

# Appendix A

## Cognitive Dissonance

### L. Festinger

#### **Overview:**

According to cognitive dissonance theory, there is a tendency for individuals to seek consistency among their cognitions (i.e., beliefs, opinions). When there is an inconsistency between attitudes or behaviors (dissonance), something must change to eliminate the dissonance. In the case of a discrepancy between attitudes and behavior, it is most likely that the attitude will change to accommodate the behavior.

Two factors affect the strength of the dissonance: the number of dissonant beliefs, and the importance attached to each belief. There are three ways to eliminate dissonance: (1) reduce the importance of the dissonant beliefs, (2) add more consonant beliefs that outweigh the dissonant beliefs, or (3) change the dissonant beliefs so that they are no longer inconsistent.

Dissonance occurs most often in situations where an individual must choose between two incompatible beliefs or actions. The greatest dissonance is created when the two alternatives are equally attractive. Furthermore, attitude change is more likely in the direction of less incentive since this results in lower dissonance. In this respect, dissonance theory is contradictory to most behavioral theories which would predict greater attitude change with increased incentive (i.e., reinforcement).

#### **Scope/Application:**

Dissonance theory applies to all situations involving attitude formation and change. It is especially relevant to decision-making and problem-solving.

#### **Example:**

Consider someone who buys an expensive car but discovers that it is not comfortable on long drives. Dissonance exists between their beliefs that they have bought a good car and that a good car should be comfortable. Dissonance could be eliminated by deciding that it does not matter since the car is mainly used for short trips (reducing the importance of the dissonant belief) or focusing on the cars strengths such as safety, appearance, handling (thereby adding more consonant beliefs). The

dissonance could also be eliminated by getting rid of the car, but this behavior is a lot harder to achieve than changing beliefs.

**Principles:**

1. Dissonance results when an individual must choose between attitudes and behaviors that are contradictory.
2. Dissonance can be eliminated by reducing the importance of the conflicting beliefs, acquiring new beliefs that change the balance, or removing the conflicting attitude or behavior.

**References:**

Brehm, J. & Cohen, A. (1962). *Explorations in Cognitive Dissonance*. New York: Wiley.

Festinger, L. (1957). *A Theory of Cognitive Dissonance*. Stanford, CA: Stanford University Press.

Festinger, L. & Carlsmith, J.M. (1959). Cognitive Consequences of Forced Compliance. *Journal of Abnormal and Social Psychology*, 58, 203-210. [available at <http://psychclassics.yorku.ca/Festinger/>]

Wickland, R. & Brehm, J. (1976). *Perspectives on Cognitive Dissonance*. NY: Halsted Press.

**Relevant Web Sites:**

Some relevant web sites to examine include:

<http://www.colorado.edu/communication/meta-discourses/Theory/dissonance/>

<http://books.nap.edu/books/0309049784/html/99.html#pagetop>

<http://www.afirstlook.com/archive/cogdiss.cfm?>

## **Appendix B**

### **Medusa Unwound**

#### **Artist's Statement by Judith Anderson**

Margaret Atwood, the Canadian novelist, once asked a group of women at a university why they felt threatened by men. The women said they were afraid of being beaten, raped or killed by men. She then asked a group of men why they felt threatened by women. They said they were afraid women would laugh at them.<sup>24</sup>

The genesis of this print, which has been in my mind for several years, is my pure rage at the vilification and brutal treatment of women and a wild laughter as a response and a reclaiming of personal power. In one version of the myth, the beautiful Medusa, who lay with Poseidon in a temple of Athena, is transformed by the angry Athena into the snaky-haired Gorgon with pig tusks, extended tongue and staring eyes which could turn the viewer to stone. Later Athena, the virgin goddess, put the Gorgon's face on her shield to frighten enemies and suitors. And Athena encouraged Perseus in searching for and beheading Medusa. (Poseidon suffers no such punishments.) But there are other older stories that link Medusa with the Triple Goddess, or with a sun goddess whose priestesses wore snaky-haired masks, symbolic of the power of the sun. In *The Temple of My Familiar*, Alice Walker speaks of the African Goddess with her snaky, dreadlocked hair.

" ... if you are from Africa ...you recognize the head of Medusa as the head of Africa; and what you realize you are seeing is the Western World's memorialization of that period in prehistory when the white male world of Greece decapitated and destroyed the black female Goddess/Mother tradition and culture of Africa."<sup>25</sup>

In the print the texture of many of the snakes is a braid, like the braided dreadlocks. I am also thinking of Alice Walker's *Possessing the Secret of Joy*, the dreadful and moving description of the violation of female genital mutilation. There are clues in the myth to the older stories and the power of Medusa. The winged horse Pegasus, symbol of poetry and transformation, springs from the blood of her neck. And it was said that the blood was collected: a drop of blood from the left side of her head could raise the dead; a drop from the right side could kill. Drops of her blood became snakes in the desert.

It is clear that the image of Medusa is bound up with goddesses, power, blood mysteries, fear and impotence. From *The Road to Daulis*,

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<sup>24</sup> Quoted in *Molly Ivins Can't Say That, Can She?* by Molly Ivins, New York: Random House, 1991, p. 280.

<sup>25</sup> Alice Walker *The Temple of My Familiar* New York: Pocket Books, 1989, p. 270

“In 1922 Freud laid the groundwork for subsequent psychoanalytical interpretations of the Medusa: fear of gazing upon the Medusa's head is really fear of castration replaced in the myth by decapitation, which is linked to the sight of something; namely, of the mother's genitals surrounded by snaky hair ... The display of genitals, male or female, also has an apotropaic effect, driving the spectator away.”<sup>26</sup>

Here is the fear of the vagina dentata, the devouring female, the birth-giver from whom men have struggled to separate themselves. In *Women's Mysteries*, in speaking of the intuition of the body, Christine Downing says

"In an unforgettable metaphor Jane Gallop remarks that if we think the mind/body split through the body, it becomes an image of shocking violence, a 'decapitation'"<sup>27</sup>

Terror is in the eye of the beholder. The sacred triangle and gate of the Mother, place of birth, passion and death, is surely a place of awesome power. So great is this female power that its personification had to be changed by the fearful into the separate parts of the Virgin and whore. But the wild Medusa persists in the psyche, especially now as women are discovering their wild natures and freedom from external controls and from their own stony paralysis.

The snake has long been associated with the power and wisdom of the female and of the Great Mother. It sheds its skin, is renewed, and does not die; she bleeds but does not die. Snakes wind and unwind, appear and disappear mysteriously. They guard the entrance to the temple. They can fascinate with their unwavering gaze. She lives in spite of all efforts to make her disappear. She is unwound and all wound up, living beyond her wound, in spite of her wound. Her energy is bursting out from a dark center. Her tongue is not that of the beasts but more like that of the snake, or a spirit-tasting tongue in the manner of shamans or of the souls of the long-dead who feed on joy or of the blood-filled speech of the visionary. Her laughter is welling up from the sacred center, a bawdy laughter like Bauba's, the wild crane who was able to turn Demeter from her grief.

The images arise from leaves. The women's bodies are filled with vegetation. From the right hand the feathery body of Venus is born from the lily, so dear to me. The ancient snake goddess, staring, brandishing her snakes. Perseus is over-whelmed by snakes from the sinister hand, while the uplifted Medusa smiles. Four women laugh; two of the faces are my own. I drew Medusa from my own face. I see that she looks younger than I am and wonder if that tells the many years of my rage. My daughter said her eyes are like full moons.

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<sup>26</sup> Alice Walker, *The Temple of My Familiar* New York: Pocket Books, 1989, p. 270

<sup>27</sup> Christine Downing, *Women's Mysteries: Toward a Poetics of Gender*. New York: Crossroad 1992 p. 76 (emphasis )

Most of the women are from classical paintings, observed, but at ease in themselves: Botticelli's Birth of Venus, the Snake Goddess of Crete, Ingres' Vennus Anadyomene, Ingres' Le Bain Turc, Titian's Danaë, Titian's Venus of Urbina, da Sesto's (after Leonardo) Leda, Titian's Venus, Bellini's sculpture of Perseus with the head of Medusa, the Sheela-na-gig at Kilpeck, England (c.1140). The women are at ease among the snakes, as the snakes seem to watch everywhere, guarding the center. I am portraying my own fierce rage, reclaiming my own body's rights/rites, my own wild laughter. If other women see themselves reflected here, we can tell our anger together, laughing and staring out fearlessly.

**Appendix C**  
**Artist's Statement: CALL ME JUDITH**  
**By Judith Anderson (Summer Solstice 1989)**  
**Etching 18 x 24 sepia ink**

In the continuing effort to reclaim our heritage, I want to pay tribute to Judith, my namesake. In the title I am also recalling another fearful epic and another survivor: the haunting first words of *Moby Dick*, "Call me Ishmael," and the quotation from Job (1:15) in the epilogue, "And I only am escaped alone to tell thee." I began the print before the violence in China in Tiananmen Square. As I worked on it, listening to the news reports of the courageous young Chinese and then the horror of their slaughter by the army, I felt the fury of Judith in her avenging of the rape and slaughter of her people, the fury of Kali the Destroyer, and the fury of the Cheyennes and Oglala Sioux at Little Big Horn. Faced with this institutional violence, we want to destroy the butchers.

In the print, the face of Judith is drawn from a Native American face but includes also my own features. I want to represent in this Judith the "yang femininity" of the crone, the incisive menopausal power which "is represented, as a potent force that can bring about radical transformation, usually of an 'undoing' or disintegrative sort reminiscent of the withering that accompanies the descent to the underworld in the Demeter-Persephone myth."<sup>28</sup> While there is time, we must entertain the Death Crone and confront the violence in our culture. Holofernes rests on a missile, that generator of skulls, and beneath -that are soldiers. A shadow blade of the labrys slices the missile.

In the book of Judith from the Apocrypha (included also in the Jerusalem Bible), the Assyrians led by their general Holofernes have besieged the Israelites in the town of Bethulia. Their water and food supplies are low, and the Israelites are about to surrender. Judith, a devout and learned widow, is a woman of great beauty and courage. She conceives a plan for deliverance which she will not tell her people. She prays, in ° sackcloth and ashes,

"Break the ir pride by a woman's hand. Your strength does not lie in numbers, nor your might in violent men."<sup>29</sup>

She then washes and anoints her body and adorns herself in fine robes and jewels. She and her maid go forth from the town into the Assyrian camp intending to dazzle Holofernes disarmingly and to murder him. On the fourth day, he invites her to dine with him.

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<sup>28</sup> Genia Pauli Haddon, *Body Metaphors*, Crossroad 1988, p. 152

<sup>29</sup> Judith 9:15-16 (*Jerusalem Bible*)

"I am delighted to do so, Lord, for since my birth I have never felt my life more worthwhile than today."<sup>30</sup>

She puts herbs in the wine. Holofernes is determined to seduce her and "was so enchanted with her that he drank for more wine than he had drunk on any other day in his life."<sup>31</sup>

When night comes, his guards leave, and he passes out. Then Judith takes his sword and cuts off his head. She and her maid tear the canopy down from the bedpost and carry his wrapped head in a basket back to Bethulia, where the head is hung on the battlements. At dawn the Assyrians see it, and in their panic and dread at the death of their leader, they all flee. The Israelites pursue and massacre them and loot their camp. In the town of Bethulia, there is a great celebration praising Judith their deliverer with feasting and song.

"May you be blessed in all the tents of Judah and in every nation; at the sound of your name men will be seized with dread."<sup>32</sup>

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<sup>30</sup> Judith 12:18 (*Jerusalem Bible*)

<sup>31</sup> Judith 12:20 (*Jerusalem Bible*)

<sup>32</sup> Judith 14:10 (*Jerusalem Bible*)

## Appendix D

### **MISSA GAIA: This is my body 18 x 24" earth tones**

*Artist's Statement by Judith Anderson - Fall Equinox 1988*

Earth mass, mass for the earth, mass of the earth. It is the Great Mother's celebration: the earth, the grasses, the seas and the infinite variety of creatures are her body, incarnations of her Being and creativity. And all return home to her womb in death, dismemberment, extinction. In the undisturbed rhythm of earth, life and death are intertwined and balanced in a vast exchange of lives. But in this etching, the figure of the Great Mother is intended to echo the brooding mother of Käthe Kollwitz' *Pieta*, knees wide in the birthing posture, her hand gently holding in pity, love and anguish a glorious lifeless body, flesh of her flesh. The Great Mother of the print, surrounded by and filled with animals, embodies at once both celebration and profound grief and anger.

Like many women, I am restructuring my own religious perceptions and analyzing my earlier religious background. I want to express a sacramental vision of creation, to honor the great web of connectedness among created things. I especially admire Native American understanding of these connections. There is no hierarchy of value in this vision, only the frail, and mostly hidden, ecological balance which many human beings are belatedly just beginning to understand.

For several years before I left the Episcopal Church and the confines of Christian theology some years ago, I found that I was constantly rewriting the mass and the various liturgies to express the archetype of the Great Mother as the giver of life. I see now that this print is a part of all that revision, in a different form. The mass derives its great power and mystery from much older rituals: the grain and wine are ancient symbols. Women's mysteries of blood and birthing may be the world's oldest religious mysteries. I was always especially moved by the story of the Massacre of the Holy Innocents, by the massive grief of the mothers. The Mater Dolorosa exists everywhere in our time, in all of history and in sacred writings:

"Lamentation and bitter weeping; Rachel weeping for her children and would not be comforted because they are not." But human beings are not-the only innocent victims of human violence. The animals, earth's original inhabitants, have always been the innocents upon this earth, enduring a bloody history at the hands of those whose Judeo-Christian heritage gave man dominion over every creature of earth, sea and air, subject to his whims of greed, carelessness and gratuitous violence. And now we see also the rapacious pollution of earth, sea and air and the devastation of the tropical rainforests. .

It may be said that death and life are both alike to the Great Mother, that as source and Ground of Being she is no favorites, hears no prayers, that the laws of nature are inexorable. Each act has its consequences, known or unknown. But as human beings, part of this great web yet capable of reverence, laughter and tears, we know that rejoicing and sorrow, like creativity and destruction, are fixed in the nature of life upon this earth. In the tangled threads of this mystery, I believe that the Great Mother cares profoundly about creation.

The print pays homage to many, named and nameless souls: Native Americans," Dian Fossey, Jane Goodall, Ursula LeGuin, Jacques Cousteau, Greenpeace, the Nature Conservancy and all who honor the earth. The otter, whom I've long thought of as my totem, is in the place of crowning at birth. My familiars, ancient Lily and Sesame now dead, are on her shoulder. The creatures of the four directions of the Medicine Wheel keep watch. The serpent of wisdom is on her wrist. The whales are singing. Walk in balance.

Heya

Heya

Heya

## **Appendix E**

### **HER RUNES OF EARTH AND STONE**

#### **Artist's Statement by Judith Anderson (Fall Equinox, 1987)**

I finished this print on my birthday, the Fall Equinox, and it is full of my feelings and thoughts about the trip I made on the Spring Equinox this year to England with a small group of women to visit the stone circle at Avebury, the harvest hill Silbury nearby and West Kennet Long Barrow close to Silbury, ancient Neolithic ceremonial sites north of Stonehenge. These sites in their interrelation, denoting seasons and the cycles of life are far more complex than Stonehenge. They are brilliantly and imaginatively described in two books by Michael Dames, *The Avebury Cycle* and *The Silbury Treasure*.

As ancient pagan holy places, the body of the Great Mother is represented in many ways in the landscape itself: in the construction of the great circle and the two avenues of stones, in the making of the Silbury Hill with the great chalk ditch surrounding it (in the winter when the ditch is filled with the melting waters in this valley, the entire shape is the form of the squatting, birthing mother), and especially in the alignment of each site with the others.

In the print the Silbury figure may be found in the two Avebury stones at the sides, as if the birthing mother is in turn the fetus within the gravid figures. The hill may be seen also at the bottom of the print with my face at the top. Here I have added the snake and the leaves, much as they appear on the sacred omphalos stone at Delos, Greece. The V at the top of the hill is suggestive also of the river Kennet nearby and its sacred Swallowhead Spring. The stone at the top, behind the head, is the Bride stone of Avebury, situated at the entrance of the circle from the line of processional stones coming from the Sanctuary.

Young women entering the circle on this side would sit in the indentation of the Bride stone. There is a hollow above the seat, where water might have been poured down from above the stone. In placing the entrance of the barrow in the center, I mean to emphasize the profound dual nature of the Great Mother in giving life and in finally receiving it back. The design of the barrow itself is that of a body with a birthing entrance.

The spiral fossil, so suggestive of winding and unwinding, of becoming and decreasing, has long been a sacred symbol of the Mother. It seemed appropriately placed in the belly, related to the movement of the stones behind it. This fossil appeared everywhere at Glastonbury (where we visited the Tor and the Chalice Well, staying for several days on Chalice Hill--having in mind *The Mists Of Avalon*), as this area was once under the sea, hence the Lake Isle of Avalon. The snakes on the wrists of the Great Mother are the sign of the ancient pagan wisdom and power. The bones describe the mounds and ditches of the great circle with four

openings. As the ditches were dug with bone and antler, the bones seemed appropriate for the form. I noticed when the print was finished how dark it had become, murky like the stones themselves; yet the places of light have the eerie quality of moonlight.

In writing about this print, I realize it sounds very schematic, very left-brain. But it *is* important to understand the very elaborate planning that is behind these magnificent Neolithic sites. When you are there, walking among the stones, walking up -the processional avenue, seeing the sun rise, with sky larks rising, while standing within the barrow, walking Silbury Hill, well, then one is simply struck by the silence, the awesome mystery of her body in the landscape, and by the eternal power of the place. The archeological fact that I found most striking in Michael Dames books is that in all the excavation of these Neolithic sites over hundreds of years, not one weapon has ever been found.