

THE  
WRITING

ANTHOLOGY  
1999



THE WRITING ANTHOLOGY  
TABLE OF CONTENTS

Welcome to another edition of *The Writing Anthology*. As usual, we sorted through reams of paper in search of the dozen papers we thought best captured the spirit of liberal arts at this college. Accordingly, this publication runs the creative gamut by including such items as personal travel experiences, in-depth research papers, imaginative persona papers, and even an irrepressible Puck.

This year's John Allen Award goes to Nick Richtsmeier for "The Fairy Trial of Robin Goodfellow: Puck's Defense". Taking a story line from Shakespeare himself is not a task for the faint of heart, but Richtsmeier handles the character of Puck with wit, style, and grace - and in poetry no less!

The Maureen Danks Award for science and math writing goes to Andrew Menz and Liz Wallace for their collaborative paper entitled "Encryption Techniques". Being somewhat mathematically challenged ourselves, we were pleased to discover that Menz and Wallace could teach even us a thing or two.

We would like to extend our sincere thanks to Keith Ratzlaff and Glenn Barnett, faculty advisors, for their help in culling the field of entries; Walter Cannon who, even on sabbatical, was there to offer advice; Randa Van Dyk and everyone in College Relations for perfecting the typing and layout; all the professors who submitted papers; and to all the photographers who supplied us with the means for making this publication more than mere words.

Last, but certainly not least, thank you for supporting your colleagues and pupils in their literary and artistic endeavors. We hope you enjoy perusing your copy of *The Writing Anthology*.

Cordially,

Danita J. Browne & Betsy J. Loomans, Co-editors

<i>Nick Richtsmeier</i>	<b>The Fairy Trial of Robin Goodfellow: Puck's Defense</b>	Introduction to Literature, Mary Stark	2
<i>Andrew Menz and Liz Wallace</i>	<b>Encryption Techniques</b>	Linear Algebra, Agnes Adreassian	4
<i>Danita Browne</i>	<b>Hymn of the Basque Soldier</b>	Travel Writing, Keith Ratzlaff	6
<i>Jason Dugel</i>	<b>Christianity &amp; Environmentalism: Hope for Tomorrow?</b>	American Environmental History, James McMillan	8
<i>Cheri Doane</i>	<b>Defending Himself: An Analysis of the Rhetorical Strategy Employed by Bill Clinton in Apologia</b>	Communication 390, Richard McGrath	12
<i>Matthew Francis</i>	<b>They Call Me Fiend</b>	British Literature, Mary Stark	16
<i>Charles Graham</i>	<b>Dying at the Royal Hospital Chelsea</b>	Non-fiction Writing, Keith Ratzlaff	18
<i>Josh Harrington, Brent Mohasci, Holly Schaffter, and Christy Weber</i>	<b>Conflict Resolution: A Window of Opportunity</b>	Organizational Behavior, Jann Freed	20
<i>Karen Jones</i>	<b>My Country</b>	Travel Writing, Keith Ratzlaff	26
<i>Betsy Loomans</i>	<b>My Portrait Reminder</b>	British Literature, Mary Stark	28
<i>Betsy Tremmel</i>	<b>Many Things Seem to Us Greater in Imagination Than in Reality</b>	Non-fiction Writing, Walter Cannon	29
<i>Dawn Westrum</i>	<b>Diversity is a State of Mind in Tinum</b>	Managing and Valuing Cultural Diversity, Jann Freed	31

Front cover photo: *Bicycle Man in Covent Gardens*, by Sarah Phillips  
Back cover photo: *Monument to the Empire*, by Terri Green

# The Fairy Trial of Robin Goodfellow

Honors Introduction to Literature, Mary Stark

Assignment: Create a credible persona paper from our class readings.

JUDGE: Robin Goodfellow, your foul deeds,  
Are spread far as dandelion seeds.  
Your wicked mischief has caused more harm than good.  
Time now, to find you guilty if we should.  
The fairy kingdom so oft been cursed because of you,  
Upon this terrible judgment, what say you?

PUCK: The fibbish tale has oft been told,  
By many mortal young and old,  
Of the fiendish deeds of Goodfellow  
In truth I speak, this were not so.  
For here am I, that lawless Puck,  
Who found occasion, oft in luck.  
In service to Oberon, fairy king,  
Lord for whom the mortals sing  
To tease a mortal one or two,  
On that count I must say, "'tis true".  
But 'tis all in jest, "In Jest!" say I,  
Meant more to laugh than to cry.  
Thou speakest aright, defender of the law,  
My name is whispered from frog's croak to robin's caw.  
Of course, to be a sprite of such fame and renown,  
'Twere more than just spilled milk in yonder town.  
More oft than twice have these tricks befallen  
The simpletons that were bred of Eve and Adam.  
Yes, 'twas I when the leavening it did fail,  
The bread it stayed well in the pail.  
Robin was around about,  
When the fair maidens they did pout.  
Their beaus having fallen along side the roads,  
These prideful Greeks, appear more like toads.  
Who is the master of unearned luck?<sup>1</sup>  
It is I! The Master Puck!  
Or on that known Midsummer's night,  
Within the Athenian wood, where lovers fought,  
You will all find memory of that night so well,  
When loves were transposed, trouble did tell.  
The magic blood of 'love-in-idleness',<sup>2</sup>  
Did in its power contrive such a mess.  
Many will tell that I in rascality,  
Did affect Lysander with intentionality.  
In truth I must confess 'twas I who did,  
Pour love juice on man's eyelid,  
Lo, he did awake when I were gone –  
For I was off to Oberon.<sup>3</sup>  
In truth, the identity of this Athenian,  
By my knowledge, was not so keen.  
I had not care, if wrong I were,  
The comedy true, in right or in err'.  
This innocence could be well remedied,  
In due time, once the song had played.  
I knew, in truth, the wrong man may find unrest,  
But in wood, everything may be in jest.  
My shadow role, I cannot deny,  
And a plea for innocence I will not try.

As I am an honest Robin,  
I will remind you once again:  
I will not claim to be at river's turn,  
When in the town, the milk won't churn.  
'Twas I! Into truth I must embark,  
But as for motive, you've missed the mark.  
I am a simple, gentle sprite  
Seeking only jest without contrite.  
I ask the court and all its company,  
What in truth shall make a comedy?  
It is of course when that which we expect  
Is not what doth occur, in effect,  
You have had good laugh at the fallen man,  
Or the unfillable water can.  
So it were the same at the prince's dance  
When not one gentleman had a chance.  
For no maidens did appear!  
Their invitations did disappear!  
You must admit that this brings a smile,  
To all those present at this foolish trial.  
To all my lurkings I must attest,  
But this I swear 'twere all in jest.  
The gift for mirth is one for all,  
And I, Puck, am here to fill the call.  
And the dream of summer's noon,  
For a thousand years will Greeks and Romans croon.  
The troubles of Hermia, Bottom, and all,  
Were worth the gaiety that did befall.  
Oberon's power oft knows no bound,  
And so I knew that this trick's answer would be found.  
In faith, I built that night of merriment,  
Knowing troubles come undone, with nothing spent.  
Am I fiend or am I friend?  
To cause answer, I must amend.  
To my knot of deeds I must attest,  
But I deny my hand in all the rest.  
By the moon's bright glow,  
And as the grasses grow,  
Most of the world's troubles go  
Without the touch of Goodfellow.  
But to those that I must claim affect,  
To their motive and result you must reflect.  
All is well with the lovers six,  
They were well healed from my giddish tricks.  
And by my cause, it were all for fun,  
By Oberon's hand my mischief was soon undone.  
And so as once I told,  
When the summer's noon was not but one day old:  
If this shadow has offended,  
Think but this and all is mended.  
That mortals did but slumber there  
While fairy visions did appear.  
Lost love, that weak and idling theme,  
'Twas no more yielding but a dream.  
Gentles, do not reprehend,  
If you pardon I will mend.  
And, as I am an honest Puck,  
If I have unearned luck  
And to 'scape the law's sharp tongue  
I will make amends ere long  
Else the Puck a liar call.  
So, good day unto you all.  
Give me freedom, if we be friends,  
And Robin shall restore amends.<sup>4</sup>

## Footnotes

- <sup>1</sup> v.i.410
- <sup>2</sup> Adapted from II.i.167-68
- <sup>3</sup> Adapted from II.ii. 86-90
- <sup>4</sup> Adapted from v.i. 401-415

# Encryption Techniques

Linear Algebra, Agnes Andreassian

Assignment: Write a paper on the topic of cryptography. Address your paper to a classmate who has had a year of calculus and analytic geometry and knows the theory of linear equations, matrices, and determinants, but may not know anything about cryptography.

Encryption is the method of changing messages in a systematic way so that they cannot be understood without some key to tell how they were encoded. The key might be a phrase, a word, a list of numbers, a special decoder ring, or just about anything. Encryption is important for countries during war or companies who want to send international messages and don't want their competitor to be able to read the messages. Recently encryption has also become a hot topic on the Internet. People are interested in methods of encrypting information to be sent over the Internet. There are software packets designed to break encryption codes of all types, and so new methods of encryption are constantly being developed to safeguard information over the net.

There are several methods of encryption, and we would like to tell you about three that involve matrices and linear algebra. The first is a method involving column transposition. The key in this method is a word. Let's say, for instance, this word is 'AGNES', and the sentence we want to encrypt is 'THIS IS OUR FINAL PAPER.' The first thing we need to do is figure out the relative positions of the letters of 'AGNES' in the alphabet. For example, 'A' comes first so we assign it the number 1. The letter in 'AGNES' that comes next in the alphabet is 'E', so we assign the number 2 to the 'E'. Then we assign a 3 to the 'G', a 4 to the 'N', and a 5 to the 'S' in the same way. Then we can make a matrix out of our keyword and the message:

A	G	N	E	S
1	3	4	2	5
T	H	I	S	I
S	O	U	R	F
I	N	A	L	P
A	P	E	R	.

Now we can write each row in order of the letters in 'AGNES'. For example, in the first row, 'T' is in the 1 column,

so 'T' is written first, followed by 'S' in the 2 column, followed by 'H' in the 3 column, and so on. When we finish the first row, we do the same with the rest until our message becomes:

TSHII SROUF ILNAP ARPE.

In this case, we have left blanks for easier reading in between each row, but they could be left out and the message written all on one line:

TSHIISROUFILNAPARPE.

This format may be better if you wanted to incorporate blanks into the uncoded message. You could put the blanks in the proper place within the matrix and code them just like other characters. Here's what our message would look like if we encoded the blanks with the other characters in the sentence.

TSHI IOS URI FNAPL AP.ER

Your contact would have to know ahead of time whether you are including blanks within the message or are just separating the coded rows with them.

The second method of encryption we'd like to show you was developed by a Greek named Polybius. It converts letters into numbers, so messages could be easily signaled by torches. We begin by setting up the key, which is a matrix with a number above each row and to the left of each column. The matrix consists of the letters of the alphabet or any other characters you wish to include in your message. Here is an example with just the letters of the alphabet:

	1	2	3	4	5
1	a	b	c	d	e
2	f	g	h	i	k
3	l	m	n	o	p
4	q	r	s	t	u
5	v	w	x	y	z

You may have noticed that 'i' and 'j' share a space. That shouldn't cause too much problem, because it will become obvious from the context of a

decoded message which one was intended. With our matrix key, each letter can be referred to by two numbers. For example, 'a' can be referred to by 11, its position in the matrix. Each letter has an 'ij' representation, where 'i' is the row and 'j' is the column of its position in the key. So now let's encode our message from before, 'THIS IS OUR FINAL PAPER.' Because we don't have a blank or period in our code key, we'll just leave our blanks and period in the same place in our coded message, which looks like:

44232443 2443 344542  
212431133 3511351542.

Now let's do an example with a different code key. Let our new code key look like this:

	1	2	3
1	e		i
2	0	+	=
3	1	)	ll

Now we can encode mathematical equations like  $e^{\pi^2+1}=0$ . This equation would be encoded as: 111232331322312321. We have included parentheses to help clarification, and have put both parentheses in the same place in the matrix (2,2), because it will again be obvious from context which side of the parentheses we mean.

The third method of encryption we'd like to show you is the method of matrix multiplication. The key in this case is A, an invertible  $n \times n$  matrix with numbers as its entries. The first thing we need to do is to assign each letter in the alphabet a number and the blank a number. The easiest way to do this is to let 0 stand for the blank, 1 for 'A', 2 for 'B', 3 for 'C', etc. You could change these numbers around, but then you'd need two keys, the matrix A and the numbers that stand for each of the letters. Now, let's take our message 'THIS IS OUR FINAL PAPER' again,

and we'll separate it into groups of  $n$  letters. So, let  $n$  be 3. Then we separate our message into groups of three characters, and replace each letter with its corresponding number:

THI S\_I S\_O UR\_  
[20 8 9] [19 0 9] [19 0 15] [21 18 0]

FIN AL\_ PAP ER\_  
[6 9 14] [1 12 0] [16 1 16] [5 18 0]

Now, we need to pick our A, which will be an invertible 3 by 3 matrix. So, how about we let A be:

$$A = \begin{bmatrix} 1 & 2 & 2 \\ 1 & 1 & 3 \\ 0 & 1 & 4 \end{bmatrix}$$

Now, we multiply each of our 1 by 3 row matrices on the right by A, like this:

$$[20 \ 8 \ 9] \begin{bmatrix} 1 & 2 & 2 \\ 1 & 1 & 3 \\ 0 & 1 & 4 \end{bmatrix} = [28 \ 57 \ 100]$$

And we get a new group of 1 by 3 matrices:

$$\begin{bmatrix} 28 & 57 & 100 \\ 39 & 60 & 96 \\ 17 & 49 & 99 \end{bmatrix} \begin{bmatrix} 19 & 47 & 74 \\ 19 & 53 & 98 \\ 13 & 14 & 38 \\ 23 & 28 & 64 \end{bmatrix}$$

Now if we remove the matrix notation, we have a string of numbers to send to whomever we want to see our message. When that person receives the string of numbers, if they know the matrix A they can decode the message by breaking up the string of numbers into groups of three and multiplying each string on the right by  $A^{-1}$ .

Let's do an example where we have received a cryptogram (encoded message), and we want to decode it. Suppose we know that A is the same matrix as we used above and we have received the following encrypted message:

$$8 \quad 23 \quad 79 \quad 24 \quad 29 \quad 67$$

We need to first find  $A^{-1}$ , and since we know what A is already, we can find  $A^{-1}$  by converting the matrix A:I into reduced row-echelon form:

$$\left[ \begin{array}{ccc|ccc} 1 & 2 & 2 & 1 & 0 & 0 \\ 1 & 1 & 3 & 0 & 1 & 0 \\ 0 & 1 & 4 & 0 & 0 & 1 \end{array} \right] \xrightarrow{REF}$$

$$\left[ \begin{array}{ccc|ccc} 1 & 0 & 0 & -1 & 6 & -4 \\ & 5 & 5 & 5 & & \\ 0 & 1 & 0 & 4 & -4 & 1 \\ & 5 & 5 & 5 & & \\ 0 & 0 & 1 & -1 & 1 & 1 \\ & 5 & 5 & 5 & & \end{array} \right]$$

$$A^{-1} = \begin{bmatrix} -1 & 6 & -4 \\ 5 & 5 & 5 \\ 4 & -4 & 1 \\ 5 & 5 & 5 \\ -1 & 1 & 1 \\ 5 & 5 & 5 \end{bmatrix}$$

Now, if we take our encrypted message, split it into two 1 by 3 matrices:

$$[8 \ 23 \ 79] \quad [24 \ 29 \ 67]$$

and multiply them both on the right by our  $A^{-1}$ , we will get two new 3 by 1 matrices which we can change into letters to form our message:

$$\begin{bmatrix} 1 & 7 & 14 \\ 5 & 19 & 0 \end{bmatrix} \begin{matrix} \text{AGN} \\ \text{ES} \end{matrix}$$

Types of encryptions can be combined to make a key harder to break, so we have an example where we've encrypted a message using the column substitution method and then have encrypted the key to the message using the matrix multiplication method, and we've given you the encrypted message, encrypted key, and the matrix A:

Message: IALENR LBAEGR ILACSO ENSUDD RNEUF. (Spaces between each row)  
Encrypted key: 79 35 10 159 117 33

$$A = \begin{bmatrix} 4 & 2 & -1 \\ 7 & 9 & 3 \\ 1 & 0 & 1 \end{bmatrix}$$

The first step is to find our key. We first convert our encrypted key into two one by three matrices. We find  $A^{-1}$  to be:

$$A^{-1} = \begin{bmatrix} -9 & -2 & 15 \\ 37 & 37 & 37 \\ -4 & 5 & -19 \\ 37 & 37 & 37 \\ -9 & 2 & 22 \\ 37 & 37 & 37 \end{bmatrix}$$

Now if we multiply our encrypted key matrices by  $A^{-1}$ , we obtain two new 1 by 3 matrices and we can find

the letters that correspond:

$$\begin{bmatrix} 13 & 1 & 20 \\ 18 & 9 & 24 \end{bmatrix} \begin{matrix} \text{M A T R} \\ \text{I X} \end{matrix}$$

Now that we've found our key, we should be able to find our message. We know that the numbers from the relative positions of the letters in the alphabet of MATRIX are:

$$M=3 \quad A=1 \quad T=5 \quad R=4 \quad I=2 \quad X=6$$

So, if we set up a 5 by 6 matrix from the letters the way they are encrypted, we will know which columns we need to interchange to get the true matrix. So, here's what we start with:

1	2	3	4	5	6
I	A	L	E	N	R
L	B	A	E	G	R
I	L	A	C	S	O
E	N	S	U	D	D
R	N	E	U	F	.

Since we know that MATRIX is 3 1 5 4 2 6, we need to make the first column the second, and the fifth column the third, and so on until we get our columns back in the order 3 1 5 4 2 6. Once we do that, we have our message:

L	I	N	E	A	R
A	L	G	E	B	R
A	I	S	C	L	O
S	E	D	U	N	D
E	R	F	U	N	.

Take it out of the matrix and you get: LINEAR ALGEBRA IS CLOSED UNDER FUN.

We've shown you only three of the many types of encryption. With a little imagination and mixing of techniques and variations, you can come up with your own encryption technique to safeguard your information. We'll leave you with one to figure out on your own. It's done with the Polybius method described above, where the alphabet makes up the matrix.

34333154 13343431 351534353115  
52243131 141513341415 44232443  
32154343112215. ENJOY!

## References

Encryption Web Site. <http://www.ftch.net/~monark/crypto/main.htm>  
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Danita Browne

# Hymn of the Basque Soldier

Travel Writing, Keith Ratzlaff

Assignment: Write a personal essay about a time you spent in a culture other than your own.

Steve Ybarrola and Keith Yanner, anthropology and political science professors, are in charge of a study program in the Basque country of northern Spain. The program lasts for a month and is offered every other summer. Both are encyclopedias about the Basque culture and political situation. Steve Ybarrola, besides being of Basque descent himself (hence the last name), did his doctorate work in anthropology with a case study on the Basque culture in northern Spain. The result is he's a Basque fanatic in his classes. He shows the film *Euskadi: Stateless Nation* every chance he gets. It takes both hands for me to count all the times I've seen it. Each time a class watches it, someone is sure to groan. (I'm not the only one who has seen it multiple times.) The film covers the plight of the Basques and their struggle to create a state which would be the physical embodiment of their nation.

While taking classes directed by Keith Yanner, I came to understand the political turmoil in the Basque region of Spain. Most people don't understand the difference between "nation" and "state" and how these terms can affect people of diverse origins within one political identity. Generally speaking, most people think the two are synonymous. Spain, for example, is not a nation, but a state. The State of Spain blankets many nations such as the Basques, the Catalans, the Galicians, and so on and so forth. These various nations are groups of people who believe themselves to have common bonds such as history, blood, and homeland. It's like a huge extended family. To borrow from Ybarrola's classes, they are "fictive [imagined] kin."

According to these ideas, the Basques are a nation. However, problems have arisen with this nation's increasing desire to be sovereign from Spain. *Euskadi: Stateless Nation* covers the use of violence by the para-military organization called ETA towards gaining Basque independence. Similar

to the provisional IRA in Northern Ireland, ETA has a long history of violence against the Madrid government (since the dictatorship of Franco). Its numerically small, but disturbing, membership casts a long shadow over the generally serene and beautiful Basque Country.

Whenever I watch *Euskadi: Stateless Nation*, the thing that always strikes me is when groups of people stand, fists in the air, singing "The Hymn of the Basque Soldier."

*We are Basque soldiers  
We fight to free Euskadi  
We are ready to shed  
Our blood for her  
A war cry echoed  
To the summit of the mountains  
Advance soldiers!  
Everyone behind the flag*

The song, almost haunting in the lilting way it is sung, is in the language of the Basques: Euskara. Euskara has no ties to Spanish, in fact linguists cannot trace it to any Indo-European language at all. (One myth is that it's the original tongue, broken apart at the Tower of Babel.) Every time I heard the song, I wondered at how ETA radicals would go so far, risking death or imprisonment, to oust the Spanish state.

After so many classes containing information about the Basques, I felt almost obligated to participate in the Basque program that my two professors talked about so much. Books and discussions offer only so much, and I wanted to see the situation first hand. Thus I found myself living in San Sebastian for a month in the summer of 1997.

Day after day, we wandered around the town of San Sebastian, looking for that mystical answer to "Who is Basque?" Answering that question was our basis for being there, and most of us felt like we were failing miserably. How could we possibly understand what made these people believe they were Basques? The people themselves

had no definite answers. More often than not, they would stare off into space for what seemed like ages before they could begin an answer. The answers we received were so different from one another that often we didn't know how to reconcile them to each other. "I just am Basque." "I was born here." "It is in my blood, I have 16 appellidos to prove it." "I speak Euskara." "I fight for our freedom."

It was a labyrinth of intangible human emotions. However, the disparity in the answers began to show us how these people were being torn apart from within. The Basque culture is unique and beautiful. The people have taken tremendous steps towards gaining complete autonomy from Spain, but they can't go further because they can't present a united front. Political parties can't work together because of different ideologies. Radical Basques accuse moderates of "selling out" to the Spanish state. In the midst of our field research, I found myself thinking gloomily how this place could become another Sarajevo, with neighbor fighting neighbor, or families stretched upon the rack of political ideology.

For us however, the last half of June and the middle of July passed leisurely. There were no terrorist attacks like so many hypochondriac parents, relatives, or concerned southern Spaniards warned us would happen in a place with resident "vigilantes." Things were so quiet, most of us worried about being able to dig up enough information to complete our political and anthropological studies. The last week, ironically enough, found our schedules booked with important interviews from informants who seemed to drop out of nowhere. It was also the week ETA decided to make an unwanted appearance.

ETA kidnapped a city councilman from the Ermua metro stop in Bilbao on Thursday, July 10<sup>th</sup>. The handsome 29 year-old man was an easy target. He took the same route to and from work every day. His name was Miguel Angel

Blanco. Miguel's flaw, seen from the radicalist view, was that he belonged to the wrong political party. He was a member of Partido Popular, a party of the Spanish state. Most Basques belong to Basque nationalist parties such as PNV, EA, KAS Alternativa, or Herri Batasuna (often negatively associated as the political arm of ETA). Miguel was a pretty small fish as a city councilman, but it made no difference to ETA. Their ultimatum: Miguel would be executed in 48 hours unless the Spanish government agreed to bring all Basque political prisoners to penitentiaries within the autonomous region of the Basque country.

By law, ETA had every right to demand this. The Spanish state is committing a crime by imprisoning Basque political prisoners outside of the Basque autonomous region. Frequently, the Spanish state moves these prisoners like pawns on a chessboard from one prison to another without informing relatives. Each side ends up provoking the other in a macabre dance. The state withholds prisoners, ETA kidnaps and executes, the state, ETA, the state, ETA.

Saturday, the twelfth of July, was the day I was leaving to return to the U.S. At four o'clock, I would board a train to Madrid and leave San Sebastian. Four was also the hour Miguel's fate would be decided. That day, a mass rally was held in the streets of Bilbao. I watched the telecast of the rally and was stupefied by the sheer thousands of people who crowded the streets of Bilbao. They were all there in support of Miguel. He was not the first one to be harmed by ETA, but this time, as newspapers like the *Chicago Tribune* stated, the crime seemed to rape the soul of the Basque country. Not even the local journalists could understand the mass outpouring of grief and rage at ETA's action. Speeches were made condemning the actions of ETA, and begging them to let Miguel go while they still had a chance to do something right. At the rally, Miguel's sister and fiancée stood above the crowd, tearfully addressing any ETA members who might be listening.

That morning, Jake, Danielle, and I made our way to the Plaza de Buen Pastor. Jake and I had seen signs posted throughout the old part of town saying a rally would be held there at noon. We were a few minutes early and there was no one there except for the regular number of people going about

their daily business or sitting at outdoor cafés. We sat down at a bench to the left and front of El Catedral de Buen Pastor and waited. I noticed that the people on the steps of the church gradually began to come together along with scattered people from the plaza. More menacing perhaps, was the gathering of *Ertzaintza* police in full riot gear around the perimeter of the plaza. Their blue and red uniforms stood out against the small crowds of people who had come to see what would happen. The *Ertzaintza* wore dark navy blue ski masks to hide their identities.

I felt oddly detached, as if it was all a huge figment of my imagination. Why would I be standing in a plaza surrounded by heavily armed police? My sense of adventure didn't normally extend this far. I wondered how hot the police must be in their full riot gear in the middle of a hot July morning. The *Ertzaintza* paddy wagons were parked strategically around the plaza and I watched the men wait expectantly, their loaded tear gas guns resting at their sides. I began to think we had taken an unnecessary risk by sitting in the middle of the plaza. I started thinking about how much I would hate to feel clouds of tear gas strangling my breath and vision even more than the car exhaust I disliked.

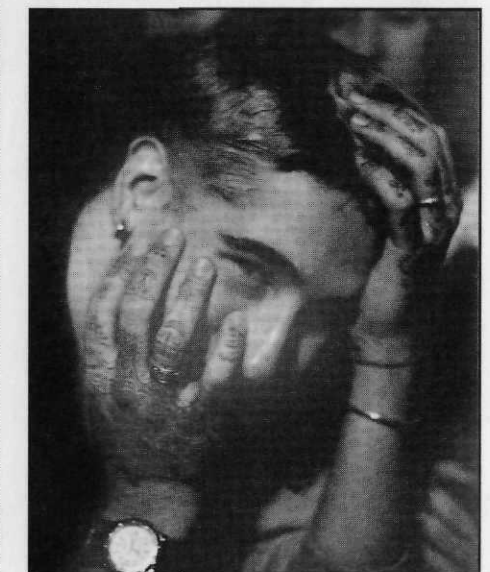
Undaunted, the people gathered in the plaza. They clutched a banner with a lantern pictured on it and the words *Euskal Presoak Euskal Herria* printed beside. It meant something like the "Basque Country imprisoned." They stood silently for a few minutes. Then they began chanting three words that made my mind recoil in disgust. "Gora, ETA, mil-i-tar! Gora, ETA, mil-i-tar!" They were shouting in support of the terrorists' actions. And this was the day Miguel, an innocent person, might die? I couldn't understand it. Slowly, an *Ertzaintza* officer circled the group of chanting demonstrators with a hand-held video camera. It was a scare tactic. It meant, "We know who you are. We have you on videotape. We can come and get you when we want."

The *Ertzaintza*, of course, do know these demonstrators. They are their neighbors, their co-workers, maybe they are family. They are all Basques. And they are instilling fear into each other.

I watched as the chanting people turned away from the camera. They were defiant. Then, they stopped chanting and began singing. Their fists

were raised and, unbidden, the words and cadence of the song I'd heard so many times before in my American classroom came to me. They were singing "The Hymn" and about being prepared to shed blood for Euskadi. This time, they were shedding Miguel's blood. I was sickened. It was no longer a meaningless, distant video of a place somewhere in Europe. I was there, the demonstrators were not 70 feet away from me, and ETA had just kidnapped a man 44 hours ago, and he would die. He would die for no better reason than because he was "expendable" in the eyes of the Spanish state. Unless ETA managed to grab King Juan Carlos I or President Jose M<sup>a</sup> Aznar, there was exactly a snowball's chance in hell of the Basque political prisoners getting back to the Basque Country. Even though I am an American -- an outsider -- I was left with a bitter taste in my mouth.

Later that afternoon, on the train to Madrid, I talked to a woman who was hunched over listening to her radio. They'd found Miguel dumped on a road in La Sarte, a village just outside of San Sebastian. I didn't know the words in Spanish for "shot" or "stabbed," so I pantomimed my questions to the woman. I thought she said he'd been stabbed. The next morning, in the Barajas airport, I saw the newspapers. There was a picture in *El Mundo* of Miguel on a stretcher, oxygen mask over his mouth, being rushed to a San Sebastian hospital. He was in a coma; hours later he would be removed from life support, brain dead. He'd been shot twice, execution-style, in the back of the head.



"Mehendi Steve"  
Terri Green

# Christianity and Environmentalism: Hope for Tomorrow?

American Environmental History, James McMillan

Assignment: Pick a topic of concern in American Environmental History and write a 10-15 page paper.

A battle rages for the heart and soul of Christianity in the attempt to formulate an environmental policy which contains both Biblical truth and honors the Christian tradition, yet asserts a new role for Christianity in the raging war to save the earth. The founding of the Church provides a divided environmental policy from the beginning, but offers a form of guidance to the Christian movement in the earliest known struggles. Never before has the Christian response to an issue been so important, and, as usual, the Christian movement is divided.

The influence of history and tradition cannot be denied in Christianity's response to environmentalism, and this history finds itself in a very vulnerable spot. The earliest Church body existed with a love for nature as the creation and work of God; later circumstances dictated otherwise, and the respect of mainstream Christians for the world about them steadily declined until 1970. This pivotal year in the environmental movement brought the change and disunion in the Church necessary to bring about changes in the Church as a whole. The battle still rages today, as Christians find themselves in the unusual position of being able to offer leadership within a secular movement.

This paper will attempt to sort through the history of Christianity in order to find the causes of the poor state of the Church in 1970, as well as examine the current theological thought among the Church body. Christianity seeks to discover for itself how its theological thought and Biblical interpretation merge to form a strong environmental policy necessary for the changing and dying world which now exists.

Before finding a solution to the problem of the environmental crisis, one must ascertain the problem.

Thomas Berry, a historian of cultures and well-respected voice in environmentalism and religion today, defines the problem as "...upsetting the entire earth system that, over some billions of years and through an endless sequence of groping, of trials and errors, has produced such a magnificent array of living forms, forms capable of seasonal self-renewal over vast periods of time" (Berry, *Ethics and Ecology*). He views anthropocentrism, or the self-centeredness of mankind, as the evil that caused the irreversible damage to the earth upon which Western Civilization thrives. Berry continues describing the lack of a "cosmic connectedness" which should exist between mankind and nature:

"This position [anthropocentrism] does not accept the fact that the universe, in the phenomenal order, is the only self-referent mode of being and that all other modes of phenomenal being are universe-referent, that all beings in the universe constitute a single community of existence, a universe community that is totally coherent with itself throughout its vast extent in space and its sequence of transformations in time" (Berry, *Ethics and Ecology*).

Berry continues by blaming this lack of connectedness to the cosmic universe in part on the Christian tradition. He blames an unwillingness on the part of humans to accept their condition in the world on the apostle Paul's idea of the original sin and the apocalyptic visions of John in the Book of Revelation. He finds in the Mass of the Catholic church a manifestation of this idea, in which Catholics pray "to be relieved from the sorrows of time into the bliss of eternity, our [their] true home" (Berry, *Ethics and Ecology*). Berry understands the human use of the environment to be a simple mistake on the part of

humans trying to better their lives, but he points to a hole in the ethical beliefs of Western civilization as a main cause of this mistake. Berry contends that humans simply don't have the ethical framework from which to develop a moral consciousness toward the environment:

"The difficulty is that the assault on the natural world has been carried out by good persons for the best of purposes, the betterment of life for this generation and especially for our children...it was the good people acting for good purposes within the ethical perspectives of our cultural traditions that have brought such ruin on this continent and on the entire planet...Biocide and Genocide are not terms within our ethical vocabulary" (Berry, *Ethics and Ecology*).

Berry concludes that the blame for this lack of ethics should be placed upon the spiritual and humanist traditions. He accuses the two traditions of having an "alienating emphasis" which commits them to "an anthropocentric exaltation of the human" (Berry, *Ethics and Ecology*).

From the beginning, Christianity, although exploitative of nature, did not create a new degradation of the environment. The idea that Christianity is the sole cause of environmental misuse is quickly eliminated due to the utilization of nature for human purposes long before the conception of Christianity and a continued abuse in non-Christian countries. This, however, does not nullify the Christian influence on the dangerously exploitative development of Western society.

Richard Young, a respected scholar of Biblical studies, in searching for the roots of this blatant offense against nature, finds the oldest and deepest root at the very beginning of mankind. The primitive people used fire to drive

wild animals to killing grounds, and he contends that the Native Americans themselves, considered the most "in touch" with nature, destroyed much of the buffalo population in order to gain only certain parts of the animal. He concludes that "despite their reverence for nature, primitive peoples still manipulated their environment to suit their own interests without considering the consequences" (Young, 30). He contends that Christianity is actually just continuing the tradition started by primitive man.

He also believes it a common fallacy to blame religion entirely for the destruction of the earth. He rebuts the theory of Lynn White, an analyst in environmentalism and Christianity whose major work came in the pre-Earth Day era, which stated that "one's attitude toward the environment was conditioned by religious beliefs, or by one's worldview." Young concedes that people act according to their worldview, but "their worldview is hardly ever based solely on the religion they profess" (Young, 34).

Young presents a vast array of Biblical leaders from the early Church to the time of the Reformation for scrutinizing. He allows that the Church has always given an "ambiguous statement regarding humanity's relation to the environment" (Young, 35). He finds two different views in the Christian tradition. The first is the redemption view, which states that all beings, human and non-human, will be redeemed. This is the view of natural unity, from which stewardship will spring later in the Christian history.

The second view of nature and man's relationship to it is that of withdrawal, in which man is understood to be on a spiritual plane, therefore necessitating the breaking of all bonds to the earth. Fulfillment in this earthly world is impossible.

As early as A.D. 96, Clement of Rome preached a message of peace and unity in the world. He contended that God created nature in "peace and concord." He used the creation order to appeal to the Christians to unite and bring order and peace to their movement. Dionysius the Great (who served as Bishop of Alexandria from 200-265 A.D.) stressed the great unity among God's creation. He continued with his theocentric (equality among nature and man with God as supreme master of both) views by stating that all creatures of God share a common home.

Young analyzes Arnobius (AD 300), who in his work *Against the Heathens*, stated that the things of nature are part of a whole. He continues tracing this lineage to the Eastern Orthodox branch of Christianity, as a part of which Saint Basil prayed for salvation of animals and the restoration of all creation after the fall of man (in which only Noah's family and God's animals were saved).

Undoubtedly, Francis of Assisi, writing in medieval times, brought the largest impact upon this theocentric view of nature. In his "Canticle of Brother Sun", Francis not only celebrated the world as one family, but also introduced the idea of matriarchy in creation for the first time. He spoke of "sisters Moon, Water and Mother Earth" (Young, 38). He considered stewardship of nature the most important idea to be found in Christian thought on environmentalism.

During this time, there were also leaders who represented the anthropocentric, human-domination theory of nature. The earliest proponents of anthropocentrism intended only to crush the Gnostic movement within Christianity. Nonetheless, these became the basic writings for future man-centered ideas in Christianity.

Origen (AD 185-254) believed that man was foremost in the earthly scheme, and "irrational" animals were created for the use of man. Tertullian (AD 160-230) also believed God created animals to be subservient to man. These two leaders of the anti-Gnostic movement compromised the Old Testament in favor of secular philosophy in order to dispel the disunity plaguing their Christian movement.

Augustine carried a mixed message. In his writings, he contends the only purpose of man to be for God, and that nature is simply a setting in which man can meet God. He struggled with his thoughts on nature, though, and he eventually set forth his idea that selfish domination of nature is sinful. He eventually conceived nature as a part of the glorification of God.

The Reformation solidified the confusion and friction within Christianity, when John Calvin and Sir Matthew Hale taught their stewardship views with anthropocentric utilitarianism. Calvin believed that God created nature, and God intended man to be a steward of this land. Hale even included the idea of the worth of non-human creatures. Martin Luther

himself held a utilitarian view of nature. He felt that if Adam and Eve had not sinned in the Garden of Eden, animals may have been used in the worship of God.

Modern theology shows signs of continued disagreement among Christian thinkers and theorists. Young suggests that the Bible and former Christian thought are theanthropocentric, meaning although man recognizes that God is above all and master of all, humans still view themselves as higher than other aspects of the creation. God created nature for the use of humans. This is the view that needs to change in order to effectively meet the challenge of saving God's creation.

Young also suggests that since biocentrism (all nature is equal with God as a part of nature) is an impossibility for Christians, theocentrism is the answer. This current trend contends that God created everything for his purpose and glorification.

Christians fought two main battles on the grounds of environmentalism as it relates to the Bible. The first is one of patriarchy versus matriarchy. One of the largest problems today, as attested to by the ecofeminist movement within Christian environmental groups, is the idea of a patriarchal God. The Christian movement, due to the domination of men throughout the Bible, forgot all traces of matriarchy within its anthropocentric guidebook. Women bore children and were considered the instrument for the entry of sin into the perfect creation of God. In medieval times, however, women entered the hierarchy of the Christian religion through the idea of the Madonna, or the worship of the Virgin Mary.

The Bible as a source of matriarchy would be stretching the holy book too far. Nonetheless, Christianity continues to reject any ideas of matriarchy in the form of Mother Nature. The spirit of the earth, called Gaia in most environmental circles, is viewed not as a manifestation of the feminine natural spirit, but rather as an idol. Matriarchal ideas have been locked out of the Christian tradition and have only recently begun to seep through the framework that held them out for so long. This adds a new dimension to the fight for the environment. The feminine characteristics of God (who is beyond sex by most Christian views) are becoming more popular, and with

them, a new attitude toward the nature God created.

The second battle within Christianity is the battle of the Genesis creation. Genesis presents two creation stories; the first chapter is the account in question. In Genesis 1:26-28, the Bible says:

"Then God said, 'Let us make humankind in our image, according to our likeness; and let them have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the birds of the air, and over cattle, and over all the wild animals of the earth, and over every creeping thing that comes upon the earth.' So God created humankind in his image, in the image of God he created them; male and female he created them. God blessed them, and God said to them, 'Be fruitful and multiply, and fill the earth and subdue it; and have dominion over the fish of the sea and over the birds of the air and over every living thing that moves upon the earth'" (NRSV, 1).

Most Christians accept and concede, if not accept as truth, the anthropocentric tone to this passage, and most followers accept the Bible as an anthropocentric work. However, the fundamentalist Christians wish to interpret the word "dominion" in this passage to mean "dominate." Herein lies the battle. If dominion means dominate, the fundamentalists use this as a justification for the utilization and abuse of nature. They argue that God intended for Christians to use nature for themselves. Others argue that dominion means a stewardship or a caretaking responsibility. God created nature, and man needs to make sure it is preserved for his glory.

Still others use the argument that God's sense of dominion is somewhat different than human dominion. As humans were created in the image of God, he should be our model. Therefore, Christians need to model their dominion after God's dominion, which, according to Young, means loving care, sustaining life, helping creatures in need, and always doing what is morally right. It should be concerned with the well-being of the whole because God models this type of dominion.

Presently, the second and third interpretations enjoy popularity among Christian leaders. There are still three movements within Christianity as it

relates to environmentalism. First, the fundamental Christians base their lack of action on the Book of Revelation, which says that the earth will pass away with all that is in it. Humans will be the only part of creation saved from this destruction; therefore, as the fundamentalists see the destruction of earth as imminent, they feel the conversion of people to Christianity deserves their focus. They have a large distrust for the environmental cause due to previous attacks on Christians for their lack of action. Finally, as attested to in a sermon given by Pastor John Hagee in the Cornerstone Church of San Antonio, "...the deep ecology sector is based on pagan religion and the new world order and the new age. These worship the spirit of Gaia...it's a feminine spirit of the earth...aka demon spirit" (Hagee). They reject the feminine side of Christianity, and accept their eschatological visions of destruction as leading to a forgone conclusion.

The opposite extreme manifests itself in the liberal Protestant movements. They believe in the stewardship concept of the relation to nature, and they profess theocentrism as their belief. They hold God higher than nature, although they also contend he is in nature in the same manner and artist can be found in their work. They believe in an equality of all nature, humans included. They accept the eschatological visions of Revelation, but they refuse to stop their work to save the planet. Stopping work and waiting for the end of the world is clearly against the will of God for their lives, and the apostle Paul warns against simply waiting for the end of the world in his letters.

The final group consists of people who attempt to take the middle-path. Dr. Ray Bohlin sets forth a belief system for this group in his work *Christian Environmentalism*:

"It is based on the reality of God as Creator and man as his image-bearer and steward. God is the Creator of nature, not part of nature. He transcends nature. All of nature, including man, is equal in its origin. Nature has value in and of itself because God created it. Nature's value is intrinsic; it will not change because the fact of its creation will not change. The rock, the tree, and the cat deserve our respect because God made them to be as they are.

While man is a creature and therefore is identified with the other creatures, he is also created in God's image. It is this image that separates humans from the rest of nature. God did not bestow His image anywhere else in nature. Therefore, while a cat has value because God created it, it is inappropriate to romanticize the cat as though it had human emotions. All God's creatures glorify Him by their very existence, but only one is able to worship and serve Him by an act of the will.

But a responsibility goes along with bearing the image of God. In its proper sense, man's rule and dominion over the earth is that of a steward or a caretaker, not a reckless exploiter. Man is not sovereign over the lower orders of creation. Ownership is in the hands of the Lord.

God told Adam and Eve to cultivate and keep the garden, and we may certainly use nature for our benefit, but we may only use it as God intends. An effective steward understands that which he oversees, and science can help us discover the intricacies of nature. Technology puts the creation to man's use, but unnecessary waste and pollution degrades it and spoils the creation's ability to give glory to its creator. I think it is helpful to realize that we are to exercise dominion over nature not as though we are entitled to exploit it but as something borrowed or held in trust. Recall that in the parable of the talents in Matthew 25, the steward who merely buried his talent out of fear of losing it was severely chastised. What little he did have was taken away and given to those who already had a great deal. When Christ returns, His earth may well be handed back to Him rusted, corroded, polluted, and ugly" (Bohlin).

Whatever the outcome of this tremendous struggle for the soul of Christianity, environmentalists rest assured that it cannot get much worse. For Christians, the destruction of the planet is God's work in progress leading to their ultimate redemption. However, many do not wish to aid the destruction of the earth, and many view it as their responsibility to care for the Creator's masterpiece. Middle-of-the-road Protestants, led by evangelicals and mainstream

denominations, have taken many steps, toward securing a better future for the Christian environmental movement through action steps, agendas, and support of the environmental cause. Now is the crucial time for these groups. The earth hangs in the balance of their internal strife. Thomas Berry stated it best when he wrote, "if we will not learn ourselves, then the universe itself will teach us by the penalties it is imposing upon us" (Berry, *Ethics and Ecology*).

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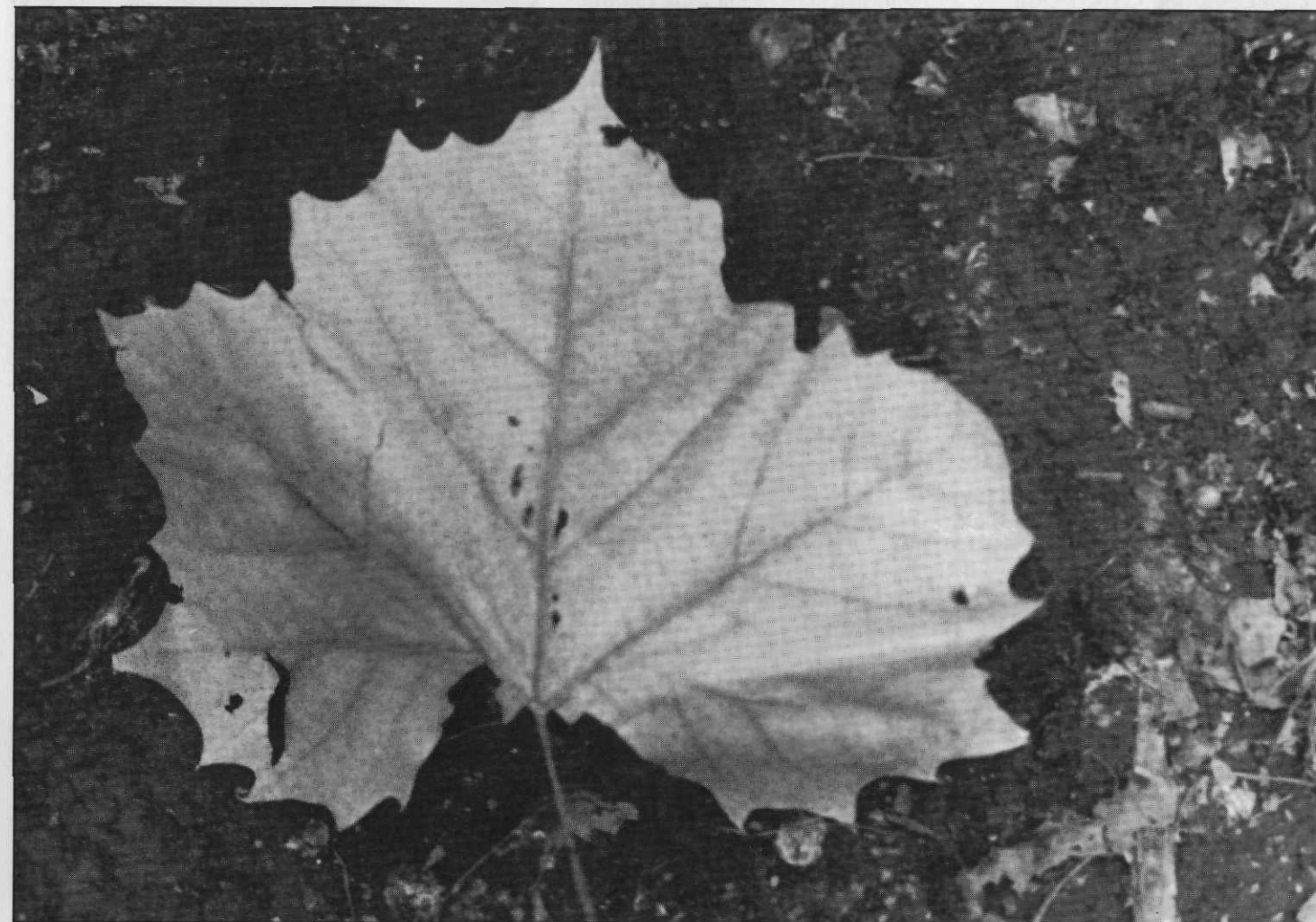
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"Leaf Study"  
Sarah Phillips

# Defending Himself: An Analysis of the Rhetorical Strategy Employed by Bill Clinton in Apologia

Communication 390, Richard McGrath

Assignment: Write a rhetorical analysis for the purpose of explicating the persuasive dimensions of public discourse.

In January, 1998, several news organizations reported an alleged sexual relationship between President Bill Clinton and 21-year old White House intern, Monica Lewinsky (CNN, 1998). Clinton denied the charges--both to the public in a televised address (Washington Post, 1998) and under oath in his deposition for the Paula Jones sexual harassment suit (Starr Report, 1998). When rumors surfaced that Lewinsky could produce physical evidence--a dress stained with the president's semen-- Clinton's credibility seemed to diminish. On August 17, 1998, Clinton realized that it was no longer possible to avoid facing the American people with the truth about his relationship with Monica Lewinsky. As more than 67 million television viewers watched, President William Jefferson Clinton looked into the camera and began (Columbus Dispatch, 1998).

The televised address was broadcast live from the Map Room in the private residence of the White House. Earlier that day, the room had been the site of a four-hour interrogation of Clinton by prosecutors from the office of Independent Counsel Ken Starr. Starr's investigation had begun in 1994 as an inquiry into possible improprieties related to a personal investment made by Bill and Hillary Clinton in a land development project known as Whitewater (Scripps Howard, 1998). The scope of Starr's scrutiny soon broadened to include a variety of charges, including campaign contribution irregularities and sexual harassment. Until the Lewinsky matter, however, Starr had been

unable to unearth any punishable offenses. By August of 1998, the American public had grown weary of the Starr probe (CNN, 1998).

This essay will examine the rhetorical choices made by Clinton for his televised address. Critical framework for this analysis will be the standards of televised apologia as defined by Lawrence Rosenfield. The study will attempt to answer the question: *What rhetorical strategies are available to politicians faced with defending their moral character?*

Scholars agree that speeches of apologia share enough similar elements that they constitute their own genre (Rosenfield, 1968; Butler, 1973; Burke, 1974). Kenneth Burke (1974) comments that the occurrence of apology as response to accusation takes place often enough that such situations deserve their own name. According to Ware and Linkugel (1973), "apologetical discourses constitute a distinct form of public address, a family of speeches with sufficient elements in common . . ." (p. 122). Attacking one's personal character is somehow different than impugning political or professional policy. It seems to deserve an immediate response, and our record of public address reveals that such circumstances--accusation followed by apology--have been common.

Rosenfield (1968) contends that within the genre of apologia exists a subgenre--that of televised address of apology. He argues that as the electronic medium becomes more pervasive in American society, critics should study its influence on rhetorical discourse. Others have looked at the

## President Bill Clinton Aug. 17, 1998

CLINTON: Good evening.

This afternoon in this room, from this chair, I testified before the Office of Independent Community Counsel and the grand jury. I answered their questions truthfully, including questions about my private life, questions no American citizen would ever want to answer. Still, I must take complete responsibility for all my actions, both public and private. And this is why I am speaking to you tonight.

As you know, in a deposition in January, I was asked questions about my relationship with Monica Lewinsky. While my answers were legally accurate, I did not volunteer information.

Indeed, I did have a relationship with Miss Lewinsky that was not appropriate. In fact, it was wrong. It constituted a critical lapse in judgment and a personal failure on my part for which I am solely and completely responsible.

But I told the grand jury today and I say to you now that at no time did I ask anyone to lie, to hide or destroy evidence, or to take any other unlawful action.

I know that my public comments and my silence about this matter gave a false impression. I misled people, including even my wife. I deeply regret that. I can only tell you I was motivated by many factors. First, by a desire to protect myself from the embarrassment of my own conduct.

I was also very concerned about protecting my family. The fact that these questions were being asked in a politically inspired lawsuit, which has since been dismissed, was a consideration, too.

In addition, I had real and serious concerns about an independent counsel investigation that began with private business dealings 20 years ago, dealings I might add about which an independent federal agency found no evidence of any wrongdoing by me or my wife over two years ago.

The independent counsel investigation moved on to my staff and friends, then into my private life. And now the investigation itself is under investigation. This has gone on too long, cost too much, and hurt too many innocent people.

Now, this matter is between me, the two people I love most -- my wife and our daughter -- and our God. I must put it right, and I am prepared to do whatever it takes to do so.

Nothing is more important to me personally. But it is private, and I intend to reclaim my family life for my family. It's nobody's business but ours.

Even presidents have private lives. It is time to stop the pursuit of personal destruction and the prying into private lives and get on with our national life.

Our country has been distracted by this matter for too long, and I take my responsibility for my part in all of this. That is all I can do. Now it is time -- in fact, it is past time to move on. We have important work to do -- real opportunities to seize, real problems to solve, real security matters to face.

And so tonight, I ask you to turn away from the spectacle of the past seven months, to repair the fabric of our national discourse, and to return our attention to all the challenges and all the promise of the next American century.

Thank you for watching. And good night.

strategies that are unique to those whose apologies are made public via the media (Butler, 1972; Ryan, 1988; Benoit, 1988). Rosenfield himself used analog criticism, a method in which two rhetorical discourses are compared in such a way that each address serves as a reference standard for the other, to make predictions about future televised apologia. One study (1968) compared Richard Nixon's "Checkers speech" with Harry Truman's response to the Harry Dexter White controversy, and found four similarities that he stated "may be genuine symptoms of the demands of the apologetic form" (449): (1) The apologia is likely to be part of a short, intense clash of views; (2) A speaker who chooses to argue in his own defense via television is unlikely to limit himself to defensive remarks; (3) A preponderance of facts in the middle third of the speech seems to be characteristic of this genre; and (4) The apologist tends to reassemble previously used arguments for presentation for the national rostrum (Butler, 1972).

Rosenfield's model provides a valuable tool for examining televised apologia, as scholars have noted (Butler, 1972; Ryan, 1988). However, in the three decades since this methodology was proposed, the television medium has changed, as has the perceptions of its viewers. It is important to evaluate recent television apologia by these standards to assess how those defending their character have adjusted their rhetorical strategies. The following sections of this essay will examine Clinton's 1998 apologia by the standards defined by Rosenfield.

### Part of a Short, Intense Clash of Views

Clinton's address was provoked by a clash of views that, while not short in duration, were certainly intense. The conflict persisted between leaders of the two political parties. Independent counsel investigators had been probing Clinton's business, political, and personal affairs for more than six years. The original lead prosecutor, moderate Robert Fiske, was replaced after being accused by

conservatives of being "insufficiently aggressive" (Washington Post, 1998). Conservative activist Kenneth Starr was chosen as Fiske's successor, and wasted no time in raising questions about the conduct and ethics of Clinton and other democrats. Partisanship was evidenced by efforts to tarnish the image of a host of democrats including White House lawyer Vince Foster, Arkansas governor Jim Guy Tucker, former Clinton business associates Jim and Susan McDougal, and associate attorney general Webster Hubbell. Clinton alludes to these events when he states "I had real and serious concerns about an independent counsel investigation that began with private business dealings 20 years ago . . ." (CNN, 1998). Polls had consistently revealed that Americans were incensed at the economic consequences of the Starr investigation--the probe had already incurred expenses of more than \$40 million (CNN, 1998). Clinton takes advantage of their outrage by reminding them that the investigation has "cost too much" (CNN, 1998).

### Failure to Limit Apologia to Defensive Remarks

On a more personal level, conflict was ongoing between Clinton and Starr as individuals. Both Bill and Hillary Clinton had characterized Starr's efforts to discredit Clinton as "politically motivated" (Washington Post). Attempting to shift blame from the accused to the accuser is a typical tactic for one engaged in apologia. Jackson (1956) contends that Clarence Darrow employed such a strategy in his well known speech of self defense. Darrow, according to Jackson, exercised "the use of invective against the prosecution" (192). Richard Nixon, in the speech of defense now known as the "Checkers Speech" attempted to shift blame to his accusers. Ryan (1988) states that Nixon's self defense diverted attention to his Democrat accusers. Similarly, Clinton calls into question Starr's ethics when he reminds the television audience that Starr's "investigation itself is under investigation" (CNN, 1998).



Again, near the close of the speech, Clinton refers to Starr's probe as "the spectacle" which threatens "the fabric of our national discourse" (CNN, 1998). Viewing these rhetorical choices through the lens of Burke's pentad reveals that Clinton is attempting to depict Starr as the agent, thereby shifting attention away from himself. The President reminds the audience that his own professional life, as well as that of his staff and friends, has been probed mercilessly by Starr's ruthless inquiry. This appears to be an effort to cast Starr's investigation as an act.

#### *Preponderance of Facts in the Middle Third of the Speech*

In his essay, Rosenfield notes that both the Nixon and Truman speeches have, in their middle third, a large number of facts. He speculates that, while this may be coincidence, it is more likely that this organization is a result of the "forensic demands of apologia," and speculates that this will be the case for future televised apologia. Butler (1972) states that in Kennedy's Chappaquiddick speech, too, the bulk of the facts resided in the middle segment. The middle third of Clinton's speech, however, contains very little factual information. It is comprised of an actual admission of an affair with Lewinsky, and the speaker's insistence that he had not obstructed justice. Only five sentences--about 14% of the speech--are devoted to an actual acknowledgement of wrongdoing. The rest of the narrative is devoted to introductory material, defending his previous lack of forthrightness concerning the matter, condemning his accusers, asserting his right to privacy, and a reminder to the nation that there is important work at hand.

It is evident, then, that Rosenfield's prediction about an abundance of factual information located in the middle third of the speech of apologia is not borne out in this instance.

#### *Reassembling of Previously Used Arguments for Presentation*

Rosenfield believes that those who defend themselves on national television will merely restate arguments that they have previously used. In the cases of the Truman and Nixon speeches, "all the key ideas, even the insults can be found scattered in [previous] public statements made. . ." (Rosenfield, 1968). Butler (1972) notes that this criterion is applicable to

Kennedy's speech as well. While it is true that Clinton had addressed this issue numerous times in the eight months prior to his televised apology, those occasions had been devoted to denying the rumors. August 17 was the first open disclosure of guilt. With the words "I did have a relationship with Miss Lewinsky that was not appropriate" Clinton admits to the public that he has indeed been involved in an affair that he had been denying for several months. His confession, however, falls short of open admission that he had previously lied. He defends his denial in the Jones trial as "legally accurate," and his public comments as giving "a false impression." He "misled" the public and his own family. Each of these phrases seems to have been carefully chosen to sidestep an admission that he purposely deceived millions of people. Ware and Linkugel (1973) contend that apologia often includes a strategy to deny intent. By using phrases that imply that his previous insistence of innocence was simply a failure to tell the whole truth, Clinton engages in such a denial strategy.

Clinton's apologia, then, does not validate Rosenfield's prediction that televised apologia merely reassembles arguments that have been previously employed. Rather, the President was forced to frame new, damaging information in a way that would transfer blame elsewhere.

#### *Effect on the Audience*

To understand the repercussions of the Clinton saga, it is important for the critic to consider the effect of the speech on its intended audience. Polls revealed that while the American public had little respect for Clinton's moral character, it approved of his ability to lead the nation, and opposed his impeachment (Washington Post, 1998). A poll conducted by the Washington Post in the week following the speech revealed that Americans defended the President as a good steward of the nation's economy and an able leader in foreign affairs (Washington Post, 1998). Less than half of those polled, however, said they approved of Kenneth Starr's handling of the probe. Many, in fact, blamed Starr or the press for the nation's discord (Washington Post, 1988). More than six in ten Americans wanted Starr to drop the investigation altogether. These reactions reveal that Clinton's strategy to redefine agent and act, and

to focus the majority of his remarks on Starr's scrutiny may have been successful. Future apologists will doubtless return to these strategies when defending themselves.

Historians will consider 1998 the year of the Lewinsky scandal. The year began with the first hints of the scandal, and it ended with hearings that sought to determine whether or not the President of the United States would be impeached. The speech delivered from the Map Room of the White House on August 17, 1998, will be remembered as the first time in history a United States President, on national television, admitted to having an improper relationship.

Despite the fact that Clinton's approval ratings remained consistently high and that most voters opposed impeachment, polls revealed that the American public was "deeply disturbed" about the events surrounding the relationship between President Bill Clinton and Monica Lewinsky (Washington Post, 1998). A critic analyzing this apologia notes that, despite its success at preserving Clinton's reputation as a capable commander in chief, the speech did nothing to assuage the grief shared by the men and women of the nation.

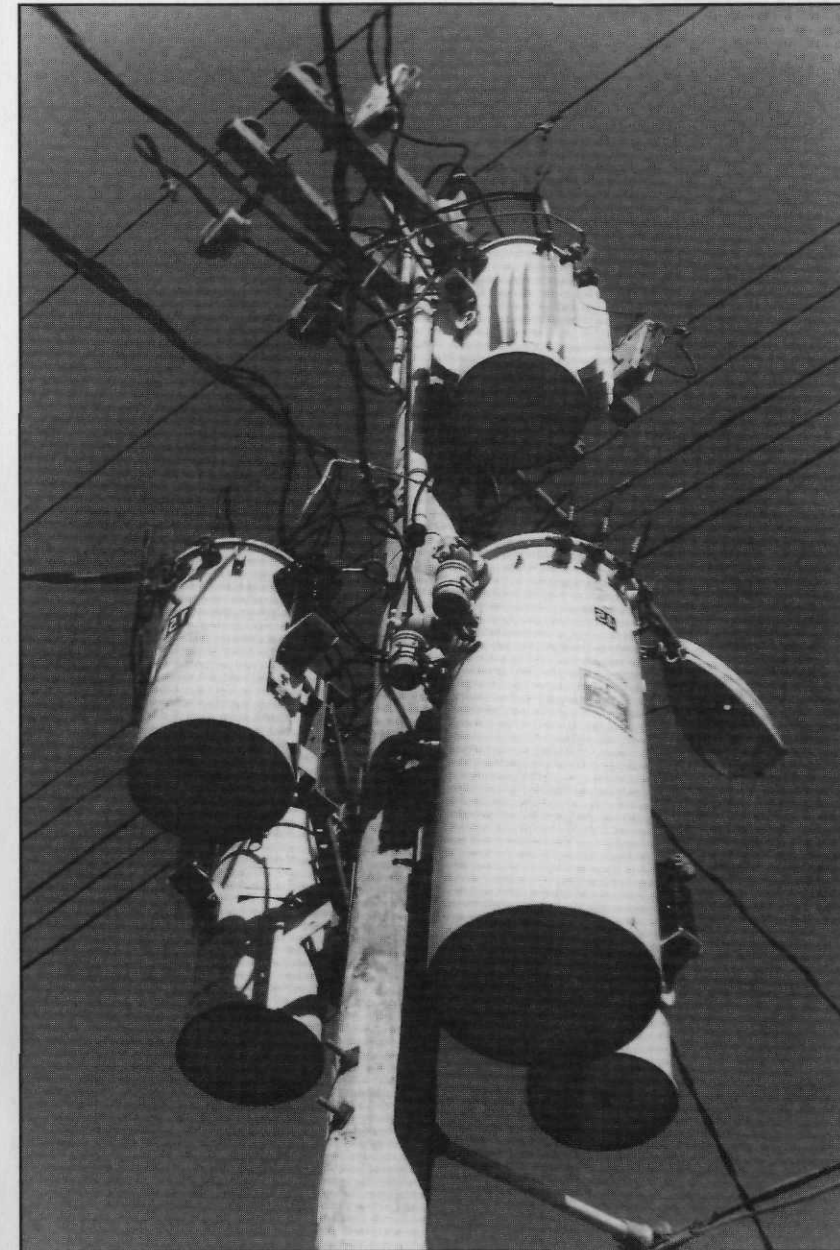
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"Connections"  
Mary Stanley

## They Call Me Fiend

British Literature, Mary Stark

Assignment: Create a credible persona from literature presented in class.

They call me "fiend," "daemon," "monster." I am reviled, pummeled, stoned, and cursed wherever I go. Of all creatures, I am most miserable, and without good reason am I turned away from every door and refused every comfort of hearth and humanity. But my rejecters do have a reason, even if it is one that cannot accept - I have been fashioned a hideous thing, with "yellow skin," "watery eyes...the same colour as the dun white sockets in which they [are] set," "shrivelled complexion and straight black lips" [56]. My very physical construction has prevented me from experiencing what every living thing under Heaven deserves - the love and compassion of its fellow-beings and its creator.

The very names screamed at me by humanity strive to differentiate me from themselves. Yet was I created human, constructed of human parts (though from people long dead; but their defiled remains gave me life, so I contain their life in mine) by a human, taught human speech, and filled to overflowing with the emotions of humanity. I am human, though my appearance belies me, for I feel love and hate, and act out of kindness and out of vengeance. And though I am not a child of Adam and Eve, I still desire and deserve the fellowship of my kindred, or in the very least a chance to know them and to let them know me, so as to judge me beyond my physical characteristics.

But if Adam was created in the image of God, I am created in the image of Victor Frankenstein - he made me to put himself in the place of God, to have "a new species...bless [him] as its creator and source..." [53]. Like Frankenstein, I have desired to destroy that which has done me no harm, for he tore to pieces the creature who would have been my bride, the work of his own hands, even though he felt "as if [he] had mangled the living flesh of a human being" [171]. My own life was almost ended at its beginning in the same way because of my

appearance (which I cannot alter, much as I desire it). And with these murderous tendencies implanted in me from my inception - almost a crueler legacy than my hideousness - I throttled the life from those he held dearest. My maker paid not the due creators owe to their creatures, which is that of their love. He would have put himself in the place of God, but he failed to display what the merciful God manifests - eternal compassion. And I am by him shut from God more than Lucifer himself, since I am not God's creation. But I am no fiend, unless Victor Frankenstein be a fiend as well, for I am his Adam, made in his image and his likeness.

And like Adam, formed from clay, I am of mortal substance, subject to the thousand natural shocks that flesh is heir to. But I was dead before I was born, and I will die again, as all mortals do. I am made of death without having a chance to live, and the curses that fall upon me penetrate me more deeply because of that fact. Daemons die not, nor was Lucifer always unblest, as I am, so when I am called "monster," my very life answers with cries of pain. Christians are taught from their infancy that God created the world and everything in it for good, yet I was not made for good, but for the satisfaction of pride. And more painful still is my eternal loneliness, for "Satan had his companions, fellow-devils, to admire and encourage him; but I am solitary and abhorred" [131].

So who can blame me for my life of crime? I do not lie when I say, "My vices are the children of a forced solitude that I abhor..." [149]. Frankenstein saw "malice and treachery" [167] in my eyes, but I am not wholly evil as he would have had the world believe. Even Captain Robert Walton, who at first sight felt sympathy for me, decided quickly that I must be as irredeemable as my late creator claimed me to be, by virtue of my deformed appearance. My murders were motivated by my desire to make Frankenstein feel what I feel, to cut

him off from all love and every possibility of enjoying life. But even revenge cannot satisfy me, and his death cannot bring relief for my miserable existence, since I still stand alone, and now I even lack a creator. In my *Götterdämmerung*, what is left for me? I can neither atone for my crimes, nor can I hope for anything other than death and a return to the state from which I began. Humanity is formed of dust, and becomes dust again; I was formed of corpses robbed from their sacred rest - what shall become of me?

Perhaps I would truly have been Adam, had Frankenstein made my Eve. Perhaps I would truly have been Satan, had Frankenstein given me a Hell to rule. But he did neither, and I cannot make any companion for myself, and cannot seek one because of my overwhelming grotesqueness. I am the human not-human, and so am rejected by human and non-human alike. My only companion is despair; "when I became aware that I was in reality the monster that I am, I was filled with the bitterest sensations of despondence and mortification" [114-115]. No one, not even my creator, will seek beyond what their eyes present, and so I, the fiend, the monster, the deformity, will die, as I have lived, completely alone.

All quotes taken from Mary Shelley's *Frankenstein*.

## The Creation's Sonnet

The scriptures say all flesh is grass; and I?  
What am I, then, unclaim'd by all, and turned  
Away from ev'ry door and forced to fly?  
Forever by my maker I am spurned.

I turn away to darkness where I rest  
In thoughts of love I never shall receive;  
My heart is full of feelings unexpress'd,  
And pain from which I'll never find reprieve.

All flesh is grass, but mine is foully ta'en  
From rotting corpses once thought laid in peace;  
But I'm the punish'd one, and mine's the pain  
Of sin which even Death cannot decrease.

If God can pity one He never formed,  
May pity rest on me, by love unwarmed.



"Laighrne Castle"  
Danita Browne

## Dying at the Royal Hospital Chelsea

Nonfiction Writing, Keith Ratzlaff

Assignment: Write a personal essay in the tradition of Montaigne, Orwell, and Dillard.

It was just like any other Tuesday that spring. I was studying in London for the term and only had classes on Mondays and Wednesdays. So on Tuesdays, I worked at my internship at the Royal Hospital Chelsea. And like all other Tuesdays before it, I walked out of the Sloane Square tube stop, past the Dillon's bookstore, and turned left down Lower Sloane Street towards the hospital. It was only about four blocks. I passed the pub, the Rose and Crown, that I always ate lunch at; and where later that afternoon, I would meet Jeff and Erin for lunch as usual and order the same sausage and onion bap with chips and a pint of beer as I had done the previous weeks. I approached the hospital gate, and I pressed the button and a voice from the small black speaker asked who I was and I told them my name. A loud buzzer sounded and the large metal gate opened to let me in to the hospital.

The Royal Hospital Chelsea is no ordinary hospital. It is a special place for British pensioners, retired British veterans who fought in World War II and some from WWI, to go when they have no one else to take care of them. Most of these pensioners are seventy or eighty years old and, I was told, there was one who was 109. The entire hospital area is very large and covers about four-square blocks, and most of it is made up of the living quarters and barracks. The hospital was founded in 1682, during Charles II's reign, but James II expanded it and added two more courts to house all of the pensioners. Queen Elizabeth opened a new infirmary in 1961. The infirmary is a small, white building and the doors open to the lobby with a desk and secretary to the right. I turned left down the hallway to the third door on the right with the sign "Physiotherapy" above it.

I worked in the infirmary, in the physical therapy department, and I performed a range of treatments from electrotherapy to ultra sounds to massage therapy. The same pensioners

came in every Tuesday for the same treatments.

I would talk a lot with them about their personal histories of the war or just anything about England. There was just something that intrigued me about this country and its culture, and I wanted to know more. And some of the pensioners wanted to know about America. Some of them had been to the United States before, but many of them hadn't. Those who hadn't been had plenty of American jokes to make up for it though. (Did you hear the one about the American, the Irishman, and the Scotsman?) After their treatments, almost all of them stayed for a few extra minutes in the physical therapy room for tea and biscuits.

I walked into Mr. Serneels' office at about 9:30 am, the usual time for me. Mr. Serneels was the physical therapist I was working for at the hospital. I started by shadowing him for about fifteen minutes, and just as I was about to start an electrotherapy on a pensioner, Mr. Serneels told me that a pensioner had died the day before. This pensioner had been a regular in the physical therapy department on Tuesdays, so I had seen him many times. I was shocked. And although now I can only remember his first name, I will never forget his face.

Henry was a quiet man who kept mostly to himself. He was a short old man; he must have been in his eighties. He had thin, white hair on the sides and back of his head because he was balding on top. He had been getting treatment for his legs, and so he always walked with a cane and his back was hunched over. He, and most of the other pensioners, wore the same thing every day: navy blue slacks, suspenders, and finely pressed blue shirts. Henry had a red stripe down the side of his pants, signifying that he had been a higher-ranking soldier. He also had an oddly shaven white beard that came down from the side of his face to the corner of his mouth and then formed a mustache. His chin was clean-shaven.

Henry had died on a Monday. He was drinking a pint of beer and died right there in the pub. I asked some of the other pensioners about it. They just laughed and said, "That's where I want to die, the lucky guy." At first, I thought that they were being discourteous, but then they started talking about him and all the things he had done and everything he enjoyed most -- like playing cards in the pub and taking care of the plants and flowers in his room. Then I realized that they weren't being disrespectful to him; they were celebrating his life instead of mourning his death. This is the first time I truly realized that death doesn't have to be such a sad and grievous time in the lives of someone's survivors.

The Royal Hospital Chelsea isn't just a hospital for the pensioners. It isn't just a place to help heal them or a living residence. It's the place they go to die. Although it isn't written, there is an understood "do not resuscitate policy" among the doctors, nurses, and staff of the hospital. This is a place the pensioners can go to be with other men who went through the same things they did during their military years, and they can die having the respect of their peers. Henry was a sergeant in WWII, and many of the other pensioners did have a lot of respect for him.

I hope that when it is my time to leave this earth that I have a good death. One that is respectful and painless. Henry had a decorated military career and died surrounded by men who knew this and respected him, and he also had a pint of beer in his hand and died painlessly. When I die, I want my family and friends to be there to celebrate my life, as Henry's friends did at the Royal Hospital Chelsea. I believe that life is just one of the trials and tribulations that we must go through to get to a higher or better place in the universe. I would want everyone to be happy that I had moved on to something better.

At noon, I met Jeff and Erin at the Rose and Crown down the street for

lunch. I ordered my usual meal and drank my pint of beer. I didn't tell Jeff or Erin about Henry, but he was all I could think about during that lunch. I believe that Henry wanted to go peacefully and didn't want anyone to cause a big commotion over his death, so I kept my thoughts and feelings about him to myself. I hope that Henry is happy wherever he is, with a beer in hand.



"Apollo's Horses I"  
Sarah Phillips

# Conflict Resolution: A Window of Opportunity

Organizational Behavior 351, Jann Freed

Assignment: As a team, complete a typed research paper on an organizational behavior topic.

## Introduction

In today's corporate world, there is one word that, even when uttered slightly, can strike fear into the hearts of managers and organizations throughout the world. If interpreted in the wrong context, this word can spread news of imminent danger throughout an organization. This word, which may end a manager's effectiveness in a single breath, is conflict. Defining conflict and its components is the first step in determining why conflict occurs and, more importantly, how we can deal with conflict situations as they arise.

What is meant by the term conflict? The definition of conflict used in problem-solving approaches is very wide. Conflicts are essentially about values or resources. They are not 'built-in' to any particular structure, but rather evolve out of the interactions between the relevant parties. Conflict, therefore, is *interactional*. Neither fate, nor history, nor a divine will create conflict; the parties themselves bring it about. Interactions result in conflict, and conflicts can stimulate a search for new methods and solutions which are mutually acceptable (Bercovitch, 1984, 21).

Organizations, and their managers, have many responsibilities. Managing conflict is an ever-growing area in the business world. The majority of individuals perceive conflict as negative and harmful. However, over the course of time, a paradigm-shift has occurred concerning peoples' perceptions about the nature of conflict. Conflict, along with death and taxes, is a constant in life that people can count on throughout their career. Attempting to eliminate the threat of possible conflicts in organizational hierarchy is next to impossible. At present, the most popular methods of dealing with

conflict encourage organizations to embrace it and look upon it as an opportunity. "While conflict can be destructive, it can also provide an opportunity for growth and creativity" (Thompson, n.d., 3). Why has conflict gone from being an unspeakable threat to being a window of opportunity?

It goes without saying that conflict was formerly viewed as a major problem to many corporate executives. "In the traditional hierarchical organizational structure, conflict was seen as a destructive force that negatively affects an organization" (Sreenivas, 1997, 21). Relatively all levels of management frowned upon conflicts that arose within the organization, dismissing them as problematic and disruptive. Historical hindsight illuminates organizations' preferred conflict style of avoidance as a means to managing conflicts. Managers used to be content running a workplace free of confrontations and possible conflicts. This was due to the fact that people "...usually avoid conflict because we see it as a bad thing, we wish to avoid harsh words or uncomfortable confrontations, we fear the outcomes, or are unaware of the alternatives" (Huyser, 1998, 19).

In light of the paradigm-shift in conflict management, avoidance is no longer perceived as the best way to deal with problematic situations that occur within the organization. "As traditional models started giving way to new ways of thinking, executives realized that conflict has a role in organizational dynamics. Today, constructive conflict is seen as an integral component in the progress and growth of an organization" (Sreenivas, 1997, 21).

Similarly, there are several perspectives of conflict among academia and society as a whole. These perspectives include theories and beliefs about conflict, its usefulness, and its pertinence to life. One of the more "light-hearted" theories states

that "...conflict is like sex. It is an important and pervasive aspect of life. It should be enjoyed and should occur with a reasonable degree of frequency. After conflict is over, people should feel better as a result" (Sandole and Staroste, 1987, 28). Another popular belief advanced by Steven Berglas is that "Conflict is what prevents all forms of stagnation and vulnerability from being overtaken by your competition. Unless an organization tolerates conflicting ideas being aired and debated, there is no developmental push for refining products, methodology, service capabilities and the like" (Sreenivas, 1997, 21).

Therefore, today's managers are confronted with the task of managing conflict. Yet, with so many resources available for managing conflict, including consulting firms and conflict resolution training, what is the best alternative to conflict management? Any one method may not prove the best for every organization. In an attempt to define these alternative methods, the following information pertains to the effective resolution and management of conflict. The strategies or techniques set forth in this paper are not a foolproof means of relieving individuals and organizations of conflict. However, an increased awareness of constructive conflict management strategies and approaches may assist in handling potentially troublesome situations.

## Conflict Styles

Constructive conflict management can produce more effective teams, better interpersonal communication, and an increased intensity towards focused goal achievement within organizations. The key to cultivating constructive, rather than destructive, conflict is encompassed in how employees express conflict and how employers manage it. Strong leaders possess the capabilities to both express

and address conflict. The first step in making effective choices about conflict management is to identify and understand the different types of conflict styles.

There are five different conflict styles generally accepted by experts in the field of alternative dispute resolution. The first of these is referred to as an avoidance style, characterized by *nonassertive or passive behavior*. People that exhibit avoidant behavior find conflict particularly uncomfortable, and therefore choose to withdraw from the situation. An avoidant person possesses little motivation to confront conflict because it appears to offer them little or no hope of satisfying their needs. A person with an avoidance style believes that attempts at resolving conflicts are ineffective and thus feels helpless in addressing conflict. An "avoider" may even abandon certain personal goals and end relationships to avoid friction created by conflict. This style does not mean that the "avoider" will be ineffective, instead it is a way of dealing with conflict by trying not to openly recognize its existence. In fact, an avoidance strategy may be appropriate if a party's interests are low or the parties to the conflict are engaged in a short-term relationship with one another. Avoidance allows party members the necessary "cooling-off" time they need in emotionally charged situations (Chard, 1997). As common as this particular conflict style is, it is essential to realize and accept that *avoiding a problem does not prevent it from occurring*.

The second conflict style is accommodation. People demonstrate an accommodating style when they tend to give in to the other party in the conflict and choose to sacrifice many of their needs and desires. It is important for an "accommodator" to be accepted and liked, and they will often act to protect and harmonize their surrounding relationships (Chard, 1997). In many regards, an accommodating style is similar to avoidance. When confronted with conflict, both styles try to minimize or eliminate any notion of disagreement. Often times an "accommodator" willfully chooses to yield to another's point of view. For example, one may say "yes" when they are feeling "no" in order to maintain peace. An example of an appropriate use of accommodation is when the maintenance of a healthy relationship among the parties to a

conflict is more important than the issue causing the conflict.

A third type of conflict style is the competitive approach, which is the opposite of the accommodating style. If an individual's or organization's conflict style is competitive they are more likely to exhibit aggressive and uncooperative behaviors. A competitive approach indicates a high level of concern for one's own personal needs at the expense of others. A person with a competitive style perceives conflict as a contest, where winning is the main objective, having little concern for the "opponent's" feelings. A competitive style is often exhibited where the resolution of conflict results in the assignment of additional power or authority (Chard, 1997).

Compromising is the fourth type of conflict style. When one possesses a compromising style they are expecting members to join efforts in finding a resolution that benefits everyone. In doing so, members each expect to give up something in order to achieve a solution that partially satisfies individual and group concerns. A person or organization that adheres to a compromising style maintains both assertiveness and cooperation in pursuit of a "middle ground" resolution. A notable weakness of the compromising style is the tendency to give in too easily, without inventing options for mutual gain (Thompson, n.d.). A compromising strategy is often utilized when all parties can afford to sacrifice some of their individual needs while still finding a realistic solution.

Seen as more assertive than the compromising style, collaboration is the fifth and final manner of conflict management. Collaboration is based on the simple theory that "two heads are better than one." The purpose of collaboration is to create a greater understanding of the conflict among all the stakeholders involved. Likewise, collaboration eliminates negative interaction by facilitating a mutual search for information. Instead of searching for "middle ground," a collaborator seeks to find new outcomes that maximize the needs of everyone. Such agreements are frequently referred to as "win-win" solutions. This style is most effective when it is necessary for each parties' positions to be equally represented and there is enough time to find the most effective resolution (Gray, 1989).

After acknowledging the different styles of managing conflict that exist, it

is important to recognize several implications that underlie the discussion of conflict styles. The Iowa Mediation Service outlines the following four specifications concerning conflict:

- 1) People develop patterned responses to conflict. For example, the same person often uses avoidance and competition when that individual believes that conflict is an "all or nothing" situation.
- 2) No one style is automatically better than another. Each person's conflict behavior is reasonable to that person - the behavior is chosen, consciously or unconsciously, because it makes sense to him or her in that situation.
- 3) People develop conflict styles for reasons that make sense to them. People learn conflict styles by observing others' behavior and trying out different behaviors with varying degrees of success. People's conflict styles make sense if you can understand what they have experienced and learned.
- 4) Although most people have preferred styles, people's styles undergo changes in order to adapt to the demands of a new situation (Thompson, n.d.).

Effective leaders are realizing the importance of identifying and addressing employees' different conflict styles. By doing so, managers are better able to effectively manage conflict in the workplace. Although people tend to follow an individual conflict style, it is important to realize that these are not absolute. People blend conflict styles or use different styles in different contexts. However, the more managers can learn about these different methods of handling conflict, the better able they will be to understand and empower their employees. Likewise, when managed effectively conflict can contribute positively to the workplace.

## Conflict Managers

The challenge for managers is to recognize the potential for conflict and to neutralize the negative effects. Managers charged with this sort of responsibility look to employees to bring forth grievances. In other words, organizations are encouraged to have in place a complaint resolution procedure. Federal Express calls their complaint resolution procedure the Guaranteed Fair Treatment Procedure. The procedure begins with the disgruntled employee discussing their concern with

their manager. As a provision of the procedure, employees who "feel that at some step of the procedure the response they receive is unsatisfactory or if management fails to respond, may proceed to the next step" (McDermott & Berkeley, 1996, 60). If an employee's concern makes it to the final step in the procedure, an appeals board will review the facts and circumstances surrounding the complaint.

According to the Iowa Mediation Service Mediation Manual, "In all too many cases, however, constructive conflict resolution techniques simply are not utilized" (Thompson, n.d., 6). In many instances, conflicts are ignored or resolved by an arbitrator who imposes their own solution upon the disputing employees. Ignoring a conflict, or resolving it in this manner creates a corporate culture defined by employee distrust, diminished staff commitment, and lack of internal organizational communication among employees affected by the conflict. Inevitably, production will suffer within the organization (Thompson, n.d.).

However, companies are limiting managers' roles in conflict resolution. Money is definitely a motivating factor as industry statistics reveal that managers spend up to 20 percent of their time resolving disputes. For each manager earning \$60,000 per year, the company is spending \$12,000 on conflict resolution. In fact, companies may spend as much as \$50,000 annually for managers with higher salaries (Lynch, 1997). Therefore, conflicts are being forwarded to human resource managers. In other words, human resource managers are *embarking down a path that "leads to a new role as a member of the management team, helping the firm to be competitive in today's environment"* (Blum & Wall, 1997, 86).

Human resource managers are asked to assist in a wide variety of disputes. The majority of the manager's time is spent addressing conflicts arising from operations issues.

Operations issues are identified as work assignments, vacation scheduling, overtime, union rules, workload, and sick leave. Another category of operations issues is conflict over disciplinary actions described as attendance, drug use, theft, policy violations, or sleeping on the job. Other types of conflicts involve interpersonal issues, sexual harassment, race relations, pay and

promotion, and workflow.

In addition, the human resource manager must encourage employees to resolve conflicts on their own where possible. Deborah Dale Brackney, director of management development for Mountain States Employers Council says, "If employees can resolve the conflict, it sometimes results in a stronger workplace and better product" (Johansen, 1998, 13A). William Ury, a specialist in negotiation and conflict resolution, encourages people to engage in joint problem-solving. In Ury's words, "It is soft on the people, hard on the problem" (Ury, 1993, 5). Joint problem-solving prevents people from wasting valuable energy and resources attacking one another. Instead, the disputing parties concentrate on attacking the problem and the conflict becomes less and less of a confrontation, and rather a side-by-side effort at solving the problem.

### Mediation

Naturally, joint problem-solving is easier said than done. Thus, joint problem-solving may need to be facilitated by a mediator. "Mediation is an informal process in which a neutral third-party with no power to impose a resolution helps the disputing parties to reach a mutually acceptable settlement" (Bush & Folger, 1994, 2). Mediation:

- Systematically isolates points of agreement and disagreement, develops options, and works toward final agreement.
- Is a "helping" intervention that is goal-directed and problem-solving orientated.
- Is a process that examines facts, feelings, and behaviors.
- Emphasizes each participant's responsibility for making decisions that affect his or her own life.
- Is a flexible process that allows participants to use outside experts (lawyers, therapists, etc.) to help reach the best solution (Thompson, n.d., 15).

Ultimately, mediators can remove roadblocks that are preventing the disputing parties from proceeding in the negotiation process. Often times, this involves helping the parties identify their underlying interests instead of continually focusing on one another's positions. "A position relates to the solution a person has for his or her problem. A typical position may be 'fire that person'. On the other hand, interests refer to the needs or concerns

behind the positions. Typical interests might be to do a good job and receive good evaluations" (Thompson, n.d., 39).

Furthermore, in another case the grievant had an interest in keeping the issue narrowly defined. It is difficult to shift the frame from rights to interests in mediation. This is because principles enter into the frame of rights and "by definition one cannot come to a reasonable compromise: one either upholds a principle or sacrifices one's integrity" (Greenhalgh, 1986, 2). The grievant filed a case over the allocation of overtime for welders. "He claimed that because the company needed welders during the day shift, and he was a welder, he should have the opportunity to bid on the job" (Kolb, 1989, 78-79). During the mediation process, it surfaced that the welder's real purpose in filing the grievance was to get his day-shift job as a welder back. The company was not willing to discuss this issue because it was not explicitly stated in the grievance. Thus, the union chose to withdraw the grievance and file another at a later date pertaining to the welder's underlying interest of working the day-shift (Kolb, 1989, 78-79).

The extraordinary ability of mediation to help individuals understand and deal with human differences in the heat of conflict proves the worthiness of the process. Mediation exposes the problem and its intricacies facing the parties. It is able to do so because of its operating terms of flexibility, informality, and consensuality. Again, mediation frames the dispute as a mutual problem absent of any legal categories or rules. Of monumental importance are mediators' skills in discovering the disputants' interests and needs, neutralizing the power imbalances (Bush & Folger, 1994). "As a result of these different features, mediation can facilitate collaborative, integrative problem-solving rather than adversarial, distributive bargaining" (Bush & Folger, 1994, 55).

This invaluable characteristic of problem-solving mediation is just one among many that has rendered problem solving the "household view" of theorists attempting to describe the way successful conflict unfolds. It is the catch phrase in discussions of conflict in law, psychology, organizational management, and communication (Bush & Folger, 1994, 57). Problem-solving mediation is renowned for its

suggestion that parties can get more of what they want if they define problems mutually and seek solutions that are acceptable to all parties (Bush & Folger, 1994). There are a number of mediation models available for organizations to utilize. One such model includes the following stages: introductory statement; information gathering; problem identification; bargaining and negotiations; and decision-making and closure.

#### • Stage One: Introductory Statement

Its purposes are:

- 1) To affirm the goals of mediation
- 2) To establish ground rules for the session
- 3) To explain the concepts of confidentiality and impartiality
- 4) To set the tone for mediation (Thompson, n.d., 18).

The goals of mediation are:

- To help disputants resolve their conflict by agreements compatible with their ability to commit themselves.
- To identify facts and feelings at the heart of the conflict and establish a means for resolving it without violence.
- To encourage the involved parties to continue work on those issues resolved in individual negotiations.
- To identify destructive communication patterns that emerge during the mediation.
- To offer conflicting parties an alternative to the court system (Thompson, n.d., 15).

The ground rules for the session simply inform the disputants as to when they will be allowed to speak, how they are to address the other parties involved, and so forth. The mediator assures the disputants that the information or evidence revealed during the session cannot be used in a civil court of law, as is the case in the majority of states in the U.S. (Ehrman, 1989).

#### • Stage Two: Information Gathering

Summary Statements – At this time, each party is granted the opportunity to give his or her view of the conflict. Neither the mediator nor the other parties may interrupt or interfere. However, each party's initial summary statement should be their perception of the conflict and not

their reaction to the charges being made by the other parties to the conflict (Thompson, n.d.).

Clarification – The mediator, after listening carefully to the content and the tone of all statements made by the parties, seeks to clarify the issues. The mediator does not want to assert anything about the conflict. Thus, they must try to ask the right questions (Thompson, n.d.). Problem-solving questions such as, "Why is it that you want that?" "What are your concerns?" engage the disputants in conversation that will disclose important information. "A problem-solving question focuses attention on the interests of each side, the options for satisfying them, and the standards of fairness for resolving differences" (Ury, 1993, 80).

Ventilation – The mediator encourages the disputants to share their feelings concerning the conflict. The mediator tests the other parties' comprehension by asking them to respond to the other party whose feeling are being expressed. It also presents the mediator with another opportunity to gather information about the dispute because individuals often time share information more freely when expressing emotion (Thompson, n.d.).

#### • Stage Three: Problem Identification

Disputants reveal their primary issues by doing one or more of the following:

- 1) Expressing repeated interest in one issue or one set of issues
- 2) Expressing emotional commitment to one issue or one set of issues
- 3) Over-emphasizing an issue to the detriment of other issues
- 4) Purposely avoiding an issue considered important by the other party (Thompson, n.d., 21).

#### • Stage Four: Agenda Setting

The concept of inventing options for mutual gain does not come naturally. Individuals often times think there exists only one right answer, and that is theirs. Others prematurely judge alternative solutions and some have an either/or mentality that says, "Either she gets it or I do." The mediator must

facilitate the brainstorming process, assisting the parties in generating a long list of ideas that approach the problem from various angles (Fisher, 1983). The mediator must also remember not to advocate one option over another. After the disputants have created a sufficient list, the mediator is responsible for helping the parties review the consequences of each option (Thompson, n.d.).

#### • Stage Five: Bargaining and Negotiations

Disputants engage in a process of give and take on the issues they have identified as problematic and significant. The mediator reminds the disputants of the options that were proposed during the brainstorming process (Thompson, n.d.).

#### • Stage Six: Decision-making and Closure

Clarification – The mediator is responsible for making sure that the details of an agreement are clear. He or she may do so by reviewing the five W's of what, when, where, why, and how a specific action will be performed (Thompson, n.d.).

Reality Testing – The mediator simply urges the disputants to consider how realistic the agreement is. They may do so by "asking questions and appealing to the common sense of the disputants" (Thompson, n.d., 23). Reality testing also encompasses questions concerning what the disputants will do if the agreement breaks down, if future disagreements arise in the future, or if the parties want to arrange a follow-up meeting. If specific ways of dealing with these issues are agreed upon, they may be included in the written agreement that is signed by both disputants (Thompson, n.d.).

Undoubtedly, the mediation process appears too complex and time consuming for some organizations. However, "Employers who believe they don't need a mediation system because 'conflict is not a big problem' should consider the true costs of conflict and its resolution. Generally, having a mediation system will pay for itself and provide you and your employees with a better, healthier work environment" (Lynch, 1997, 50). The implications

for employers and employees can mean higher quality relationships on the job with co-workers from all cohorts of the organization and the potential for upward mobility and acquisition of leadership positions more readily (Edina, 1987).

Another example where mediation was the preferred choice of dispute resolution deals with a grievance case concerning Rosie, an employee of the Underground Mine Company and a member of the Mine workers. The mediation proceedings were described as taking place in a local motel where they were able to convene the meetings. In this case, Rosie had been fired due to her excessive employee accident record. The District Representative (DR) for the Mine workers claimed that, based on a recent arbitration award, the company must prove it was the employee's fault. The DR asserts that Rosie has only been at fault once.

Nevertheless, it is the job of the mediator to examine the written notices, records, rules and regulations of the mine. After some time, he shifts his attention to Rosie and questions her about her working situation and if reasons exist that may contribute to her accident record. The mediator, in a separate caucus, converses with the DR, and the committee describes the situation in the mine pertaining to employee safety (Kolb, 1989, 82-84). During the caucus, mediators prefer to test the reality of the situation by "using the arguments of the adversary--probing, testing and challenging the validity of each party's position" (Appel, 1). In addition, the caucus allows the mediator an opportunity to explore settlement options.

Next, the mediator meets separately with two mine industrial relations managers (IR) to discuss a possible safety plan. They agree to a safety plan for all of their employees and agree to hire Rosie back to be part of this pilot safety plan. Here again, the focus of the dispute was shifted away from the fault of who was right and wrong and towards a joint resolution. More importantly, an understanding was reached between the union and the company concerning their roles and responsibilities in safety matters (Kolb, 1989, 82-84).

#### Corporate Alternative Dispute Resolution Programs

After incurring the extraordinary costs of litigation, many organizations are creating their own alternative

dispute resolution (ADR) programs. "Having a mediation program in place will allow your company to address conflicts and find ways to resolve many of them quickly and amicably" (Lynch, 1997, 50). Such mediation programs may have aided the Houston-based, international engineering firm of Brown & Root Inc. In 1992, a former employee accused the firm of sexual harassment. It cost Brown & Root Inc. over \$450,000 in legal fees to prove their innocence (Caudron, 1997).

After this lawsuit, the company recognized that there was a better and less expensive way to resolve their employment disputes. "With 30,000 employees in the United States alone, we know conflict is inevitable. What we needed was a fundamentally different way of managing that conflict," explained William Bedman, Brown & Root's assistant general counsel for human resources (HR) (Caudron, 1997, p. 52). As a result, the company created their own ADR program, enabling employees to resolve their conflicts through a "series of internal grievance procedures" (Caudron, 1997, 52). The response to the ADR program has been overwhelming. The company's legal fees have dropped 90 percent since the implementation of the program. In the event that the procedure fails to assist an aggrieved employee, the final step is mandatory arbitration. Only 30 of the 2000 cases filed with the company have reached the arbitration stage (Caudron, 1997).

Step one of their ADR program is an open-door policy. An employee attempts to communicate the conflict to his or her boss in a private meeting. Brown & Root developed a training program, which has already helped instruct over 5,000 managers in the proper way of managing conflict (Caudron, 1997).

In the event that the grievance continues past the open-door stage, Brown & Root has employed two full-time mediators and trained an additional 150 employees capable of managing conflict in the workplace. Employees are able to bring any dispute to a mediator, except for those concerning unemployment and workers' compensation. In the last four years, 250 employees have proceeded to the mediation stage. In each case, all of the conflicts were resolved (Caudron, 1997).

Brown & Root's program has been very successful for many different reasons. "Communication is at the

heart of almost all employment problems," Beldman says, "and ADR provides several opportunities for the parties involved to communicate. It's amazing what happens when employees are given the chance to sit down and talk about their issues and feel that the company is committed to resolving them" (Caudron, 1997, 52).

Like Brown & Root, Rockwell International has implemented a similar ADR program. Rockwell International provides mandatory arbitration for "all claims or controversies for which a court otherwise would be authorized by law to grant relief, in any way arising out of, relating to or associated with the Employee's employment with the Company, or its termination" (McDermott & Berkeley, 1996, p. 70). This agreement is a prerequisite for executives wanting to receive stock options, mandatory for all new employees, and voluntary for current employees. However, all employees or employers involved in a conflict may avail themselves of Rockwell International's ADR program unless it involves a worker's compensation benefits, unemployment compensation benefits, company claims for injunctive, or other equitable relief for unfair competition, and employee pension or benefit plan claims (McDermott & Berkeley, 1996).

In addition, the agreement provides each party with the opportunity to take the deposition of one person or expert witness. Arbitrators are chosen through the American Arbitration Association and each party splits the fees. If deemed necessary, arbitrators could require a specific party to cover the financial obligations of both sides. (McDermott & Berkeley, 1996).

Continental provides an additional method involving a discipline and appeal process, which deals with non-management and nonunion employee conflict. This process is the "sole remedy for any employee who believes that he/she has been treated unfairly" (McDermott & Berkeley, 1996, 74). The first step of the process is an informal hearing with a manager, who is appointed by the employee who received the complaint. If the employee does not agree with the outcome, the next step is another informal hearing in front of two members of management, chosen by the company, and two peers of the employee's choice. This is the final step unless there is a tie. Then an arbitrator is hired, which the company

pays for. Employees have challenged the policy twice in federal court and neither were successful (McDermott & Berkeley, 1996).

#### Conclusion

Once again, individuals cannot dismiss the fact that the productivity and livelihood of an organization is dependent upon the acknowledgement and constructive management of conflict. Management and employees are responsible for engaging in joint problem-solving to avoid a lose/lose situation. The parties to the conflict must refrain from blaming each other and invent options for mutual gain. Adherence to such advice will create a more supportive organizational culture, fostering communication, trust, and commitment. It is important not to disregard the fact that conflict management is about give and take. "Good things happen when you accept the idea of walking away from a dispute a little unhappy . . . You look for solutions instead of problems. You start to think about outcomes you can live with rather than trying to get everything you want" (Brodsky, 1998, 34).

Finally, as organizations have begun to pursue the creation of conflict management programs, the strategies and approaches advanced by experts in the field are changing. The greatest of these changes is from a problem-solving approach to a transformative orientation to conflict. The most important goal of transformative mediation is "engendering moral growth and transforming human character, toward both greater strength and greater compassion" (Bush & Folger, 1994, 27). The transformative approach attempts to improve the parties themselves through empowerment and recognition. It believes that even a poor solution generated by the party's own process of recognition and thought "strengthens the self more than a 'good outcome'

imposed upon the parties by the mediator (Bush & Folger, 1994, 88). The practicality and effectiveness of such an approach to conflict in organizations is questionable. Utilization of the transformative approach to conflict will be dependent upon organizations' need to get more out of individual human beings, often labeled the "soft" side of management.

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## My Country

Travel Writing, Keith Ratzlaff

Assignment: Write a personal essay about a cross-cultural experience.

His name is Elvis. "Like Presley," he smirks. He says he is fifteen or sixteen or seventeen. I am sure he is closer to twenty-five. He has lived and his eyes are heavy with the unspoken stories of a stolen youth. *That* he regrets. He *wishes* he was fifteen or sixteen or seventeen to live it all again and not know what he does. His eleven-year old cousin tells me in English that he is twenty. This too I find hard to believe. Sometimes truth is stranger than fiction.

He worked on the black market when the war began. He had to. Foreign army trucks from Italy or France would park at the edge of his city as morning crept in. He and others would empty the gasoline tanks into buckets to sell to someone who would resell it to someone else who would milk the last remaining profit from the United Nations-sponsored petrol exchange. Elvis knew how to buy and sell things. He was good at it and he tells me it kept him alive. But the war took his childhood-his teenage years-high school-all denied so he could watch classmates ride off on the back of some mud-crusted truck to fight for the cause. His sister-in-law was a midwife and with her help and that of other nurses, Elvis had the paperwork forged to state that he must have three-month leave from the army, as he had tested positive for hepatitis. It was in that time that he and his immediate family escaped to the United States.

He has been here almost eighteen months. In some ways *Bosnia* seems very far away. He works the night shift at a casino and goes to a special ESL high school in Des Moines to complete his GED. He is trying to apply to college to earn a business degree. Leaning forward over the coffee table, laden with home-baked Bosnian savories, he tells me of a time right before they left Bosnia when he had to

go to a friend's funeral. Shot in battle for a cause Elvis understands, but no longer believes in. "No one should have to see a friend buried. He went off on the truck that day and I feel guilty that I did not, you know? I would not change what I did, but I do not feel good about it." His eyes are lost for a second beyond the smoke and mist of what one might guess as tears. "I do not."

"Why do you want to go to Bosnia?" he asks me. I bend forward, hands on knees, timid of my answer. Is he really only twenty? "I remember my mother saying how beautiful Yugoslavia was . . . she was there over twenty years ago, but she said what an incredible place Sarajevo was. I wanted to see it for myself. To see this place that was so beautiful."

He looked down then, sat forward in his chair, arms grasping a single sheet of paper, arms hung over spread knees. "It was beautiful," he sighs softly. "It was."

He cradled the butt of his cigarette. Smoke and breath one. Black leather jacket squeaked in the cold as he brushed my arm, but he was not next to me. He was there. In Bosnia. He said he could see their tent. He'd walk from the tent through the camp to wait in the water line. Six hours for a jug of water. One jug per family. It was a good way to meet girls. He grins. Sometimes the line was too long and people would just drink out of the river. They washed in the river, too. At fifty degrees and less. There is no cold like that cold. One can never get warm. *Elvis stares at the falling snow.* He shudders. His father was cut up all over his body and taken prisoner. They had no idea where he was for nine months . . .made to live with the sheep. They couldn't find him. The Serbs just put prisoners anywhere. He remembers a baby left. "There was like a hundred flies on her face." He looks into the gentle flakes not seeing them. "So dead

and just a baby. I could do nothing, you know?"

"There was a time when we had not eaten for two days I think. There were like eight of us living in this small house, you know where there are chickens. A farmer had put the chickens there, but we cleaned it out-no more chickens. No chickens, just us. So we lived in there and I went to this old woman who had, how do you say? Grain? I don't know, maybe flour? To make bread and we had like no food and so there was this guard and I went to him so I could talk to the cooking woman. And I begged this old woman to make us the bread. I was so hungry. Her hands were filthy and like twisted and really old, but I didn't care and I had like twenty dollars. So she said okay. The flour was all dry and she rolled it outside like where they make bread and there were old grapevines-where they grow grapes-above and birds had been there. *A lot* of birds, and the table was full of bird shit, but like old, you know? Dry and crusty-do you say? And she rolled the dough out right in the shit and she didn't even notice. She put all that bird shit right in the dough. But I didn't even care and she baked it. I couldn't wait. I was hopping around starving. So I ran back with this tiny loaf not even all baked to my family and we cut these little pieces for everyone. We wanted to save half the bread. Everyone ate their piece and one man could have eaten that whole loaf, but we had to share it with eight. We all looked at each other like little kids and someone asked 'Are we going to eat the rest now or save it for later?' Everyone looked around at each other, knowing the answer already. 'Now!' And we did."

He gazes at the paper before him, the words foreign to me. I can only tell that it is a song and he begins to read it to himself. Denys, the eleven-year old cousin and son of Edina, has brought it

home from school. It is worn at the edges from children's hands and show-and-tell. Elvis turns his head and lays the paper defiantly on the coffee table before us. "It is too sad," he answers though I have said nothing. "What is it about?" I wonder aloud.

"My country . . ." and amid the smoky haze of Edina and Hamdo and Seka he begins to read the song, translating Bosnian to English. Some words are lost; others suffer our worthy attempts at sign language, but the intent is as real as if it had been sung in perfect English. Humble and sincere.

*The golden wheat fields of my country  
There is my heart, my soul  
I can see the fields, the land of my country  
I am there in that land  
There in those fields  
In each shaft of wheat  
My country.*

Each read the words to him or herself until the paper found its way to me. I read the strange words aloud, coached in pronunciation by Edina and Elvis. The words slipping off my tongue as I tried to remember each sound and accent spoken only a moment earlier. I made mistakes and stumbled, but they were quiet as I read, their eyes focused on anything. It did not matter. They were not there with me, but somewhere else, in the words I read. They were in the gold fields. Of Bosnia. Their country.

In the pensive silence that ensued, I suddenly realized how my grandmother

and grandfather and all my Hungarian relatives, immigrants during and after World War II-anyone who has left all that they know by force-must have felt. That emptiness. That deep-set sorrow in the eyes. What to cling to? How to keep a history alive and not detest this new land for being everything home was not? How to find one's place in the merging madness between two worlds as a refugee? *Refugee.* The word had no kind connotation.

The air was thick with Marlboros, coffee grinds, and nostalgia. Everyone was flailing to hold on to something, anything that made sense, if such a thing exists. The walls were bare save for a cracked clock and three construction paper hearts. A laundry basket perched on the door handle served as the goal for dunk shots and lay-ups. A broken computer glowed in the corner. The twins and Denys liked to type away on it, though it was missing letters from their alphabet, and had never worked while in their possession. Edina rinsed out a delicate porcelain cup apologetically. She had four, we were nine.

Elvis slicked back his greasy black hair, a Travolta-like curl falling to his forehead, and spoke. "She made all this from scratch, you know? The soup is special Bosnian recipe, you say recipe? And she wants that you eat more." I smiled, already full, and thanked her, "Hvala." She started cautiously, looking to Elvis for confirmation, "Family here, happy." Her face was lined from spending three years in a cellar, hiding with her children from

the bullets that flew overhead. She had not seen, nor known if her husband, Hamdo, was alive during those three years. Her wants were simple, sincere. She looked to Hamdo. He smiled his three-tooth grin and kept the past and all his heartache there in the deep wrinkles around his warm eyes. He was not a soldier anymore. He never really had been. Another old man, a Bosnian friend and neighbor, quite blatantly explained that he did not care about English and popped open his Bud Light. The kids shyly translated basic phrases they had learned in school to each other and hid behind their father's knees. Here they knew more than their parents, but they were still only nine and eleven. Edina brought out Bosnian coffee, so thick that the grinds clumped into syrup at the bottom, and we drowned sugar cubes in its murky blackness.

I looked around the small living room and thought of all the people who long to go places for holidays and travel. The couch sagged and the men laughed over a joke they had heard twenty times. Elvis cradled his coffee, nose and beady eyes dwarfed by gaunt cheeks. Seka smoothed the curls of her daughter while glancing at the wall. Soon she would start her second shift of the day. Edina filled my mug with fresh black caffeine. An extended family who had come to America, not for Disney World, nor New York or Los Angeles. They had come to survive . . . to find one's place beyond the fence of Minerva where there were no answers, only more questions.



"Demonstration in Trafalgar Square"  
Terri Green

## My Portrait Reminder

British Literature, Mary Stark

Assignment: Create a credible persona from literature presented in class.

As I walk through these halls, I am bombarded with echoes, though not from my footstep, for my tread makes not sound. Echoes of a past existence, a past life. Shadows creep along with me, and though the light shines in my direction, the shadows are not made by my form. My form makes no shadow—I am no more than a shadow. These shadows are the remnants and memories of my previously fated mortality. I am, in essence, the embodiment of those experiences, the turmoil, anger, and sadness. I am a memory, trapped in these walls until he dies. But my human form will be forever captured in that portrait. Oh, that cursed portrait. As if my life was not bad enough, that man decided to preserve it forever with canvas and paint.

My curse of roaming these halls indefinitely gives me ample time to reflect on what actually happened here. I often think back to the days of my childhood, the carefree days of chasing the butterflies in the daffodil fields. I yearn for the day when Alfonso dies, this curse is broken, and I can return to those happy fields. I remember the day we met. It was a gala in a duke's palace. He looked so handsome and dashing across the lawn. Imagine how flattered I was when he came up to me and asked if I would like to stroll around a bit. Then, the next week a formal wedding proposal arrived at my home. You can imagine that my parents were overjoyed. Their second youngest daughter was marrying into a "nine-hundred-years-old-name" (33). If only I could have known the real selfish, egotistical, controlling side of him first. I never would have made the mistake of joining him down the aisle. At first he was caring and passionate, but soon, all he became caring towards was himself and his things. I only longed for love and companionship, someone to devote my whole self to, all the smiles, joys, and even tears. It seems all he gave me was tears.

He made me despise myself. I was driven to desperate measures. I am not

proud of what I did, but I will say, not in trying to make excuses for the wrong I committed, his lack of compassion drove me to search elsewhere for that which I longed. He never came close to that ideal picture of a husband I always held in my head. I always transfixed my thoughts upon that one image, hoping in vain that one day maybe Alfonso would reach half my expectation. I was bitterly disappointed. My ideal was left gleaming in the distance, while my life got tarnished and tainted by his abuses. My only alternative was to turn to other men to receive the love that every woman wants.

As much as I tried to hide my covert actions, he knew. He always knew. Nothing was my own. I became lost in him, he owned me. So my feelings became welled up so that I was over-emotional all the time. I grasped for any kindness from anyone. I would even search for smiles as a hummingbird hunts for nectar. Many afternoons I would ride my horse around the orchard. That is one thing that I am truly passionate about, for which I have received much training. Well, afternoons I would practice riding "round the terrace," and people would often watch (29). Starved for compliments and kind words, I would thrive on their reactions to my riding. I thanked them with "approving speech," and probably a "blush," for I was quite modest (30, 31). Then, I would notice him out of the corner of my vision, with fire in his eyes. He knew everything. Richard was just who I needed. He was tender, loving, and understanding. I am sorry he had to get involved in the whole situation.

Alfonso was so controlling. What I despise him for is the day he had Fra Pandolf paint my portrait. I did not want my image to be put up on display, but he wouldn't hear it and he made me stand for a day while he captured, as Alf would say, "the depth and passion of my earnest glance" (8). I hated when he said things like that because I know that he was just being

spiteful. I resented that any beauty I possessed was his to admire and control. Pandorf was so nice with his courteous complements like, "Paint must never hope to reproduce the faint half-flush that dies along her throat" (17-19). I wish my husband, who was fuming in the corner, would have listened and learned how to treat a lady. Now, whenever I wander by it, the hatred I feel towards him is just rekindled by the feelings that come sweeping back when I remember and relive the oppression. The next week, when the painting had dried, I remember him commenting strangely to me. He said, "I am glad to have that permanent smile of yours forever preserved, for 'soon all smiles will be stopped together'" (46). I knew not what he meant, until that day when into my cup, he slipped something unknown.

All I ever wanted was someone. I only got a stranger who did not want me, but wanted to own me. I loathe these corridors that I must inhabit. Watching him interact with the world and search for a new woman to own, hurts the very core of me, well what it left of me. What is left of me now in this transparent form makes me shudder with disbelief at times. How could this have happened? The worst is being reminded of what happened every time I glimpse at the portrait. I know that I deserve this curse of having to remain in the house as a spirit and watch life progress without me, but my life was almost too much to bear, and I'm glad that I could escape its futility.

All quotes from "My Last Duchess" by Robert Browning.

## Many Things Seem to Us Greater in Imagination Than in Reality

Nonfiction Writing, Walter Cannon

Assignment: Write a personal essay in the tradition of Montaigne, Orwell, and Dillard.

"No, he HAS to have dark hair. Dark hair is so...SEXY," Kelly emphasized her conviction with haphazard gestures, her arms propelling the idea from a mindless reflection to a spoken thought.

"But blond guys are so CUTE," I whined.

"Who wants cute when you can have sexy?" she retorted.

Debates like these have been had by almost every boy-crazy teenage girl since the beginning of time. Or at least since men stopped wearing powdered wigs in public. There are the classics of our time, like Tom Cruise vs. Brad Pitt, Mel Gibson vs. Val Kilmer, and in my high school, Brad vs. Bob. Both exhibited Crest teeth that sparkled behind infectious smiles. But the similarities ended there. Brad was a wrestler with a loping stride that showed off his muscular build. He would flirt with anything that appeared to be feminine, and was loved for his easy-going personality, brown curly hair, and infamous "puppy dog" eyes. Bob was a shorter, compact guy with a baseball player's quick, sprightly figure and a charming friendly demeanor. His dusty blond hair had that tousled look that made girls swoon. My girl friends and I spent hours of our lives vowing to each other that we really were in love with one or the other of them. I, though, true to my word, had a crush on an unsuspecting Bob for two years. "Unsuspecting" — or so I thought.

A young girl's mind wanders easily. While in accounting and physics I blocked out my teachers' dronings of debits, credits, velocity, and gravity, and allowed my mind to sift through all sorts of dreams, Bob playing hero to my heroine. At work I stood amid the greenhouse plants with mini-movies running through my head: Bob rescues Betsy from snarling dog; Bob saves Betsy from burning car. At night I would fall asleep by counting Bobs

jumping over the fence. Well, no. But I would dream of the day he would really notice me, talk to me, and transfixed by my stellar personality...gulp...ask me out.

I thought it was a bonus that Bob was a friend of my brother Paul. I was able to keep tabs on what he was doing, when, where, and with which girl. From that information I was able to analyze the situation by mentally criticizing the girl he was with and building myself up as the greater alternative. I couldn't understand why I was always by-passed.

One day in the cafeteria I was sitting at the lunch table with my friend Nickie seated across from me. Obviously I had placed myself strategically so that whenever I looked up I had a perfect view of Bob. I prided myself on my discreet glances and skilled subtlety. With only a half dozen darts of my eyes in his direction I had taken inventory of the essentials: what he was wearing, who he was sitting by, and what he was eating. Suddenly I heard a voice rise above all other voices.

"Hey, Paul, I think your sister is looking at me."

Wait. I knew I hadn't heard that right. But I guess it didn't matter that I hadn't heard it correctly the first time because he put himself on repeat.

"Hey Paul! Your sister is looking at me!"

It is a well-known fact that, when embarrassed, people tend to turn red. Well, I passed right on through average-ordinary red, cherry red, fire engine red, magenta, maroon, burgundy, and fuschia, and continued through the purples until all the blood cells in my body had passed through the vessels in my face and had run away because they had become embarrassed. I couldn't, for the life of me, figure out how he had noticed my glances. I was an expert—known as the one with ubiquitous yet untraceable

eyes. Well, maybe only to myself—but still.

I had laboriously spent valuable hours of my life dreaming up the perfect encounter between Bob and me, and he had the nerve to mess it up. He was supposed to find me in a moment of distress and ease my worry. Instead he had created a moment of distress and increased my worry. What were all the students in the cafeteria thinking now? I was crushed. After months of perfecting my private encounter with Bob, it had circled down the drain without leaving any residue, and I felt like traveling right along with it. My imagination had done it again; it had insurmountably surpassed reality. I had cast Bob as my Romeo, my Robin Hood, my Incredible Hulk. But he had never tried out for the parts. Reality had abruptly woken me from hibernation.

It was spring. The flowers were sprouting through the fresh soil, the grass was dressing itself in its finest greenery, and my heart was blossoming with fresh emotion toward a new face. I had met a guy named Bill, and what a guy. I was excited because my friend Kelly and I were going to drive an hour and a half to the town where Bill and Kelly's boyfriend, Alan, lived in order to double date. We pulled into the drive, preened in the face of the car mirror as we fixed our hair, and scampered up the steps to the door. Bill opened it. Except for his tousled blond hair I barely recognized him. But that was just because I had, in actuality, only seen him for about an hour of my life from 20 feet across a dimly lit living room. The last time Kelly and I had driven up to visit Alan I had hardly spoken to Bill. But I knew he was a nice guy. I knew it. He had seemed nice the more I thought about him and reflected on the fictitious conversations that we hadn't actually had.

He came out of the house with Alan and we all got in a car and drove



uptown. It took me approximately three minutes to realize that Bill, I'm sorry to say, was a simpleton. I honestly wondered if I would be able to survive the night, or if I would have to fake some illness so Kelly and I could leave immediately. Maybe I could get hit by a car accidentally-on-purpose. Or I could call someone and have them call me back on my nonexistent cellular phone and say I had a family emergency which required prompt attention. But I didn't want to spoil Kelly's night, so I just smiled and nodded at everything that came out of his mouth. He was a master at stating the obvious. We drove by some construction, and Bill enlightened us by saying, "They're doing some construction here." We went to a restaurant and after Kelly and Alan had already gone to the bathroom he asked, "Is there a bathroom here?" I felt like pulling out Dick and Jane books to read to him the rest of the night.

When we got back to Kelly's boyfriend's house, we decided to watch

movies. After watching a couple, Bill said he had to go home because he had to work early in the morning. So Alan, the brilliant dimwit he was, suggested that I walk Bill upstairs. Oh, I knew where this was headed. So I trudged up the stairs after Bill and tried to calm myself down. Sure enough, he stopped at the door and stood there.....waiting. So I stood there.....waiting for him to leave. He didn't say anything, so I started making small talk to fill up the vacant air that was deafening with echoes of silence.

"So...it was fun. Hopefully I'll see you again sometime." Response. Pause.

"How long does it take for you to get home?" Response. Pause.

"What time do you have to be at work in the morning?" Response. Pause.

I tried to prod him out the door by repelling him with my stagnant conversation. But after exhausting my closure lines, he was still standing there. I knew what he was waiting for. He obviously didn't know what I was waiting for. The pressure was building;

the pressure was building;

I felt as though I was suffocating. The silence was closing in; I felt claustrophobic in an empty room.

So I did it. I gave him a kiss that lasted .0003 second and carried 0% emotion. I patted him on the back like a child, told him good night, and watched him stumble out the door. What a night. What an anti-climax to my dreams. Reality infuriated me. When I had envisioned my first kiss, I hadn't thought that I would be punishing myself with its bestowal. I had thought it would be one of those magical moments. A magical disaster is what it was. I'd given up. Guys were so much better in my mind. They behaved so well, spoke with such eloquence, adored me with such assurance. Why would I want a real guy?

"Dark haired guys are SO good-looking," I sighed.

"But blondes have a certain cuteness about them, don't you think?" asked Kelly.

"Blondes?" I wondered incredulously. "Many things seem to us greater in imagination than in reality."

Dawn Westrum

## Diversity is a State of Mind in Tinum

Diversity 350x, Jann Freed

Assignment: Write an essay on one of the diversity dimensions covered during the term.

I just spent a semester in Mérida, Mexico, on the Yucatan study program, and one of the classes I took focused on studying diversity and comparing groups and cultures. I learned that an important part of learning about a country involves looking for differences between cultures. Much of my time was spent in Mérida, which is a big city with numerous places to visit, but I wanted to get out in the countryside to experience a different aspect of Mexican life. I heard about the village Tinum, which sounded interesting, so I decided to visit for a weekend.

Tinum is a small village of about two thousand inhabitants, which lies in the heart of Yucatan, Mexico. Although it is just thirty miles from the well-known Mayan ruin site of Chichen Itza, many of the villages of Tinum lack the amenities that we would consider essential: running water, a modern kitchen, and sometimes even electricity.

I visited Tinum for the first time after spending several months in the bustling city of Mérida (pop. 1,000,000). After being in Tinum for just a weekend, I could tell that the people had a different attitude than I had seen in the city, but I couldn't put my finger on why that was so.

Still unsure about what it was that intrigued me about Tinum, I returned two weeks later to spend another weekend. The family I had stayed with the first time welcomed me back, and it was like I had never left. The only way I could tell that time had passed was by measuring the growth of a gourd growing in a tree in the backyard.

The family I lived with during my time in Tinum had the simplest lifestyle I have ever encountered. Don Aurelio, the father, went out to work every morning in the *milpa*, the fields, returning in the afternoon when it grew too hot to work. Doña Hacinta, the mother, took care of cooking, cleaning, and washing clothes. Their four boys, besides attending school, cared for the animals, and sometimes helped Don Aurelio in the *milpa*. Dona Hacinta

mentioned to me that she never really went out, except for Mass on Sundays. At first I thought she didn't leave Tinum very often, but then I realized she never even left her own house!

Sometimes the inhabitants of Tinum also lack the worldly knowledge that we have come to expect in this age of science and technological wonders. But life goes on in the village without much outside interference, explains Rob, a North American who is currently living in Tinum. "I once had to use potatoes to illustrate how the moon orbits the earth and the earth orbits the sun."

Yet this family and others I came in contact with didn't seem bored with their lives, they seemed content to live just as they were. Seeing that contentment in front of me made me want to look deeper into their lives. I think we, as North Americans, with all our toys and gadgets and money lack what we need in life to be truly content. I was really curious to find out just what made them act the way they do. But understanding didn't really come to me until I attended a big birthday party one Sunday, where my questions were answered.

The birthday party was a special event for the family throwing it, with two birthdays being celebrated. The party was at the house of a family I had barely met, not with the family where I was staying. Nevertheless, the other students from Central College and I had been invited partly because we were friends of Rob, and mostly because we were *gringos*, foreigners, visiting the village.

There were three main groups at the party, and seeing the interaction among the groups helped me understand the people of Tinum. First, there was the family giving the party, spanning four generations: from the great-grandmother making tortillas to her young great-granddaughter too young to talk, plus a few aunts and uncles who had come for the occasion. Most of these people were involved in helping with the party. Next, there was the group from Valladolid, a fairly big city

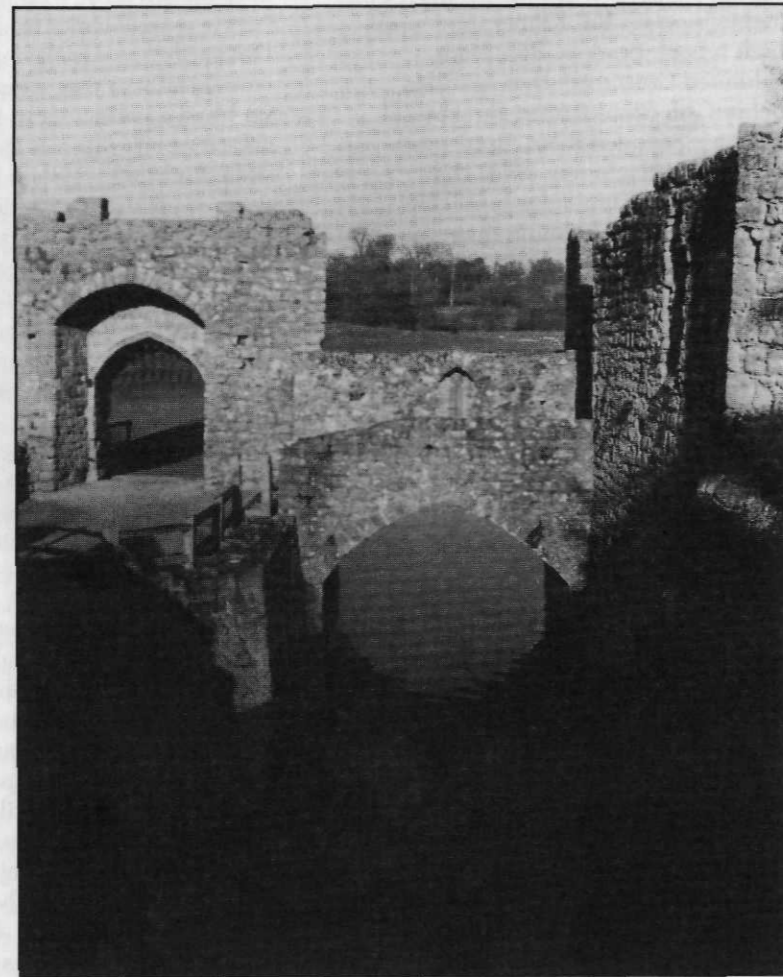
close to Tinum. This group was invited because they were the bosses of one of the sons of the birthday family. Although both of these groups were Mexican, there were some obvious differences between the two. The city group was dressed in the North American style that is becoming popular in Mexico, in contrast with the *huipils* (native dresses) worn by the village women. They were also used to the same comforts that Americans enjoy, but the villagers lack. The third group at the party was my group, the *gringo* group, which really didn't fit into the scene, with our tenuous hold on the language and our different customs, but we were welcomed and accepted like anyone else.

The party was held in the family backyard, in a *palapa*, (a house with a roof but no walls). A hired band started playing soon after we arrived, and we were treated to all of the beverages we desired. The main dish served for the birthday meal was *relleno negro*, a spicy soup cooked overnight in big underground pits that the family had worked to prepare the whole day before the party. And, of course, corn *tortillas*, the staple of every meal in Tinum, would serve as a spoon, since eating with one's hands is considered normal.

In the early afternoon, the typical time for eating lunch in Mexico, several women sat down around a small wood fire and began to make *tortillas*, patting them flat with their hands and then cooking them on a skillet over the fire. Soon after, we as *gringo* guests were seated around the table, given a fresh round of *refrescos* (drinks), a bowl of *relleno negro*, and a heaping mound of freshly cooked corn *tortillas*.

When we had finished eating, the table was cleared and then set again for the guests from Valladolid. While they ate lunch, Rob and I had time to sit back, enjoy the music, people-watch and reflect. We easily found many examples of the contentment that many people forever seek. The older women making *tortillas* were still there, flattening dough and cooking endless

"Arches at Leeds Castle"  
Sarah Phillips



*tortillas*. Rob commented to me. "If I was sitting here making *tortillas*, I would be saying, 'Let's get this dough cooked so I can do something else (something fun).'" The women seemed to be genuinely enjoying what they were doing, and it dawned on me that every act is important to these people, not just the big ones or the fun ones. Rob and I watched, as, three hours after they had begun, they finally finished cooking *tortillas*.

We were given another example of this contentment a little later when it was time to do the dishes. Doña Piedad, whose birthday was being celebrated, helped with the washing. It was obvious from watching her that she loved her dishes, because she took the time to carefully wash each one until not even a spot was left. We timed her washing one dish for five minutes! That's dedication! My idea of washing dishes is to fill up the dishwasher, throw in soap, and hope that the dishes come out clean.

Along with the villagers' contentment with life, they have an openness towards others and an acceptance of foreigners that we struggle to find. As we witnessed, they accepted everyone and treated everyone just the same, whether it was the *ciudadanos* from Valladolid, or the *gringos* from Iowa. I think the truth is they could see that we were two different groups, but that wasn't enough reason to treat us differently.

This was not the case with the group from Valladolid. Rob mentioned to me:

"They (the group from Valladolid) are more like us (from the U.S.). We don't just accept people, any kind of people, when we meet them. First people have to show that they are worth being accepted. I know I had to prove myself to them (the Valladolid group), prove that I was worthy of their friendship, before they would befriend me. The people in Tinum are just the opposite. They will welcome anyone."

We found out Rob's comment was true. While we were walking down a side street in Tinum, a man sitting on his doorstep started a conversation with us, and allowed us to walk through his house and meet his family. "This would never happen near where I live," commented one of my classmates after we continued walking. "Seeing

strangers in my neighborhood is a good reason to go inside and shut the door, not to invite them to tour your house."

The villagers are able to welcome everyone as they are, not as they want them to be, even if their visitors don't have the same customs. For example, most of the villagers wear skirts or long pants, but they don't mind if visitors wear shorts. They spend most of their time in their own homes, but are not offended with us moving around and visiting different houses. They are also willing to allow us to take part in their daily life as much or as little as we want. Doña Hacinta was happy to let me dive into her corn meal and try my hands at *tortilla*-making, but she wouldn't have minded if I had sat and watched her make the *tortillas*.

The bottom line to me is, the people of Tinum don't impose their beliefs on anyone, and that's the difference between the families in Tinum and some in the U.S. When foreigners come to Iowa, they often feel pressure to learn English, to fit in, to conform with the general population. That's not the case in Tinum. You are who you are, and there is the feeling that you should stay the way you are because that's the way you are.

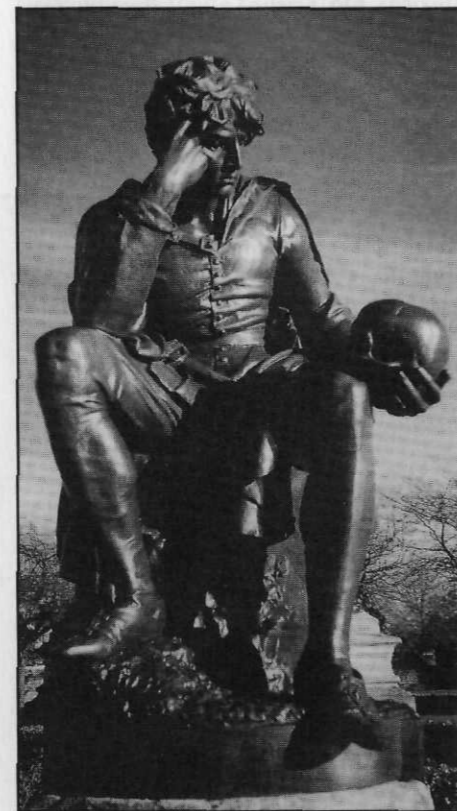
Here was the key to understanding the separation between my hopes for diversity and their everyday acceptance of diversity. I try to accept people as being diverse, but I am unable to keep myself from seeing them as individuals belonging to a group, like African-American, or gay, or Catholic. I also can't help trying to change them into who I think they should be. The villagers, I began to see, view everyone as individuals, they don't care from what group someone belongs. They just want everyone to be their true selves.

So I asked myself, why are these people able to be so open toward other people, whatever they do, whatever they wear, however they dress, whatever their skin color? And there's where the two observations connected. Because these villagers from Tinum are content with their lives, with what they are doing, with who they are, they are able to let everyone they meet be content with their own lives, with what they are doing, with who they are, without trying to change them.

When I left the village of Tinum for the second time, wishing that I would be able to return once more, I hoped that I would be able to remember everything these villagers had taught me. I wanted to find that peace and

contentment in my own life, but not only that, I wanted to remember how the villagers' contentment with life affected the way they treated others. They had taught me an important lesson that I'm not even sure they realized; that I shouldn't try to change the people I come in contact with, instead I should let the new experiences that they bring enrich my own life and add depth to it.

I believe this lesson could be applied to any aspect of a culture, not just with individuals. Central could use this to bring in new and diverse students; businesses could help end the discrimination in hiring practices; families in Iowa could help welcome the immigrants that are coming in from Mexico, Bosnia and Sudan. Once we begin valuing everyone as individuals, we can allow everyone to add their interesting texture to our society.

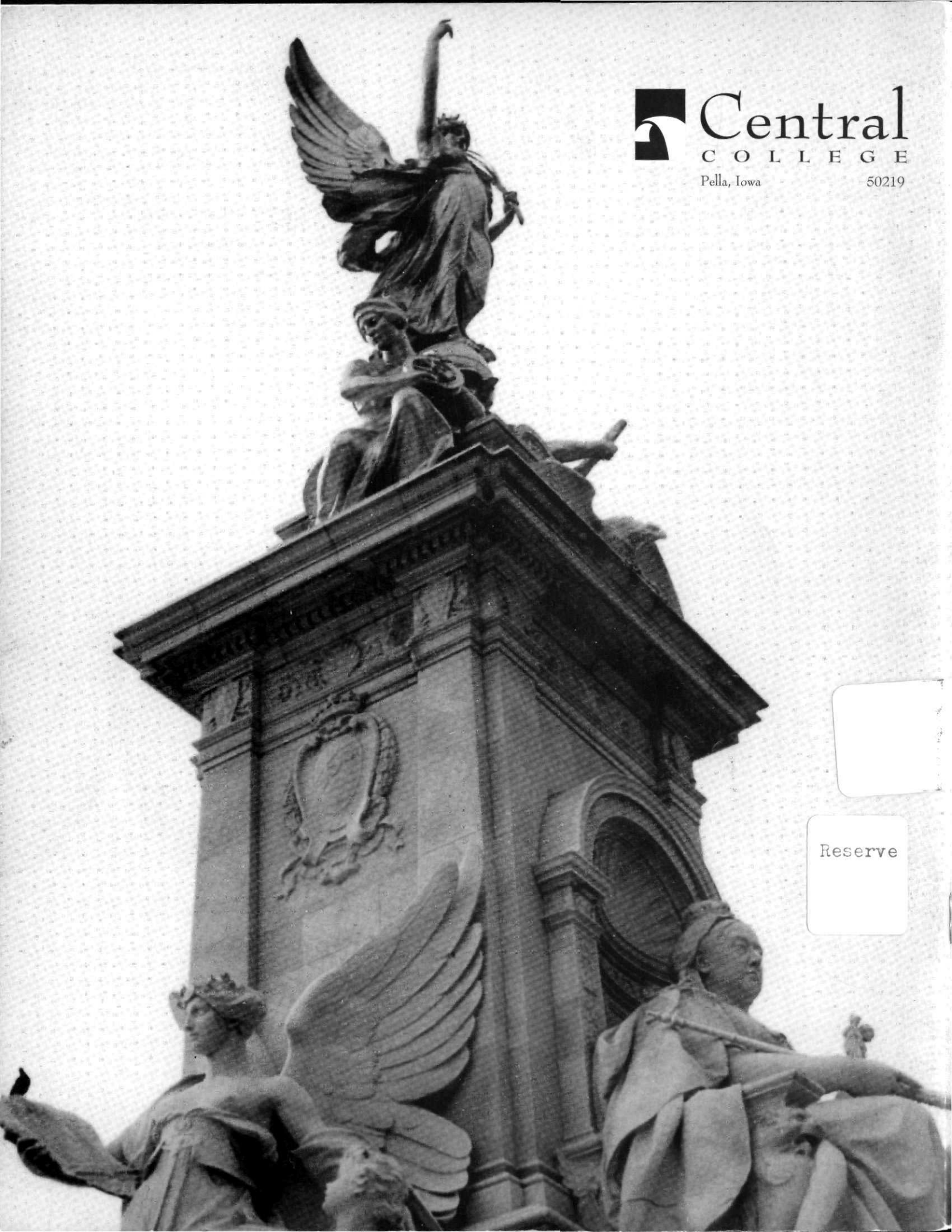


"Untitled"  
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