

**Competing Values in Public Administration Paradigm  
(Case Study in American Context)**



**Thesis**

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## **Chapter I**

### **INTRODUCTION**

Since the mid-1980s there has been a transformation in the management of the public sectors of advanced countries. The rigid, hierarchical and bureaucratic form of public administration, which has predominated for most of the twentieth century, is changing to a flexible, market based form of public administration. This is not simply a matter of reform or a minor change in management style, but a change in the role of government in society and the relationship between government and citizenry.

The public sectors of western countries have undergone major change as governments try to respond to the challenges of technological change, globalization and international competitiveness. In recent years there has been a wider – and ranging reforms than any other period of the twentieth century. It is argued that this represents a paradigm shift from the traditional model of public administration, dominant for most of the century, to “managerialism “ or new public management; the theory of bureaucracy in its governmental context is being replaced by economic theories and market provision.

This paper is aim to gain an understanding surrounds competing values in public administration. The values that compete in public administration were largely related to the shifting of paradigm that took place in public administration. Thus, its important for assessing the competition of public administration paradigm by employing four cases of public administration in American context.

Several cases of American bureaucracy that I represent here will depicted us with the conflict and the strings attached surrounds contemporary paradigm in public

administration. In short, this case will provide us with general prepositions on the main paradigm that embed in public administration.

On this chapter I will provide the four cases in bureaucracy in American context. The Cases that I provided here comprised of : Who Speaks for Library, Professionalism and Organizational Values, The Lynx Study, and Authoritarian Approach to Management. In order to assessing these cases, I will systematically provide each case by separate section in this chapter. The cases are the following:

### **1.1 Case I Who Speaks for the Library?**

The crisis began on a Thursday morning. Lloyd Milsom, one of two assistant directors of the Kinland Public Library, was sitting at his desk when the director, Mary Clare Roizmann, tapped on the door and walked in. “I just had the most ridiculous telephone call,” Roizmann said, taking a chair. “A request from a local group of atheists to use the meeting room on a monthly basis. It seems their membership has been growing to the point where none of their houses is large enough to accommodate the crowd that shows up for their meetings. So they asked if they could meet here.” “Yeah, so what did you tell the person?” “Why, no of course. What else?” Roizmann paused and looked at him quizzically. “You don’t think we should, do you? You have to be kidding. In this town? The locals would burn the place down, with us in it.” The assistant director did not appear to hear this. He was staring straight in front of him, drumming his fingers on the desk. “You told the person ‘no’ without consulting me?” he said. “Scheduling the meeting room is my responsibility. You assigned it to me ages ago. You should have referred the question to me.” Roizmann leaned forward and jabbed her forefinger at him. “Don’t get on your high horse. I’m in charge of the entire

library. I can make any decision I feel is appropriate. I don't have to ask your permission. You're getting things a little mixed up here, aren't you?" There was a strained silence. One could almost hear the gauntlets being thrown down; the battle was joined. An expression of sheer incredulity appeared on Milsom's face. This was emphasized by the words that followed: "You don't give a subordinate authority for something and then usurp it. The least you could have done was to say you'd get back to the person and then consulted me." And almost without intending it he added, "Are you the only one who speaks for the library? What about the rest of us?" Edging her chair closer to the desk, Roizmann leaned forward and scrutinized her challenger's face with intense curiosity, before saying very deliberately, as if explaining something to a willful child, "Yes, I speak for the library. I am ultimately responsible for everything that goes on here. I have to answer to the trustees and outsiders. I bear that responsibility. And since I do, I have to be comfortable with what we do. I am most emphatically not comfortable having atheists meeting in the library." With that she sat back. It was clear she expected a response. In his first revulsion of anger, Milsom was all for having it out with her. If this meant his resignation, then so be it. He was ready to look his job in the eye and tell it to go to hell. Turning the matter over in his mind, however, he decided upon another course. He was well aware that although a soft answer may turn away wrath, no answer at all is sometimes even more effective. Hence he made no reply. Finally Roizmann broke the silence. "Well?" she demanded. "Well, what?" "Well, don't just sit there stewing, what do you think?" "About what you did, or about the atheist group meeting here?" The assistant director gave her a searching look. After a moment he reached into a desk drawer and brought out a manila folder. He opened it

and took out two photocopied pages. He pushed them across the desk. "What's all this?" she asked "One's a copy of the Library Bill of Rights, and the other's and interpretation adopted by the American Library Association Council on the 'Exhibit Spaces and Meeting Rooms' statement from the Intellectual Freedom Manual. I got them at that intellectual freedom workshop you sent me to last month. I assume we had a representative there from our library because we intend to try to honor our commitment to the Library Bill of Rights, aren't we committed to honoring the atheists' request? It says that the facilities should be available to the public served regardless of their beliefs or affiliations... Tell me what you think, not as a Baptist but as a librarian." Roizmann did not appreciate this one bit, as evidenced by her response. "This is getting ridiculous, absolutely ridiculous. I don't know why I'm even talking to you about this. I made the decision, and that's all there is to it." "And the person accepted your 'no'?" "Not entirely. She said something about possibly approaching the trustees." She paused. "I've had enough of this." And with that she rose and left Milsom went to the window and looked out, trying to decide what he should do about what he saw to be the usurpation of his authority and his conviction that atheists had the right to meet at the library. Five minutes later, the director returned. "I read the statements you gave me," she announced. "It says in this interpretation that libraries can decide whether to permit religious groups to use their meetings room facilities. Some libraries do, and some don't. Both stands are valid as long as they are consistent." Milsom could not resist his next remark. "I hardly consider atheists a religious group." The sarcasm of his tone was diabolic. It was then that the explosion came. He was answered by a torrent of words. "Look, Lloyd, I thought being a good Catholic that you would approve of my decision

not to permit them to use the facilities. There are times when common sense must prevail, all the intellectual freedom statements in the world notwithstanding.” “Well, I don’t see how we can avoid letting them use the room,” Milsom said. “We could easily wind up with the ACLU taking up their cause. I don’t approve of the group any more than you do. But I take my championing the right of unpopular, even loathsome groups to use the facilities...” Roizmann interrupted. “At the cost of your job, or possible ostracism, or threats to yourself and your family?” She paused. “Anyway, the trustees make the final decision...” “I thought you said that you spoke for the library.” The dig was not lost on Roizmann, and it silenced her for a moment. When she next spoke, her face still betrayed the anger she had shown before, but all she said was, “You’re on thin ice, my friend.” “I’m sorry, but I can’t accept what you’ve done,” he said. “I don’t know right now what I’m going to do. But in making your decision not to let the group in you’re not speaking for me as a member of the staff of the library. When you mention the matter to the trustees – as I assume you will – I’d like you to tell them that I think the group is entitled to meet here.” “Noted,” said Roizmann. She turned and walked from the room, leaving the papers on the desk.

#### LIBRARY BILL OF RIGHTS

The American Library Association affirms that all libraries are forums for information and ideas and that the following basic policies should guide their services.

1. Books and other library resources should be provided for the interest, information, and enlightenment of all people of the community the library serves. Materials should not be excluded because of the origin, background, or views of those contributing to their creation.

2. Libraries should provide materials and information presenting all points of view on current and historical issues. Materials should not be proscribed or removed because of partisan or doctrinal disapproval
3. Libraries should challenge censorship in the fulfillment of their responsibility to provide information and enlightenment.
4. Libraries should cooperate with all persons and groups concerned with resisting abridgement of free expression and free access to ideas.
5. A person's right to use a library should not be denied or abridged because of origin, age, background, or views.
6. Libraries will make exhibit spaces and meeting rooms available on an equitable basis, regardless of the beliefs or affiliations of individuals or groups requesting their use.

## **1.2 Case 2 Professionalism and Organizational Values**

This is the story of a well-trained and committed public administrator who earned a promotion that brought out a conflict of values between him and key persons in his environment. The result was his resignation, a situation initially not desired by any of the parties. The general issue for analysis is to determine what (if anything) went wrong in this situation, and to determine what might have been done at some point to avoid the initially unsought result. At the conclusion of this scenario, these questions are phrased more specifically, in terms of the following narrative.

Don Kelly had great expectations upon being promoted to director of libraries for the Village of Chestnut Grove, a large (population 100,000) suburb of Chicago. This was a socioeconomically diverse, politically progressive, on the whole rather affluent community, in easy commuting distance from downtown Chicago, where most of its people work.

Don had moved into the directorship almost a year earlier. It was a step up from his assistant director job. His new position opened up when his boss left for a librarianship in Washington – something of a policy position with an educational association. That kind of job seems to go to people who are extremely active in the national professional association, and who have a proven track record in dealing with legislative committees and related species of state capitol activists. While he respected that sort of thing, Don hadn't thought of

himself in those terms – that is, as kind of a "professional" professional librarian. He *did*, however, think of himself as professionally oriented to his work. He held a master of library science (MLS) from one of the top four programs in the country. The field interested him, and it always seemed an excellent vocation for someone with a history BA who loved hanging out in libraries and keeping "the best of the word and memory of society, for future generations" as his old adviser in the university's librarianship program used to say.

But Don wasn't a joiner/meeter/organizer/interfacer/activist as he thought some others, like his predecessor now in Washington, were. Not that there was anything wrong with that, but it just wasn't his kind of thing, and not the core of the field, as Don saw it. After all, from his point of view, if he had wanted to open ventures and close deals, he'd have gotten an MBA.

Actually, he'd gotten an MPA (master in public administration) instead – in addition to his librarianship master's degree. This was the "fault" of Professor Johnson, his undergraduate adviser, who had supervised his history honors thesis, entitled "Rural American Government in the 1930s: Politics, Administration, and Community in the Development of the Tennessee Valley."

Don wasn't interested in becoming a history professor. The idea of getting a PhD and teaching was nice-but the constant writing and research weren't his cup of tea. He could see that the idea of history – Johnson called it "the historical enterprise" – had several parts to it, and for Don, the attractive ones were reading it, learning it, preserving it, and sharing it; creating it, he had to admit, left him a little less invigorated. To be precise, it left him vicariously exhausted, as he imagined a life of writing one long honors thesis after another. It was kind of like preferring to eat out regularly and discuss restaurants over wanting to be a chef.

Professor Johnson was very good about respecting Don's feelings and not poo-hooing everything but research when it came to "the historical enterprise." So, could the "the enterprise" use a few good men with Don's outlook?

There were indeed places for a few good men in library science – and a lot more places, it seemed, for many good women. There was a conspicuous lack of urinals in the older buildings used by the library sciences school at the university, and there were always those see-'em-once-in-five-years relatives who thought he should have "a man's job." But on the whole, Don had never regretted his choice of field. When he first started his career, people would come to the desk, see him behind it, hear him ask if he could help them, and he could still hear them respond, "Do you work here?" At such times, he would calm himself by trying to imagine what it would have been like if he had become a nurse. This usually worked.

Chestnut Grove was the only place Don had ever worked as a librarian. He got the placement right out of the library science masters program and took several promotions in the system, from assistant librarian for circulation, to associate librarian, to librarian and assistant director of libraries. It was really just a question of doing his job well, or as his boss, Dr. Fazio, put it, "demonstrating professionalism, commitment to the public, superb librarianship, and definite leadership capabilities; Mr. Kelly may wish to consider further masters training in administrative sciences to further extend [*sic*] his obvious leadership potential in his chosen profession. Overall, his work is rated *superior*."

This performance review, a year after taking the job, got him thinking about taking another masters, in public administration as it turned out. He had worked on a staff reorganization with Dr. Fazio, who had just come on herself as director. Fazio and he had different career orientations, as her move to Washington bore out, but she really understood

the professional landscape, and moreover, the special issues of working in a local government, suburban situation.

After a year in librarianship, and with a professional superior who fortunately liked the mentor role, Don came to see that while he wasn't grasping, he was ambitious. He enjoyed his profession, but after just a year of learning how everything the library required depended on budgets, village politics, state programs, contract negotiations, competing priorities, and a strategic planning sense, he came to feel that first-rate public library management also meant first-rate public management, especially as one moved up the career ladder.

So, with Dr. Fazio's encouragement and promotions, Don soon found himself associate librarian by day and MPA student in the evening. He took his degree in three years part-time, evening coursework at the state university MPA program downtown.

Don's feelings about the value of public administrative training were more than borne out almost as soon as he began his course work. The courses on local government politics and administration, especially the comparative dimension, gave him a better understanding of the governance context of Chestnut Grove, and particularly the dynamics of the relationship between the village manager, village board, the employee unions, the real estate developers, and other interest groups. His courses on inter-governmental relations sharpened his understanding of how the state's and federal government's regulations and procedures influenced library funding. Moreover, his personnel courses helped him think more clearly about his preferences and concerns in utilizing staff and in staff development and compensation. His computer coursework – particularly on micros – proved invaluable in extending library computerization beyond the organization of holdings, acquisition, and cataloging, and into management and planning of library operations and the development of

management information systems that coupled librarianship concerns with administrative concerns.

Dr. Fazio liked to say that Don had learned the secret of the future in public librarianship: "We're managing public institutions that happen to be libraries. Your MPA puts real bullets in your MLS, Don. If I were at your stage nowadays, I'd have gotten one myself. As it is, I think I have a good intuitive interface with the relevant mindset." (He knew she'd be great in Washington.)

However, for all his pleasure with his MPA training, and for all Dr. Fazio's praise of the "mindset" she associated with it and her predictions that the librarian of the future would be the entrepreneurially adept manager, the truth was that Don and Dr. Fazio really had a significant difference in outlook. Don knew that an MLS was a master of library science. Dr. Fazio (doctor of library science, 1982; master of library science, 1973) also liked to say that the MLS of the future had better stand for "Manager, Leader, Salesman! Let's face it, old folks watch TV, kids play video games, and intellectuals listen to books on tape! Have you any idea of the money the town could make by turning this building into an ethnic restaurants mall?"

Fazio-isms notwithstanding, Don preferred to think of the library as the essential ingredient of a civilized community. While he was dedicated to managing it as effectively as possible, he wasn't willing to change its nature on the assumption that public relations could be a foundation for a public institution. Either public libraries were valued or they weren't, for reasons humankind had already understood or hadn't.

The heart of Don's differences with the Fazio philosophy never really came out in so many words, because it was in the nature of his assignments over the years to be left in charge of the managerial issues internal to the library – "to make policy happen," as she

would say. It was her role "to make policy" as she would also say. Of course he was also properly loyal, "ambitious and not grasping," and respectful of the fact that nobody could build a library budget in all of the state the way Dr. Fazio and the Fabulous Fazio Method could.

With their good working relationship, a village manager and board that liked what was familiar, and a staff appreciation of his professionalism and easy manner, it was not surprising that Don got Dr. Fazio's job when she went off to D.C. In his acceptance speech before the staff, which he shortened slightly for the village board (and lengthened somewhat for the town paper, *Chestnuts*), Don mumbled something to the effect that of course each new era in the library's life would mean subtle evolutions in style, amidst a sea of intergenerational values, so to speak, and that things would, in other words, stay the same but be different. However, this struck him as an inherent contradiction, even as he said it.

Don's concerns were soon put to the test. His first month as director of libraries was exhilarating. He held senior staff meetings at each of the four branches, including the main branch, which was the largest, just off the main business street (and now central mall path). He was already digesting some of the feedback, coming to see both the value of the resources Fazio had generated for the system, and also some concerns about professionalism in daily operations – issues to which the librarian staff seemed to have alluded.

Studying some of the comments from the meetings and trying to link them to faces, he was interrupted by a call. It was from the village manager, Bill Snooks, a strange middle-aged cross between Ed McMahon and an Oklahoma bank teller in the 1920s. After the usual small talk about Don's being thrust into the thick of it this month, even though he's been

privileged with a bird's-eye view and blah-blah-blah, Snooks invited Don to lunch with some of the officers of the Chamber of Commerce and the head of the Mall Association. (Months later, when he quit, Don marked this luncheon in retrospect as the clarion call – albeit with a mute in the horn – to find another line of work. Not that the local power lunchers wanted that; they just wanted "an imaginative cooperative effort.")

"Mr. Kelly – may I call you Don? – Don," Arnie, the movieplex guy with the power suspenders began, "I'll be frank," he seemed to warn, as if more name confusions were to follow.

"We've got a golden opportunity over the next few years," the movie magnate and popcorn king went on, "to turn our downtown business complex into a thriving situation for the good of the business community and this town – but if we don't think on our feet, or if we get lazy, the Chestnut Grove area could become another depressed extension of the city. We've got to grow or die, and we around this table, and the people we represent, Don, well, we say grow."

"Great," Don agreed cautiously. "I read you loud and clear. Grow. Fine. Sounds good." "Knew you'd feel that way," Arnie continued. "The kind of thing we want to discuss with you involves a major role for the library in our concerns to change the way people in Chestnut Grove think about the downtown area, and the mall in particular, including, we might add, the architecturally significant buildings in the immediate mall vicinity, and *certainly* our major public facilities, with our central library being the anchor in what I like to call 'expanded mall consciousness.' See what I mean, Don?" the mall magnate concluded, nodding around the table as he spoke, rather than keeping his thirtysomething intensity focused on Don.

"Not exactly," Don responded, in an un-Faziolike confession. "Perhaps I can elaborate," Snooks broke in. "You see, Don," he continued, "We're out to kill two birds with

one stone, if we can. Every consultant we've brought in to develop a plan to stimulate downtown usage has stressed that the mall has to be a place where shoppers think of coming – even before they know exactly what they want, if you know what I mean. We have to be thought of as a place to 'go shopping,' not just a place to buy a particular thing – y'know, the social theme mixed in with actual intended purchases. We have to get the browsers, the recreational shopper, the stroller; we have to 'socialize' the mall in people's thinking. Catch my drift so far?"

"Kind of," Don replied. "It sounds as if you want to legalize loitering."

"Heh-heh, that's very good – 'loitering' – heh-heh," Snooks cooperatively chuckled. "Don't repeat that," he followed, in a lowered monotone.

"But really, Don," as Snooks picked up the marketing lecture again, "that's only part of the problem – the 'retail issue,' if you will. There's also the ambience issue."

"The what?"

"The *ambience* issue, they call it," Snooks repeated more slowly. "You see," he went on, "Every central shopping and recreational location has an ambience – an overall feel – at least that's what we spent almost \$200,000 to find out, if you add up the cost of the two consultant studies we've done. Anyway, every location has an ambience, but the key to retailing and usage volume is that the ambience has to be distinctive; it has to be what they call 'focused.' Get it?"

The movie mogul broke in before Don could decide if Snooks really was waiting for an answer. "Don, the Chestnut Grove downtown Mall lacks a *focused ambience*," Arnie announced. Don thought that "focus" was an odd choice of word here; he had actually gotten a headache between the loudness and the blur the last time he forked over six bucks to this guy for a feature film.

"And what we all feel around this table – as the consultants have also concluded, I might add – is that this is very ironic" (he leaned forward) "*very* ironic, Don."

"After all," Arnie continued, "Chestnut Grove is actually a very distinctive community. Delmore, you fellas on the mall commission did some research, didn't you? How many was it? Three? Wasn't it three? Didn't we have three big authors or something growing up here – that poetry guy, and the one with the book that Tyrone Power was in when they made it into a movie – an MGM thing. Oh, you know, they did a wide-screen thing which was pretty risky for the '50s, and he gets involved with the girl, only he can't exactly, if you know what I mean – c'mon Del, what was that writer's name...Oh, hell, anyway Don, we have three world-class authors with their boyhood homes in walking distance of the center of the mall; we have a post office with one of the finest examples of WPA Depression mural painting in the Midwest – I got a professor from the university who wrote an article on it – and get this, even he lives here; we got two state-certified historical markers in 10 blocks of the mall center; we've got the three finest examples of neo-something church architecture in the Midwest; and more façade-protected, state-certified, historically significant buildings in our town, per capita, than any mid-sized suburban, incorporated community within a thousand miles of either coast – I checked," he finished proudly.

"Really," Don remarked. "Yep, and here's the big thing Don," Arnie went on. "It may interest you to know that in a recent doctoral dissertation that happened to come to my attention, your library – er, *our* library, I should say, – may have been the place where all three historically prominent authors, *and* the mural guy, where all four of them came at one time, to sit and figure out what they were working on. It appears to be mathematically possible because they were all here working at one time. *And the library is perfectly*

*situated to help us anchor this important image that will strengthen our ambience and give it focus: 'Chestnut Grove, Contemporary, Creative, Convenient.'"*

"What are you talking about?" Don asked. "Well," Snooks tag-teamed back in, "Our goal in clarifying our downtown area's image involves stressing four themes the consultants recommended we work at getting potential users to associate with us. It's really very simple, and involves clarifying in people's minds why they should want to come to the area. See?"

"What does all this have to do with the library?" Don was still bewildered by all the talk.

"We're coming to that," Snooks said. "We have a few ideas about how the library could be *very* important in our promotional program for focusing our ambience – actually, we have a three-year plan. And, we want to have your cooperation in getting the library fully behind the program.

"You see," he went on, "the latest consultants pointed out that the library is a central node in the shopper traffic pattern; it's visually central from three angles of mall entrance, and that's one of the first emotional pluses – in the top three actually – mentioned by current mall users, on the list of things they think of favorably when they think of the mall – or something like that wording, I forget exactly.

"Anyway, the library is also, it turns out, a perfect example of 'post-Prairie School' Midwestern architecture; it's also on the 'browsing' pattern from the theater complex," nod here from the mogul, "and it becomes what they call a natural 'reorienting point' for strollers who kinda touch base with it and then go down toward the frozen yogurt place and the pizza shop, or up towards the clothes, the new record shop, and the interior mini-mall – you know, where Sally's Books is located on the ground level."

"So anyway," Snooks continued, "we want to bring the library actively into our plan to focus the ambience of the mall. We want to use the library in a few tied-in kinds of

promotions to sell the town, draw people to the mall, and boost some of the retailers on the strolling paths radiating out from the mall. What say, Don, can we count on your cooperation?" "What, specifically, are you talking about?" Don asked. Snooks took the question as simply a neutral inquiry, declining to hear the slight edge in Don's voice.

"Look, it's simple," Delmore from the Mall Association chimed in. "For example, the library has two big plate-glass sections at street level. One points toward the food path on the mall – the frozen yogurt and pizza, like Bill said – and the other points toward the movie theater and the interior mini mall with the bookstore display at street level. So, let's say, on the side anchoring the path toward the movies – let's say there's a movie playing, a wild-west thing, a cowboy flick, if there still are any. So what we're asking is, you have say Zane Grey on the shelf, or Louis L'Amour. So let's say while the movie's running in the theater, you feature them in the window, with a blurb like, oh, 'See the great film and read the great stories – Chestnut Grove western week' or something like that. And if it's a romance, or a spy thing – you put the right books in. Maybe one for each of the three screens at the movieplex, or maybe a whole window for whatever looks like it needs the box office boost, y'know. And Sally's does something similar in an interior section, and who knows, Gert's Yogurt does Red Dawn Cinnamon instead of Cinnamon one month, y'know? You people and Arnie can work that out, but you get the idea."

"You bet I do," Don said, which Snooks again took more positively than it was intended. "Sure, Don," Snooks said, "and say, on the other side, you do food, nutrition, cookbooks, or you have a display and you call it 'Munch & Browse Corner' or something – maybe you even try a 'yes, food allowed' area at ground level so people take the cone or the pizza slice and walk around and come in for a few minutes, so they can turn the cone and the stroll into a little mini-date with the kids, say after the movie or something. Get my drift? Or if the

Contemporary Clothiers has a nautical window display, you do a few softly suggestive things in the window to boost a little softly suggestive theme excitement.

"After all," Snooks continued, taking Don's silence as assent, "you're a merchant too, like Dr. Fazio used to say. You're selling a service that happens to be prepaid with general revenues. But let's face it, you can't have too many readers, can you? When you want to buy equipment and books or open a video section, some documentation of weekend traffic through the turnstile counter couldn't hurt a proposal before the library committee, now could it? I mean, we all benefit, right? We bring the folks in and we all benefit – but we all have to do our part, right, Don?"

"Well," Don hedged, wanting to hold his options open, "that also depends on how we see our role in this kind of thing – on what we think we do best." "Exactly," Delmore affirmed. "Sure, exactly," Snooks echoed, permitting himself reentrance to Don's opinion formation center. "Taking it a little further, Don, we see a strong potential tie-in to the mini-mall coming from the library again. I mean, Sally's Books took a big risk to be first into the interior mini-mall. Frankly, Don, her store traffic isn't what she was expecting. We want to help her to help the mini-mall, which helps all of us. And, well, there too, the library has a tie-in that seems like it would be good for your customer traffic, too."

Don let the bait go untaken. Snooks went ahead, unflappably. "We were thinking, just as another kind of illustration to lay out for you, that there might be some mutual advantage to you and Sally's basically referring customers to one another. Sally's wants browser traffic. They're confident they'll get their sales share if they can up the floor flow to the levels they expected, based on their downtown projections adjusted on the move here. But what they don't sell, they're happy to pass on to a library. They say that 'buyers buy' and 'borrowers borrow,' so they don't see you two as competing. (Frankly, you could have fooled me, Don, but then again, I'm no market researcher.)

"So anyway," Snooks continued, "they approached me and Delmore about talking to you about some tie-in promotions for the library and the bookstore – you boost the themes around their bestsellers, displaying a mini-collection of what you have for readers on themes and authors in the window-display books they're showing. See? Then, they do the same for you, y'know? Like a sign, 'Stop by the library after your purchase, get to know more about your favorite subject and your favorite author. We can order whatever interests you.' Stuff like that, [Don. Get it?](#)"

By now even Arnie the mogul seemed confused, so Snooks paused to clarify, one eye still on Don.

"Well," he said, "we're looking at tie-in relations between the library, the food strollers, Sally's, the video rental place – y'know, rent the video; get the book too – the software computers people who may be coming in on top of Sally's – and, well, depending on what the planning committee recommends, we may also want to talk to you about a little construction modification, where people visiting the tourist and information center can exit through an enclosed walkway out the south wall that will take them through the library directly into the mall plaza. That way they have to walk down one of the longer mall strips to get to the houses of those writers – I keep forgetting their names. But you get the idea.

"Don, details can be worked out. We don't pretend to be geniuses at this. But we have to take the bull by the horns in this town. We see our public facilities as assets, not liabilities. So, we're willing to work with you for the library's benefit, but that means you have to help us develop you folks as the asset you are. Will you cooperate?"

Don played with the straw in his iced tea, executed a five-second look-down at the little whirlpool, and responded with deliberateness: "Bill, Arnie, Del – all of you – look, I respect your motivation and your concern for the future of the downtown, and the town itself.

I know you mean well. But, I have to be perfectly honest. All this glitz and, well, all this hype – I'm just worried that it begins to make a mockery of the whole idea of the library and the whole idea of what a local community is supposed to be about. There are natural processes at work, and the town is what the town is....And, well, maybe I'm no expert on village management, but I do know a little about library science and public administration, and it just seems to me that a library as an institution has to have certain priorities and a certain dignity. Now, those priorities are professional library science kinds of priorities that represent long-range community interests. We provide a traditionally established and defined public service. That's what we do. We don't do mall development. That's not what justifies our funds.

"And administratively," Don went on, "well, administratively we plan library operations, we organize the staff and resources as efficiently as possible and we coordinate our various programs within our mission, we report to the town administrative bodies on those activities – we conduct and respond to evaluations of our efficiency according to particular measures accepted as meaningful – I mean, the point is, we're designed and funded to do certain things. We're not here as a blank slate to draw on when it fits somebody's plan, even a well-intended plan. So, I guess I have to say that I have some real problems looking down the road, about what it's healthy for the library to get into if it is still going to be thought of – and if it's still going to think of itself – as a professionally run public institution accountable for its personnel's time and activities and for the use of its funds. I just don't see these schemes – I mean, *plans* – of yours as fitting in that framework. Anyway, I'm not sure I'd personally be comfortable with – or even good at doing – the kind of thing you're talking about. Not that you've actually gotten down to what you really want me to do, but it doesn't

sound like the kind of thing you'd want is the stuff I've gone to school to learn or like anything I or even Dr. Fazio ever actually did," Don wound up, a little flustered.

Don could see, even as he spoke, that this was not what the group wanted to hear. Their expressions were dour; the mogul's looked angry, and the other Mall Association members looked fidgety. Snooks seemed more disappointed than confrontational, although Don sensed that all this seemed to mean the most to him.

"Don," Snooks finally broke the silence, "look, I want to say first, that we all respect your professionalism and your concern for the library and for responsible administration. The particulars of the ideas we raised are all just brainstorming kinds of illustrations. I think some of them are good myself – I feel I have to tell you that – and I think the general point we're trying to make, regardless of specifics, is an important one. None of this is set in concrete, so to speak, and we're open to better ideas about how to get things going in the downtown over the next few years. But you have to realize, Don, at the same time, we are facing a potential problem in that regard, and it isn't going to go away. We are going to have to think and act creatively to ensure the continued prosperity and attractiveness of this town; no one, public or private, can be exempt from his or her share in that responsibility, Don. I really believe that, from the bottom of my heart.

"Don, let me just ask you to do this," Snooks continued. "Meet with a few of the concerned merchants; take a look at our consultant reports; think about the whole issue before you decide on your role – or lack of it – in this matter. Frankly, Don, I'd *dearly* love to have a person with your abilities and your background and position solidly behind this new approach we're trying to develop. It just makes it that much harder when people in key positions in town opt themselves out of new programs like this. We need to earn your support and involvement, Don. I urge you to think about this. And if something specific we've

mentioned is a non-starter from your point of view, fine – come back with your own idea. There's more than one way to promote a project – or a project leader, I always say!"

Don promised the usual open-mindedness, accompanied with the required affirmation of respect for everyone around the table, and the typical platitudes about "us all wanting the same thing, but perhaps just differing about how best to accomplish it."

The next several months brought several meetings with merchants, citizens' committees, branch library personnel, and a call or two to Fazio that had a faraway feel – as if they hadn't spoken for years instead of months. All in all, when the details of this or that conversation were averaged out and put aside, nothing had really changed: Don had misgivings about the appropriateness, workability, and implicit values underlying the involvement of public institutions and public administrators in essentially marketing and promotional strategies for their own institutional perpetuation, apart from mandated areas of institutional activity.

Snooks and his associates tried to be accommodating – they really did – but they also stuck to the philosophy and general game plan they communicated at their first meeting. Don tried to be accommodating – he really did – but he also continued to make clear that he saw a real role conflict between what they were asking him to get involved with and what he saw as the functions of a librarian, a public administrator, and a public institution.

Within six months, Don handed in his resignation. Snooks and the village board accepted it, with some regret. Chestnut Grove hired a replacement two months after Don moved on. They declined to appoint his assistant, who held Don's position on an acting basis, during the search for a new director. The successful candidate was a medical librarian from one of the for-profit hospitals further west of the city. The hospital took a highly competitive, entrepreneurial approach to the competition it faced from other hospitals in the area: offering

a health club, including a swimming pool, attached to the professional building; radio advertising; counseling programs for every type of contemporary problem; aggressive HMO marketing – the whole entrepreneurial works. Don wasn't surprised.

The entire episode, besides being a great disappointment, was a deep puzzle to Don. He understood *how* things went wrong, but not *why*. Why wasn't traditional librarianship and public management appreciated? Why were institutions like hospitals and public libraries turning to marketing, advertising, and competitive perspectives on providing vital public services? Why was he instinctively suspicious of these pressures – was it an objectively justified position on his part? Or was it a power thing – did he just dislike those jerks trying to sell some drivel to a professional based on a bought analysis that those local twits didn't really understand and were too impressed with?

Don's new position was a step down in salary, but a step up in security and benefits. He used his credentials and experience to secure a position with one of the veteran's hospitals in the area – as assistant director of library services. It was traditional medical librarianship in practice, with some assistance to allied health professionals, and a small aspect of the work involved liaison with a volunteer-operated patient library program. His new position was far from the pressures of entrepreneurship. The direction of professional activity was also far from the domain Don expected to be in – public librarianship and involvement with content of general historical and social interest and variety. Still, he was happier here than he had been in his previous position. Don's new job was within commuting distance of Chestnut Grove, so he kept his condo. A year after he relocated, the downtown area still seemed to be in decline, and the promotional programs, physical construction and renovation, entrance and exit of merchants, and general state of confusion and flux also continued at a feverish pace.

### **1.3 Case 3 The Lynx Study**

Elaine Fox had served as director of the state Game and Wildlife Service (GWS) for five years. Trained in wildlife biology, Elaine spent the first years of her career doing field research and then moved into administration. Although she really enjoyed her job and seemed to have an aptitude for management, there were days when she longed to be back in the field where she didn't have to deal with people. Today was one of those days.

Three years ago, the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service (USFWS) contacted Elaine about conducting a study to estimate the size of the Canada lynx\* population in the state. The lynx is an elusive species and the USFWS was attempting to determine whether or not it should be put on the endangered species list. While Elaine thought the study was both important and needed, she also knew that it would create two problems. On the one hand, her agency lacked the resources to handle the additional work created by the study. On the other hand, the GWS had been the target of criticism from several sources, including three prominent members of the appropriations committee in the state legislature, for putting too much emphasis on wildlife preservation. Participating in the study could add fuel to these criticisms since commercial activity and outdoor recreation on large areas of the state, affecting both public and private property, would be severely restricted if the lynx were designated as an endangered species.

The first problem was resolved when the USFWS agreed to provide funding to hire a private laboratory for the data analysis part of the project. Dealing with the second problem required a bit of public relations work. Elaine held several public meetings around the state, and met with the leaders of various groups. At all these meetings she emphasized the point that it was in the best interests of everyone if the state was an active

participant in the study. Though she met resistance at first, eventually she gained support for the study.

With these problems under control, Elaine called a staff meeting with her field biologists. After considering various options, she decided to assign two staff members to the lynx study and reassign their normal workload to the rest of the staff. Her decision caused some resentment among the staff who had to take on the extra work, but she assured them that the study was important and that the reassignments were temporary. As she had suspected, her staff quickly adjusted to their new duties and the lynx study seemed to go smoothly.

As the study neared its completion, the data seemed to indicate a relatively large lynx population in the area. Though surprised, Elaine was also a bit relieved because she wasn't looking forward to the controversy that would have erupted with a decision to list the lynx as an endangered species. However, a state environmental group was not pleased with the study results. After releasing several public statements criticizing the study, the group announced plans to sue the GWS. Hoping to avoid the cost and publicity of a court case, Elaine agreed to do an in-house review of the results. Trusting her staff, Elaine assumed that the review would verify the reliability of the results. Unfortunately, the review uncovered evidence of serious mistakes by the private laboratory that not only cast doubts on the results but also suggested that the collected data had been contaminated.

Believing that the mistakes made by the lab would insure a legal victory for the environmental group, Elaine agreed to redo the study using a different laboratory. Her decision brought praise from the environmental group. However, it also led to renewed

criticism from commercial development and recreational groups. And though no one said anything to her, Elaine sensed growing resentment among her field staff. Nevertheless, Elaine resolved to put the unfortunate situation behind her and get on with the work of the agency.

Things seemed to settle down after the new study got underway. But today Elaine was thinking that the lynx study had to be some kind of punishment for sins in one of her past lives. When she got to the office, she found an anonymous memo from one of the agency's field biologists on her desk. The memo explained that the staff assigned to the lynx project had become suspicious of the new lab's work. To test the lab's reliability, they had mixed some lynx fur collected from an animal at the local zoo with samples collected from the study without notifying the lab that they had done so. Elaine knew the field biologists were conducting a "blind test" which is a standard scientific procedure in such a situation. However, Elaine also knew that the field staff had violated standard bureaucratic procedures by not notifying her of their suspicions and plans to run a blind test. As Elaine stared out her office window, she imagined the headlines on the front page of tomorrow's newspaper: "State GWS Falsifies Lynx Study Data."

Assume that you are Elaine Fox. How would you handle the situation presented by the anonymous memo?

- *The "Canada lynx" is a species. This case takes place inside a state of the USA.*

#### **1.4 Case 4 An Authoritarian Approach to Management**

Richard Patton had grown up in a small town in a largely rural Midwestern state whose economy was based on agriculture. His parents were hardworking and devout and subjected their children to severe discipline. As a boy Patton did odd jobs to pay for his own clothes and school supplies. He was a typical product of a society that valued the work ethic: disciplined, conservative, industrious, and respectful of authority.

At the university, where he studied public administration, Patton was mainly interested in those aspects of courses that he considered down-to-earth. He found theoretical and philosophical propositions boring, because he had difficulty in applying the abstract to practical matters.

Upon graduation Patton got his first job in his own state as an assistant to the director of the Social Welfare Department in Jefferson County, a rural county with about 40,000 people that was neither wealthy nor poor. Demands on social-welfare services were not great, and the problems facing the department staff of ten were readily taken care of. Patton won the respect of his director and coworkers by his conscientious work and reliability. When the director moved on after a year, Patton succeeded him in the post.

A year later Patton accepted an offer to direct a department in a large county with more industry, a more varied economy, and a more diverse population than Jefferson County. Patton became head of a department with forty staff members that was governed by the Polk County Board of Commissioners and the county Social Service Commission. Though the county had a mixed population that included Indians, Chicanos, and blacks,

no members of these groups worked at the department. It was a typical public-welfare agency, administered by the county, supervised by the state, and funded by the county, state, and federal governments. Its program included Aid for Families with Dependent Children (AFDC), Work Incentive (WIN), Supplemental Security Income (SSI), and Medicaid, administered under guidelines set by the state and federal governments.

The staff members, Patton soon discovered, frequently failed to follow guidelines and even appeared unfamiliar with them, applied rules inconsistently, and were sometimes indifferent to their clients' needs. Employees often arrived late at the office, took time off without permission to take care of personal matters, left clients waiting while getting coffee or chatting with fellow employees, and in general were inefficient and lackadaisical. Patton found few of them had the education and training for their work and quickly discovered the reason: qualified people were hard to obtain because of the low pay scale, the minimum acceptable by state requirements. The county commissioners, all conservative politically and economically, held budgets to the lowest possible level. Salary levels in all county offices were not competitive with those in the private sector.

Patton's initial review of the agency revealed that three persons appeared potentially useful in establishing an organizational structure to replace the present slipshod operation. They were the assistant director and two others who had ill-defined supervisory powers.

The course of action to reform the agency appeared clear to Patton. What was needed was a highly structured and disciplined organization. He envisioned himself as keeping a finger on all the programs administered by the agency. Supervisors would be selected from within the organization. Authority would be delegated to the supervisors, and line

workers would be classified according to a strict hierarchy. Jobs would be highly specialized and all employees would be trained to do their job in a prescribed manner. Weekly staff meetings would be used to review and modify work styles and to inculcate respect for authority.

In putting his plans into effect Patton rejected suggestions of the workers. He felt that their ideas on pay, job design, and office procedures had no place in a well-run operation. "If they don't like the way the office is run, they can work some other place," he said. Despite Patton's authoritarian approach to management, some improvement was beginning to be made. The office was brightened by fresh paint and the furniture was rearranged so that counselors had more privacy in discussing problems with their clients. Responsibility for certain tasks was assigned to specific people, files were kept up-to-date, and client requests were handled more quickly. Patton and his supervisors, carefully chosen from among the staff, seemed to receive proper respect from other employees.

But dissatisfaction and dissent soon boiled over. Line workers challenged Patton's edicts at staff meetings, complained about many of the imposed rules and regulations, wrangled over policies and goals, and threatened to appeal to the governing boards.

Patton's supervisors periodically approached him with suggestions for changes. Patton was upset and felt they were interfering with his prerogatives as an administrator, yet he was willing to listen to their opinions, especially because he began to fear losing his job if the extent of the objections among the staff reached the agency's governing boards.

The supervisors explained to him that many improvements had been made in the department, but they believed the administrative structure had to be made more responsive to staff personnel. They suggested that staff input in salary plans, office

procedural policies, and staff meetings be increased and that a program of upgrading jobs and pay be introduced. They thought that an administrative system could be too strict. The department under the former director had not been tightly controlled but the work got done and the public seemed satisfied as to the level of service delivery.

It was hard for Patton to believe he had been wrong in thinking the Welfare Department needed the imposition of a more rigid system, but he now recognized that his reforms had failed and that there were aspects of management to which he had been blind.