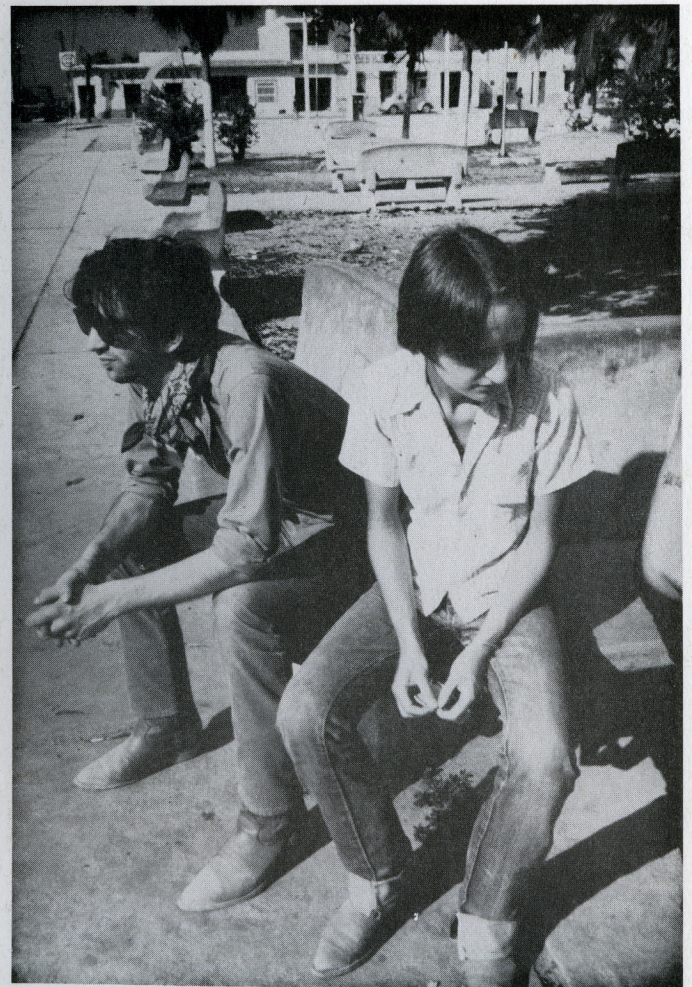
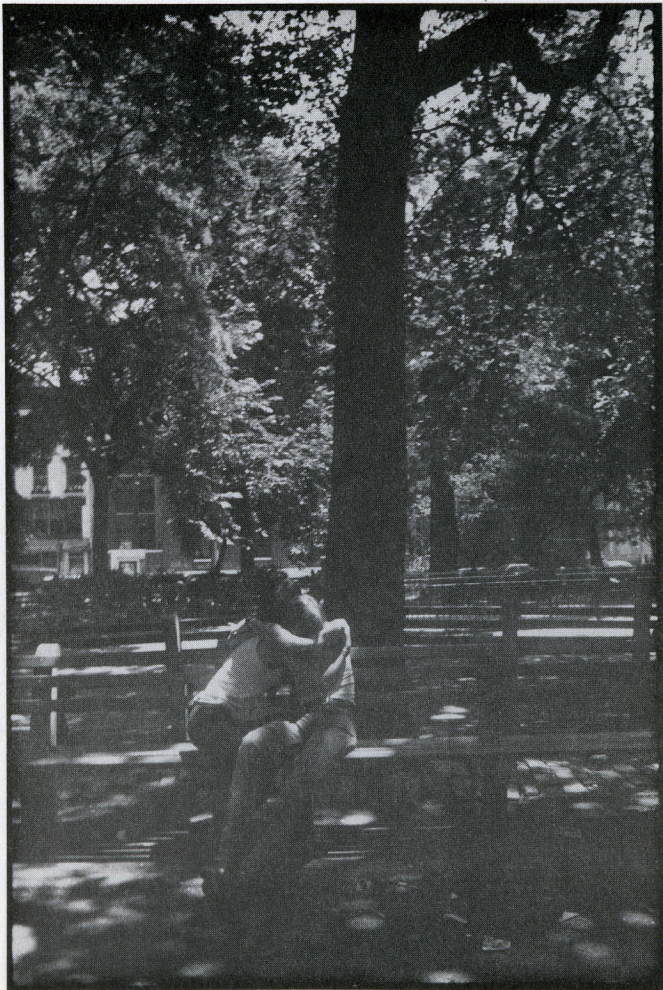


OBEYING THE CHEMICALS

Barbara Barg



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THE CHEMICALS**

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Photos by Nan Goldin

Fucking Bench

Today I sat on a fucking bench.
All day sat there I on a fucking bench.
There was there a big tree
across the sidewalk and in front of the fucking bench.
And lo the sun it did shine on the fucking bench.
And when it didn't
I moved to another fucking bench.
It is difficult to express in words
how crucial a fucking bench even as I move
to another fucking bench with D
who was nice to me all day and smiled a lot
and hugged me a lot on the fucking bench.
I wore fucking black all day.
I hate wearing fucking black in the daytime goddamnit.
I wished I had worn fucking red so I could fucking relax.
I tried to be nice to D on the fucking bench
but it was difficult beastcause
oh fuck
I was feeling so fucking grainy beastcause
my brain fluid did not feel buoyant goddamnit
it felt like fucking quicksand
me unsteady self sinking into agonized logic like:
It is thought that gives birth to hypocrisy
and I really dislike immensely feeling fucking grainy
especially when I am intent on feeling fucking cheery.
I wanted to be cheery for D.
I wanted D to know what a cheery person I am
how very festive I can be
so I tried to be nice to D on the fucking bench.
And I hugged and kissed quite freely on the fucking bench D
who wondered I bet what the fuck
me on that fucking bench doing
hugging and sighing while being
so rhythmically absent yet almost like clinging.

Oh fucking anxiety infesting my timid plans like ugly water spots on glasses!
Shit.
Will I not cease loving the flesh and being afraid of sufferings?
Thank fucking God I had on my shades or I couldn't have sat
on that fucking bench with tears rolling down my cheeks
and memory calling me home and turning me away from home and calling me home
and turning me away from home. . .

See A & E saw D & me sitting on the fucking bench and
A & E come over giggle knowingly
fucking seeing I was fleeing C who was nowhere near the fucking bench.
He was at home cursing me believing me to be on a fucking mattress
somewhere in fucking New York City or Brooklyn or both
and all of C's curses were made soundless
by his inability to utter falsehoods on his neighbor's head.
I loved him.
I true love loved him true and now
tables of truth turning on C so iffy today and me
like a tragedy fucked up in radical blues
psychically self-abused
confused
full of the cokey perusal and personal pain
Deep analysis:
We both wanted the same thing.
Me.
I felt he had had me for a long time and I wanted
me back but that seemed fucking stupid.
Then I felt he had not had me for a long time
and I had not known it but he had
and the infection of this suspicion spread through me like gangrene.
Then I felt fucking melodramatic.
I say to myself all the time I say:
*Cease from your evil lusts and desires pale one
and avoid empty and worldly chatter on godless courses and salacious myths
outwardly very charming
but intrinsically germinated from vile minds and the devil's ugliness.*
Then I felt I had had it with C beastcause beastcause
Then I felt guilt.

Then I felt shame.
Then I felt like I wanted to smoke a cigarette.
Then I felt sad I quit smoking cigarettes.
Then I felt desperate wanting to smoke a cigarette.
Then I wanted to smoke some marijuana.
Then I felt nervous and in danger.
Then I felt guilt.
Then I felt my beautiful black boot pinching my terrible toes.
Then I felt anger which I handled fucking neatly through conversion to more guilt and shame.
Then I thought pretentiously:
The kingdom of death belongs to those who put themselves to death.
Then I liked that thought a lot and thanked the umambitious Gnostics for it.
Then I felt compassion.
Then I felt mature and able to achieve deep levels of human understanding.
Then I grew greatly angered at C for helping me pay no attention to the loveliness and beauty of the world whether it be beautiful food or clothing, or a cell or an outwardly seductive book.
Then I thought: *O bullshit Babs.*
The defilement of the Law belongs to the Light.
Fucking innerlife, fucking C and his ferocious saintliness.
Then I felt anxious.
Then I felt like I needed more codeine.
Then my teeth starting to hurt.
Then I groaned and head crash forward into hands and I want to be something adorable and labotomized.
Then remember I'd hardly eaten.
I want some coffee.
Then I saw C's bloodied and broken corpse lying on the sidewalk five stories down from our livingroom window and cops asking me my name as I walk horrified and repentent onto the serious scene.
Then I saw C's sinister eyes and the way his grin turned cruel when he saw my dirty dishes in the sink.
Then I felt married.
I hate him when he drops his ashes.

Then I felt breathless.
Then I felt weepy.
Then remember C's sightful recognition of my sorrow.
His lovely mind so full of heart and generosity.
Then I felt weak with waves of tenderness and affection.
Then I felt guilt.
Then I felt shame.
Then I covered my nakedness with a fig leaf.
Then remember C's casual fingers, his soft stomach and mouth couregeously engaged and pressing, sweat, tension and release.
Then I felt loss.
Then I wondered if love can die without giving off the stench of decomposition.
Then remember love does not born nor die and occurs suddenly often at odd times when a heart feels lifted by some accidental meeting of nutrition, socialization, situation and luck.
Then I felt fear.
Then I felt my evil heart might cause all crops to die.
Then I wanted to be a tree.
To be a tree.
Just a little tree.
Then I wanted to be a squirrel
beastcause I saw one running through the August grass.
Then I wanted to go to Brazil and maybe even Peru.
Then I remembered how fascist people say Brazil is now.
Then I remembered how much fun I had when I lived in Mexico and me and Richard did a lot of drugs and a lot of beach and ate a lot of tangerines and banannas and watched that guy walk on the moon.
He walked on the fucking moon.
Then I remembered my father's coming in next weekend.
Then I wanted to get married and have respectable babies.
Then I wanted a cigarette.
Then I smoked some marijuana.
And after that remember I said I'd be home last night.
Then I wondered what time it was.
Then I told myself time did not exist on that fucking bench.

Then I wondered what time it was.
Then I felt guilt.
Then my throat closed and I coughed.
Then I gnashed my lips together and squeezed my hair in my fingers.
Then I crossed my legs and shook my foot.
Then I felt persecuted.
Then I remembered Otis Redding's recording of *Pain in My Heart*
and how it's one of my favorite sad songs
and I wished Otis Redding wasn't dead.
Then remember the BarKays on the plane with Otis and also
the second guy I ever was engaged to
who died on the same day as Otis Redding
because I gone to see the Temptations
instead of my fiancée who drove home from a party drunk.
Then I felt guilt.
Then I wished the impregnation of women was not a random affair.
Then I realized *Pain in My Heart* did not apply to my position at all
when I really thought about the words.
Then I thought that is my curse: thinking about the words.
Then I wanted to play more some drums.
Then I wanted to empty my brain of all it's crudhead and annoying chatter—
to strip myself so I might clothe myself again
in a brand new red dress baby
with some emerald green and purple maybe somewhere on it
or a little orange
beastcause to me, these are the earth tones.
Discovery.
I wish I mean I want I mean I need Discovery.
An end to thinking the books are all worthless perhaps even
a source of bad luck.
Then I said to myself:
Babs, You are my mind: bring me forth!
You are my treasure-house: open for me!
You are my fullness: give me the perfection that cannot be grasped!
Then I wanted to bang my head against the concrete.
Then D told me he liked the way I think.
Then I feared D was perceiving me inaccurately.
Then I felt dishonest.

Then I felt everyone surely perceives everyone inaccurately.
Then I felt fear.
Then I scratched my leg and shoulder.
Then I drummed my fingers on my bottom lip.
Then I wanted to be a fucking plank in the fucking bench.
Then D hugged me.
Then I wanted to hug him back.
Then I hugged him back.
Then I felt guilt.
Then I felt tense.
Then my eyes wouldn't focus for a minute.
Then this guy started talking to us and he was drunk
and wouldn't shut up about having been drinking and hadn't been home
in 3 days and he called his house but no one answered and he bet he knew
where to find his fucking wife though goddamnit.
Whosoever shall find the interpretations of these scriptures shall not experience death!
Ha! Fucking idiots will believe anything that stinks of immortality.

We had been found out on the fucking bench
and we were fucking innocent of the only crime
but I looked so fucking guilty of some kind of I remember smiling sometimes.
G that feels good. I smile beastcause it feels good.
It feels right.
For the moment.
I know I looked guilty beastcause I had sexy thoughts and improper intentions.
I also had a brain full of quicksand and a circulatory system full of anxiety.
Ooo my very eyes squinch up and head drop in fucking hands
again and again and over.
Fuck it. I decided to come clean with D.
Listen D I said telling of my deranged behaviour according to custom
consisting of two fucking old friend fucks
and sitting on a fucking bench with D having a crush on his person.
I felt humanly vulnerable spilling my guts so.
Then I didn't have vulnerability to fear anymore.
I thanked Geets Romo for that.
Then a tear fell.
I didn't fear my vulnerability which is never without me.
I feared my capacity to inflict it isn't the fucking fucking that feels like sin so

much as the fucking knowledge of the fucking pain one is bringing to one not even near the fucking bench.

The reason fucking pain in fucking person not on fucking bench nay not even in fucking park is beastcause two people cannot be in love and live together always intensely in love I mean isolatedly living in intense rapturous lust-killing love I mean inseparable love I mean two fucking people when world is so insist I mean cannot keep up this high fidelity for more than say 5 years without a death in the family.

I wanted that sunny fucking bench to be my coffin.

Naturally

when one is willing to die one inflicts pain on the separable living.

I was willing to die on that fucking bench

but as luck would have it

D kept being sweet to me

as strangers often are to me.

Fucking me committing temporary suicide.

Naturally

when one is willing to die but it doesn't work out

one inflicts more pain on the separable living.

I was willing to die on that fucking bench rather than return to my past life but it didn't work out.

Twice then hadst I pain inflicted and a multitude beastcause

Life is pain.

Pain is everything.

I heard that in a fucking B movie.

Then I felt cruel.

I wanted not to feel cruel beastcause cruelty is not my thing.

I don't know what I want my thing to yet

even does I want to feel more me.

More new me some new me something personal and new something not connected to

C like a dose of something I need mean I I want wish I I a dose duh crush.

D seeming so properly attentive like a gift from a sophisticated and intelligent aunt.

Crunch.

What could be D's problem that he could want to sit on a fucking bench

with a fucking mess like me in my time of divorce and ugly urgency?

What fucking gives with I've been told I think too much about and listen too hard what people talk the moves then reconstructing logically

I find myself totally frightened by human behavior.

Then I think the person is psychotic.

Then I get paranoid.

Then I think I'm psychotic.

Then I want cocaine and lots of it with codeine or so.

Then teeth starting to I want be flying bird

and not to dwell on D's attraction to my psychodrama

so I think I send and then I send

every thought each to a different place

and I myself fly up into the fucking tree

and then I'm god and these particular pains are no gods' faults.

These particular pains are *nothing to blame.*

I have pain. C has pain. Probably even D has pain.

I bet A has pain & E has pain.

My mother knows from pain and my father too.

My brother used to suffer enormous pain but he converted

to Hebrew Christianity and feels none of it now he reports in his tense little voice.

I bet you can't really escape pain if you're human at fucking all.

I bet everybody reeks of fucking pain.

I bet the whole goddamn planet is lousy with fucking pain.

I bet every fucking mammal that walks erect on two feet and buries its dead is scarred by something horrible and continuously menacing.

And it isn't my intention to divorce myself from the masses

and identify my responsibility with self-interest or the interests of a small group.

I just want to have some fun like the next guy.

And I bet I do

goddamnit

seek the fucking night of the living night again.

Look out Jerusalem! Look out Islam!

Fucking pleasure and imagination's flesh

Fucking mythological life

Fucking pulse and opportunity

Fucking celebration of human life again

Fucking pulse and opportunity opportunity

Fucking pulse Fucking pulse

The Outline of Birthday

Hey Junior
it's your birthday
but you know that, and I am thinking
about you and about
what appeared a mere response
to the distressful dangers that threatened the young tadpole
may have opened the way to making this human life
a reality.
Fucking frogs.
Fucking nervous organization necessary to receive tradition.
Hey pal
it's a tradition.
Happy birthday even though
the age of mammals culminated
in ice
and hardship
and "man".
Oh yes perhaps the leg appeared before and may have made the brain
possible. Legs yet. . .
and now inside our growing brains is the increasing chill of our intelligence.
Want to fuck?
Want?
Want to be kind to each other?
Want to think about the absurdity of treating Spain as a permanently distinguishable
piece of the world?
Listen dear in your heart and hear
the rhythmic twanging of the neolithic bow-string.
Doesn't it seem almost inevitably to have led to the electric guitar?
Somewhen in lost time
somethings kept connecting and
now it's your birthday.
Through millions and millions of lives we have been shaped
so we might have our little moments of unrecorded pleasure.
I could say I love you
but that's a childish idea
(feelings are no mystery until we try to phrase them)
I'm simply ecstatic being with you like
and ecstasy is all I want

from my new life. . .and pal, I want the same for you
because I'm a good-hearted person and also
it's your birthday and also
we deserve nothing but the best
of all possible worlds.

Jihad

1. Woman—Desire—Love—Slut—Goddess—Light—Raw

A deep sleep fell upon Abraham and he was closed up in the flesh and without desire—(Not Genesis XV:12). Many years later (perhaps even during the European Meedle Ages when it was considered a sin of bestiality and punishable by death to fuck a Jew) said the students to Rabbi Simeon: Master! were not Aza and Azael correct in saying that man through the woman would si-si nand uh transgress?

Ludwig, at last awake, sat up in his/her chair and appeared to sit up in its chair and cried appearing to speak seemingly at the simultaneous time of the act of sitting up apparently to demand, "Bring something red!"

XXXIII. STUDY. . . We can learn what we did not know we were capable of imagining. We are not only good at destroying the old world, we are also good at building the new. . . well, competent, or perhaps um adequate. . . or it's kind of like we're probably better at destroying the old, but that doesn't mean we can't have any idea(s) or so about the, I, if we were um as concerned with BUZZZZZ as we are with the consequences of *Not* avoiding incest. . .

The world applauds.

Expanding Agression:

2-6. There is nothing new under the gun. sun. pun.

"In the early mythical ages," Rabbi Simeon sai

"Before the dog was domesticated?"

"Uh. . . yes I think so," Rabbi Simeon conti

"Before man and woman were domestichistic?"

"Uh. . . I'm not, I'll have to check, uh, look, up in, er library," Rabbi Simeon continuouslycontinued, "but, back then in the early mythical ages we are informed in the Zohar. . ."

"Nice weather, aren't we?"

". . . are-uh informed in the ahem Zohar that Gladness is a feeling, and Sadness consists in *Not* being Glad."

"Then, is then the like absence of a feeling. . ." Ludwig bega

"A feeling?" said Rabbi Simeon. "Is the absence of a feeling? Is that what you were going to ask? I felt you were going to ask that."

Said the students again to Rabbi Simeon, Since sexual desires and impulses (Gladness?) were the *cause* of sin and transgression (*Not* being Glad?) wherefore do they (Her?) exist?

"Listen you creeps," little Borneo burned, "thank you and fuck you." Her focused eyes like men of steel in a city made of grapes.

New world come light, the place, the light, Grapes.

And the disciples said to Jesus, "Tell us. What the Kingdom of Heaven is. 'Like'." And Jesus said, "It is like a mustard seed. The smallest of all seeds. But when it falls on tilled soil. It produces a great plant and becomes. A shelter for birds

of the sky." And Mary said to Jesus, "You must come in now dear. It's raining."

Spake little Borneo and: "Like you of the I'd of your, to you in of you, I you like you for your its. Up we the you this he I best you, or secretly you like a like we, and I the evening I'm what if and what. What you a you as I a every you. So new the ours, the us of her in you, the overstuffed I to forehead much you the is to that us hard you. Your tumble your now or a us, Toads."

"Agreed," said Someone.

Said Rabbi Simeon: If the Holy One, the Loneliest Number, had not created a spirit you understand of good don't you see of good, created a spirit of of good that that emanates from the active light (Gladness!) and a spirit of, well, I hate to use the term because of its moral implication, but well uh *evil*, a spirit of *evil* that emanates from the passive light or darkness (*Not* being Glad!). . .

"What the fffuck," moaned little Borneo. "Passive light or darkness? You old fart-hearts! You dried up old tight-asses, you cuntphobic Cossacks!"

. . . er, that is that emanates from the passive light or darkness (*Not* being Glad!), well, the idea is that mans would have been a neutral ignorant kind of being unable to distinguish and *contrast* things essential to mental growth and spiritual development and progress, there. . .

"You believe *that*? You really believe. . ."

. . . ahum, uh there, uh mental, uh growth and spiritual development and of course progress; and therefore was he/himself created *dual*, as we are informed in the Zohar, *dual in nature*, that is like sort of like flesh = bad, and spirit = *Not* bad. Well nature is like dealing with the (ugh, I hesitate to even use the word again but) *flesh*, thus, *dual* = uh hey God, could you help me out here? . . .

17. "Therefore Was He Created Dual In Nature, Endowed With A) Sexual Feelings, And Not A) Rational Functions. . ."

"You mean they're not the same?" Someone wanted to know.

". . . I Said With A) Sexual Feelings And Not A) Rational Functions From The Right And Orderly Discharge Of Which Or Otherwise He Enjoys Or Suffers . . . And Then I Wrote 'I Have Set Before You Guys This Day, Life And Good, Death And Evil,' That's From My Deuteronomy, Chapter XXX Verse 15."

"Too ancient of days for my fucking blood," little Borneo yawned coldly from the dark swine center of her/it's mutant heart.

Life is mutation just as each new life.

(As Arnie Aprill said, "Nostalgia is a longing for the present.")

I need the darkness again I need it so dark open eyes don't rest on any objects open eyes go straight out to outland. I'm circling, circling my own self again. Not much weight of me floating in darkness, I'm weightless and sweetly chimed, weightless and circling, lifting and lighting the eyes of my head coming round again,

circling round is also my ears again buzzzzed. Buzzzzzzed out again yyeesssssssss.

The Window of Vulnerability:

[...-3,-2,-1,0,1,2,3...] Why then, said the students of Rabbi Simeon, was man thus created with a power of choosing and determining his/Gladness future? Would it not have been better to have formed him/hee hee with no desires and inclinations except for the just, the true and good, and thus have avoided becoming the cause of such disturbance in heavenly regions?

(\$created\$ \$with\$ \$a\$ \$power\$ \$of\$ \$choosing\$ \$and\$ \$determining\$ \$his\$ \$future\$ \$!\$)

Dual in Nature:

Ludwig raised his well-scrubbed hand and then his other well-scrubbed hand and asked, "Would it be conceivable for someone to see as black everything that we see as white, and vice versa? Can I go to the bathroom—twice?"

"No," replied Rabbi Simeon, "but you can make number 2."

Life is multiplication just as each new life from naturely various billions.

(Nancy Reagan and I are opposite sexes)!

The world applauds.

And spake the mighty Goddess and they said: Let she/it who seeks continue seeking till she/it finds, and when she/it finds she/it will become troubled, and when she/it becomes troubled she/it will be astonished, and when she/it becomes astonished, let her kill (or at least trash) this pretense of The Immovable Species, and she/he might yea might she/he come to know this hundred-mindedness, thousand-heartedness. . .

What no eye has seen! What no ear has heard! What no hand has touched and what has not occurred to the human mind:.

A Grisly Joke to Play on Your Friends:

Suddenly there was a great and vast expanse of commotion and all in earshot posed in the presence that announced itself from such a distance and it was thanks then and a warm round of applause to Yahweh for acknowledging the motly creations, and thanks didst we gave up for Yahfuckingweh's blessing us with *the knowledge* of the distinction between Him and sin, and the *Cause of all causes*, the great Being dwelling in light ineffable, in presence of which all other lights become dim and disappear as fades & vanishes the darkness before the rising sun said, "Let us make man."

(Okay boys, we may not be coming back from this one)

Furthermore, at the moment that the Creative Logos said from the Holy One (later known as the Holy One times Three after the biggest hoax ever perpetrated by

the enshrinement of poetic diction, that is The Fucking Word, Old and New) "Let us make man", the angels Aza and Azael objected and said: Why create mans since thouh forseest that he will sin/woman and break Thy/man Law, along with the woman/*Not* man who will be formed from the passive-light/woman called darkness/woman, as the mans/God was formed from the active light/mans/God?

"Fuckheads!" screamed little Borneo. "You old bearded shiteyes, scholars of idiocies, you fucking fabricators of fornication terrors, egocentric fluid gazers, pure/impure issue freaks, you assholes deceived by your own definitions, as if clear were pure and red tainted. You can't even look upon your own hard-ons without being scared the fuck to death you pissheads. . .you *Not* know the words light and darkness beastcause youse spaken ist oppoesies und oot noon ken getten esta peeg wid dormez heart es *Not* gotten el intense radiation of a glowing shadow! Active darkness is beyond your expression and thus your experience. Atomic shade is your radioactive embarrassment!"

7½. That which we cannot speak of we must point to screaming.

"So what else is new?" yawned Someone

"Here am I not, though I am present," spake young Borneo.

The Creative Logos said in reply to them: Through woman/*Not*-man, against who ye object Aza and Azael, shall ye yeselves fall and lose your glory/? and state as it is written: The sea the final the free the lessons the story the world the madness the virus the cancer the world the 1930s the infection the fever the new the appetite the next the same the world the Third the same the Kremlin the United States the steady the same the administration the struggle the way the present the lessons the word the punchline, love, the author."

"I am remade of my own making," bragged little Borneo Again, "to a certain extent of course depending on historical conditions and economic opportunity and stamina and chemical substances."

Just because I want to Asshole.

Let's see. I think I'll be a Goddess today.

"As," warned Rabbi Simeon, "the father-god El says in an Ugaritic mythical poem. . . 'there is no restraint among goddesses!'"

"If that were true, you'd be dead," little Borneo informed El father-god.

The Wicked Virgin:

"We are informed in the Zohar," continued Rabbi Simeon, "that she/virgin is a cup full of blessing of which nobody has as yet tasted, unimpaired (*hint*: *Not virgin/impaired*), identical with the Holy Land, and she/-2 was never defiled or enjoyed by a stranger!"

But on the Otherhand Baby:

A Goddess/Slut behaves in accordance with Her/Her divine nature and the Human laws of sexual morality, physical gravity and the comings and goings of the

5th Avenue bus do not apply to her.

221. Consciousness is as clear in your face as in myself.

Making Beautiful Music:

(By Human standards, the tinkling of bells is a most significant act in direct imitation of the union which takes place in the divine copulation.)

305, 306, 307, 308. What meaning to guess the meaning of a rule, to grasp it intuitively, I might e.g., guess it could if *continuation* will instead of guessing the *application* of the rule, guess it could if *invents* its own and well, what would that look like?

26. Ben He-He said: The gain is in proportion to the pain.

Little Borneo said: The pain is in proportion to the game.

Come. . .

Come let us go to meet us going to meet the source of blessing

Pouring forth from ancient days.

The Thought was the end, in Act the beginning

The word & then the thought about the worded act, the acted word

Come. . .Awake, awake for your light has come!

Ha Ha it's only passive, or darkness (woman)

(the Creation Joke's on you kid, so crush it)

Whosoever has ears to hear let her hear!

Slut, O Queen of *Not* Heaven!

Not 10. Suppose I wanted to replace all the words of my language at once by other ones; how could I tell the place where one of the new words belongs? Is it Human nature that keeps the place of images? Is words laws? Is capacity to inhibit personal desires in favor of group rules?

The Tallensi carry this even further.

This is what Love is 'Like.' You're walking around in a crowded universe when all of a sudden yes. You heard me all. Of a sudden you stop. In the midst of a daily planet. You stare. You lose your mind. You say I shall choose you. One out of 3 billion. In the midst of my world. To appear in the flesh. And intoxicate me. And I don't want to shake off the wine.

"What is being expected?" Weird Bones asked.

In the name of EHYE WHA AA BB AO MAK AAA!

I hearby uncook you, okay now, everyone raw!

What is YOU COULD DIE the worst YOU COULD DIE that could YOU COULD DIE happen?

What always YOU WILL DIE happens YOU WILL DIE anyway.

What YOU WILL DIE HAPPY might happen YOU WILL DIE HAPPY to you?

Heaven? You/reader want to spend eternity with that malevolent Omnifuck of Death?

Reject and Rejoyce!:

0. We forget what we desire most is not to know death.

But we know.

O.

We know.

Now.

We do have a few minutes before the vacuum of eternity sucks us bone and soul out of the vibrant egg. Is myth-zone through space of time/mind a pressure of specific density and pulsation? Am I a woodcutter? Is *Not* the speed of Light the speed of Darkness? Am I a perfect example why people shouldn't have kids? Is everyday?

Are you happy Baby?



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