

A YEAR AFTER HUGO: the Good Morning America helicopter made several passes over the creek today in preparation for the “one year anniversary of Hurricane Hugo” programming that was aired in September. Two of my shrimping relatives went in the ocean instead of participating in the ground-based interviews filmed in advance. Surely a good sign. The media harvest is winding down. The harvest of the sea triumphs.

Hooray and a sigh. Fifteen months ago my wife and I picked our way among the fallen trees that blocked these streets. On every side mud, marsh grass, and dead fish were mixed with parts of houses and house parts. An entire fleet of shrimp boats had been flung high and dry upon what was once “the hill.” Helicopters hovered overhead that day as well, taking television photos that I suppose were shown that night or the next. We had no way of knowing, for electricity wouldn’t return for another three weeks. And I assumed we got the usual ten-second “bite,” but judging by what happened next there must have been much, much more. Huddling over a battery-operated radio that night, I heard the South Carolina governor declare that “the town of McClellanville no longer exists.” “Reports of my death were greatly exaggerated,” quipped Twain. The governor must have retracted soon after—and with a vengeance—for in the days that followed I would come to think “reports of our existence were greatly exaggerated.”

True, I wasn’t happy to hear our obituary. Especially since at least a hundred citizens of the town proper and thousands in the inundated area had miraculously survived a tidal surge of sixteen feet and hurricane winds that probably exceeded 175 mph. Many of us that morning had been wandering through the rubble being photographed. We weren’t dead, just in shock and hardly prepared for the thirty-eight trailer trucks of relief supplies that arrived one night. Suddenly, there was an army of well-meaning help swelling our tiny community of

400 souls. President Bush even tried to squeeze in but was rerouted at the last minute down to Charleston. Bad weather was the official reason given but a false report to the Secret Service of dead bodies and rifles was the rumor. Rumors. There were lots of rumors and chaos that would rival the most surreal of Fellini’s carnivals.

Despair, greed, and petty corruption. That’s what the cynic in me recalls most. What lobe of the brain is that? Perhaps the rear-reptilian. Shame on me, for now almost one year later the town is at least recognizable. The large pines are gone but the great sprawling live oaks have survived. Homes have been repaired and new ones are being built. The shrimp boats are not leaning against houses but in the ocean towing. Dogs, church, children—what we expect of normalcy, all are there and in record time.

Without the federal disaster aid (delivered by sometimes generous, always bumbling bureaucrats), without the Marines (now I understand the concept of martial law), without the Corps of Engineers (the S.O.B.’s finally found a job big enough to suit them and they were very, very good at it), without the Red Cross (they tried), and without the insurance adjusters (your life is in the palm of their tightly gripped fist), without all these the rebuilding of the town would have dragged on for decades. Without the churches (God does exist—watch a Mennonite hammer), without all the volunteers (such astounding generosity from every corner of the country), without the cash donations and the truckloads of food, clothing, and building material, and without the media (they’ve got to be included), without all these it’s possible our little community would never have rebuilt.

So why now, with the Good Morning America helicopter chopping off over the slightly crippled horizon, why do I feel such anger towards my fellow man and most of all towards myself? I’m not alone. Tempers still flare. Depression and insomnia are the norm. The subject of Hugo Stress drifts through every conversation. It’s not

psychobabble if it’s happening to you or your friends and neighbors. Obviously, all this anger has something to do with loss. We have our town back, but it’s not “our town.” I’m guessing that the words that apply are the optimism of innocence. Maybe we lost it at the movies. Or maybe we just lost it.

—William P. Baldwin

WHEN THE NEA’S Council and chairman last July refused to fund four of the eighteen “solo performers and mime” grants the NEA staff had recommended, there was a tremendous reaction from the artists involved and the Joseph Papp crowd. *Rejected!* went the headline in the *Washington Post’s* Show section. Most of the coverage concentrated on the personal orientation of the three “out” rejectees, and on the fourth’s (performance artist Karen Finley) now infamous way of expressing herself artistically by smearing chocolate on her naked body.

Less emphasized—though I am indebted to the *Post* for mentioning it—was the fact that one rejectee, Holly Hughes, has received funding already this year from the NEA’s Playwriting division for the same script for which she was almost funded by Solo Performers. Some might call that double-dipping. But when asked point-blank a staffer in the Theater program assured me that submitting a single piece for both Playwriting and Performance Art was perfectly OK. “Oh that’s fine,” she said. “It’s two completely separate panels”—in other words, two different funding categories with two different sets of judges.

Furthermore, all four of these *Rejected!* have received numerous grants from the NEA over the years. Tom Miller told the *Post* that he had received “four or five” NEA grants in the past eight years, Karen Finley has had something like nine, and both Holly Hughes and John Fleck received NEA grants just last year. Both Hughes and Finley submitted three applications this year, in three different categories, all of them recommended for funding by their reviewing panels.

An installation of Karen Finley's that was being shown at New York's Franklin Furnace in July when all this broke was also NEA-funded, according to Furnace spokeswoman Barbara Pollack. No doubt those were real tears Ms. Finley sobbed to the crowd at Joseph Papp's Public Theater when she told them, "I am suffering." She is fighting for a very significant portion of her income.

She may be winning. Ms. Finley and Ms. Hughes's other rejected applications, in the Experimental category, were to be reconsidered in November. Ardis Krainik, general director of Chicago's Lyric Opera, told the papers in support of the two that "You know whose side we're on. This will come up in November and it will be fairly treated"—seemingly a promise that the funding will go through. Indeed, by an unanimous vote the Council reversed itself on its May decision not to give money to the Philadelphia Institute of Contemporary Art, which started this whole mess by funding the Mapplethorpe exhibit.

Multiple grant-getting is not limited to theater people. In January the NEA awarded a \$20,000 "American Jazz Master Fellowship" grant to George Allan Russell, who had already received three NEA Music fellowships.

The fact is, rules against double-dipping or on-going funding of certain favorite artists are lax or nonexistent at the NEA. The Literature program seems to be the most strict: you may not apply for both a creative writing fellowship and a translation fellowship in the same year, you may not apply for three years after receiving a Literature grant, and you may never receive more than three Literature fellowships over the course of a lifetime.

In the Theater program, the application states that performance artists and mimes may not be funded for more than five consecutive years, though this sentence is qualified by a "generally" and there seems to be no difficulty in nonsequential funding. And getting, say, a Performance Art grant this year in no way precludes you from getting a Dance grant next year. This seems to be what Tom Miller has done. What limits there are at the NEA are only within categories of programs, not within programs (except Literature) or across the board.

What seems to happen more often, though, is that producing organizations will apply for a grant that will include monies for, say, a Karen Finley performance. The money is granted to a place like Franklin Furnace or The Kitchen in New York, which will keep some of the money for overhead costs, leaving the rest to be paid to the artist. This is how Serrano received his grant: it was a subgrant given to him by a Winston-Salem group.

When asked if arts organizations list on their applications whom they plan to include in their presentation series, NEA spokesman Kathy Christie replied, "They do. But then, too, sometimes they haven't been able to schedule it all for the year and they have to get back to the Arts Endowment. It's a little on the muddy side, but most of the time the Arts Endowment, by the time everything is done, knows exactly who's done what."

Referring to Karen Finley's multi-grants, Ms. Christie says that as for "one person getting eight or nine grants—they did *not*; they got maybe a fellowship here and a fellowship there." In other words, because Franklin Furnace received the \$20,000 of which \$1,000 went for Ms. Finley's July show, that should not count as a NEA grant to Karen Finley, even though she was paid with NEA monies to perform. The question is, of course, does floating the money through a producing organization, rather than giving it directly to the artist, mean that Karen Finley's chocolate-smearing has been any less tax-supported?

As George Garrett pointed out in his July *Chronicles* article on arts funding—and as someone who has sat on the Literature program expert panels he should know—given the tremendous number of applicants who are rejected, what does get funded is not funded by accident.

Naturally, that is especially true within individual programs like Literature. But do the various programs talk to each other? According to Ms. Christie, "All the time." So Dance presumably knows that they are funding an artist who received a grant from Performance Art last year, and the Professional Theater Presenters category of the Theater program certainly knows that an NEA-funded theater series includes shows by artists who have re-

ceived individual grants. There is nothing unintentional or against the rules or "mistaken" about it.

What is most disturbing about all this is not the four *Rejected's* artistic pretensions or greediness; it's that nobody at the NEA seems to think there is anything wrong with double-dipping, or jumping from program to program to keep somebody funded, or with getting around the fellowship limits by finding an organization that will do the publicly funded equivalent of money-laundering.

—Katherine Dalton

FREEDOM OF RELIGION is important to Americans. So is freedom of expression. Both freedoms are traditionally guaranteed by the First Amendment, which prohibits government interference in religious freedom either by establishing a religion or by forbidding religious exercises. What was not envisaged was that the "free expression" provisions of the same amendment—from which the freedoms of speech and of the press are derived—could be used to "establish" government attacks on religion. Yet as the Serrano and Mapplethorpe controversies unfolded, it became clear that government will not only prohibit many innocent-seeming activities that it judges favorable to a religion, but it will endorse and fund activities that are openly hostile to religion and religious values.

Last August 29, attorneys of the Rutherford Institute of Charlottesville, Virginia, filed a federal lawsuit in the U.S. District Court in Washington, D.C., against the National Endowment for the Arts and its harried chairman, John Frohnmayer, accusing them of taking a position of "open and notorious hostility towards religion." Thus Rutherford has made explicit, in legal language, what millions of us have sensed.

Specifically targeted was a grant of fifteen thousand dollars by the NEA for the creation and exhibition of a catalogue produced by David Wojnarowicz of New York entitled *Tongues of Flame*. According to the Rutherford attorneys, "the government-funded catalogue includes an image depicting Jesus Christ as an intravenous drug user and refers to

Roman Catholic prelate Cardinal John O'Connor as a 'fat cannibal.'" "Religious people must no longer be personal targets of cannon fire from National Endowment projects," Ruth-erford Institute President John W. Whitehead said.

We have reached the point where things considered acceptable and protected by law if done under secular or antireligious auspices are judged criminal if done for identifiably religious reasons. For example, although state and federal courts have been very generous in granting or extending the Constitution's right of freedom of speech to various other forms of activities—most recently and notoriously, flag-burning—last February a divided Maryland Court of Appeals upheld the conviction of a man who "disturbed the peace" by reading the Bible and preaching outside a Hagerstown abortion clinic in May 1988, an offense he perpetrated during three successive periods of two to three minutes each. The *Washington Post*, a pro-abortion newspaper, came to Jerry Eanes' defense in a strongly worded editorial. It endorsed dissenting Judge John C. Eldridge's protests that Eanes "was engaged in free speech in its most pristine and classic form." Eanes was convicted under an anti-noise statute that specifically bars attempts to "willfully disturb any neighborhood . . . by loud and unseemly noises." As of this writing he has already served 45 days in jail for his reprehensible behavior.

Most Americans do not, however, believe that every expression ought to be allowed, and certainly not that every expression should be subsidized, regardless of its content. A poll recently published by the Thomas Jefferson Center for the Freedom of Expression shows that while people want the freedom to say what they think, they believe that some rather definite limits should be set on public expression and performances, and particularly on government subsidies for the same. The Jefferson Center poll indicated that 90 percent of its 1,500 respondents—supposedly a representative cross section of America—believe the government has no business telling them what to say, and while 74 percent back artists' rights to display works that might be offensive, 72 percent oppose spending of tax money for "objection-

able art."

This poll reveals that a healthy majority, ranging from about 60 percent to over 80 percent, would grant government the right to censor to some degree public art displays and performances, especially those funded with public money. What is provoking the media uproar about censorship is not fear of the power of a few self-appointed censors, but an awareness of the fact that the general public really does want some standards of decency and civility.

—Harold O.J. Brown

BARNARD COLLEGE'S "First Year Seminar Committee" has decided to use a grant from the Ford Foundation to encourage the faculty to use the works of "minority women" in their courses. So reports Herbert London in the Spring 1990 issue of *Academic Questions*, the journal of the National Association of Scholars. It seems that faculty members who put such works into their reading lists will receive a "stipend," to be used, says Helena Foley, spokesman for the committee, "to buy time to discover and read works." As Dean London says, this is simple bribery. Foundation money thus influences college affairs, in this case extending the influence of an otherwise insignificant fringe group. "Is it any wonder," he asks, "the curriculum is in disarray and the defenders of Western civilization are often hiding in their office bunkers?"

The Barnard case will come as a surprise to those unfamiliar with the ways of today's academic administrators and faculties, but in fact this kind of corruption has been going on for a decade or so. Here at Mount Holyoke College, where I teach, it appeared about ten years ago in the form of foundation grants meant to "encourage" (*i.e.*, buy) the faculty's participation in such things as interdisciplinary teaching and the development of courses in "quantitative reasoning," "writing across the campus," and what I guess we could call postmodern humanities. As at Barnard, participants received a "stipend."

Payment has become a standard method of persuading a significant number of chosen faculty to support administrative policies. Since most of the money comes from foundations,

and since colleges seldom do anything independently, I assume the practice is widespread. The payment can be as absurdly low as \$100 for attending a seminar and reading a few books—which tells one something about faculty self-respect—and as high as about 10 percent of one's salary for actually planning a new course. This makes a very nice payoff. The money is routed through deans, presidents, and hand-picked committees.

This form of corruption is so entrenched that by now perhaps a third of the faculty has received some of this money at some time. One consequence is that without bribery it is now difficult to get faculty to do anything beyond their basic teaching assignment. After all, what young professor is going to spend hours advising students or sitting on a busy college committee when he can earn approval as well as a "stipend" by reading a few books and attending a few meetings? On the other hand, for those faculty who persevere in researching and teaching in the central subjects of the curriculum, whether in the humanities or the sciences, virtue has to be its own reward. No matter how able they are, they will get little if any recognition from their administrative masters or from the would-be professors who amuse themselves with disbursing foundation funds to colleges.

Bribery, administered and received in raptures of high-mindedness, is one example of the corruption endemic in higher education. This, after all, is the profession that invented the seven-month year and the two-day week.

—F.W. Brownlow

THE IAS'S directorship today resembles the Presidency from Kennedy to Carter—a series of one-termers. Three directors have come and gone in not 13 years, with directors having left the job, dropped the job, or been driven from the job. Now with Marvin Goldberger's departure without finishing even his first five-year appointment (whether he was fired or just quit is not at issue), we have to ask, what of the future?

The truth is, if Einstein hadn't spent his declining years at IAS, the Institute would hardly enjoy the high visibility that even today, three decades after

Einstein's death, draws attention to what goes on in this sleepy hollow in the western corner of Princeton. So what is to be done to regain the preeminence that the Institute once rightly claimed for itself?

IAS should be the nation's premier research institute and a model for all others; today, in most fields, it simply is not. IAS is truly distinguished in math, astrophysics, and particle physics; not only because of the prominence of some of its permanent faculty in those areas, but also because of the constant infusion of new energy in the form of post-docs and scholars who come to join in projects of collaborative research.

Alas, the social sciences and the historical school scarcely register in the American academy. Their permanent professors are not prominent, though they publish; they do not conduct collaborative research projects with generations of IAS members, though they may chat with them from day to day; and they do not attract platoons of post-docs whom they absorb into ongoing and shared research. This permanent faculty does not teach students; does not engage with younger colleagues; does not share work with and learn from senior colleagues as they come from year to year; and in general lives a very insulated and—consequently—intellectually flaccid life.

Clearly, actions need to be taken to improve the place financially, politically, socially, and intellectually. First, IAS needs to reform the board of directors so that the nonacademic members contribute funds to IAS in a substantial way, as part of a major drive for new capital; the policy of NYU's board, "Give, get, or get out," worked wonders in getting rid of the time-servers and bringing in activists with a commitment to the institution. I would expect each member of the board to give or get IAS one million dollars a year at a minimum, or to leave; today the board is dead weight.

Second, IAS should renew its relationship with the National Endowment for the Humanities. When last December IAS told the NEH to take its money and shove it, throwing away three-quarters of a million dollars on the spurious claim of defending academic freedom (see Cultural Revolu-

tions, June 1990), it was seen in Washington as making a claim on entitlements that the NEH cannot accord to any institution. A long-term relationship with a major funding agency in the humanities was jeopardized, and many other Washington funding agencies saw IAS in a less-than-flattering light.

Third, IAS must recruit women and blacks. The IAS has to give serious thought to recruiting qualified women for its mathematics and natural science schools, which at this time have disproportionately few women. The mostly-male and lily-white character of the Institute also contradicts the character of American intellectual life, enriched as it is by the participation of women and blacks as much as by European- and Asian-Americans. You don't need affirmative action or quotas to correct this.

Fourth, IAS should bring in outsiders. I would set up advisory councils, made up of outside scholars of the highest standing, to organize (on the model of the NEH summer seminars for college teachers) annual seminars, led by outsiders, chosen competitively, with each full-year seminar director in charge of attracting a dozen colleagues to share in a collaborative project. The selection of the seminar professors, invited for one or two or even three years, depending on the character of the research project, would be made by panels of outside experts, from which all locals would be excluded; such panels would insure that local prejudice or intrigue play no role. The alternative is to close the schools of history and of social science entirely, by not replacing the existing professors as they retire, and by encouraging those among them who can find other employment to do so.

Fifth, IAS needs to cut out insiders. I would loosen the ties to Princeton University, which are currently incestuous. The Institute's relationships to other universities should be defined by the scholarly excellence and even eminence of those outsiders brought to IAS, not by the school ties those outsiders wear.

So long as the IAS continues to congratulate itself on its distinguished past, it will continue its long-term decline into mediocrity and irrelevance: an institute for advanced sine-

cures, an institution for advanced salaries.

—Jacob Neusner

FORREST MCDONALD, the historian, and poet Charles Causley are the recipients of the 1990 Ingersoll Prizes. McDonald received the Richard M. Weaver Award for Scholarly Letters, and Causley, the T.S. Eliot Award for Creative Writing. The awards, each of which carries a cash prize of \$20,000, acknowledge authors of abiding importance whose works affirm the fundamental principles of Western civilization.

Forrest McDonald was born in Orange, Texas, in 1927. He served in the U.S. Navy in 1945-1946 before going to the University of Texas at Austin, from which he took his Ph.D. in 1955. He has taught at Brown, Columbia, Duke, and New York University, and since 1976 he has been a professor of history at the University of Alabama, where he was named Distinguished Research Professor in 1987. He is the author of 15 books, including *We the People: The Economic Origins of the Constitution* (1958), *E Pluribus Unum: The Formation of the American Republic* (1965), and *Novus Ordo Seclorum: The Intellectual Origins of the Constitution* (1985), for which he was a finalist for the 1986 Pulitzer Prize. He is generally considered the leading scholar of the American Constitution.

Charles Causley was born in Launceston, Cornwall, in 1917. He served in the Royal Navy from 1940-1946 and was for 25 years a schoolteacher before becoming a full-time writer. He has been writer-in-residence at the University of Western Australia, the Footscray Institute of Technology, Victoria, and the School of Fine Arts, Banff, Alberta. In addition to his own collections of poetry, he is the author of a number of books for young readers and the editor of several anthologies of verse. His verse plays and libretti for musical theater include adaptations of the 13th-century *Aucassin and Nicolette*, Dylan Thomas's *The Doctor and the Devils*, and Hans Christian Andersen's *The Tinderbox*. He has also just finished work on *Aesop*, an original text for the National Youth Music Theatre of Great Britain. He was

awarded the Queen's Gold Medal for Poetry in 1967 and was appointed Commander of the British Empire in the New Year Honours List in 1986 for his services to poetry.

The Ingersoll Foundation is the philanthropic division of Ingersoll Milling Machine Company of Rock-

ford, Illinois. The Rockford Institute administers the prizes. Past recipients of the T.S. Eliot Award include George Garrett (1989), Walker Percy (1988), Octavio Paz (1987), V.S. Naipaul (1986), Eugene Ionesco (1985), Anthony Powell (1984), and Jorge Luis Borges (1983). E.O. Wilson

(1989), Edward Shils (1988), Josef Pieper (1987), Andrew Lytle (1986), Robert Nisbet (1985), Russell Kirk (1984), and James Burnham (1983) are previous recipients of the Richard M. Weaver Award.

Principalities & Powers

by Samuel Francis

Until the discovery in the spring of 1989 that the National Endowment for the Arts was conducting tax-supported amphibious landings on the farther shores of anatomy, physiology, and abnormal psychology, probably few Americans had ever heard of the relatively obscure agency that presides over the floating wreckage of the American arts. Founded in 1965 and with an annual budget costing less than a good battleship, the NEA has gloried in the anonymity that bureaucrats and the avant-garde underworld covet. But once the light of publicity had begun to shine on the NEA's woodwork, and the maggoty creatures that infest it had started scrambling for their beloved darkness, the bureau that serves as a kind of federal gestapo of the dominant culture quickly became a synonym for the sewage in which these august personages love to wallow.

The first scandal arose from the revelation that the agency had helped finance exhibitions of the work of the late Robert Mapplethorpe, now deceased of AIDS, who had missed his true vocation of dressing women's hair, arranging flowers, or selling antiques and had instead dedicated his genius to the high and mysterious art of photography. Mr. Mapplethorpe was indeed a man of no small talent and reportedly commanded no less than \$20,000 for a sitting. Had he confined his career to perpetuating the images of weddings and commencements and capturing the toothless gapes of bubbling infants, he might have passed on to the great Turkish bathhouse in the sky with nary a peep from his following or his adversaries. But, as it developed, Mapplethorpe concocted the notion that he was called to employ his gifts in en-

shrining on film forever some of his favorite recreations. Since the content of most of these pictures is such that not even adult bookstores could display them with impunity, he had no recourse but to call them "art."

What exactly these photographs depict may not be fully described in such wholesome publications as *Chronicles*, and indeed their precise characterization might elude even one of such jaded imagination as your correspondent. One may search the works of Krafft-Ebing and Havelock Ellis in vain to find parallels to some of the deviations Mapplethorpe relished.

L'Affaire Mapplethorpe might have passed with merely the usual struttings and exhortations from congressmen who saw in it a convenient vehicle for posturing as latter-day Catos, but it soon was followed by the exposure of even more bizarre practices that the NEA had helped to finance. There was the case of Andres Serrano, who delights in portraying objects of religious devotion immersed in urine and who readily acknowledges his preoccupation with bodily fluids of all kinds. Later there were confirmed reports of NEA support for the exotic entertainments devised by the guild of "performance artists," most of which make Mapplethorpe's creations look like the crossword puzzles in *Jack 'n' Jill*. Aside from the live nudity, dabbles in excrement, and contortions of bodily orifices in which these artists delight, their work also emits what the performers are pleased to claim as political pronouncements. Although the political meaning of the acts escaped most of those who witnessed them or read accounts in the yellow press, the artists themselves were eager to explain that they were exposing the "oppression of women" and other forms of "cultural hegemony" inflicted on us by the

sinister and ubiquitous "Eurocentrists" and their heterosexual cohorts.

As the world now knows, the whole sordid mess was seized upon by religious fanatics, conservative congressmen, New York cab drivers, and other fossilized representatives of nearly extinct political species who imagined that there might be something objectionable in using the moneys handed up by taxpayers to finance the production and exhibition of works these same taxpayers found abhorrent. As the temperature of the congressional battle escalated, platoons of actors, actresses, and aesthetes of all descriptions bellied up to the bars on Capitol Hill to explain with their customary hauteur why taxpayers and other white trash should shut up, fork over, and docilely submit to the subsidized subversion of their own institutions.

To their credit, a number of congressmen thought otherwise, and for the past year or so they have been trying to draft legislation that would prohibit the NEA from sponsoring obscenity, blasphemy, and other objectionable excesses of liberated speech. North Carolina's Senator Jesse Helms and California's Representative Dana Rohrabacher took the lead in trying to trim the NEA's lurid sails. But in the end they failed. Just before Congress scuttled off to tell the voters how much it had done for them in the past two years, it voted to reauthorize the NEA without any significant "content restrictions." It is noteworthy that President Bush played an important role in stopping legislation for such restrictions by coming out against it at a key moment in the debate.

In lieu of strong restrictions, it is probable that next year will see the revelation of even more scandals of the Mapplethorpe-Serrano-"performance artist" kidney and that the struggle in