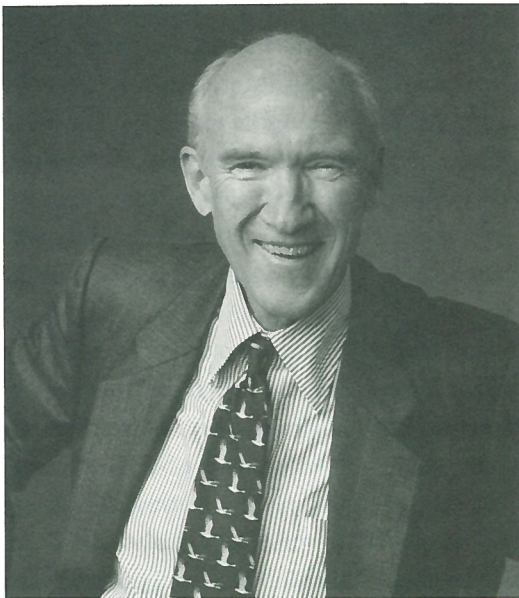


the 1997 ~~Nancy Hanks~~ Lecture



LECTURER

ALAN K. SIMPSON

March 10, 1997

John F. Kennedy Center

for the Performing Arts

Eisenhower Theater

Washington, D.C.

It is the **obligation** and the
function of all **civilized**
governments to support
the **arts**. **That is the way it is.**

IT IS A SPLENDID HONOR to be here this evening. I slipped down tonight from Harvard, where I am serving as a visiting lecturer, with an appropriate stipend of course and having personally prepared my own syllabus. . .

You may be assured, I can tell you, that there would be ghosts of the past among faculty and teachers and professors along my tortuous path from Cody, Wyoming, to Cranbrook School and the University of Wyoming who are whirling like pinwheels in their places of final rest to have discerned my ascendancy to this esteemed task.

It is a great honor for me to do this. So many fine things have happened to us since I left the Senate—and many have said, “Why didn’t he leave earlier?”

It was good to get out. A more robust attitude is out there among our constituents, a lusty cry for your head. A guy got up a town meeting and hollered “Two terms for you guys—one in Congress, one in prison.”

Of course, the worst one was right in my home town of Cody, Wyoming, right there at the Irma Hotel. I’ve got my grubs on. It’s Saturday morning, and I’ve got my cowboy boots on. Puts me about 6’10”. I’ve got my Levi’s on, too, and

I’m paying the bill. A guy comes up and says, “Anybody ever tell you you look kind of like Al Simpson?” I said, “Yeah, they do.” He said, “Makes ya kind of mad, don’t it?”

But there are very good reasons for me to be here, for I am not an academic, I am not a connoisseur. As one old cowboy said, “I heard you were a canoozer of art.” I said, “No, not quite!” I am not a wonk. I am not really a theorist, although I have the greatest rich respect, regard and admiration for all who exemplify those traits in our society, and I surely mean that.

No, I am simply a lover of the arts, all of them,

visual, performing, literature, theater, architecture, whatever shape or form portraying beauty. I am among the feel, see, touch and smell category of art lovers. I have been at it for a very long time—and sometimes didn’t even really know that I was.

I grew up in the little town of Cody, Wyoming in the 1930s in the midst of the Depression in a loving home, and a dad who practiced law there. Yes, it was founded by William Frederick “Buffalo Bill” Cody himself, and is known genially as the “Athens of the West.”

It is the home of the Buffalo Bill Historical Center, comprising 265,000 square feet of display and exhibit space of the North American Plains Indian Museum, the Cody Firearms Museum consisting of the Pugsley collection from Yale, the Whitney Gallery of Western Art, and the Buffalo Bill Museum. That’s what’s out there; 250,000 people a year see it. Quite a place.

I had a mother, a stunningly strong and beautiful mother who played the piano, the organ, the violin and the mandolin, with a very beautiful, lyrical, soft singing voice, and a warm, witty dad who seemed to always be humming with a song on his lips since his days in Cody High School in 1914, when he performed in the “Mikado.”

And an only brother, Pete, who played the sax and the guitar and had a wonderful, singular, singing voice. An educator, an actor, and a member of the Screen Actor’s Guild.

Eighty percent of the people in the Screen Actor’s Guild make under 20 grand a year, so somebody is really peeling that outfit like an onion!

That is an aside here. These remarks have been prepared solely by me.

There we were in this dear family, and then there was me. We would gather around the radio on Saturday—it was not forced—and listen to the Metropolitan Opera, sponsored by Texaco. Not a plug; that is what it was then and now. You could find yourself being drawn back to this old Atwater-Kent radio to hear a voice such as you had never, ever, quite heard before.

Being rather a brash and curious young lad and always on the razor's edge of things, I told them I didn't really care much about that stuff. But oh, boy, I was listening and how I hearkened to it as it washed over me. But I would never admit it. There are a lot of us in the world like that. But what I pretended to others to be medicine at the time really proved to be a marvelous elixir of life, enriching it to degrees not then comprehended.

Of course, if you decide to have a life of politics you are choosing to take on a rather barbaric avocation and vocation, though remember I loved it and had chosen in life to be a legislator. I didn't want to be President, Vice President, king or emperor, I wanted to legislate. That is what I did.

Yet, one must have the softening agents of life in order to thoroughly enjoy politics, which I thoroughly did. Those softening agents are books, music, art, theater and poetry. Poetry. The poetry of Longfellow, and Robert Service, Rudyard Kipling, Poe. That will stir up your soul.

Politicians aren't really supposed to like that stuff, but it is my experience that many of them do and they have a solid knowledge of the arts, even though they sometimes may not always express it more nobly through the casting of their vote!

I remember about the brusque politician sitting in his office one day, and his administrative assistant came in, rushed, and said, "There's a guy out here who wants to do you in oil." And the politician says, "Look, I don't have time for some nut to come in here, some artist, to paint a picture of me. Get him out of here." And the assistant said, "He's not an artist, he's a cook."

So we can think of some who deserve that fate, and indeed, so.

Then in Cody High School there was a teacher who loved Shakespeare, Ms. Wynona Thompson, "Mrs. T" we called her. Oh, how she loved Shakespeare. Remember, that's after the war—no television, but there were records. Big, old, hard-pressed wax records, records of Hamlet portrayed by Laurence Olivier, Lady MacBeth performed by

Dame Judith Anderson, Sir John Gielgud as Lear, and of course the pure power of Paul Robeson as Othello, and Una Merkel as Desdemona and Jose Ferrar as Iago.

She would play those records in class, and pull the shades down a bit to give us the proper atmosphere of the moors or Birnam Wood and we would see with the mind's eye the dark castles housing the prince of Denmark, or the evil heart housing the dark deeds of Iago. Well, that one sure took, I'll tell you.

"Mrs. T" lives on. Two years ago she came to Washington. I took her to the vaults of the Shakespeare Folger Library and she held in her hands Hollingshead's *History of Scotland* and many first folios of Shakespeare. Now, that, young men and women, is a definitive study on how to impress your teacher! I commend it to you.

So a year later after Cody High I stepped off the bus at Cranbrook School. It was a charm school. I needed a little extra effort there. I was on federal probation and it wasn't my fault. The other guy shot the mailboxes—well, not quite!

I stepped out on that campus, at Bloomfield Hills, and there were the sculptures of Carl Milles of Sweden, who was in residence at Cranbrook, all of it surrounded by the simple and yet majestic art deco architecture of Eero Saarinen. A world of physical beauty and art I had not know before.

Then I went back to the University of Wyoming, where I backtracked into playing a more barbaric form of the performing arts, which was college football. When I weighed 260, had hair, and thought beer was food.

It was here that I met the fair Ann—she is here tonight—who saved me from the primrose path. Forty-two years with that magnificent woman, as beautiful on the inside as she is on the outside.

A love of art helps the learning process. It helps you learn. All studies tell us that.

So here you have the situation:

Mapplethorpe and

Serrano, two grants

totaling less than \$50,000 out

of a budget of \$172 million,

two grants going awry out of a

total number of 85,000

successful ones, statistically

insignificant. **A sparrow**

belch in the center of a

typhoon.

Then overseas in the army, and we saved all our leave time. Boy, we then hit the road. The gal from Greybull and the kid from Cody headed around Europe in an old Ford car. Rome, Venice,

Salzburg, Amsterdam, Paris, Munich, Berlin, Copenhagen, Naples, Florence. Ah, Florence. There is magic.

Seeing all the great galleries of Europe, the theater, the dance, the ballet. That was quite new to these kids from Wyoming. I recall the one about the old cowboy who had come all the way to New York City to see the ballet. He had never seen one before. There was a reporter out there in the street doing an interview program at the end of the performance.

The reporter said, "Did you enjoy that?" The old cowboy said, "Yep, I sure did." The reporter said, "Well, is it the first time you've ever seen a ballet?"

"Yep, it sure was.

Never seen one." "Well, what did you think of it? What about it?" "Well," the old cowboy said in kind of a puzzled drawl, "I guess I don't know why they just don't hire taller girls."

Just relax now, because you needed this little tapestry of background in order to gauge the impact of art in our lives.

Then off to the state legislature "to do God's work," the elementary mission of all politicians, doing God's work. It was there that I first entered into full head-to-head and hand-to-hand combat with my legislative colleagues about the

arts and divined what priority it held in their lives.

Here was our bill to establish the Wyoming Council on the Arts through the National Endowment. We needed a \$5,000 appropriation to get that done.

Well, there was a spirited debate. Those of us speaking in favor of setting out this tiny amount of "seed money" to attract the funds to enrich and enhance our state were arrayed against those who were saying this was a long, slippery slope toward enslaving ourselves to the receipt of federal funds, whereby we would never be able to unshackle ourselves from the devils of addiction to the flow of government largesse.

The debate ended, the vote was taken, and we lost. I was crushed. We couldn't get \$5,000 to set up the council. Later that same week, we voted to establish a fund of \$300,000 for the control of brucellosis in cattle. Now, don't chuckle. Brucellosis is a very serious disease. It causes cattle to abort. Once it gets into a herd, the destruction of the herd is the only result.

So, as a native of Wyoming, I knew that was vitally important. But I also felt the arts were darned important, too. So I waited a day or two and convinced someone who had voted on the prevailing side to move to reconsider the vote. We brought that bill back from the dead.

We said if you can give \$300,000 to control brucellosis, we can give \$5,000 to create a council on the arts. What kind of a state are we? We are proud of our heritage, proud of our independence, proud of being the first government in the Western World to give women the right to vote in 1869. That's Wyoming.

It's called the Equality State. Yet as Ann always says, "Yeah, but you haven't done much since."

We are proud of our single four-year University of Wyoming, a wonderful school. We're proud of our museums, festivals, art fairs and all the things that attract people to the state other than the natural grandeur of Yellowstone and Grand Teton National Parks. Well, it worked, and it passed and it went on the law books.

Institutions bloomed, little museums, big

museums, little and big art centers, civic centers, renewed interest in symphonies in Casper and Cheyenne—and we do have symphonies in Casper and Cheyenne—all part of the magnificent work of the National Endowment for the Arts and the National Endowment for the Humanities, the local communities themselves, and the hard-working people who work, and work so very hard. But the federal support has always been obviously very vital.

So I joined the U.S. Senate in 1979 and personally observed the slug-fest that goes on with regard to the support of the arts and humanities in America.

BUT LET ME, FIRST, PAY MY FULLEST TRIBUTE to Jane Alexander, current chairman of the National Endowment for the Arts, for her totally energetic and unselfish work. What a Wonder Woman she is. She is a dazzler in mind, spirit, and persistence—and a listener. I have also watched the steady efforts of Sheldon Hackney, dramatically trying to get “The National Conversation” started so we can talk about the things that are in our craw, but that we never talk about.

So it is my rich, personal privilege to come to know them both and see them work—and work, and work, and work—for what they know to be right and good for the best of this country.

In my time in the Senate I have come to know all of the dedicated persons who have chaired the NEA, all, ironically, save Nancy Hanks, whose memory we honor this night: Liv Biddle, Frank Hodsoll, John Frohmeyer, and now Jane.

We all watched sadly as the matter of the funding for the arts endowment boiled to a heated topic of considerably controversy. You could sense it, you knew it was coming in the names of Mapplethorpe, Serrano and Finley.

Then arose from one rank of warriors the cries of “censorship” and “beware of the thought police” and the other combatants telling us the NEA is the anti-Christ, and that all funding for it should be cut off, and another little group saying, “So what, we are the taxpayers and we

ain’t paying for it!”

So here you have the situation: Mapplethorpe and Serrano, two grants totaling less than \$50,000 out of a budget of \$172 million, two grants going awry out of a total number of 85,000 successful ones, statistically insignificant. A sparrow belch in the center of a typhoon.

But, oh, oh, the reaction. One would have thought that the molten core of the earth was working through a fissure in the crust. What hysteria, hurrah and hyperbole from both sides, from all sides, some of it pure babble.

Folks would take their families over to the Corcoran and later drop by their favorite Congressman’s office. You could hear the alarm in their remarks. I saw it. You know what they have on the wall down there? A guy with a buggy whip in the strangest place. Or a painting of a jug of urine and a crucifix, or a nude woman lathering herself up with chocolate. Why I remember that one in a sideshow when I was a mere boy. I often wanted to return there and see, as Paul Harvey says, “The rest of the story!”

So these Congressmen and Congresswomen went back to their districts, and their folks were all worked up. Boy, did they come back and chop up the arts. Many failed to cite the wonder, the pleasure and the joy given through the arts throughout the United States in every single Congressional district.

Many didn’t even know that the NEA had supported things in their own districts and their own states. They do now, thanks to Jane and thanks to the fine staff

The harsh reality of increased restraints on the federal budget and efforts to curb the deficit should **never force us to be **silent** about the value of the arts if we focus on our great strengths as a country: **a public culture.****

informing them. That is, the remaining staff, after the severe cuts.

So the argument then lay along the extremes of “This will be the end of Shakespeare in the Park in New York” versus “This is the foulest form of censorship in a free society” versus “We don’t care what you show or where you show it, but the taxpayers ain’t paying for it”. . . and as I say, the fight was on.

Remember, we cannot get the job done unless we have the support of the people who are benefited the most, and in particular those of the rural and inner city areas. That’s where many of these funds go, and should go. These people must tell others.

They must speak out as to the great rewards and the thrilling successes and meaning, real meaning that music, dance, painting, and story-telling and other arts and humanities bring to their lives.

Those were the events that lie at the heart of this controversy. It was a bad mistake. The NEA admitted it was a mistake, we in the Congress said it was a mistake, and many in the public darn well thought it was a mistake and these works were deemed obscene. The public paid, in part, with their taxes for the display, and they were offended to discover that.

So Congress then lopped off of 1/30th of one percent of the NEA budget, real “chicken feed” in the grand scheme. It was thus declared and decreed that federal funding will not, by gad, be used to support displays which are, by gad,

obscene, as already defined by the U.S. Supreme Court, no added language there—the Court definition of obscenity.

In other words, Congress is saying if it didn’t even qualify for First Amendment protection, it sure didn’t qualify for the federal bucks. That is the Congressional view, stimulated by people who are called their constituents. So despite the shrill voices in protest, I believe it was an

appropriate Congressional response for the time because only the two grants were dealt with.

Persons who wish to view any and all of that material are and should be perfectly free to do so in any private or public setting, anywhere, anytime. The public, however, as they do in a democracy, got their message across through their elected representatives. It is called democracy; sloppy, exasperating. Darn it all!

Several months ago Jane asked my wife, Ann, to assist in the review of the grants programs. After Ann said yes, they then sent to our home two large boxes that would have broken the saddle of a pack mule.

Ann went to work. I said, “What are you doing with all that stuff?” She said, “Jane sent it.” I said, “Good grief.” And Ann said she had never worked on a board with a finer group of people and that the material presented to them was remarkable in content; creative, thoughtful, exciting. That is what Jane had determined to do.

Then personally Jane would, after that review group finished, review the grants and the sub-grants. Sad that it had to come to that, you say. Yes, it’s true. But that’s where we are. You play with the cards that are dealt! It’s the way that works, especially in politics.

SO WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE?

Nowhere but up. The assault is taking place once again, especially in the House of Representatives. Truly disappointing. Now we are seeing a pattern of parliamentary fun and games, like, “Well, we’re going to eliminate the funding because it’s not authorized.” Or, “You can’t appropriate for something that’s not been authorized.” Let me tell you, they do that night and day around this arena. I’ve been there. I was a player in that game.

So write, and lend your voice and force and assistance to that marvelous crew in the House, Democrat and Republican alike, who are ready to help. Tell your friends to write the Rules Committee chairman and say, “Don’t play procedural fun and games. If you’re going to try to kill it, step up there and have the guts to lay yourselves on the line.” That’s what you do.

My hunch is, they can’t get it done. When their constituents become aware of what is actually there and being supported and also speak to them about the great satisfaction and rewards, the things that come from the clogger festival, the fiddler group, the folk singers, or the balladeers and the kazoo players. These are not gazoo players. There’s a serious difference in those definitions! And the quilters, the quaint ones, and the story-tellers. That is where we are now. It is the obligation and the function of all civilized governments to support the arts. That is the way it is.

I would pay tribute, again, to this remarkable woman I have lived with for 42 years—married all that time, of course. We have to say that in politics, that’s certain.

Ann has been so instrumental in the enhancement of the University of Wyoming Art Museum, a wonderful permanent collection. The NEA was so generous with their support, enabling them to build a beautiful home for it at the university. Yes, it’s a small school, but there are those who love it!

And she urged the setting up of outreach in the form of an art mobile. An art mobile, presenting original art, etchings, oils, prints, watercolors, to

students, young and old, teachers, too, in little towns like Baggs, Tensleep, Chugwater and even Mule Creek Junction. Real, live human beings live in places like that. They are not all here in Washington. Imagine the thrill for kids in rural areas. A love of art helps the learning process. It helps you learn. All studies tell us that.

Remember, too, as we go on, we don’t need any more descriptions of obscenity. We’ll let the courts handle that one and try to stick with it, or else change it by law. These are the cards we’re dealt.

If somebody brings that up next time say, “Look, the Supreme Court made those decisions and that’s the law of the land. What’s your next question?” Move on. For those of us who care who are here tonight, joining in the celebration of the arts, no, that just isn’t good enough either for you or for me to simply leave it there. You must get engaged in the debate.

When you hear Congressmen and Congresswomen talking about cutting the arts to shreds because it is “showing stuff” about cadavers, body parts, and whips, chains, pulleys, excrement and genitalia, say, “Yes, but that is not all the art in America. That is not the state of art in America.”

Don’t let them take one incident and use it to distort earnest debate and twist honest and reasonable arguments. Kipling had it: “If you can bear to see the truth you’ve spoken twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools.”

It is tough to get money for the arts. Oh, boy. People used to come in the office and say, “Why don’t you just get rid of one missile and give the money to the arts?” Then in comes a guy who says, “Get rid of the B-2 bomber and dedicate it to education.” Another guy comes in and says, “Get rid of the Department of Education and give it to the B-2.”

People who have supported those programs have learned what those of us who love the arts have not. Very simple stuff, political stuff, basic stuff. Did you know that the various parts of the B-2 bomber are made in 48 of the 50 states? Now, why do you think that is?

I can tell you, it assures that when they’re out

to cancel the old B-2 bomber, every Congresswoman and Congressman in America is thoroughly engrossed and laboring to save a little part of the bomber business for their own constituents. That's what we have to do with the arts. That's how you do this.

The harsh reality of increased restraints on the federal budget and efforts to curb the deficit should never force us to be silent about the value of the arts if we focus on our great strengths as a country: a public culture.

Yes, do anything you want in your private culture, but there is a public culture in America. I wish Barbara Jordan were here to say it, as only she could. And a common flag, and yes, a common language. Even that is presently under serious discussion and debate and comment.

Yes, too, we must always remember this, especially in this "company town," that politicians are sometimes an ornery and surly lot. I filled that role beautifully a time

or two in my efforts here! They do not always concur with the decisions for funding by the NEA, the NEH, or anybody else, plain and simple. Strong winds of change are blowing through this country. Taxpayers are crying for accountability, and our heads.

Funding of our proposals must be responsibly scrutinized without "political intent" or "making a statement" or venting rage, anger or revenge for every social ill. They won't cough up the bucks

for that. We must not get caught up in controversy for controversy's sake.

We must watch out for the extremists on both sides of every issue. Watch out for those experts who will try to convince you that their project alone better defines human society in an aura of a richer and higher cosmos of enlightenment.

Don't get embroiled in the battles of political correctness and incorrectness. We have a fine line to toe. We must always tell people what we do and what we do well, because certainly for every dramatic dud, there are one thousand soaring starbursts.

Remember, we cannot get the job done unless we have the support of the people who are benefited the most, and in particular those of the rural and inner city areas. That's where many of these funds go, and should go. These people must tell others. They must speak out as to the great rewards and the thrilling successes and meaning, real meaning that music, dance, painting, and story-telling and other arts and humanities bring to their lives.

Just a few cautions. I am winding down; relax. Be careful of elitism. We must guard against that. Remember that those poor old members of the great unwashed out there in this vast land are important. They pay the bills. They try to pay their bills. They pay all the bills for federal assistance. We must go tell our story. It is not always getting across and it must be told in every Congressional district in America.

Tell them that we are not talking about uncommon censorship, we are talking about common sense. To the artists and to the creative, we just say we are not talking about the First Amendment. No one has the desire to limit a person's First Amendment expressions.

And the media has a role in this society. You knew I'd get into that.

They are the only unaccountable branch of society. Now, you knew I would get to touch on that for a moment!

And they are. All of the rest of us are accountable. Artists who receive grants are accountable to the NEA and the NEH. In my time, I was

**We are all caring
people, caring about the
arts, caring about the
future of the arts,
caring about the federal role in
the arts. It is the obligation of
us all to support the arts. It is
a deeply personal
task in each of you.**

accountable to the constituents, and now to the Shorenstein Center at the Kennedy School of Government. You in this audience are accountable to whomever you owe your allegiance, your fealty and your loyalty. I know those are old words, but those are good words. Allegiance, fealty, loyalty. You are accountable to them. "That's the way it is," as Walter would say.

You may be well assured as to what the media are waiting for. They are waiting for the next Mapplethorpe, the next Serrano, the next Finley, the next guy who stretches 18 miles of old bed sheets across two counties, to the guy who is sprinkling new \$10 bills along the southern border making his "statement." That's what they're waiting for.

AND FINALLY LET ME THROW THIS ONE OUT TO YOU—think of the joy and pleasure to be yet brought to others, to young and older persons. The President was so right in his remarks in the State of the Union. Read to somebody. Read to a child. Read to a parent.

Think of that warmth that you remember when you were sitting, crooked in their arms, and here they are now in a tough situation. You could snuggle in there and you could read a little poetry to them, even if they didn't even know, maybe, what you were doing. You could do that with your parents, you can do that with grandchildren and children.

The joy of poetry, if someone would just read to them something from Kipling, Longfellow, or a verse from Shakespeare or Browning. How my old pop used to love Robert Service and "The Cremation of Sam McGee," and "The Ballad of Blasphemous Bill," and the "Ballad of the Black Fox Skin." My mother, with her "Evangeline" and "Hiawatha." As she drifted to sleep I would read, "And the night shall be filled with music and the cares that infest the day shall fold their tents like the Arabs and silently steal away." That's a good one. Or "When earth's last canvas is painted, and the tubes are twisted and dried, and the oldest colors have faded and the youngest

critic has died . . ." Go look at that one, by Kipling.

Another one.:

"Isn't it funny that princes and kings
and clowns that caper in sawdust rings
and common folk like you and me
are builders of eternity?
And each is given a bag of tools
a shapeless mass and a book of rules
and each must make 'ere life is flown
a stumbling block or a stepping stone."

For a little excitement, throw in "The Wreck of the Hesperus," for God's sake. "Lashed to the frozen mast." My God, I never slept for five days after that.

Does anyone still get excited about that stuff or enthralled by it? Oh, I'll tell you, I sure did. I read it to my aged mother and father and Ann's mother, and they still did. What I found as I read to them, I would start the poem and would suddenly tail off, and they would finish it, because many in that age in our society sat in little schools in cities, public school #116 of New York, or in Moose, Wyoming, and were forced to "commit to memory" some of the great poems and classics of our time. The teacher said, "You will commit this to memory." God, how I remember that.

Today if you ask a kid now if he has "committed" anything, it will be a crime or a misdemeanor.

He may have been "committed" to the clink a time or two, and yet he can tell you every lyric and note of every CD of "Doggy, Doggy Snoop Poop," or "Rat Butt Charlie," or "Naughty Neil and his Nine Nasty Nose-pickers." He can tell you all of that. He can tell you all of that, for sure.

"Different times," as we used to say! When I was 16 and saw some old poop like me at the podium I'd say, "Look at that jerk. He must be 65, for goodness sake."

I know what they will be saying!

So each and every one of you in this wondrous

auditorium of the arts must go out and tell the story. It's that simple. Tell them how the arts can bring wonder and joy and stimulate curiosity and give pleasure to drama and humor, and remember too that so many of us are truly privileged people. In our privileged state we become apathetic.

Sometimes we become argumentative about what should be or should not be presented, but

the arts and the humanities as there is in politics. Believe it. No more of that, "We know so much better than you do, if you only understood." Well, they do understand. Off their case.

We are all caring people, caring about the arts, caring about the future of the arts, caring about the federal role in the arts. It is the obligation of us all to support the arts. It is a deeply personal task in each of you.

So each and every one of you in this wondrous auditorium of the arts must go out and tell the story. It's that simple. Tell them how the arts can bring wonder and joy and stimulate curiosity and give pleasure to drama and humor, and remember too that so many of us are truly privileged people. In our privileged state we become apathetic.

we all know in our heart and gut the ones that should be presented, if we are using only taxpayer funds, we know, we know. So there should be no tricks with the public. There should be straight talk. Honest, sure. Innovative, sure. Provocative, sure. Shocking, sure. Fine. But just don't try to ram a stick in their eye, and do that because we are more sophisticated than they are and feel they need to be led from the slough of despond by our enlightened hand. No more self-serving babble. No more cronyism. There is as much of that in

I conclude with the marvelous story of the genuinely kind man going through a nursing home of older people—and in a hurried and obligatory way. He would come upon a person and pat their hand and say, "God cares about you." Then he would hurry on to the next and say, "And God cares about you, too."

Finally, a very old woman looked over at him and beckoned him with crooked finger and said, "Come over here, young man," which he dutifully did. She looked him steadily in the eye and said, "I know God cares. What I want to know, is if you care."

There, ladies and gentlemen, is where the rubber hits the road. If you really care, you can get it done. If it is just another episode of the cause of the day, or some ritualistic support exercise, it won't get done.

So if you really care, there is a way to "do something" right now. Alert your friends. Crank up. Get on the phone. Write letters. Start. I am not a wonk. I am not a theoretician. I am not an idle thinker. I am a doer. "To do a thing, be at it." A great bit of philosophy and a greater bit of truth. Time to start! Thank you for this great honor. God bless you all. ■

About the Lecturer

The Honorable Alan K. Simpson recently retired from the United States Senate, where he was a longtime leader in support of the arts. His outstanding commitment to our nation's cultural agencies extends beyond his role as a Senator to his civic contributions as a dedicated board member, devoted patron and valued advisor to the arts.

A member of a political family—his father served as both Governor of Wyoming and a U.S. Senator—Senator Simpson followed in his father's footsteps and began his own career as a public servant in 1964 when he was elected to the Wyoming State Legislature as a state representative of his native Cody, Wyoming. He served for the next 13 years in the Wyoming House of Representatives before he ran for, and was elected to, the United States Senate.

Senator Simpson served three consecutive terms in the Senate, from 1979 to 1997, during which time he was elected to Assistant Republican Leader in 1984, a position he held for a decade. A lifetime supporter of the arts and the humanities, Senator Simpson is a powerful spokesperson for the arts as a critical indicator of our quality of life. He was an original key sponsor of legislation creating the Wyoming Arts Council and demonstrated strong leadership for continued federal support of the arts during his entire tenure in the Senate. He serves on the boards of numerous cultural organizations, including the Smithsonian Institution, the National Museum of Natural History, Folger Shakespeare Library and others. He is also a former member of the Board of Trustees of the John F. Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts.

Known for his candor, Senator Simpson has been able to persuade many foes of federal support for culture to recognize that by eliminating public arts funding, we lose as a society: "The arts have always been an integral part of us—I might even call them the best part of us—and the great unifying force of the American Spirit."

Today, he is a Visiting Professor at Harvard University's Joan Shorenstein Center on Press, Politics and Public Policy and the Kennedy School of Government. His new book, *Right in the Old Gazoo: A Lifetime of Scrapping with the Press*, chronicles his personal experiences and views of the Fourth Estate.

About the Sponsor

Americans for the Arts extends a special thanks to Philip Morris Companies Inc. for generously supporting the Nancy Hanks Lecture and the reception for the seventh consecutive year.

Since 1958, Philip Morris Companies Inc. has supported a broad spectrum of cultural programs that reflect the corporation's commitment to innovation, creativity and cultural diversity. Philip Morris' support of the arts focuses on contemporary visual and performing arts, and is among the most comprehensive corporate cultural programs in the world. Philip Morris Companies Inc. has five principal operating companies: Kraft Foods, Inc., Miller Brewing Company, Philip Morris Incorporated (Philip Morris U.S.A.), Philip Morris International Inc. and Philip Morris Capital Corporation.

Americans for the Arts National Policy Board

Michael H. Jordan, Chairman Westinghouse Electric Company	*Janet Brown South Dakotans for the Arts	Nancy Glaze David & Lucille Packard Foundation	*Howard S. Kelberg, Esq. Winthrop, Stimson, Putnam, & Roberts	*Mrs. LeRoy Rubin New York, NY
Fred Lazarus IV, Governing Board Chairman The Maryland Institute, College of Art	J. Carter Brown National Gallery of Art Ovation – The Arts Network	Marian A. Godfrey The Pew Charitable Trusts	*Mrs. Donald M. Kendall Greenwich, CT	*Harriet Sanford Fulton County Arts Council Atlanta, GA
Elaine Allen Ernst & Young	*Bill Bulick Regional Arts and Culture Council Portland, OR	Jack Golodner AFL-CIO	*William Lehr, Jr. Hershey Foods Corporation	*Janet Sarbaugh Heinz Endowments
*Jerry Allen City of San Jose Office of Cultural Affairs	*Kathryn Murphy Burke Wisconsin Arts Board	*Susan S. Goode Norfolk, VA	Michael Lomax, Ph.D. National Faculty	*Molly K. Sasse Allied Arts of Greater Chattanooga
Martina Arroyo Opera Singer	*Robert Bush Hickory, NC	*Donald R. Greene The Coca-Cola Foundation	Bruce Marks The Boston Ballet Company	*Sherry W. Shannon Dallas Cultural Affairs Commission
Alberta Arthurs Council on Foreign Relations	Elizabeth Christopherson New Jersey Network	*Michael Greene National Academy of Recording Arts & Sciences, Inc.	*Michael Marsicano, Ph.D. The Arts & Science Council of Charlotte/Mecklenburg County	Mrs. David E. Skinner Seattle, WA
*Jack Avrett Avrett, Free & Ginsberg	*Mrs. Howard Stephen Cowan Boothbay Harbor, ME	Richard S. Gurin Binney & Smith, Inc.	Tim McClimon AT&T Foundation	*Joan F. Small City of Chicago Department of Cultural Affairs
*Ramona Baker Arts Council of Indianapolis, Inc.	*Peter F. Donnelly Corporate Council for the Arts Seattle, WA	*Mrs. John R. Hall Ashland, KY	Lee Kimche McGrath International Cultural Communications	*Steven D. Spiess Cravath, Swaine & Moore
*John Paul Batiste Texas Commission on the Arts	J. Robert Duncan Duncan Aviation	Lou Harris New York, NY	*Mrs. Michael A. Miles Womanis Board, Art Institute of Chicago	Shelton g. Stanfill Robert W. Woodruff Arts Center, Inc.
*Madeleine Berman Franklin, MI	*Ken Fergeson National Bank of Commerce Altus, OK	*John Haworth National Museum of the American Indian, Smithsonian Institute	*Robert Moore American Indian College Fund	John Stanford Seattle Public Schools
Theodore Bikel Actor	Jim Fitzpatrick Arnold & Porter	*Betty Jo Hays Southwest Arkansas Arts Council	Marc Morial Mayor of New Orleans	*Patricia Holihan Steinhardt King County Arts Commission
*Mrs. Jack S. Blanton, Sr. Houston, TX	*Gretchen Freeman Freeman/Whitehurst Group Phoenix, AZ	Michael Hightower National Association of Counties	Velma Morrison Harry W. Morrison Foundation	*John Straus New York, NY
Winton Malcolm Blount Blount Enterprises, Inc.	*Stephanie French Philip Morris Management Co.	*Eleanor Holtzman National Executive Service Corps	Adolfo V. Nodal City of Los Angeles Cultural Affairs Department	Bill Strickland Manchester Craftsmen's Guild Pittsburgh, PA
*Caroline Bock BRAVO, the Film and Arts Network	The Hon. William C. Friday The William R. Kenan Jr. Fund	Richard Hunt Sculptor	*Paul M. Ostergard Citicorp Foundation	Dr. Billy Taylor Musician
*Raymond A. Boyce Joseph E. Seagram & Sons, Inc.	Sonnai Frock-Rohrbeck Visual Artist	Alexander Julian Designer	*Susan M. Pearce Lockheed-Martin Corporation	Mrs. James Thompson Louisville, KY
*Willard L. Boyd Field Museum of Natural History	*Michael P. Garcia Garcia & Associates St. Paul, MN	Stan Katz The American Council of Learned Societies	Jane Polin GE Fund	*Mrs. Gerald H. Westby Tulsa, OK
*John Brademas New York University President's Committee on the Arts and the Humanities	*Sandra Gibson Public Corporation for the Arts Long Beach, CA	Loretta Kaufman Savoy Pictures Entertainment, Inc.	Joseph P. Riley, Jr. Mayor of Charleston	*Robert L. Lynch President and CEO Americans for the Arts

* Governing Board Member

About Americans for the Arts

AMERICANS FOR THE ARTS is the national organization for groups and individuals dedicated to advancing the arts and culture in communities across the United States. Founded by the American Council for the Arts (ACA), representing a broad network of arts supporters, patrons and business leaders, and the National Assembly of Local Arts Agencies (NALAA), the country's largest alliance of community arts organizations, Americans for the Arts strives to make the arts more accessible to every adult and child in America. To this end, Americans for the Arts works with cultural organizations, arts and business leaders and patrons to provide leadership, advocacy, visibility, professional development and research and information that will advance support for the arts and culture in our nation's communities.

Americans for the Arts proudly offers the largest selection of publications on arts-related policy and careers, and its National Arts Policy Clearinghouse is one of the nation's leading centralized resources for arts information and research. The Institute for Community Development and the Arts, researching more than 1,000 models of cultural programs as agents for economic and social change, works closely with cultural leaders and elected and appointed officials to use the arts to address problems facing America's communities, such as crime, unemployment and racism. *Arts Link*, the official newsletter of Americans for the Arts, includes the latest information on legislative activity and arts education, as well as news about private and public resource development, arts policy research and innovative community development programs. Americans for the Arts' annual conference brings together hundreds of representatives from local arts agencies and united arts funds, as well as those from the business, foundation and corporate communities, for information sharing, networking and professional development.