodern) can dish out. You can make a quick reference chart to avoid time delays. Make three columns. In column A put your prefixes; post-, hyper-, pre-, de-, dis-, re-, ex-, and counter-. In column B go to

your suffixes and related endings; -ism, -itis, -iality, -ation, -itivity, and -tricity. In column C add a series of well-respected names that make for impressive adjectives or schools of thought, for example, Barthes (Barthesian), Foucault (Foucauldian, Foucauldianism), Derrida (Derridean, Derrideanism).

Now for the test. You want to say or write something like, "Contemporary buildings are alienating." This is a good thought, but, of course, a non-starter. You wouldn't even get offered a second round of crackers and cheese at a conference reception with such a line. In fact, after saying this, you might get asked to stay and clean up the crackers and cheese after the reception. Go to your three columns. First, the prefix. Pre is useful, as is post-, or several prefixes at once is terrific. Rather than "contemporary buildings," be creative. "The Pre/post/spacialities of counterarchitectural hyper-contemporaneity" is promising. You would have to drop the weak and dated term "alienating" with some well sufficed words from column B. How about "antisociality," or be more postmodern and introduce ambiguity with the linked phrase, "antisociality/ seductivity."

Now, go to column C and grab a few names whose work everyone will agree is important and hardly anyone has had the time or the inclination to read. Continental European theorists are best when in doubt. I recommend the sociologist Jean Baudrillard since he has written a great deal of difficult material about postmodern space. Don't forget to make some mention of gender. Finally, add a few smoothing out words to tie the whole garbled mess together and don't forget to pack in the hyphens, slashes and parentheses. What do you get? "Pre/post/spacialities of counterarchitectural hyper-contemporaneity (re)commits us to an ambivalent recurrentiality of antisociality/seductivity, one enunciated in a de/gendered-Baudrillardian discourse of granulated subjectivity." You should be able to hear a postindustrial pin drop on the retrocultural floor.

At some point someone may actually ask you what you're talking about. This risk faces all those who would speak postmodern and must be carefully avoided. You must always give the questioner the impression that they have missed the point, and so send another verbose salvo of postmodernspeak in their direction as a "simplification" or "clarification" of your original statement. If that doesn't work, you might be left with the terribly modernist thought of, "I don't know." Don't worry, just say, "The instability of your question leaves me with several contradictorily layered responses whose interconnectivity cannot express the logocentric coherency you seek. I can only say that reality is more uneven and its (mis)representations more untrustworthy than we have time here to explore." Any more questions? No, then pass the cheese and crackers.

Stephen Katz is Associate Professor of Sociology at Trent University in Canada. His humorous take on postmodernism has been published in many countries.

Insights into Policy Making: *Crazy Rhythm*

Crazy Rhythm by Leonard Garment. Random House 1997, 418 pages, index.

Reviewed by Richard Swaim.

Leonard Garment has written a book of good stories. He weaves threads of jazz, Jewishness and jokes throughout a crazy rhythm of events and individuals which define his life and career. While Washington memoirs are ubiquitous, this is more than just another memoir. In addition to a style and wit, there's the sort of word smithing, factual lacunae for example, that one may not see in other Washington memoirs.¹ There are also lessons about Washington, policy making, and accomplishment paid for by personal anguish. It is a good read as Garment weaves humor in and out of his personal narrative of good stories—good stories about Washington, the enigma Nixon was, and, significantly, personal stories.

This is not a story of blind ambition, which Garment's predecessor told, but rather a story shaped by early experience—family, education and work—which serve Garment well as he becomes part of the Nixon administration. Moving from 277 Pennsylvania Avenue, Brooklyn and dress factories to 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue and Counsel to the President is the story of his life; a life of jazz, law school, Wall street lawyer, befriending Nixon early, and becoming Nixon's counsel during the last months of his presidency. The humor which weaves in and out of this narrative links the stories—Nixon, stories

about growing up, personally and professionally, sustained by his culture—Jews, jokes and jazz.

Jewishness is a thread. From his childhood to closed opportunity for law school, being Jewish shaped his life and provided acute sensibilities. The effects echo throughout his story as in comments on the anti-Semitism of the Nixon administration, "The Nixon white House had its well publicized share of all-American anti-Semitism. But its expression was muffled by the presence of senior staffers who were well known to be Zionists, and the same White House was consistently faithful to its pledge of support for Israel's military security. Behind closed doors, Nixon-Haldeman-Dean conversations were spiked with Harry Truman's "kikes," Lyndon Johnson's "niggers," and the intra-ethnic slurs heard around the dinner tables of liberal Washington" (p. 387). Regarding Nixon's personal anti-Semitism, he tells the story of a *New York Times* front page story which had Nixon using the phrase "Jew-boys." Nixon, infuriated, sent a car for Garment, had him listen to the tapes and hear Dean, not Nixon, say "Jew-boys" (pp. 200-201). Tapes recently released tell us more.²

Nixon was considered uniquely familiar because of Garment's perspective. "Placed on the fringe of Nixon's life, I was exposed mainly to his attractive side—his intelligence, idealism and generosity. Only by 'hearsay,' mainly tape recorded, did I see the fulminating stranger I was happy not to know." And, he reveals what others thought of Nixon. Kissinger opined that Nixon expected to lose all his life and was determined to win a lot so as to have more to lose and "...making his worst mistakes, like Dostoevsky's gambler, after a victory" (p. 387).

Recalling Nixon's funeral, Garment writes nicely about "President Clinton, child of anti-war, anti-Nixon activity" delivering an admiring eulogy. While recalling the event, Garment says, "Sometimes America's politics are more poetry than prose and more music than poetry: Here were the country's political leadership, gathered en masse, ritually marking the accep-

tance of the great fact of modern American political life—the fact that the flawed, furiously human Richard Nixon, a man of dark nightmares and optimistic dreams, was a part of each of them, as mysterious to them as he was to himself” (p. 386).

Many of Garment’s lessons come from the muse, as his daughter, Sara, displays in poetry reacting to an unexpectedly friendly piece by Vidal.

Nixon’s mixed travails in this way
embodies the greatest hope for human nature,
than the most profound self-interest
will, by necessity,
cause us to be wise.

Jazz, music, art seemed to have conditioned his neurons and provided Garment some of life’s greatest lessons. It seems most of those lessons came from jazz.

Garment’s youthful ambition was to be a jazz musician. His career had him in the Woody Herman band and the book includes a picture of Garment with fellow band member Alan Greenspan before, as Garment says, Alan ‘acquired his federal reserve.’ He would later be re-united with Greenspan who by then was, “...an Ann Rand acolyte, [who] brought the bewildering subject (federal budget) briefly to life with a nice metaphor of the budget as the ‘central nervous system’ of America’s politics. He helped me understand how the trained eye of an economist, like the fingers of a clinician, can detect hidden strengths and pathologies in the country’s economic entrails” (p. 107). (As if economists needed more support for an assumptive and occasionally presumptive discipline.)

That jazz sustained him is evident in the lessons Garment draws from his jazz playing days, particularly from his fellow musicians. “We imitated not only Black playing but the whole jazz aesthetic—the language, the style, the hipness and humor...” Garment learned other things as well. He says,

...the lesson that the great black jazz improvisers were the cultural equivalent not of athletes but of mathematicians and almost simultaneously playing perfectly organized musical compositions of immense intricacy and beauty. Stanley Crouch's formulation is precisely correct: Jazzmen supplied a new perspective on time, a sense of how freedom and discipline could co-exist within the demands of ensemble improvisation...the well picked note on a moment's notice (p. 39).

Perhaps jazz, as art is wont to do, teaches the most important lesson, the lessons of democratic culture and ideas expressed artistically.

Art expresses ideas which shape and reflect the nature of a more general culture and politics. The ability of art to do this affects-and is affected by-the ideology of the political system and the general civic culture. A society's civic culture, if properly democratic, should engender citizens who support and make demands of the state. Today, for example, we might argue that American democracy and music, particularly jazz, embodies this relationship and reflects democratic ideas. Wynton Marsalis tells us,

A group of jazz musicians play together and no one can control what they're playing. They have to control themselves. Like when I'm playing trumpet, I can't control what the drummer is playing. Jazz is ultimate freedom. Freedom of expression. Jazz touches the core of what it means to be American. The core of what democracy is about. Not in a fake, flag-waving way of selling a Chrysler. The true meaning of democracy.³

Similar lessons extend our understanding of organizations. Drucker says that proper management teams resemble jazz combo bands with each of us playing with people of different talents and capabilities. Garment's comments are on point. "The import of jazz, an intensely individualistic art form, yet jazz players are usually chained by the mechanics of their enterprise to the talents of others in the group, including the least able" (p. 39). Organizations face this problem and solving it requires that we understand our role in a group, play well and stay in tune. And in both cases, musical organizations (jazz combos) and political organizations (the polity, the bureaucracy), improvisation, informal networks and ad-hoc characterize performance.

Along the way, Garment discovered he would not excel at jazz and instead became a Wall Street lawyer where he was "...an acceptable artisan in a profession that paid large rewards for precision, hard work and personal agility, one that did not demand great originality or perfect pitch" (p. 44). It was at Wall Street where he met Richard Nixon and flatly predicted in 1964 that Nixon would be President.

Nixon and his administration

Part of the crazy rhythm of Garment's life was the way "People and events curled around each other and me like a double helix - touching, separating and occasionally touching again, frequently in ways that had real consequences...." Meeting Nixon and the political crowd that Garment virtually fell in with appear in that helix. His first experiences with Nixon shaped his opinion of Nixon's view on real politics which "...consisted of (a) a fervent belief in hard, focused work, and (b) a conviction that there were no solutions, only useful compromises" (p. 65), and on Nixon's discursive style, "Nixon's conversational technique (as revealed by the tapes) were an improvisational method of feeling his way through an uncertain conversation, probing, testing, targeting, gauging what the other fellow had in mind" (p. 67). Garment's unflinching

respect for Nixon's tenacity and intellectual arguments reappears throughout the story.

The stories of the 1964 convention—the marking of ideological boundaries and high impact incidents—impress on Garment a strategic view of politics for Nixon's and the nation's future. Two stories will affect the immediate future, 1968; first, the right wing hate which emerged during Rockefeller's speech, and, second, the riotous civil rights demonstration. He also learned political tactics. Garment writes, "...lying in politics is a basic skill, like a strong left hand in stride piano" (p.115). And Garment recalls a drunken Nixon saying "Len you never make it as a politician, you're not a good enough liar. Apparently, Nixon was right, given Reagan who in his biography says, A little lying in a good cause wouldn't hurt. "

Garment also learned about what anthropologists call *species affinity* after seeing Nixon in his natural element at a meet Nixon party Garment arranged in Brooklyn. Garment says that he began to "...understand that there are two distinct types of human being, politicians and non-politicians. Politicians are happier in the company of enemies who are politicians than with friends who are non-politicians" (p. 71).

The 1967-68 campaign and Watergate offer more examples of the crazy rhythm of Garment's career. Garment reaches to film to describe the campaign years, 1967 and 1968, which, "...were the most frenetic years of the 60s, as much Marx brothers farce (particularly the stateroom sequence in *A Night at the Opera*), and Greek tragedy as conventional politics." In the eye of the storm Nixon clung unwaveringly to his central strategy and made adjustments only when the need was compellingly clear. He speaks unflatteringly of Joe McGinnis and his *Selling of the President*, saying, "He (McGinnis) accelerated the deformation of American politics by creating a self sustaining myth about the power of political advertising" (pp. 138, 139).

Watergate also brings out Garment's sense of humor and a Doonesbury cartoon is reprinted in the text to discuss his role as Counsel to the President. Watergate became, in essence, an archetype of a problem for Nixon who orchestrated strategy and "... made adjustments only when the need was compellingly clear." Perhaps the most telling bureaucratic lessons from Watergate is the bunker mentality and obsessive need for information, intelligence actually. Garment suggests that Nixon's role may be discerned by looking at the record which "...does reflect his obsessive interest in the operational details of everything in the White House. Beyond that lies speculation, informed by common sense inferences" (p. 297). Garment's "...principal contribution was to introduce a leavening touch of disorder to a tightly corseted atmosphere." His significant contributions to the Nixon era would lie elsewhere.

To better understand Garment's role, and perhaps policy making generally, one must understand the natural forces at work in the terrarium known as the White House. "It was and is a surprisingly dangerous place; but its serene setting, in a small private park fenced off from the surrounding urban hubbly, makes Presidents and their staffs slow to find this out" (p. 152). It is likewise necessary to understand how policy is made in our capitol.

Garment's description of the policy process in Washington reminds us of Hilsman's characterization that the way "...business is done and the nation is moved is most obscured." Roger Hilsman told of Professor Brown, a sculptor and boxer, who designed playground equipment. After discovering nylon rope wound around a steel wire, he built a spider web in the shape of a pyramid. Those climbing on the web could pluck a strand and send a fellow playmate flying. The taut web was so intricately woven that there was no sure way of telling who had been the real culprit, so the game of retaliation and counter-retaliation usually led to what can be described as complex pandemonium. The professor's greatest pride, Hilsman recounts, is its education achievement.⁴

"The children," he said, "learn two profound truths about life. The first is that there are so-and-so's in the world. The second, and more important, is that it's not easy to be sure just who they are." Garment provides a parallel version: "Many of the worthy or unworthy things you actually do in government will escape notice or proper attribution, while you frequently will be praised, blamed or given a place in history for activities with which you only have a glancing conviction" (p. 161). And, governing that process, Hilsman says, "Instead of unity, there is conflict. Instead of majestic progression, there are erratic zigs and zags. Instead of clarity and decisiveness, there are tangle and turmoil, instead of order." All of this suggests that, to understand the crazy rhythm of politics and policy making, we need new paradigms.

A Couple of Shingle Salesmen

The National Endowment for the Arts was established by the 89th Congress in that summer of Johnson's legislative juggernaut. By 1969 The Endowment and its sister endowment, the Humanities, were without direction and resources. Leonard Garment was part of a team which would bring the Arts Endowment to the forefront of cultural policy and enabled Nixon to claim credit for doing more for arts policy than any other president. "The arts project Mike Straight and I were working on was, as it happened, my first WH enterprise: I was developing a Nixon arts policy" (p. 161).

Garment describes the effort as a good moment for the arts, a better one for craft and says that his knowledge of Nixon was his main contribution. "A cynic might say that Nixon was a vulnerable customer for a couple of cultural shingle salesmen like Straight and me. Mike did more than anyone else during those years to keep the Endowment clear of the shoals of politics. "But politics of another sort were the reason for the budgetary and policy success of the Arts Endowment for the next eight years. Nancy Hanks, a Rockefeller protégé, became Chairman with the assurance that she would receive support

from the White House for increased budgets. The *quid pro quo* was the support of major arts organizations, the orchestras and museums, for Nixon's arts budget in Congress.⁵

The fine politics of art has changed since then. Increasingly, the Endowment has become so mired in well-publicized tangles with Congress and constituent groups, tangles which grew out of its ever-expanding web of constituents, some of whom do not need the Endowment.

Garment speaks authoritatively of the problems which then befell the agency. He says, "Nancy, with her passion for growth, persistently sought to enlarge the Arts constituency by doing what politicians do best: doling out money with less and less discrimination in order to get more and more money" (p. 169). The result has been incessant controversies over grants and subgrants which, while insignificant in number, "...resulted in such an aggressive defense by the elite arts community symbolized for many(me, for one) a descent into infantile chaos of the once-disciplined, tightrope-walking federal effort to sponsor aesthetic excellence and disseminate it to the nation." His remedy for the mess of politics and art is recognizing government's proper role, particularly the federal government.

Garment, who was appointed co-Chair of the Independent Commission to evaluate the arts during the Bush administration says,

If structural distinctions are not drawn between public support for validated American art treasures and private support for art still in the aesthetic laboratory, and if 'freedom of expression' keeps being reflexively brandished by the press and arts community as a substitute for the hard, compromise filled work of sustaining a political consensus for the arts, then the federal arts experiment will fade and fail-not all at once, but

gradually and inexorably. But the arts will survive (p. 170).

He's right. The arts are fine, the constituent groups of a federal government agency are not.⁶ Art is validated as a treasure by the culture that sustains it, not government. Are there national art treasures which deserve federal government support? Yes. Is there a role for regional, state and local governments' support for art? Yes. A role for private support? Yes. Regardless of the mix of support mechanisms, art will survive. And, as long as Garment has his saxophone and clarinet, so will he, albeit "...somewhat saddened."

Conclusion

Crazy Rhythm is a storybook of lessons. The overriding lessons come from the ways jazz, music and art contribute to shape our way of knowing, learning, and explaining. The ways of seeing which art provides is a philosophical contribution to nonlinear thinking so necessary to understanding how we live and organize ourselves.⁷ Garment makes us realize that things are more complicated than they seem-yet, are powerfully simple if one can discern their crazy rhythm. His storybook is full of phrases trying to capture chaotic rhythms. For example, "... what decided the case was an odd coincidence" (p. 220), and "... a rare combination of circumstances, sympathetic atmosphere...." (p. 225). Reading Leonard Garment's stories makes us better able to understand the politics and processes of policy making.

It is also a storybook of personal lessons. If we need one more example of the importance of street-level bureaucrats, read Garment's telling of the bureaucratic bungling regarding his first wife, Grace, her suicide and the near chance that she would have been buried anonymously in Boston's potter's field. Information had been somehow overlooked as a police spokesman told the press, "Apparently, there was some missing of communications." Translation: Nobody worked very

hard to identify this woman. After all, why get worked up over another anonymous stiff? And, a suicide at that" (p. 313).

These well told stories contain lessons for all of us in public affairs. You will, as Sloan does, "...want to invite Garment over for dinner to discuss Brooklyn, Jackie Robinson, jazz, mental illness and the question of whether lying is essential to political leadership." ⁸ Ask him to bring his clarinet.

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tion of readings, see Mulcahy, Kevin V. and Wyszomirski, Margaret Jane (eds.) (1995). *Commitment to Culture*, Boulder: Westview.

6. David Schiff comments on one effect of the bureaucratization of the arts, "The major orchestras with a 40 week contract was a byproduct of bureaucratic thinking, spawned by the deceptively steady help of the NEA. From the point of view of a federal agency, full-time status became a measure of cultural progress. See his "Classical Appeal," *The Atlantic Monthly*, August 1997, pp. 71-80. Edward Rothstein asks what sort of patron has the N.E.A. become? "It takes equitable distribution as a principle of its patronage. It is preoccupied with the size of its audiences. It focuses on insuring equal participation by different interest groups. It retains a notion of "excellence" but makes that idea contingent on the opinions of constituencies."

The ideology of democracy leaves us with a vision of the arts that is pure pork barrel. See his "Where a Democracy and Its Money Have No Place," *The New York Times*, October 26, 1997, AR 1, 39. I have argued that the Endowment should be restructured along lines similar to Garment's. A greater proportion of the Endowment's funds should go to the state arts agencies and the example of the Institute for Museum Services should be followed for other art forms, most notably dance, symphonic and operatic music, jazz and film. See "To Every Age its Art, to Art its Age" *Journal of Arts Management and Law* 24, (Spring 1994).

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The Ax

by Donald E. Westlake, New York: Mysterious Press, 1997, 273 pages.

Reviewed by Lawrence L. Downey.

Donald E. Westlake's grim satire is superb in its closeness to the realities of technological change, corporate mergers, reengineering, downsizing, and eliminating (in several senses of the word) middle management. There are valuable insights relevant to such policies and practices and their consequences in the public and not-for-profit sectors.

Westlake's Burke Devore is not the usual crime caper protagonist. He delivers a first person account of the reasons for his unemployment, the rationale he adopts to justify his approach to re-employment, and the steps he takes to assure his re-employment. He is a middle aged, middle class, and, until two years prior to the time of the narrative's beginning, middle management executive, with a specialization in polymer paper products and production processes. Following a corporate merger and downsizing, his job was transferred from the United States to Canada.

Burke wants a new job for which his education and experience qualify him. He realizes there are occupational alternatives in service and retail industries, but he refuses to consider them. He also wants a salary sufficient to support what he believes to be his and his family's entitlement, as U.S. citizens, to a middle class home and lifestyle. Some of the "fringe banes" of his situation that he tries to cure are that his wife works at

two part-time jobs and is having an affair with one of her bosses, his daughter must rely on long commutes with friends to school rather than residing on campus, and his son is a computer software burglar.

Burke's strategic and operational plans are morally and ethically based on the pragmatic advice given by a counselor hired by his former employer to prepare him and his soon-to-be-out-of-work colleagues for their futures:

Nobody invited you. Nobody owes you a thing. A job and a salary and a nice middle-class life are not a *right*, they're a prize, and you have to fight for them. You have to keep reminding yourself, 'They don't need me, I need them.' You have no demands. You have your skills, and you have your willingness to work, and you have the brains and the talents and the personality God gave you, and it's up to you to make it happen (p. 29).

Although uneasy with the actions he takes, Burke believes he is within the moral parameters of the latter twentieth century. He observes, "Every era, and every nation, has its own characteristic morality, its own code of ethic, depending on what the people think is important," among which have been such values as honor, reason, sentiment, the work ethic, and private property.

Today, our moral code is based on the idea that the end justifies the means... Our government leaders always defend their actions on the basis of their goals. And every single CEO who has commented in public on the blizzard of downsizings sweeping America has explained himself with some variant on the same idea (pp.265-66).

Burke surveys his competition. Using the family computer, he prepares a trade publication advertisement requesting resumes for possible employment with a fictitious company.

The position described has the same requirements as a job for which Burke would qualify. From the resumes submitted to his fictitious company, he selects the names for his hit list.

In the meantime, based on an article he reads in another trade journal, Burke selects the job he wants and identifies the person who must be removed in order for it to become available. The desired job is within a long, but manageable, commuting distance from his home. The position is with a company whose foreign markets need the products of technology and processes Burke has mastered. The person holding the job, in Burke's judgment, is less qualified than he. To Burke, therefore, the incumbent not only has Burke's job, but he doesn't deserve it.

The means Burke selects to accomplish his goal is not an ax, the metaphoric instrument by which Burke and so many middle managers are being chopped by their bosses. Burke chooses a German Luger for the execution of 1) the selected resumes (he depersonalizes those he considers rivals and enemies), and in one case, a resume's interfering spouse who becomes a necessary although unintended victim, and 2) the occupant of *his* job. Unexpected circumstances, quick thinking on his part in response to those circumstances, and an analysis of information unintentionally revealed by a police detective, however, cause Burke, ever the pragmatist, also to resort to other, and more primitive, methods of killing.

As the plot unfolds, Burke assesses the causes of current conditions. After World War II, Burke observes, applied science developed automated technologies that replaced thousands of blue collar jobs with machines, in spite of unions using strikes and other tactics to delay the impacts on jobs in manufacturing and mining industries. It is "the child of automation," the computer, that is the current "transitional technology" replacing middle management, that level of organizations between the bosses and the workers whose job it is to "interpret the bosses for the workers and the workers for the bosses.... The middle manager passes information: downward, he passes the

orders and requirements ...upward, he passes the record of accomplishment ..." (p. 66). The changes are not gradual anymore, he concludes, they are constant "upheaves" of social organizations, economic groups, and communities. For example, in his case, the middle class, middle managers' networks of friendship, teamwork and common problem solving are destroyed:

We were all enemies, each other's enemies, and we all knew it. You could see it in the faces. People who always used to have lunch together stopped having lunch together. When somebody said, 'Do you have any leads?' you said no, even it was a lie...We weren't a team, we were each other's competition...(p.204).

The Ax is a case study of recognizable and verifiable practices and justifications too common in the contemporary administering of policies that are increasingly difficult to distinguish as public or private. What the novel makes clear is the public outcomes of policies—intended or not—require the attention of scholars, practitioners, and decision makers.

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The Spirit of Public Administration,

by H. George Frederickson, San Francisco, CA:
Jossey-Bass, 1997, (\$28.95)

Reviewed by A. Carol Rusaw

In reading *The Spirit of Public Administration*, it is clear the founding values of democratic governance, from their political inception to contemporary practice, need revival. Regime values, such as collective benevolence, equity before the law, responsible citizenship, and civil participation underscore American democracy. Yet, as *The Spirit of Public Administration* shows, regime values and their attendant public acts have deteriorated. Social, cultural, historical, as well as political conditions have contributed to the decline. In fact, present-day demands for accountability with fewer resources, market-driven bureaucratic processes, and individualistic political gains groups have taken the wind out of citizen participation in government and jeopardized future generations. In spite of low spirit, however, the book holds American public governance can recover.

"Spirit," as used in the book, is a blend of political idealism, proactive concern, and communal caring. It is not so much an abstract concept as it is a feeling: a feeling that something vital still pulses through American governance in spite of nearly two hundred years of progressive political corruption and corresponding citizen disenfranchisement. The spirit that filled the founders of the Constitution potentially can revive the waning commitment to public service; but it will take some work.

Key to the revival is the re-uniting of "politics" and "administration" under the more comprehensive term, "governance." Although public administration is often used synonymously with governance, governance is actually much broader. "Governance," as Frederickson uses it, implies the ability to work in concert, through interinstitutional coordination, entrepreneurial creativity, and risk-taking. It differs from the standard connotation of "public administration" as an emphasis on managerial principles of order, stability, and control. Effective governance involves both freedom to work together as well as to set up operating procedures. In governance, elected officials, career bureaucrats, and ordinary citizens participate synergistically in deciding what and how to rule.

This ideal Frederickson describes contrasts sharply with what exists. Using descriptors of citizen participation and professional bureaucratic discretion, Frederickson paints the American model as low participation and low governance. Frederickson's ideal is similar to what existed in ancient Rome; citizens esteemed bureaucratic governance and considered it their duty to take part in it. The Roman high/high stands apart from other ancient models. In Egypt, bureaucrats drove a professional bureaucracy, but citizen participation was nearly non-existent. In old Athens, however, people participated overwhelmingly, but offices were drawn by lot.

The low/low state of American democracy, Frederickson points out, began with Madisonian distrust of mass rule. The Jacksonian spoils system, which followed, immediately preceded widespread calls for reform. With the Wilsonian reforms in the last quarter of the nineteenth century, in which administration became independent of politics, a major schism occurred. Frederickson maintains the split between those who make laws, those who enforce them, and those who abide by them led to the present-day special interest politics and the isolation and distrust of career bureaucrats. In such a case, the public projects its stereotype of elected officials onto careerists. When

scandal occurs in a political administration, career officials get blamed.

The fractured system of governance has produced weakness among all three sets of actors: a condition Rohr termed, "trained incapacity for sound moral judgments." It has also pitted each against the other and produced, as Wildavsky noted, "ubiquitous anomie" or non-identity. What needs to happen is that the three actors understand their roles not as independents, but rather as interdependent and co-equal contributors to the larger sense of "public governance."

In spite of the ways in which it has been interpreted to minimize citizen involvement and bureaucratic administration, Frederickson maintains the Constitution is the basis for moral and legitimate governance. He identifies four qualities that are essential to the Constitution's vitality:

1. virtues, or a base of ethical principles that are aligned with public behaviors;
2. responsiveness, or the will to achieve individual equity and collective needs;
3. benevolence, or a sense of service; and
4. love, or a commitment to attaining common human good based on belief in higher moral principles.

The other-ness of the Constitutional premises is based on deontological values: Aristotelian and Kantian precepts of absolute right and wrong. The tendencies to weaken the spirit of public administration, however, have stemmed from teleological values, primarily based in an individualistic, "me-first-now" orientation.

The present teleological stance has appeared in what Frederickson identifies as five major political forces: privatization, media scandal hypes, PAC agendas, executive politics, and iron triangles. Administrative, deontological values clash with these and further fragment the system of democratic rule. Fre-

derickson shows the tension produces seven distinct paradoxes:

1. an increase in waste, fraud, and abuse in spite of demands for more stringent resource controls;
2. a decrease in administrative responsiveness in spite of increased accountability;
3. additional political corruption notwithstanding the rhetoric that career bureaucrats are "the problem;"
4. a market-driven citizenry in which social equity levels have widened;
5. a greater responsibility for program results but a concomitant provision of fewer and fewer resources with which to make programs workable;
6. a cadre of bureaucratic professionals which has the expertise to conduct affairs but not the delegated power to do so; and
7. a "difference principle," in which citizens love their own elected representatives but distrust bureaucrats as a whole.

Repairing the breach between politics and administration and creating a more holistic sense of governance will require some profound changes in thinking and acting. Frederickson identifies several key ways:

1. *Change values.* Frederickson notes that values of social equity, justice, and benevolence need to transplant widespread materialism and individualism in contemporary American society. It is important for public servants, in particular, to drop motivations based on careerism. Merely enforcing regulations out of duty leads to moral corruption, as Frederickson illustrates in the case of German bureaucrats during World War II. Working to bring about greater human good often requires public employees to practice benevolence that transcends the letter of the law.

2. *Focus on future generations.* The consume-now generation needs to look back at actions taken within the last two hundred years of American history and identify how foresight then produced benefits consumed today. With this as a guide, they can plan strategically so that those living two hundred years from now will enjoy material as well as non-material benefits.
3. *Educate for ethics.* Organizations, such as higher education, and professional associations, such as the American Society for Public Administration, play a critical role in providing ethical awareness not only among public officials but also among constituents. Both formal education as well as informal opportunities need to be provided so that political, career, and citizen actors understand and support overarching values, beliefs, and actions centered in achieving the public welfare.
4. *Create a moral community through dialogue.* In a participatory climate, individuals can freely examine the beliefs and values they hold and the linkages to actions. In so doing, they can create norms of openness, experimentation, debate, and innovation to weave a more inclusive social fabric. Public employees, in particular, bear primary responsibility for creating the forum for dialogue by having the freedom to cultivate "bold circumspection." That is, they should be able to examine inconsistencies in policies while they administer them.
5. *Redefine roles.* Frederickson notes that both public officials and citizens need to reconceptualize their roles and relationships. Public employees need to stop thinking of citizens as mere "consumers and customers," and more as "owners." Citizens, moreover, should think of public employees as stewards or trustees who represent the highest social values and who put ethics into action.

The Spirit of Public Administration gives a finely-tuned historical analysis of the leading ethical philosophies that the Constitutional framers examined and used. The book also

highlights origins of the splintered governance system and its continuing effects on contemporary views of bureaucrats and citizens.

Along with the analysis, however, Frederickson calls on readers to examine the praxis—the commonly-held ways that historically-derived ethics inform action. Within this praxis, public officials, both elected and career, can reverse the deleterious trends. With awareness of the slide, public officials can develop a renewed sensitivity to the regime values of justice, equity, benevolence, and love. By taking steps to translate these values into actions, public officials can resurrect the occluded spirit of governance.

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