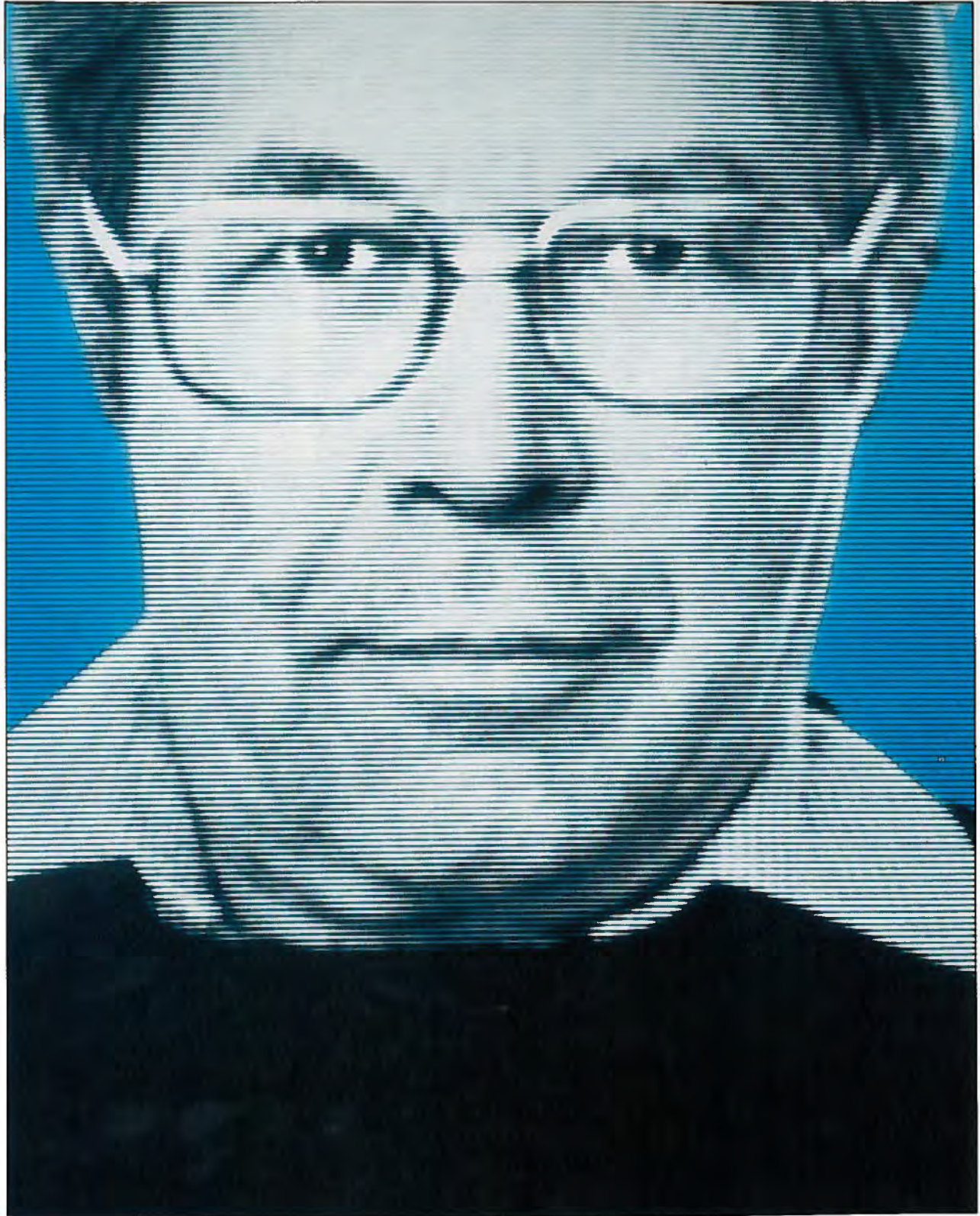


ARTS-NEW JERSEY

SUMMER 1985



Statement from the Executive Director

In this issue of *Arts-New Jersey* we have included two articles that feature milestones in the history of the arts in the nation. The first of these reports on the twentieth anniversary of the National Endowment for the Arts, an event which has significance for arts organizations and government arts agencies across the country, in that it re-



Jeffrey A. Kesper
NJSCA Executive Director

minds us both of how far we have come and of how young we are. As in any young field, new precedents are constantly being set. What we do as arts administrators has far-reaching impact for artists now and in the future, and that is a sobering thought.

The second article—*The Tilted Arc Controversy*—also chronicles a milestone of sorts. Unfortunately, this milestone is a cause for concern rather than celebration. This past March, a public hearing was convened to decide the fate of an important artwork by the celebrated American sculptor Richard Serra. The piece stands in the Foley Federal Plaza in Manhattan. Workers in the surrounding federal buildings objected to the work and asked that it be removed. Because the work is a permanent, site-specific one, removal without destruction of its aesthetic intent is impossible. The controversy which has ensued raises serious questions about the responsibilities of government agencies both to the artists they fund and to the general public.

The renowned American sculptor George Segal, a resident of South Brunswick, addresses this difficult issue in the interview on page 4. He also talks about the beginnings of the National Endowment and his own participation as one of its first panelists, and

about the importance of government support of the arts.

On July 23, 1985, Clement Alexander Price's third term as chairman of the Arts Council will come to an end. His leadership at both the state and national levels has been extremely impressive. During his tenure, the Council and the arts in New Jersey have thrived—funding levels have increased dramatically, services to the arts community have expanded, and New Jersey has become an important force in the nation. He has been a valued colleague, one with vision, sensitivity, and the ability to make difficult decisions. For the past three years, he has approached both his work at the Council and our friendship with his characteristic good humor. It has been very rewarding to work with him. On behalf of the staff and myself, I thank him.

It has been an exciting year for the arts in the state. As one fiscal year and grants cycle ends and the next begins, the Council is engaged in a review of its activities and growth and the preparation of a Five-Year Plan. In our next issue, we'll document for our readers the progress we have made and the new directions we are taking. ■

On The Cover



Detail of this altered photograph appears on this month's cover.

For Donald P. Lokuta, an associate professor of Photography at Kean College in Union, what is important in his work is impression and emotion. "I am not necessarily interested in depicting subject matter in what may be a literal record. I am interested in the representation of emotion—of showing how I feel—how I see." His earlier studies of women, the Ironbound section of Newark, and local Ukrainian folklife reflect his own personal experience of those subjects; however, elements of design and composition always prevail.

His more recent work with video images is about abstraction. The portrait of George

Segal on the cover originated as a photograph taken with a 150 mm lens and quartz lighting. After he chose a negative, he made an 11 x 14 print, mounted it on board, and retouched it as necessary. The print was taken to a television studio, and a *Sony* video camera and large black-and-white monitor was used to transform the traditional image to video. He then photo-

graphed the monitor with a 4 x 5 view camera. 11 x 14 proof prints were made for use as color tests. Finally, he enlarged the negative to mural size (32 x 40), processed and washed it, and mounted it on aluminum. He then colored the image, using oil pigments.

Lokuta explained the results, "Upon close
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New Jersey Biennial Exhibition

The "5th New Jersey Artist Biennial," an exhibition of the work of ninety-one artists who live or teach in the Garden State, opened at the Newark Museum on April 9 with a crowd of more than 1,000 guests attending the reception.

This year's "Biennial," cosponsored by The Newark Museum and the New Jersey State Museum, included artwork selected from over 1,200 entries in the fields of painting, sculpture, drawing, printmaking, and photography. The jurors were directors Suzanne Delehanty of the Neuberger Museum, Purchase, New York, and Douglas G. Schultz of the Albright-Knox Art Gallery, Buffalo, New York. Both are widely recognized



"Morning Coffee" by Craig R. Johnston of Cranford.

for their active programming of contemporary art.

The exhibition, which closed on May 26, surveyed the current New Jersey art scene in all of its diversity, from the exquisitely rendered realist drawings of Leo Dee of Maplewood and Sandra De Sando of Hoboken to the "neo-expressionist" canvases of Maplewood painter John Atura and June Wilson of Middletown. The enigmatic figures of River Edge resident Rachel Friedberg's encaustic paintings shared space with a light-filled interior by Craig R. Johnston of Cranford.

The show also included a delicately hand-colored photograph by New Brunswick's William Vandever, a ruggedly carved wood sculpture by Newark artist Ed Visser, and a screen print displaying technical virtuosity by Daniel Chard of Thorofare.

Gary A. Reynold, curator of Painting and Sculpture commented, "The Fifth New Jersey Artists Biennial offered the viewer positive—and visually stimulating—proof that arts are alive and well in the Garden



"The Intimacy of a Bleeding Gift" by John Atura of Maplewood.

State. This year's Biennial was one of the best regional art exhibitions to be mounted in recent years. Several of the artists chosen should be watched for their impact on the national scene in coming years."

This year's Biennial also signaled an important change, for it is the last of its kind. In the future, the "Biennial" will be known as "The New Jersey Arts Annual" and, unlike its predecessor, will include crafts in the series of exhibitions.

According to Jeffrey A. Kesper, NJSCA Executive Director, the New Jersey State Council on the Arts initiated the concept of the "New Jersey Arts Annual" because the "Biennial" did not include crafts. "The evolution of crafts and its inclusion in the 'Annual' represent a progressive step in the integration of all the arts," explained Kesper. "Within the last ten years a new awareness about contemporary crafts has come to the American public, bringing with it an excitement and growth. The public response now indicates the need for higher visibility and better exhibition facilities for professional craftspeople."

The Council has arranged to cosponsor juried shows which will rotate among six museums; The Newark Museum, Noyes Museum, Morris Museum, Montclair Art Museum, New Jersey State Museum, and Jersey City Museum. Every fall, beginning in

October 1985, "The New Jersey Arts Annual" will present an exhibition of crafts, showcasing the recent work of New Jersey's finest craftspeople. Each spring, a second exhibition will feature the other visual arts. The schedule for the four shows and the categories which have been established are as follows:

Fall 1985

CLAY AND GLASS—Morris Museum

Spring 1986

PAINTING, SCULPTURE, WATER-COLOR, DRAWING, COLLAGE, AND MIXED MEDIA—To be announced

Fall 1986

WOOD, FIBER, AND METAL—New Jersey State Museum

Spring 1986

PRINTMAKING, PHOTOGRAPHY, AND WORKS OF ART CREATED IN MULTIPLES—Noyes Museum

Each museum will be responsible for preparing the prospectus and selecting the jurors.

"The crafts community has long awaited this opportunity to be included in New Jersey artists exhibitions and applauds the Council and participating museums for their vision and cooperative efforts," said Hortense Green, NJSCA Crafts Coordinator.

By Ronnie Weyl

The Tilted Arc Controversy

“It is an act of aggression against the passion of abstraction.” These words, delivered by Peter Eisenman, Arthur Rotch Professor of Architecture at Harvard University, formed part of the 120 testimonies, more than 140 supportive written statements, and 4,000 petitions delivered at a public hearing convened last March to determine the fate of a controversial public sculpture.

The controversy has revolved around the issue of whether the government should accede to the wishes of a local community to

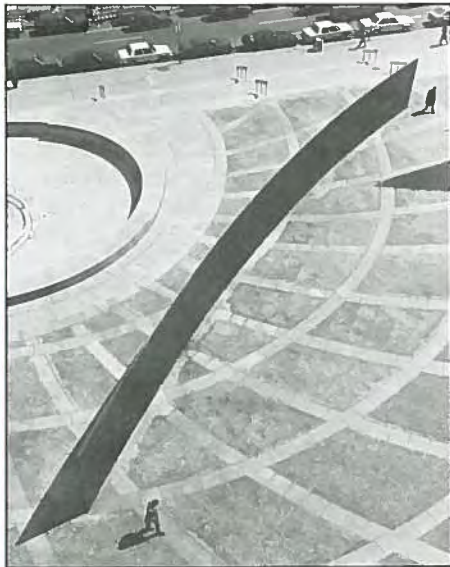


PHOTO BY ANNE CHAVET

Richard Serra's "Tilted Arc".

remove Richard Serra's *Tilted Arc*, a public sculpture commissioned by the General Services Administration of the government, from its present site at 26 Federal Plaza in Manhattan.

These protests and the concomitant attempt to remove *Tilted Arc* have raised serious questions concerning the relationship between art and the public and have engendered heated debates over issues of censorship, artistic freedom, and individual versus community rights.

While essentially an issue affecting the work of one artist, the fate of Serra's *Tilted Arc* transcends this single instance to portend serious repercussions for the future of public art. A decision to relocate or destroy Serra's work could conceivably set a dangerous precedent that would impede freedom of artistic expression.

The Art-in-Architecture program of the General Services Administration (GSA) was created in 1972 and recently received one of the first Presidential Awards for Design Excellence. Its stated purpose is to conduct a national program to commission major artists to render *permanent* distinguished works of art that would enhance federal sites

and build a foundation of enduring cultural heritage. The program allocates 0.5 percent of the construction costs of Federal buildings to pay for public art. New Jersey's Arts Inclusion Act of 1978 is based on this federal model program, as are similar programs in many states.

In 1979 the GSA invited Mr. Serra, a distinguished minimalist-oriented sculptor known for his large-scale, site-specific abstract steel sculptures, to submit a design proposal for a major, permanent sculpture for the Federal Plaza site.

Mr. Serra was nominated by a panel of art experts, which included a local New York representative. The panel was composed of individuals designated by the National Endowment for the Arts. A two-and-one-half-year process ensued during which Mr. Serra presented detailed plans and mock-scale models of his proposed sculpture. His designs were carefully structured to adhere to the guidelines of the jury-panel for a site-specific, permanent sculpture. The plans underwent careful scrutiny as to environmental impact, maintenance needs, pedestrian traffic flow, and other issues pertaining to the site.

Tilted Arc was approved and in 1981 the 73-ton, 120-foot, 12-foot-high, curving black monolithic steel wall was installed at Federal Plaza. The cost was \$175,000.

At the March hearing, Richard Serra explained the concepts behind *Tilted Arc* and its interrelationship to the plaza and its inhabitants:

"My sculptures are not objects meant for a viewer to stop, look, and stare at. The historical concept of placing sculpture on a pedestal was to establish a separation between the sculpture and the viewer. I am interested in a behavioral space in which the viewer interacts with the sculpture in its context."

Workers in the building surrounding Federal Plaza joined with community groups to voice their opinions that the sculpture had rendered the plaza useless for recreational, social, and performing activities due to its imposing presence. Evidence to the contrary was presented by Mr. Serra, including a study which pointed out that only 21 functions had been held on the plaza during the last 15 to 18 years.

In response to accusations that he had not considered the importance of the plaza's functional use to others, Mr. Serra countered:

"When I started working on the project for Federal Plaza, I made extensive studies of it. The plaza was essentially used only as a place of transit, through which people passed from street to building . . . *Tilted Arc* was built for the people who walk and cross the plaza, for the moving observer . . . to

engage the public in a dialogue that would engage, both perceptually and conceptually, its relation to the entire plaza . . . the viewer becomes aware of himself and of his movement through the plaza.

"As he moves, the sculpture changes . . . step by step the perception not only of the sculpture but of the entire environment changes. Space becomes the sum of successive perceptions of the place. The viewer becomes the subject. One's identity as a person is closely connected with the experience of space and place.

"When a known space changes through the inclusion of a *site-specific* sculpture, one is called upon to relate to the space differently. This is a condition that can only be engendered by sculpture and nothing else."

The attention and emotions aroused by the *Tilted Arc* controversy are by no means limited to the case of Richard Serra. The reaction to the renaissance of public art, which has flourished in the past decade due to the existence of the GSA's Art-in-Architecture program and similar state programs, has been varied. In some cases support from the public has been overwhelming; in other cases there has been hostility by communities against works of art they claim have been foisted upon them without their involvement or consent.

One particularly volatile incident involved George Sugarman's *Baltimore Federal*, a sculpture created for the Federal Courthouse in Baltimore, which initiated a hostile opposition led by nine district judges. In another case, George Segal's bronze with white patina sculpture entitled *Gay Liberation* struck the sensitive nerve center of community groups which angrily tried to block its installation.

Perhaps the most well known of these incidents revolved around the construction of Maya Ying Lin's Vietnam War Memorial which was *not* administered by the GSA program, but which received a great deal of publicity due to its subject matter. The piece is a minimalist sculpture—earthwork composed of two walls of polished black granite (each 250 feet long) and divided into 140 panels which intersect at a 125-degree angle. The mirrorlike black granite was inscribed with the names of 57,939 Americans who had died or were still missing in Vietnam. Lin's monument to the Vietnam dead sparked angry debate and a long, concerted effort to block its construction despite the fact that it had been selected by a knowledgeable panel from among scores of applicants. The conflict ended in the uneasy compromise of the addition of a second, more traditional work to the memorial site by figurative sculptor Frederick Hart.

Overall, the successes of the Art-in-
(continued on page 9)

GEORGE SEGAL: An Interview



PHOTO BY: TOM MORAN

George Segal in his studio in South Brunswick.

Editor's Note: On December 5, 1984, the Division of Building and Construction and the New Jersey Building Authority joined the long list of George Segal patrons with the announcement of a \$275,000 sculpture commission awarded to Segal through the Arts Inclusion Act administered by the New Jersey State Council on the Arts.

The sculpture, a 23-foot-high work to be constructed of interlocking steel I-beams with three cast bronze figures of construction workers amidst the paraphernalia of a building site, will be entitled "The Constructors" and will stand in the main plaza of the new State Commerce Building. The building will be completed in 1987 and will be located in the heart of Trenton, at the corner of West State and Warren Streets.

The following interview took place at the artist's studio in South Brunswick.

Arts-New Jersey: In regard to the site in downtown Trenton, what were your considerations in designing "The Constructors"? How did you feel it would relate to the community?

Segal: I've been doing public sculpture for a number of years now and I have been interested for many years in the reintroduction of subject matter into art.

I am interested in community site work, I am interested in cities and in places, and what people do, how they move, how they think, and what they feel. The commission was to put a sculpture in front of a Department of Commerce, and commerce is about building, and it's about the state being involved in building. I thought that the most relevant thing I could do would be to make a sculpture of people building and hence the idea of "The Constructors"—men on a steel-beam framework in the act of erecting a building. It has to do literally with that fact plus the metaphor of the vitality of building, the joy of building, besides the economic advantages.

Arts-New Jersey: How do you feel about receiving a commission from your home state, where you've spent years living and working?

Segal: I've lived an awfully long time in New Jersey and, for as long as I can remember, New Jersey was regarded as a cultural wasteland, as a black void between Philadelphia and New York. Ten, twenty years ago, to a great extent those criticisms were justified. I used to teach art in junior high and high school in New Jersey and no one in charge of the schools seemed to have any idea of the value of art other than as a filler for occupying the hands of students because their attention span was short, because they couldn't learn writing and reading all day long. I thought that represented a misunderstanding of the connection between art and literature, art and the history of culture, art and religion. Art historically has been connected with all the great themes and concerns of a civilization and has been, often, one of the great expressions of a civilization. To have it totally neglected, I thought was ignorant. The situation seems to be changing in recent years, I'm glad to say. I think there are new young people that are interested in art on this civilized level of quality. The idea that an artwork can express deeply held convictions seems to be increasingly felt, so I'm grateful for the turnaround in New Jersey.

Arts-New Jersey: How do you feel about government's role in support of the Arts? Do you feel it limits it in any way or expands it or impacts on the notion of art as necessary to our society?

Segal: Years ago, Arthur Stevens called me up and wanted me to serve as one of the

first jurors at the National Endowment for the Arts, and I resented it and I resisted him. I said, "I Leave the artists alone." I was afraid of the involvement of the national government in art. And he said, "Hold on, we're establishing a new policy. We want to give grants to the best young artists we can find, we want to have those artists selected by a jury of their peers, and in order to get a few flowers, you have to cultivate a garden." He charmed me and persuaded me and I did serve as one of the first jurors for NEA. And it has turned out the way he said it would. I think the federal government has had an impeccable program where the highest quality level is being sought. Awards have been granted to artists with no strings, they have been able to do what they want and it has been presumed that they are responsible and driven, and in the vast majority of the cases that's exactly the way it has turned out. That tradition goes back I think to Michelangelo's argument with Pope Julius. Michelangelo felt himself as intelligent and literate as Julius, who smiled, recognized his talent, and left him alone on the scaffold. And we have to remember that Michelangelo agreed with all of Julius's values. In this instance, I agree with government values if they're after the highest quality art they can find.

Arts-New Jersey: There's been a recent controversy, as you know, in the Serra case, about who decides the quality of art and whether the government's decision-making process to decide quality is valid when people have to confront the results on a daily basis. You were at the Serra hearings, can you talk about that?

Segal: Yes, I think this issue is very important, its precisely what we're talking about—quality. There are philistines who hate modern art, object to it, and don't understand that art can make a statement about people's innermost convictions. There are people who dismiss the contents of museums, and museums and public libraries are established to select the best thinking of a generation. Now what do we want to do, burn books? What is democracy about? I don't think democracy is about finding the lowest common denominator of popularity. That would mean that all artists would have to make the equivalent of a popular hit movie like "Porky's Revenge." How do you define quality? Is it the number of teenagers who are willing to go to the movies to be amused? No. Or is it a hunt for the best thinking? We have "Porky's Revenge" and we have to burn the contents of the libraries. We'd have no great American writers. Saul Bellow couldn't exist, nor John Updike, et cetera. How popular are those people? But professionals choose the best writing of the time. Nobody objects to that. Nobody takes a popular vote on who should win the Nobel Prize for Science. I think art is in precisely the same category.

(continued on page 5)

Segal Interview

(continued from page 4)

You have to have trained professionals who dedicate their lives to selecting the best.

Now, ultimately, it's the school system that has to inculcate those values and make those selections and graduate the right professionals, so that there is an entire network to back up professionals, so that our entire society has to be indicted if the system fails. It will fail occasionally, but not all the time. [The Issue is] popularity versus professional selection based on a complex series of judgements. Just as a teacher can't neglect the level of his or her students, professionals can't neglect the level of the community with which they're dealing. There's not necessarily a loss of quality selection if the standards of a community are taken into account. Every teacher has to do that from kindergarten on through college, they have to take into account the point from which the students are starting. That's another valid factor in making a selection.

Arts-New Jersey: There's a very fine line there, though.

Segal: Yes, there are fine lines, but who said the world is black and white?

Arts-New Jersey: You've done controversial public art...

Segal: Indeed I have.

Arts-New Jersey: The Kent State piece, the Gay Liberation piece... Did the public response or the controversy ever make you consider abandoning public art, moving back into the safer world of the gallery?

Segal: In my depressed moments, I consider giving up public art. Then, when I think about it, I come to this conclusion: I've spent all my aesthetic life doing what I want in my studio and I've also prided myself on being responsible in my thinking, being responsible to the best literature, to the best art that I have ever learned about. I have to be as good as the best artists I ever knew. If I do a sculpture—let's take the Kent State sculpture—that was my *personal* response to receiving a commission to make a sculpture on that subject. I was free to do whatever interpretation I felt was right, which was an important point for me, and I went to Kent to visit the school and speak to the students and teachers and people in the local community. I read all the books I could that reported on that subject. The image in that sculpture is the result of my research and thinking. I can't be an obedient servant, and I'm not for hire really, although I sell my work. I say in my work what is right—although, you know, there is *Rashomon*—right in my mind. In a democracy, everyone has a right to their opinion. People have a right to object to my sculpture. But I have a right to make what I believe if I also believe I'm responsible, and if I've met a lot of stan-

dards. The president of Kent State wanted me to junk the metaphor of Abraham willing to sacrifice his son, Isaac, and substitute a nude young girl putting a flower in the barrel of a young soldier's rifle.

That's a flagrant example of how the literal subject matter can infect an artwork. The level of thinking has to be impeccable all the way through. I'm stuck, you know, if I do my own thinking, I have to stand behind it. It's a sad situation if showing in a gallery or a museum is the last refuge for free expression. If I withdrew from public sculpture, it would mean that free expansion is impossible in public art, that the only level we could hope for would be planned mediocrity or work that is in the service of power, as it is in the Soviet Union, in the service of the government, with everybody existing to serve the government.

Arts-New Jersey: Do you feel that Art-In-Public-Places projects are serving as a catalyst for avant-garde art to grow or continue outside of the gallery world?

Segal: Very possibly, yes. There are art critics who fiercely disagree with that statement. There are art critics who say that it is impossible to meet all of the delicate standards and nuances of the art world because you have to satisfy essentially this ignorant, philistine, lunatic community. I disagree. I think that public sculpture should have bite, it should have superior perceptiveness, and you count on the ability of the community to grasp what's being said.

Arts-New Jersey: You were talking before about New Jersey and how you were pretty much alone 10 or 15 years ago. Do you feel there is a community of artists in New Jersey now? Do you interact with that community? How could it be expanded or strengthened and how could government play a role in that strengthening?



Maquette of "The Constructors" by George Segal.

Segal: That's a hard question for me to answer because, characteristically, ever since I can remember I've been alone in the studio. I know, I'm told that there are tens of thousands of artists who live in New York. I don't know that. Most artists work essentially alone with their private visions. I've lived happily in New Jersey because I'm alone in a very large studio.

Arts-New Jersey: How has your stature in the art world affected your art? Has it limited you, freed you, or forced your down certain paths?

Segal: It's freed me to a great extent, I think. I've done a lot of traveling which has changed my perception of a lot of things. The freedom comes from—well, I was free when I was young and broke. We used to joke about leap-frogging the middle class. If you lived on the fringe of society or the establishment, you had nothing to lose, you just did what you wanted. Then, you have to "leapfrog" the middle class and become rich enough so that it doesn't matter.

Arts-New Jersey: If you had advice for young artists starting out in 1985, what would it be? What is your message to the artists of the '80s and '90s who are just developing their aesthetic ideas, as you did in your twenties?

Segal: I'd discourage them. (laughter) I think the art world now is a much harder place than when I was starting out. When I was starting out, there was no history that an American fine artist could make a living at what he or she was doing. And everybody understood, before they started, that you had to support yourself some other way and do the art you wanted to do on your own time. The young artist today; there's an army of young artists. Their ranks have swelled a thousandfold, and they come into art with the expectation of becoming the equivalent of a rock star. There's a headiness that could be self-defeating. In 1963, I had my first show in Paris and I was ecstatic when I came there, expecting to find a vibrant, vigorous place—you know, the school of Paris I knew from Matisse, Picasso—and I found nothing of the sort. There were seventy art magazines, and every artist who showed bought a favorable review, and all the paintings I looked at looked like pastry decorations. The Parisians didn't seem to care the least bit for the rigor of invention of Picasso and Matisse. Everybody was looking for the lushness of Louis XIV furniture and good manners. All the revolutionary discoveries that had so walloped New York artists were sneered at or treated hostilely in Paris. So that moments of greatness of a time can be very short-lived. And New York could be in danger of losing its greatness now. (Unless there's more emphasis on the rigor of invention and strict standards. ■

By Noreen Tomassi
and Tom Moran

The National Endowment For The Arts Celebrates Its Twentieth Anniversary

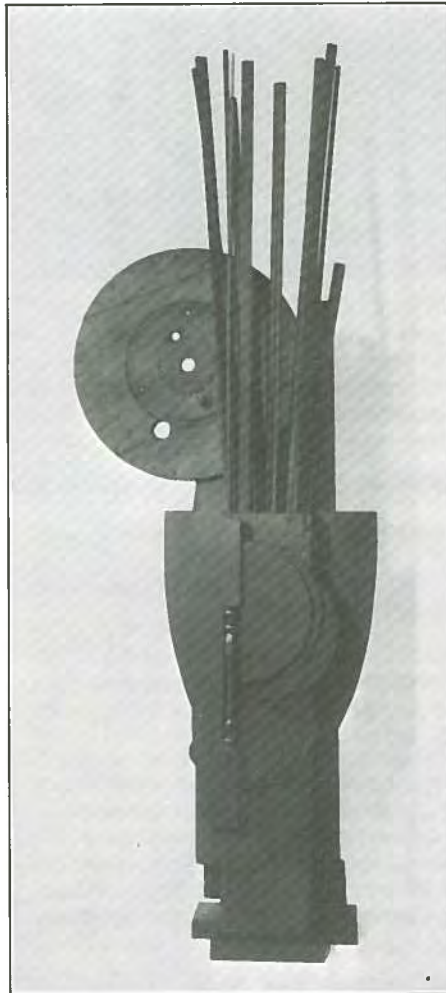
For twenty years the National Endowment for the Arts has stimulated, encouraged, and nurtured the artists and cultural institutions of the United States. Since 1965, its mission has been to foster the excellence, diversity, and vitality of the arts and to help broaden their availability and appreciation. After two successful decades, 1985 will be a year of celebration for the Endowment, culminating in a National Arts Week, which has been declared for the week of September 23-29. New Jersey will have even more reason to celebrate, for that week has also been declared New Jersey Arts Appreciation Week.

The anniversary celebration began on April 23 when President Reagan awarded the newly created National Medal of Arts to twelve major artists and patrons of the arts at a White House ceremony. The recipients were: Elliott Carter, Ralph Ellison, Jose Ferrer, Martha Graham, Louise Nevelson, Leontyne Price, Georgia O'Keeffe, Hallmark Cards, Dorothy Chandler, Lincoln Kirstein, Paul Mellon, and Alice Tully. President Reagan spoke about the importance of the arts to freedom, and said, "Through this medal, we recognize both the artist and the patron; both the creator of art and the supporter and encourager of the creator of art. The one needs the other—and the United States needs both."

There will be many special events during the anniversary celebration, including the publication, by Greywolf Press, of an anthology of work done by recipients of the Creative Writing Fellowships granted by the Endowment's Literature Program. Horizon Magazine will devote a special issue to the Arts in America. In collaboration with the Great Performances PBS-TV series, the Endowment will support the filming of the widely acclaimed "Gospel at Colonus" by Lee Breuer and Bob Telson. A poster, with the headline "CELEBRATE THE ARTS!" will be made available to arts groups and institutions across the country to help promote National Arts Week. Corporations and business leaders are being encouraged to demonstrate their support for the arts, and a national listing of speakers on the arts will be made available to local groups.

An independent Federal agency, the Endowment for the Arts has grown from a budget of \$2.5 million twenty years ago to \$163.6 million in 1985. Most of its work is done through Federal matching grants, which require from \$1 to \$3 in contributions for every dollar allocated. Thus the agency not only provides direct funding, but also stimulates financial support and involvement in the arts from private citizens, public and private organizations, and states and

communities. At least 20% of the program funds must, by law, go to state arts agencies and to regional arts organizations. The Endowment also provides some fellowship grants which are awarded directly to local artists and which require no matching funds.



"Cascades—Perpendicular XXXI" by Medal of Arts recipient Louise Nevelson, on view at The Princeton Gallery of Fine Arts, 8 Chambers St., Princeton.

The Endowment is directed by the National Council on the Arts, a Presidentially-appointed body composed of the Endowment chairman and 26 distinguished citizens who are widely recognized as artists or experts in the arts. Francis S.M. Hodsoll was appointed by President Reagan as the 4th chairman of the Endowment in 1981. He had held many positions with the government, including years as a career Foreign Service Officer, posts in the Commerce Department and Environmental Protection Agency, and Deputy Assistant to the Presi-

dent and Deputy to the Chief of Staff, James A. Baker, III. He received a BA from Yale University and degrees from Cambridge University and Stanford Law School. In his letter of invitation to the 20th Anniversary celebration he states, "It is appropriate that, as we celebrate the past, we also consider the future. The balance of the century will include both change and continuity. Broad appreciation of diversity will become ever more crucial. Just as the exercise of democratic choice in politics should be informed and broad-gauged, so should cultural choice be based on broad cultural understanding."

The chairman for the 20th Anniversary Committee is actor Charlton Heston. Best known for his cinematic career, Heston played in more than 50 films, including his Oscar-winning performance in *Ben-Hur*. He was president of the Screen Actors Guild for six terms, longer than anyone else. In 1978 he was given the Jean Hersholt Humanitarian Award from the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences. He has said that he would like the 20th Anniversary Celebration "to focus attention on the creative life of the Nation in all its diversity."

Each of the major programs administered by the National Endowment for the Arts is guided by a panel of private citizens who are artists or experts in the appropriate field. They review applications, identify problems, and develop policy, although final recommendations on grants and policies are made by the Council on the Arts to the chairman of the Endowment. Some of the programs are: Artists-in-Education; Challenge and Advancement Grants; Dance; Design Arts; Expansion Arts; Folk Arts; Inter-Arts; Literature; Test Program of Support for Local Arts Agencies; Media Arts: Film/Radio/Television; Museums; Music; Opera-Musical Theater; State Programs; Theater; and Visual Arts.

During the 20-year history of the National Endowment for the Arts, America's cultural base has expanded and broadened. The numbers of orchestras, opera companies, theaters, and dance companies eligible for Endowment support have more than tripled during that time. Stimulated by the Endowment's support, community arts associations and media art centers now exist throughout the country. The impact of the Endowment on the artistic climate in the United States has been an important and positive one, and those who are involved in and care about the future of the arts in America can and should enthusiastically join in the Endowment's 20th anniversary celebration. ■

By Barbara L.K. Dye

Summer Festival '85



NJ Pops will appear with Peter Howard on August 24th.

New Jersey's first Summer Festival was presented in 1977 to showcase New Jersey performing artists and to bring new constituencies to the state's parks. By the

summer of 1981, some 250 programs were being presented in 28 New Jersey park sites. Two years later it was decided that "events of a more spectacular nature" should be-

July 20 10AM-4PM
(Rain date: July 21)

6th Annual Allaire Crafts Festival featuring a juried craft show and entertainment by the Magnolia Road Band, Fred Yockers (mime) and the Ariel Puppet Troupe. **At Allaire State Park, Wall Township, Monmouth County.**

July 21 2-5PM
(Rain or shine)

"Music, Dance and View" with entertainment provided by the Concert Company, Bobby D'Angelis & Judy Sabo, Ruth Kaye and the Cider Mill Cloggers. **At High Point State Park, off Rt. 23, High Point Mt., Sussex County.**

July 28 1-7PM

Folk and Bluegrass Music Festival featuring the Appaliachian Boys, the Pine Barrons, the Magnolia Road Band, Elaine Silver, the Cider Mill Cloggers, Gary Struncius & Debby Lawton, Bill Dempsey, Southern Wind, Shirley Keller, Lou Gelfond and the Hot Foot Travelers. **At Wharton State Forest, Batsto Village, off Rt. 542, Burlington County.** (Rain site: Atlantic Community College, Mays Landing)

August 4 1-6PM
(Weather permitting)

Folk Music and Storytelling with these entertainers: McDermott's Handy, Jim Albertson, Lucille Reilly, Dave Orleans, Ed Henderson, Elaine Silver, Shirley Keller, Adaya Henis, Susan Danoff and Gary Struncius & Debby Lawton. **At Swartswood State Park, Newton, Sussex County.**

August 11 4-6PM
(Weather permitting)

Caribbean & Afro-American Music featuring the sounds of Universal Languages' calypso. **At Absecon Lighthouse, Absecon, Atlantic County.**

August 17 6-9PM

Bluegrass & Folk Festival featuring these artists—Jim Albertson, the Appaliachian Boys, Elaine Silver and Bill Dempsey. **At Belleplain State Forest, Woodbine, Cape May County.**

August 24 6-8PM

Peter Howard and the New Jersey Pops featuring, of course, the Pops under Peter Howard who has been musical director of such Broadway hits as CARNIVAL, HELLO DOLLY, 1776, CHICAGO, BARNUM, ANNIE and BABY. **At Monmouth Battlefield State Park, Freehold/Manalapan, Monmouth County.** (Rain site: Freehold Township High School, Freehold)

come a part of Summer Festival to attract media attention and build larger audiences.

Twelve outdoor programs have been planned for Summer Festival '85, and each promises to be a "spectacular" ... bluegrass, jazz, Salsa, folk music, opera, a crafts fair, and much more. The sponsors—the New Jersey State Council on the Arts/Department of State and the Department of Environmental Protection/Division of Parks and Forestry in association with Mary A. Esoldi Productions—kicked off Summer Festival '85 on June 29 at Liberty State Park in Jersey City with *JERSEY JAZZ, A Tribute to Dizzy Gillespie and New Jersey Jazz Artists*. Dizzy Gillespie is a living legend in the world of jazz ... as a brilliant trumpeter, a composer, one of the original "Be-Bop" jazz musicians, and a music theorist. He was joined on stage by five other New Jersey jazz greats: James Moody, Richie Cole, Mickey Tucker, Earl May, and Eddie Gladden. Also on the program were eight dancers from Gallman's Newark Dance Theatre, performing a world premiere of "Sweet Dizzy" to Gillespie's music. Governor and Mrs. Kean served as Honorary Host and Hostess for JERSEY JAZZ. In addition, die-hard jazz fans were able to attend a free concert which featured several other New Jersey jazz musicians between 2:00 and 6:00 PM at Liberty State Park's South Embankment on the same day.

Summer Festival '85 continued on June 30 at Wharton State Forest, Atsion Recreation Area with a free Country & Western and Bluegrass Festival. On July 7, Salsa and Hispanic music entertained audiences at Spruce Run Recreation Area in Clinton. An outdoor opera presentation featuring the New Jersey Opera Theatre took place at Washington State Crossing Park in Titusville on July 14.

Other spectacular programs—all free to the public—are listed to the left. ■

By Doug Morgan



Lucille Reilly will appear on August 4th.

New Jersey Artist: Gregorio Prestopino

Gregorio Prestopino was a man with a vision. In 1980, the New Jersey State Museum in Trenton mounted a one-man exhibition for Prestopino, and when asked to give a statement about himself for the catalogue, he replied,

At a very early age I knew that I wanted to be a painter; no other way of life held any attraction for me. This burning youthful ambition led me to the art school of the National Academy of Design, and since then I have never worked seriously at anything but painting.

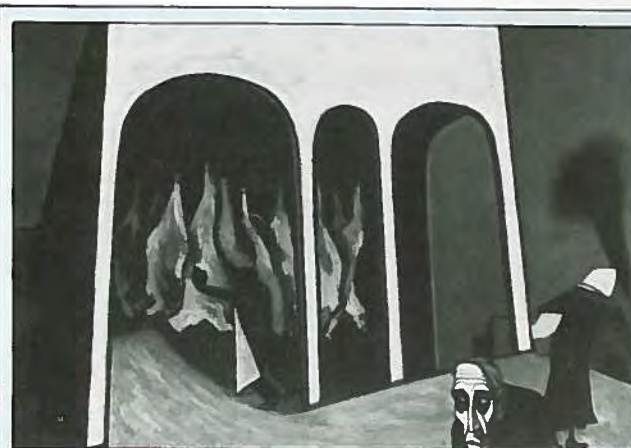
Born in 1907 to parents who emigrated from southern Italy to New York's "Little Italy," Prestopino's difficult childhood on the crowded East Side would have an influence on his work later in life. He went to school at the Murray Hill Vocational High School where he initially began training as a sign painter. However, it was at The Boy's Club, a settlement house for indigent youths, that he realized his true vocation. He won a scholarship to the National Academy of Design, the American equivalent of the French Academy of the Arts, at the age of fourteen.

At the National Academy, Prestopino received conservative training well grounded in academic fundamentals and a healthy respect for the traditions of the past. Prestopino's mentor at the Academy was Charles W. Hawthorne, a leading figure painter of his time. He was responsible for introducing color to Prestopino as an instrumental force in painting.

Surprisingly, it was also in this conservative environment that Prestopino became familiar with the Ash Can School, a group of apostates including George Luks, William Glackens, Arthur B. Davies, John Sloan, Robert Henri, Everett Shinn, Ernest Lawson, and Maurice Prendergast. These artists were not united in any particular style, but all rejected the classical art of the academicians and believed that artists had the right to paint any subject they chose, including the seamier side of life in New York.

Although Prestopino may have been influenced by the Ash Can School, his work is not easily classified, and the artist himself refused to declare himself a member of any "school" or "movement." Rather, Prestopino's work can most easily be interpreted as an emotional response to his environment and experiences. The subject matter of his early work is sometimes considered banal, displaying the rickety fire escapes and gaily colored pushcarts of the urban landscape he grew up in. His later work depends more on nature as a central theme, and it is suggested that his stay at the MacDowell Colony in New Hampshire

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"1932" by Gregorio Prestopino.

PHOTO BY: JOSEPH CRILLEY

The Peer Panel Process

There is a wonderful moment in the film "A Thousand Clowns," when Murray, an unemployed comedy writer, answers his telephone. Not with a *Hello*. Not with a snappy *Murray residence*. Instead, Murray cuts right to the bone: *Money or good news?* He listens a moment; then he hangs up.

Like most writers and artists, I know from experience that to *expect* money or good news is to invite disappointment. Consequently, after I've applied for a grant or a fellowship, I tend to treat my expectations like a dog: *Down boy!* I take nothing for granted. I don't hold my breath. To keep body and soul together I've sometimes taught Creative Writing or English. Occasionally I've written a magazine article or book review. Usually, though, I've gotten by with jobs having little to do with writing: housepainter, truck-driver, bartender, furniture mover, dockworker, shrimper, carpenter. In any case, I've relied more on my own paycheck than upon the kindness of strangers.

So when my telephone rings, I neither jump to conclusions nor, like Murray, ask the improbable; and once in a while I do get lucky—as I did at this time last year when Noreen Tomassi, Literary Arts Coordinator at the New Jersey State Council on the Arts, called to inform me that I'd been awarded a NJSCA grant. Now, I won't try to tell you that I'd forgotten I'd applied. But the truth is, I hadn't thought much about it, nor was I aware of the notification date. So the good news more or less blind-sided me. For about a year I'd been doing carpentry intermittently with work on a book of stories entitled *In God's Country*. Now, with the NJSCA grant cutting my annual income needs almost in half, the prospect of completing the book in 1985 suddenly seemed not out of the question.

My phone call from Noreen was, of course, only one of the steps in the lengthy

process that began when I submitted my application. What exactly that process entails I discovered this year when I served as a panelist on the prose fellowship selection committee—one of the twenty five-member committees assembled by the NJSCA, each of which reviews applicants in a specific artistic discipline. Our criterion for selecting awardees was simple: artistic merit as demonstrated by the work submitted.

Early in March the members of the prose panel were given copies of the forty-eight applications submitted to the NJSCA. They filled two shopping bags. We had a month to read and write a brief report on each, determining for each a numerical "level of priority"—first priority to fourth. First and fourth priority submissions were easiest to grade. Many of the others, however, were problematical. Which, for instance, is of greater virtue: a fictional voice that's fresh but technically unpolished or one that's technically unimpeachable yet perhaps a bit dull? Myself, I tended to favor the engaging voice that sometimes croaked. Ten of these promising writers I assigned to my second-priority category. To my mind, each of these twenty-two "finalists" deserved consideration when the full committee met. For my use during the meeting, I listed them in descending order of personal priority. The ones near the top I was willing to fight hard for; further down the list my advocacy would be less intense.

Like me, the other four panelists were relatively young (in their twenties or thirties) and had published or were under contract to publish at least one book. Two are instructors at universities and novelists, one is an assistant editor of a fiction magazine, and one is a magazine writer. Guiding us through the review process were Noreen Tomassi and Ann Marie Makoski, Grants Coordinator at the Arts Council.

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Panel Process

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Our first order of business was to screen the entire list of applicants, one by one, with each member of the panel declaring the priority—1 to 4—that he or she rated the applicant. As it happened, we quickly decided to remove from further consideration any applicants who failed to receive at least one second-priority classification. The remaining writers—about three-quarters of the original applicant pool—were then reviewed individually. During the various debates that ensued, panelists were free to revise their original assessments.

Once each applicant had been considered, a chart was prepared listing—from best average “score” to worst—the applicants and their individual scores. At the top of the chart, for example, were two applicants who had scored individual marks of 1 1 1 2 2, for a 1.4 average. At the bottom were several applicants who had averaged close to 4. It became obvious that there were clear divisions of quality indicated by our average scores and we were asked to reconsider each grouping—best, very good, and good—to be sure that our scores placed each applicant accurately on the chart in relation to one another. In cases where a panelist's earlier assessment of a particular candidate diverged sharply from the consensus, efforts might be made to bring the lone dissenter more into line with the others. For instance, if an individual's five scores looked like this—2 2 2 2 4—it was likely that the panelist who issued the 4 would feel some pressure to upgrade that 4 to a 3, thereby possibly qualifying the applicant for a small award. With the exception of two cases in which significant differences of opinion could not be reconciled, consensus of opinion prevailed.

Representation of individual races, religions, and sexes among this year's awardees is about as varied, I would say, as is the population of New Jersey. Three of the four top award winners are professional writers. More diverse are the backgrounds of the secondary award winners, among whom are a medical doctor, an administrative aide in the state government, a number of recent graduates of university writing programs, and two very young writers.

Having had some experience applying for grants, and now having had some experience evaluating grant applications, I would have hoped I could offer some inside advice, some pearl of wisdom that transcends the utterly obvious. Unfortunately, though, all I have to offer are a few practical reminders. First, applicants should realize that the people evaluating their manuscripts have a lot to read in a short period of time; don't try their patience with an illegible or single-spaced manuscript, or with a baroque project description that reads like an outline for a year's worth of soap operas, or with a writing sample that lacks some vital

human spark. Like any other admirable product of human craftsmanship, good writing results from discipline and painstaking work. There is no secret formula, no short cut. The best way to win a grant is to write something admirable, something that perks up your reader, opens his eyes. For a pan-

elist reading a pile of manuscripts, the moment of truth most often arrives with the sudden realization that he is no longer reading out of obligation, but out of a genuine desire to learn *what happens next*. ■

By Greg Barron

Tilted Arc Controversy

(continued from page 3)

Architecture Program far outweigh the non-successes and, in fact, it can be argued that the “non-successes” are the true victories of the program, carrying the spirit of the avant-garde and stimulating encounters over time and in familiar settings with the artworks by the public.

The prototype for the present GSA Art-in-Architecture program, the Fine Arts on New Buildings Program, was created by executive mandate in January 1963 during the Kennedy administration. In 1966 a mural created by artist Robert Motherwell for the John F. Kennedy Building in Boston incited hostility. Some viewers mistakenly believed the piece depicted Kennedy's assassination. Others believed the piece to contain a graphic depiction of male genitalia. The resulting furor resulted in the discontinuation of the Fine Arts Program until 1972 when the GSA formulated its present Art-in-Architecture program.

When Richard Serra was invited to present a design for a public sculpture in 1979, he saw it as an opportunity to create a site-specific work in keeping with an artistic concept he had helped to innovate and develop. He would also join the tradition of such distinguished fellow sculptors as Claes Oldenburg and Alexander Calder in utilizing the exceptional challenge of creating a work outside the confines of the museum situation.

Within 13 months of *Tilted Arc's* dedication, more than 1,300 office workers in the Federal Plaza signed petitions demanding *Tilted Arc's* removal. Given the recent history of controversy surrounding public art, in particular the creation of challenging modern art not attuned to mass appeal, the GSA reacted with heightened sensitivity to the issue of *Tilted Arc*.

The ensuing decentralization of authority from the administrators in Washington to regional administrators throughout the nation meant that the regional administrators were now more susceptible to local community pressure. In response to this pressure, New York regional GSA administrator William J. Diamond convened a public hearing in March 1985, ostensibly to gather information and determine the fate of *Tilted Arc*.

Mr. Serra and his attorney, Gustave Harrow, contended that Mr. Diamond had disqualified himself as chairman of the review panel by making public avowals of his predisposition against the sculpture remaining at Federal Plaza. In fact, prior to the

hearing, Mr. Diamond had made statements which appeared in the New York Times on December 9, 1984 and February 3, 1985 favoring removal of the sculpture.

It is Mr. Serra's contention that he has a binding contract with the GSA which explicitly states that he was commissioned to construct a permanent, site-specific sculpture. Reference was made by Mr. Harrow to the recently enacted New York Arts and Cultural Affairs Law, Article 14-A which prohibits the public display of an artist's work in an altered or modified form without his consent. The law also precludes relocation without the artist's consent.

At no time throughout this whole process, contends Mr. Serra, was he ever consulted about relocating *Tilted Arc*.

That Mr. Diamond has not disqualified himself due to his predisposed bias is a curious breach of due process. It has been argued by Mr. Serra and his numerous supporters, whose ranks include leading figures from the art world and public life, that the entire hearing process is in breach of due process and ignores both the existence of a duly executed contract between the government and the artist, as well as the existence of a pertinent state law which supports the artist and his rights.

Yet there appear to be even larger issues at stake in this matter than the artist's legal right. The vocal and strident reactions to Mr. Serra's sculpture, and the incidents experienced by George Sugarman, George Segal, and Maya Ying Lin, illustrate a disturbing pattern in the public's reaction to avant-garde public art. There appears to be a discernible need to investigate the causes of these emotional reactions and discover their underlying rationale. Obviously, there is a need to educate the populace at large to a deeper appreciation and knowledge of the visual arts and until this educational process is incorporated fully throughout the American educational system, controversies such as the one described in this article will continue to arise. In the meantime, there seems to be an effort on the part of communities to instill in artists the concept that they do not work in a vacuum but within a symbiotic ecosystem which needs to communicate social consciousness and awareness of community.

Such efforts, however, raise difficult questions. Where does symbiosis end and censorship begin? If community involvement results in restrictive measures that affect the artist's freedom to create, will art cease to be the meaningful fulcrum of ideas and creativity that it has been for centuries?

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Southville

Southville

is where I go after dark, when everything slows down, when the walls in my place get smaller and I can smell the old smells, stale grease and dust. I'll take one or two pills and everything will speed up. I'll be flying all night, jangled up and ticking, floating on the edge of men. I cut through my back yard, through alleyways between old stores, over to the parking lot behind the all-night lanes. And then I'm on South Street, nothing ahead of me but lights of arcades and all-night peep shows and bars, cheap theaters like palaces in pink neon glow. Around me are spaced-out winos, spaced-out kids, whiskey-voiced men who reach out for a feel. They think they can own me but they can't. They don't know how easy it is to break them, squeeze their moans from them as they move helpless above me in the dark. On the street I look at their eyes. If they're sad I leave them alone with their pain. I want a man who doesn't ask for anything. I know him when his eyes look through me and don't hold me too long. Lots of men can look good, moving along in the night, but if something in their eyes goes narrow, pale, I toss my head, turn away. I know those pale eyes, how a woman can never come back from them, the danger in them like a fist in the face.

My Place

is right on the boulevard that cuts through the middle of the city, right between north and south. My kitchen's yellow. In it are two cupboards, a hot water sink, a refrigerator that used to be white. Whoever lived here before me painted the bathroom pink, except for the mirror, which has a black plastic frame. It's shiny and polished and hard, almost like wood. When I want to look at myself I drag the kitchen chair in to stand on. I can't quite see my face. Just below where it should be is a crack in the top of the glass. I run my hands over and over my body, my ribs and waist and hips. I'm soft but there's bone underneath, men know that. It's been maybe twelve years since I first went with a man and not one's ever told me I'm fat.

In my other room I've got one bed, one chair. I found the chair with Jake, one night when we were driving around the northern outskirts, up and down the lanes near the country club, past houses you can't quite see from the road. It was on the curb, on its side, red velvet damp from the grass. Jake set it up straight, sat down in it. He pulled me onto his lap, played with my skirt, my legs. We were high, we stayed a long time. Then he put the chair in the trunk. After we drove it back to my place he told me he wanted to sit in it every night, me bringing him anything he wanted. His voice kept coming to me in waves, I laughed and laughed. I don't let any of them have me like

that. My place is too small for anyone but me and if I want a man I go to him. The landlady likes that. This is a respectable neighborhood, she told me once, it ain't Southville. The only man ever spends the night is Michael. He's older than me and he's been with a lot of women. He was married twice. He says each one of them who came before me was nice, she was fine, but she was just a woman and no more. Each one is gone, Michael says, I'm here with him now. Once I asked him wasn't I just a woman, wasn't that all. He held me for a long time. He said maybe, maybe, but he didn't think so. I looked at his eyes the way I always do. They're deep and gray and sad but I can't stay away from them. Michael. I can't figure him out and until I can there's nothing to lose.

Dr. Coogan

has his office on South Street, right above

Pussycat Books. Not too many people come to see him anymore but he doesn't seem to mind. Once I said I'd bring him some patients if he wanted. Said I'd go down to the bus station at dawn, line up all the strung-out junkies, winos with rotted-out guts. There were a lot of them out there he'd never seen, I told him. He must've thought I was joking because he laughed, but that's all right. He's not a bad man. Right after I came to work for him he tried some funny stuff a few times, but I said no and he stopped. It's what almost any man would've done and I don't hold it against him. Though I dropped out of school before I got my nurse's diploma he hired me anyway and that's what counts. He doesn't pay that much, but he's nice to me and I don't have to work too hard. I talk to his patients before he looks at them, ask them how they're feeling, what's wrong. They want something. It's not me, it's not that simple. Not one of the men has ever tried anything though I'm alone in the room with them and a lot tell me I'm pretty. Even the women, even the

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PHOTO BY: CLIFF MOORE

"Under Milkwood" tours to Stockton State College.

Touring Arts

The Stockton State College Performing Arts Center helped inaugurate the New Jersey State Council on the Arts' new state-wide touring program for New Jersey's regional touring companies this past March with two performances of *Under Milkwood* by the McCarter Theatre of Princeton.

The visit by McCarter featured a free young people's matinee performance for area school groups and an evening performance for the general public. "This project would not have been possible but for the forward-thinking, risk-taking attitude of the Board of the Geraldine R. Dodge Foundation," said Michael Rose, director of the Stockton State College Performing Arts Center, "and subsequently, upon an-

nouncement of initial Dodge Foundation funding, the New Jersey State Council on the Arts."

The College will continue its theatre touring project next season with performances by the New Jersey Shakespeare Festival, Crossroads Theatre Company, Theatre of Universal Images, George Street Playhouse, and the Whole Theatre Company.

The project has been made possible by generous grants from the Geraldine R. Dodge Foundation, the primary sponsor; Prudential Foundation; Atlantic County Allied Arts Council; and the NJSCA's Touring Program. ■

By Ronnie Weyl

Corporate Support For the Arts

Editor's Note: The following speech by Anton Campanella was presented at the Garden State Ballet Annual Benefit Gala on May 31, 1985. We have obtained permission to include it in this issue of *Arts-New Jersey* because we feel it presents a compelling argument for the necessity of corporate support of the arts.

Thanks to all of you for coming out tonight to give your support to the Garden State Ballet.

It's the help you give to this dance company and other artistic endeavors here in New Jersey that is so gratifying. Without your individual and corporate patronage, 30,000 New Jerseyans wouldn't be able to enjoy the magic that the Garden State Ballet projects from the stages of auditoriums around the state each year.

But I have a confession to make.

I wasn't always a believer in corporate support of the arts. In fact, it was a little awkwardly that I became a convert.

It was back in the '60s that Bob Lilley, who was president of New Jersey Bell at the time, called me in and suggested—in the manner that only the guy in the corner office can—that I join the Board of Trustees of the Ballet.

If he had asked me to serve on some government commission or a business roundtable studying an economic issue I would have understood. As it was, I didn't understand.

For one thing, I had no appetite for ballet. While my wife Sally always was a fan, I didn't understand it. At that point in my life, it was just a lot of light music and jumping around executed for an audience of the culturally elite. It was an activity that little girls in black leotards practiced in grammar school gymnasiums.

But I also didn't understand why a company like New Jersey Bell would be involved. Our business was providing good telephone service and earning a profit for our investors. What could the Ballet have to do with that?

I'm only standing here tonight because I learned a lot by accepting Bob Lilley's executive invitation. I learned to appreciate one of the most exquisite art forms human creativity has ever devised.

But there is a more important lesson. And that is that business has an obligation to support the arts. We must lend our management skills to artistic companies.

Looking back in time, we see that the commercial-artistic partnership is largely responsible for humankind's rich legacy of beauty and creativity.

Have you ever wondered how the Michaelangelos and others would have channeled their creativity if business people had not supported them?

Over the centuries, what great paintings and sculptures, beautiful cathedrals, symphonies, operas, and plays would have died,

unexpressed, in the minds of the great artists if business people had not furnished the money and the work orders that made them possible?

In modern times, would America's great cultural resources—its libraries, museums, ballet companies, and its great concert halls—even exist without the likes of Andrew Mellon, John D. Rockefeller, and Daniel Guggenheim? These individuals, their businesses, and the trusts they created have enriched America.

As fate would have it, one set of social needs nearly supplanted another. A disruption in business support of the arts occurred during and after the Depression. And that break was so clean that we are still, today, in the process of overcoming it.

From the Depression through the early '50s, the arts barely survived. The war, of course, didn't help things. But as Americans enjoyed the Boom times of the '50s and '60s, it was the people of this country that launched a rebirth of culture in America.

Business didn't really begin to get back into the act until 1965. At that time, John D. Rockefeller III chaired a committee of society leaders to study funding for the arts.

The report that group issued warned that the arts were in trouble in America. It said that business had to rejoin the government and individuals in patronage of the arts.

It was that commission that finally got through to business leaders with these words: "The arts are one of the central elements of a good society, an essential of a full life for the many, not a luxury for a few."

That report clearly made the important point that the arts are essential if we are to improve the moral fabric of our society.

Almost overnight, the connection between commerce and culture was re-established.

Why?

There are really two reasons.

The first is social. Businesses also exist to serve the public. That means they must also work to improve the quality of life in the areas where they do business. They must, like individuals, be good citizens. They must do more than pay taxes and obey the laws. They must give something back.

When we started to recognize this, we gave it a name: corporate social responsibility.

Is that real or just a buzzword for headlines in business magazines? I, for one, think it's real. And the proof of it is right here, in the Garden State Ballet.

There's a second reason why businesses should support the arts. And that is that by supporting cultural activities, businesses enrich the lives of the employees, customers, and shareholders they depend on.

That means they make their marketplace a better place to live, work, and earn. And

I, for one, know for a fact that what's good for New Jersey and its people is good for New Jersey Bell.

What makes this a good place to live also makes this a good place for me to do business.

Unfortunately, all businesses are not involved in the arts. I wish they would be.

I'd like to think that businesses all over the state could learn from and appreciate the hard work, the skills, the drive, and the dreams of people like Fred and Evelyn Danielli—people who efficiently and expertly transform our monetary gifts into the beauty and grace of dance—and in their field, help the moral fabric of society.

And I'd like to think that every business leader in New Jersey can make a spiritual connection with the Guggenheims and the Mellons who have preceded us—that they can understand and act on the precedent and what it means both to their businesses and the people they serve.

I'd like to share this award tonight with the 21,000 employees of New Jersey Bell and others who are no longer with New Jersey Bell. It is people like them who keep the ideal of corporate participation in our society alive in New Jersey.

Thank you. ■

On the Cover

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examination, the horizontal lines of the video process dissolved reality. The objects or facial features are abstracted to bands of light and dark. The size of the enlargement also adds to uncertainty of the subject matter—the larger-than-life size does not match reality. As the viewer steps back, the subject matter in the image becomes more obvious. But even at this further distance the color or lack of it is not real. The effect again is an abstraction."

Lokuta has been represented in over 150 exhibitions throughout the world. Several of his most recent one person exhibitions include: The New School/Parsons School of Design, New York; New Jersey State Museum; Srenca Gallery, Belgrade, Yugoslavia; The Newark Museum; The Cathedral Museum, New York; Robeson Center Gallery, Rutgers University, Newark; T. Debac Gallery, Zagreb, Yugoslavia. He has had three video portraits appear in a show at Lincoln Center's Cork Gallery in New York and his photographs are included in numerous private, corporate, and museum collections such as: The International Center of Photography, New York; The Ohio State University; The New Jersey State Museum; The Bibliotheque Nationale, Paris, France; The Smithsonian Institution; and the Museum of Modern Art, Belgrade, Yugoslavia.

Lokuta received two NJSCA Fellowships in Photography in 1980 and 1981. ■

By Ronnie Weyl

New Council Members



Left to right: Joanna LaSane, Clement A. Price, Secretary of State Jane Burgio, Lillian Levy at swearing-in ceremony in Camden.

“Let The Show Go On,” might have been the theme song at the recent oath-taking of the two new members of The New Jersey State Council of the Arts. Two Atlantic City teachers and performing artists, Joanna LaSane and Lillian Levy, were sworn in on May 28, 1985 at the Walt Whitman Center in Camden at the monthly Council meeting. They will serve 3-year terms with the 20-member Council. Both have been performers themselves and have worked to enable the performing careers of others.

Joanna LaSane had directed the Atlantic City Children's Theater for twelve years, is a representative of the Arts and Lecture Series for Stockton State College, and, currently, to augment her work in the high schools, she is a drama consultant to the Early Childhood Education Program of Atlantic City. She works in a Community Center that serves as a school. As Drama Instructor she teaches at the ten-year-old Theater-in-the-Round and instructs students from two high schools who come to the resource.

In addition to her current activities working with students, parents, and the greater Atlantic City community, Ms. LaSane was the first well-televised international Black model for various major commercial products. She was also active in the formation of the Lafayette Theater Company in New York in the 1960s and trained at the Negro Ensemble Company. Her response to the news of her nomination by Governor Kean to the Arts Council was disbelief: “This is a dream,” she said a day after the oath-taking ceremony. “Just to be heard, to have an impact, is so exciting.”

The Atlantic Children's Theater, her own group, has had no special funding and has enlisted members of the community as volunteer costumers and stagehands and has turned to them for funding. She has worked with children from two years old to graduating high-school seniors. She has had confirmation of reading readiness in the preschoolers who have trained in her drama group and, as the director, has raised

money over the past dozen years to provide seven college scholarships for graduating students.

A practical visionary, Joanna LaSane sees the Arts Council appointment as an opportunity to make a better world. Her work with children has convinced her that arts education is essential. “The only way to change the world is through the growth of children, what we show them. And if we start early enough, we can achieve great things.”

A polyglot in the arts, who has served for

the past five years as the vice chairman of the Atlantic County Cultural and Heritage Advisory Board, Lillian Levy is a piano teacher and concert performer, a singer and organist. She is also a painter who has shown work in oil, acrylic, and watercolor, and, true to form, she has combined the graphic arts and music to give multimedia exhibits at the Atlantic City Art Center.

As impresario, she has organized New Jersey Symphony youth concerts and community performances at Stockton State College, where she served from 1981 to 1983 on the Special Events Committee. She has judged scholarship auditions, developed adult and children's art curricula for the Ventnor Cultural Arts Center, and directed the Performing Arts Program for the Atlantic County Allied Arts Council Spring Festival from 1979 to 1983. She hosts receptions for the Concert Association to receive celebrities and, not surprisingly, received the 1983 Outstanding Volunteer Award from the Cultural and Heritage Advisory Board.

“I was thrilled,” she said about her new position as a member of the Arts Council. “I want to bring what South Jersey is doing to the attention of others, but my concern is for art everywhere. Art does not have geographic limitations. It does not save lives, after all, but it does feed and save the soul, and it feeds the line of communication. That's why the work of the Council is so important.” ■

By Elizabeth Socolow

Guidelines For Nonprofits: Correction

The guidelines for charitable organizations, printed as the first of a two-part article on “Doing Business: Guidelines for Nonprofits” (December 1984 Arts New Jersey), were inaccurate in several respects. Thanks to the attention of the Attorney General's Office of The State Of New Jersey, we have received the text of the relevant laws and the standard interpretation in use. We hope that no one has been seriously inconvenienced by the misunderstanding of our contributor. We offer the correct information here:

First: No matter who they work for, professional fundraisers are required, as individuals, or representatives of a professional fundraising group or corporation, to file a bond in the amount of \$10,000.

Second:

1. Charitable organizations that receive less than \$10,000 in contributions in a fiscal year and have used no professional fundraisers are exempt from filing with the Charities Registration Section. They need not register nor need they file financial reports.

2. Charitable organizations that receive between \$10,000 and \$50,000 in annual contributions, whether those contributions are raised by professional fundraisers or people unpaid for such services, may re-

quest a WAIVER of the opinion signed by an independent public accountant. ALL CHARITABLE ORGANIZATIONS RECEIVING BETWEEN \$10,000 AND \$50,000 ARE REQUIRED TO FILE AN AUDITED REPORT WITH THE CHARITIES REGISTRATION SECTION AND, THUS, REQUIRED TO REGISTER BEFORE FILING.

3. No charitable organization engaged in fundraising is required to file a bond in the amount of \$10,000 or any other amount. The requirement to file a bond pertains to professional fundraisers paid for their services.

For complete information, contact:

The Attorney General's Office
The State of New Jersey
Richard Hughes Justice Complex
CN 080
Trenton, NJ 08625
(609) 292-8740

Attention:

Mary D. Scaliti
Deputy Attorney General

or:

The Charities Registration Section
1100 Raymond Boulevard
Newark, NJ 07103
(201) 648-7579

Southville

(continued from page 10)

children, they all want something. As I shake down the thermometer I put my hand on their foreheads, sit with them and smile as they hold it in their mouths. After I take it out I touch their foreheads again. I feel the heat of their skin then and I know they feel my hand. They look at me as if this is all nice, so nice, and even if they're really sick they smile back at me. I keep my voice low. It's all right, I tell them. No matter if it's a lie. It's all right, you're going to be all right.

Miranda

was the one who told me about Jake. She was younger than me but looked older, deep dry lines in a face gone yellow. She told me she shot up in bars, in bus station stalls, there wasn't a bathroom in Southville where Miranda hadn't been with her junk. She was thin, Miranda was, she was sick. She came to Coogan with the hepatitis, too many months of crusted-out needles. When I sat with her in the examining room she couldn't stop talking. Told me it was no lie, she needed her junk and that was that. She gave me Jake's number, his name. He's got anything you want, she told me. Kept babbling like I wasn't even there.

It was maybe two weeks later when I got bored, needed pills. I called him up. Said Miranda had told me, Miranda something-or-other. Oh, he said finally. Miranda. They found her a couple days ago, old warehouse off the end of South Street. She was junked out bad, he said, she had it coming. Look what a flaky kid she was, giving out names

like that! I kept shivering a little. I wondered about his eyes, wondered what would happen if I went with him, if he'd let me come back. Then he said he liked my voice, he could tell it wasn't a junkie's voice. I told him I like to stay up, I hated to sleep. While I was talking I felt my hand reaching, grabbing something, a pencil. I kept rubbing it dark and thick into the wall, blotting out the faded yellow paint. Jake laughed, said I ought to meet him someplace, maybe the bus station on South Street, tonight even, nine o'clock. I went there for him that first night and I've gone there ever since. I like his pills, his pink car, the way his hands don't miss anything. His face is pale, whiter than mine, and he wears gold sunglasses even in the dark. He's nothing but crazy and I like it.

The Phone

in my place is pale yellow, it blends in with the wall. When it rings in the morning it's Coogan, usually, telling me I've overslept again, get down to the office fast. In the evening it's Michael or someone else I've met, wanting to see me. Every now and then it's my mother. She always talks a long time. I can't blame her, living in the rest home as she does, halfway to Scranton. They let her do what she wants, come into the city, go to church, wall around the grounds by herself. Sometimes she gets a bus and comes to see me. I only went to see her once, hitchhiked up maybe a month ago, a Sunday. We took a long walk, feet bare in the cut grass. She asked me what she always asks, was I seeing anyone special. Time you settled down, she told me. I told her I was seeing someone named Jake.

When I said his name it sounded funny. I turned to her, watched her push her hair back with her hand. I saw short uneven nails, polish red and chipped. I remember her fixing my hair when I was little, guiding the brush down slowly, no pain. And I thought about Michael then, I wanted to tell her about Michael. Mama, I wanted to say, Mama, there's this man I keep going back to, this man who calls out my name in the dark. He calls it in a way I've never heard before. Mama, when he's inside me all tight and urgent I can almost get to him but I turn back, Mama, I turn back. I wanted to say this and a lot more that I didn't even have words for, but I knew she couldn't help me. I kept looking ahead. Somewhere beyond the grass and the hills and the sky all pale I saw how she was when my father died, it always comes back. How we both heard the gun go off, how she ran right to the stairs but I couldn't move. How later I found her sitting with him in blood, holding his hand, spatters of red all over the deep blue sweater he gave her. How she crossed herself with spiderleg fingers, over and over. How it took two cops to quiet her hand.

Michael

comes over once or twice a week, it's all I'll allow. Sometimes when we make love he whispers my name. He says he wants me for a long time. I think maybe he does it to make me want him more, to get me to do anything for him. I don't know. When he holds me afterwards he smooths the hair back from my face, says words I can't quite hear. I met him one afternoon at Coogan's office, he was the last patient. When I asked him what was wrong he said his stomach was bad, all knots, hotwire pains. He said he didn't have much money but he liked to paint. He was painting a picture, lots of reds and blues and violets, they were beginning to swirl around and around on the canvas till he couldn't see them anymore, till nothing made sense but the pain in his stomach. He told me I couldn't understand that, probably, but I saw his eyes. They were sad, but I liked them. They were so deep I couldn't look away. I told him he was wrong, maybe I could understand. I looked at him for a long time, didn't even hear Coogan come in. After Coogan got through with him it was raining. Do you need a ride, Michael asked me. (Usually I walk but I heard the splashing in the street. In his car I watched the wipers make rivers of rain. He told me Coogan couldn't say what was wrong with him, but what could anyone expect from doctors? In my place he sat in the velvet chair, rubbing the arms. He asked where I got it, such a nice chair, when there was hardly any other furniture around. I didn't tell him about driving high around the north side of the city, about Jake. Someone threw it out, I said. Can you imagine? Again I saw his eyes. Lots of things get thrown out, he said. Lots of things. His fingers made deep red shadows in the cloth. Nice. I went to him, closer. Does it hurt now, I asked. I brushed against his

Tilted Arc Controversy

(continued from page 9)

Despite the presence at the March hearing of a broad spectrum of individuals—artists, curators, former Senator Javits, and many others—and the overwhelming support in favor of Richard Serra, on April 10th the panel recommended destroying *Tilted Arc* by dismantling it and removing it from Federal Plaza.

Tom Moran, Visual Arts Program Coordinator of the New Jersey State Council on the Arts, appeared at the hearing to give testimony on behalf of Richard Serra. This excerpt from his statement reflects the view held by many who supported *Tilted Arc*.

"As a student living in Poland, I witnessed the suppression of artists and their artwork, and I find it alarming to see the coordinated suppression of an artwork occurring in this country. The unfortunate result of the removal of *Tilted Arc* is evidence of the latest domino effect leveled against the growth and nurturing of this nation's cultural freedom and artistic stature in the world . . . Whether the artwork will unanimously be assimilated into the populist expectations of this society one cannot foresee, but the opportunity for that eventuality should not be

ruled out at this early time."

On January 30, 1985 the Art-in-Architecture program was selected to receive one of the first Presidential Awards for design excellence. In presenting the award, President Reagan commended the program as a "courageous program which has supported many stimulating and often controversial works of art in federal facilities across the nation."

In a personal letter to President Reagan asking him to intervene and prevent the removal of *Tilted Arc*, Richard Serra wrote:

"The fate of the sculpture will soon be decided. I am writing to you personally, however, to ask your support not simply for it, but for all artistic expression, whether in the visual, literary, or performing arts. My concern is with the preservation of artistic freedom and creative expression, without which there can be no genuine art, and no meaningful cultural heritage." ■

By Barry Kipnis

Editor's Note: As we went to press, *Tilted Arc* had not yet been removed from its site in the Federal Plaza. In a phone interview, Gustave Harrow, Mr. Serra's lawyer, informed us that should removal and, therefore, destruction of the piece occur, Mr. Serra would proceed with a breach-of-contract suit.

leg. Your stomach. No, he said. When he reached for me he was slow, careful. I ran my fingers along the lines of his face. It doesn't hurt, he whispered. He didn't pull me down to him. He moved forward, buried his face against my waist.

Honey

is what a lot of them call me. Honey, says, Michael, honey, says Jake. Honey, honey, say the men in the Southville night. From a different time I remember my mother, the way she spoke to me when I was a child. Honey, she used to say, it's time for school, it's time for church. I used to kneel beside her during Mass, breathe in white flowers, white walls, high buzzy Latin of the priest. When she crossed herself her nails were perfect and red. Honey get your father some water get your father a beer. Get him some aspirin, he's not feeling well. When I handed him aspirin I smelled gin and sweat. Sometimes when drinking made him crazy she sat in the hallway and cried. But other times she stayed up with him half the night, rinsing his face, him mumbling words that got all twisted together. When I got older I saw bruises on her arm. Once I asked her why she bothered. Honey, she said, and her eyes were gray and clear, honey, what's a woman for but to keep a man out of trouble? Now and then in the night her words come back to me out of some misty nowhere place. Once I woke up crying, hearing them. Honey, honey. And it was Michael saying it, Michael trying to keep me still. It's all right, he kept whispering, go back to sleep. When he held me against him I couldn't stop shivering. I kept staring at the sky, thick dawn coming into the room. It's always like this. He can't quite soothe me, ever.

Smells

of Michael are always nice. I like the clean male heat of his body, his clothes. But right now he's been with me too long. Hours after he leaves the air in my place is filled with him. It's too warm. I can't breathe without thinking about him. And I feel that need for Jake coming on, I know Jake will release me. I call him up. He says give him two hours, I watch the clock. And then I'm back in Southville, down at the bus station, waiting. On benches are old black-coated women, passed-out drunks. I don't sit down. My feet keep moving as I get warm, get ready. I know he won't be late. Right before the 9:02 leaves for Philly his car shimmers larger and larger, pink in the South Street lights. Honey, he says as I slip in beside him. I know how to look at him just right, I know that once Michael said my eyes are coal-dark, coal-hard. Honey, he says again, laughing. When he hands me the speed I laugh too, laugh so hard I choke on the pills, spit one out. I hold it up to him in the dark. See this, I say. It's as black as my eyes. He takes it from me. With two fingers he eases it into my mouth. Fingers cool on my throat, stroking. Swallow your medicine, he says. Good little kitty.

For awhile we drive up and down South Street, check out smoothskinned kids, dark whores slouched in doorways, the lights, all the lights. When we start laughing again Jake keeps going, past the factories, out almost into the night. Up the ramp to the expressway and we're jangling off down the fast lane, buzzing our glitterpink plane down the runway, planes above, below, all around us. Jake pushes the lights off they can't see us flashes the high beams they can't catch us. Lights everywhere, little firefly specks darting, winking at us as we race off into the dark. Jake pulling me to him, knotting my hair with his hand.

Four in the morning

and we've pulled off the highway. On a hill beyond Southville Jake parks in an old lot, all cinders and metal and glass. In the valley below us the factory lights are yellow dots. Like some fast-breathing drive-in kid Jake guides us into the back seat, pulls me to him, digs his hands into my hips. When he lets me go I take off my clothes. I'm cold, sweaty against him, coming down off the pills. I want him to hold me. But he digs his elbows into my arms, covers my eyes with his hands. He's never done this before, never. He's not giving me any chance to watch his face. He hurts as he moves inside me. Around me the lights are dimming and it's hard to breathe. As we move faster he takes his hands away. Look, he whispers, and his breath is hot and stale. He turns my head toward the window. Far below us the factory chimneys shoot up short flames. Beyond them is Southville, steady pink glow in the night. Look at the flames, he urges me. That's all anything is. Flames. But the lights are dimming and it hurts to see. Somewhere inside me he's deep and fast,

Gregorio Prestopino

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for three consecutive summers in the 1950s resulted in his change. It was also around this time that Prestopino moved to Roosevelt, New Jersey, where trees were a more commonplace sight in the suburban setting.

Prestopino's work is largely concerned with flat space and the manipulation of two-dimensional planes to create surface patterns. This may be a reflection of his love for Oriental art and its inherent decorative qualities. Color is also of paramount importance in his paintings. It is used to evoke a particular atmosphere and to complement the energy of his special compositions.

Prestopino participated in numerous group exhibitions and had eighteen one-man shows in New York alone during his lifetime. His work is represented in collections all over the country, including the permanent collections of the New Jersey State Museum and the Montclair Museum in New Jersey, the Whitney Museum, the Museum of Modern Art, the Walker Art Center, the Chicago Art Institute, and the Hirshhorn Museum.

and the flames are sliding, twisting into faces. My mother's face with its eyes shut, lips moving, and my father's face drenched in blood, the faces of Coogan's patients, all of them wanting something, Miranda's face, all yellow and lined. Jake's face which I can't see and my face which I never look at when I'm in the mirror, touching myself. And Michael's face, Michael's. It comes close to me, blurs, dissolves into black. Pain of Jake's teeth as he bites my shoulder, collapses against me in the dark.

At dawn

nothing has color. Not the buildings up and down the boulevard, not the pavement, not the sky. When Jake pulls up by my place to let me off he sees it first. Hey, he says. There's a man over there. There's a man waiting for you. I move my head, look up. Michael. He's on my stoop, looking at the car. His mouth opens slightly, then closes. I can't stay here, can't get out. My fingers are gripping the door handle, thin and cold. Something makes me keep pushing until the door swings open. Jake pulls me back. He looks at me for a long time. Through his gold glasses I can see the faint narrow lines of his eyes. His mouth is tight, twisted into a grin. Well, he says, you better take care of this one yourself. With both hands he pushes me out of the car. I stumble onto the driveway, catch myself with my hands. Cinders burn, scrape my palms. I hear a motor gunning, footsteps. Michael coming toward me. Somewhere a screech of tires as he pulls me up. Out of the corner of my eye I see Jake's car getting smaller, gray-pink in the dawn light. And Michael is pulling me, pushing me away from him, pulling me back again. Sobs from his throat as he
(continued on page 15)

This year, one year after his death, the Sidney Rothman Gallery in Barnegat Light is having a special In Memoriam exhibition of Gregorio Prestopino's work. Sidney Rothman began showing Prestopino's work in 1968 when the New Jersey State Museum mounted a three-man exhibition including the works of Prestopino, Ben Shahn, and Jacob Landau, and he is the only dealer who has shown Prestopino's work consistently since that time. Of his relationship with Prestopino, Mr. Rothman commented, "Our relationship was extremely honorable and relaxing. Presto was a man with a big, big warm heart." He also added that Prestopino was the top artist of his gallery and one of New Jersey's finest artists.

The exhibition will include nine early Prestopino works executed during his career in New York, and eleven watercolors, drawings, and prints that were done after his move to New Jersey.

The Sidney Rothman Gallery is located at 21st on Central Avenue in Barnegat Light, New Jersey. The exhibition will run from May 26 through September 15, 1985, and gallery hours are 1-5 pm daily. ■

By Bonnie Bird

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Southville

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shakes me, jerks me faster and faster. Why, he cries to me. Why? I keep breathing the smell of myself, pill sweat and stale sex. His fist flies out once, hard, catches my jaw, my lip. A long moan, dry and final, and he's gone, running out into the empty boulevard, down toward South Street like Jake's car.

I crawl over to the lawn. In the cool grass I clench and unclench my fists, feel the little droplets of dew in my nostrils, my eyes. I stay there for a long time. Later I find my keys, jiggle open the door to my place. Through the bathroom window the morning sun is yellow and bright. With my fingers I trace the black mirror frame over and over. I glance at my face, then away. Then I look back into the mirror. I see my eyes, wide and startled. Deep shadows under them. Faint lines around my mouth. On my chin is a blotchy bruise, purple-blue. From my lip a trickle of blood runs down into it.

My mother

comes to visit me again. Once or twice a year she does this, each time the same

way. Saturday evening, the 6:15 up from Scranton. She won't stay beyond Sunday morning. They'll miss me at the home, she'll say. I know she'll want me to laugh so I'll do it.

On Saturday night I give her my bed. With the pillow and a blanket I curl up on the floor. As I listen to the two of us breathe I feel the wood cold and hard against my hips. And he comes to me in the dark, Michael does, he swirls around and around with all the women he's ever told me about. I make a face for every name. They moan low dovemoans for him and their lips are always wet. Toward morning the room turns pale. My mother's snores are soft, tired. She sleeps on her back as she always did. With my eyes I trace her nose and chin, their long sharp lines.

Sunday morning before she leaves we go for a walk down the boulevard. At the bakery she puts her bag down, pays for two rolls. As we eat we walk past the fire station, the news stand, the church at the corner of South Street. We walk through bells and perfume, starched dresses and sweat. I see her reach with her hand to cross herself, then stop. She turns to me. You know, she

says, I stopped going to church maybe a year ago. Across South Street a man is standing still, staring. He moves on. These rituals, she says. Nothing to 'em, nothing. He's thin and strong and his hair is very black. As he goes into Southville I feel something belly-deep, a memory. I remember his back, the rising and falling of his shoulders. I was with him once, maybe last winter. My mother looks at me, touches my arm. I turn away. She holds on. You didn't sleep at all last night, she says. Did you. Once last winter I held him, made him gasp. His eyes opened and his face went soft. I'm squeezing something sharp, bony. Mama. I'm holding my mother's hand. Mama, I say. The bells in my ears get louder. I look around the corner, down South Street. Five blocks to the bus station. One two three four five. The light stays yellow, there must be something wrong. Though we don't have to cross the street we stand there staring, waiting for it to change. ■

By Cori Jones

Cori Jones is a recipient of a 1985 NJSCA Special Artistic Merit fellowship.