

A Child's Journey Into Art

A father, holding the hand of his young seven-year old boy as they walk to the Cantor Museum, tells his son the story of the magical journey lying before him.

“This sculpture is so large you can walk right into it. It waves and circles around you. When you enter, the structure slips into fantastical shapes, especially, for children.

The father looks down at his intently listening child.

“The magic is that each child is given his or her own special journey through this amazing art form.”

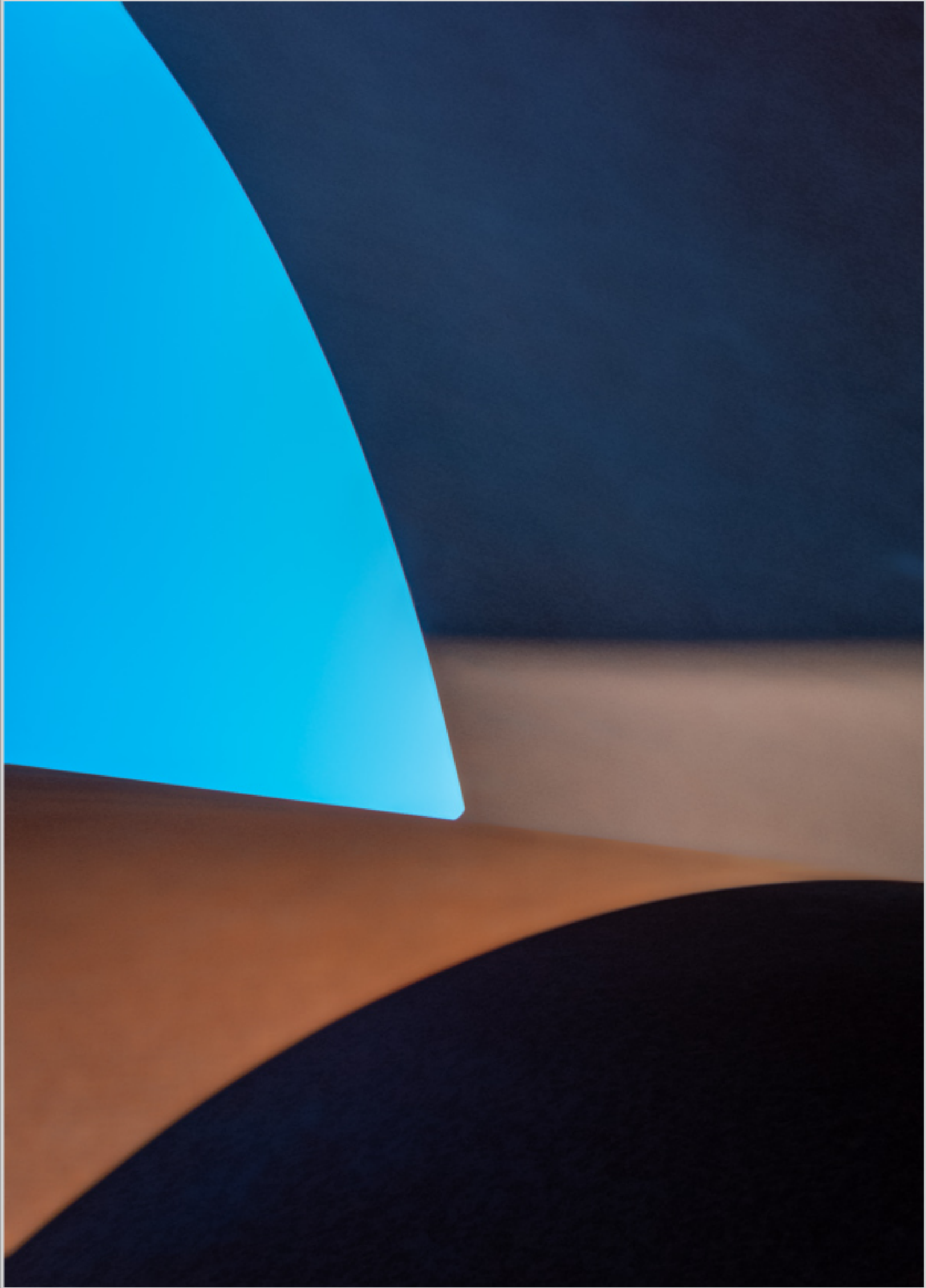
By the time they reach the Richard Serra sculpture, the boy can hardly contain his excitement. It's huge. It's red-orange. He looks at his father who waves him to the entrance. The boy doesn't look back, but scampers into this giant design. Through the passage way colored triangles, polygons, even a Di Chirico like canvas floods over him. It's magic.

Exiting, the boy is suffused with exhilaration. Art has enchanted him.

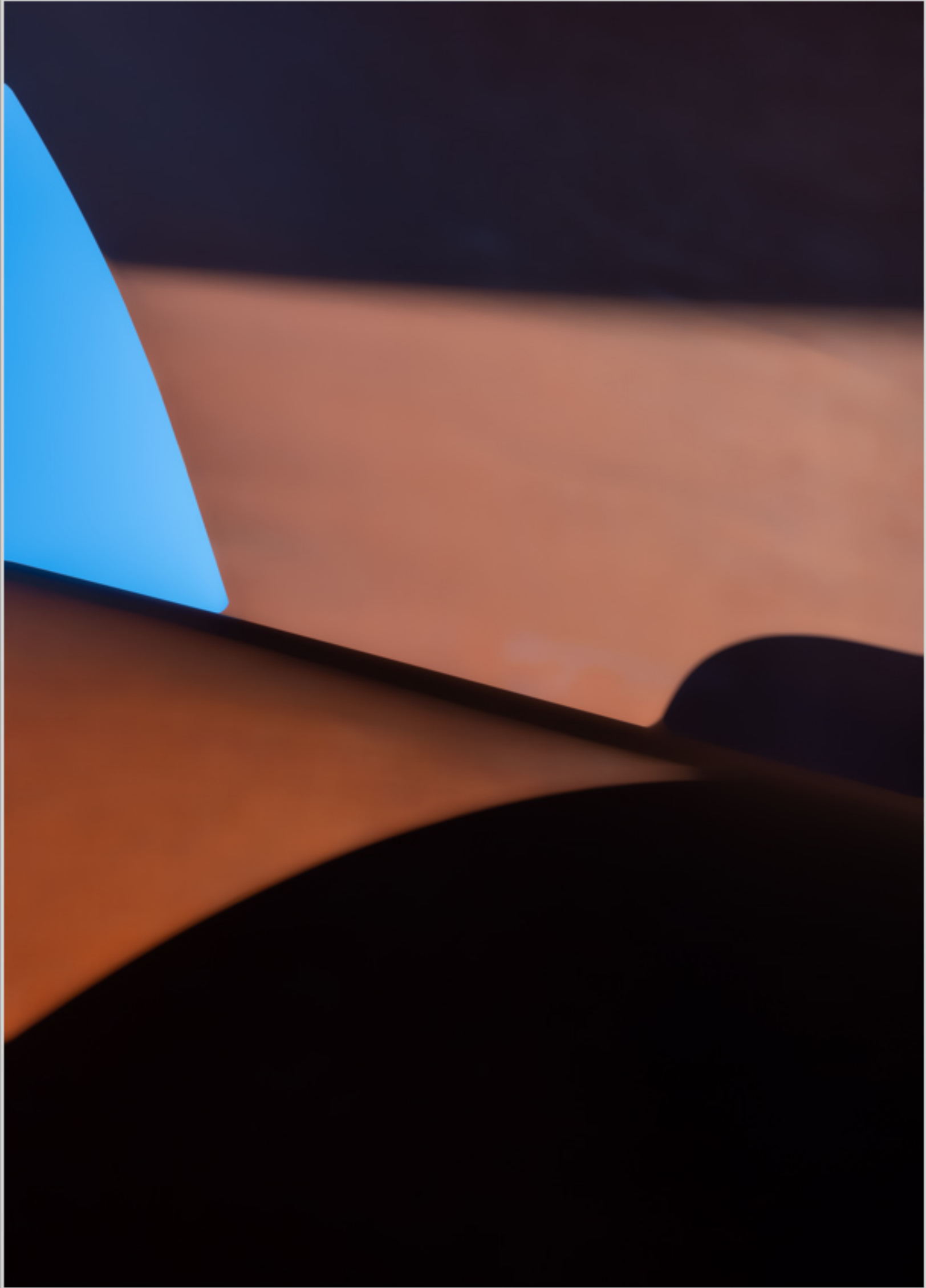


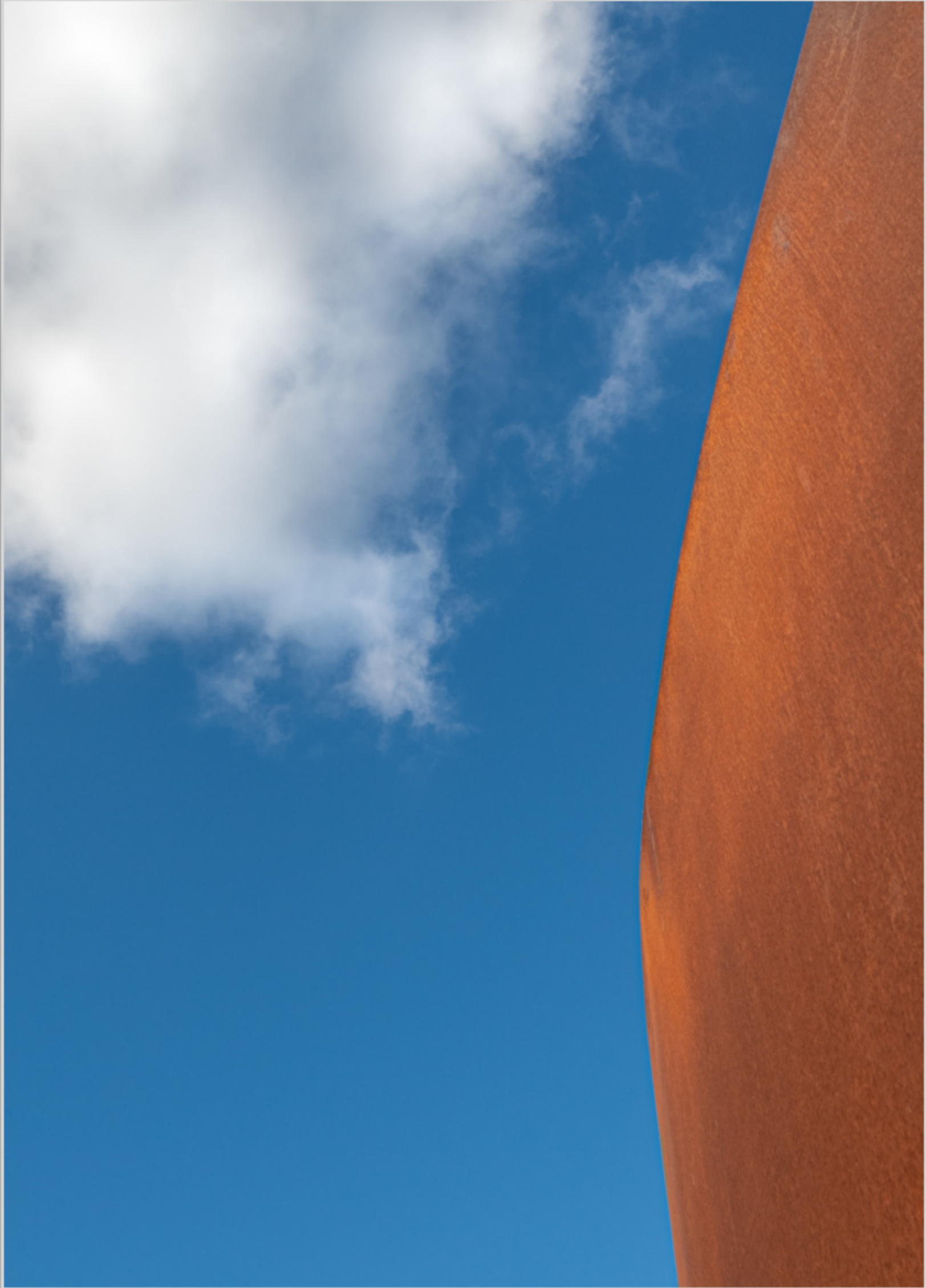














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