

The Sculptors

By W. E. Hill

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The portrait. The worst of sitting for a portrait bust is the fact that one never knows what it's going to be in the end. Sometimes a perfectly good head of a debutante will go smoothly for a dozen or so sittings, and then, all of a sudden, the sculptor will exclaim happily, "I think I shall call this 'Africa Is About to Speak' and send it to the academy show—you won't mind, will you?"



The big strong stuff. Portrait of a sculptor who goes in for crouching pieces, enjoying a touch of the dismal on a dull winter morning. The academy turned down two masterpieces, "The Unawakened Soul" and "Earth Man," more's the pity.



The cute sculpture. Ladies who specialize in elves, gnomes and pixies suitable for cute fountain pieces in suburban gardens get a fairly good break from the lay public. Because, after all, one can only say, "O, how cunning! How darling!" or "O, the sweetums" about a pixy. Which is so much better than having to listen to an amateur critic say: "Well, Josephine, I can't help feeling that there's something wrong with the left side of her face" (if it's a portrait bust), "I never saw Julia's eye sag like that, and really, no one could chew with such a jaw!"



The allegory. This big seated figure is not just a portrait of Mrs. Classic, the artist's wife (although she did pose for it), indeed, no. It is full of symbolism, and many they are who think it is the best work Lucullus Classic has done.



The white slave. You've no idea how husbands of struggling young lady sculptors do hate holidays and Sundays, when, like as not, Honey will say, "Precious, do you mind posing a while this morning? My model has disappointed me again, and I do so want to work on my 'Sleeping Titan.' And just keep your eye on Junior as he plays around the studio!"



The memorial. Harold Pinkney Outburst did this charming bas-relief of a satyr getting cuddlesome with nymphs for the Eliza E. Cumbersome memorial, and it is going to be placed in front of the city hall.



The Figurine. Karl Simmerby does small but expensive figurines out of tin, zinc, tinfoil or leather (just as he feels), and the smaller they are, the larger the price tag.



The specialist in animals. Miss Norine Bent sticks pretty closely to the animal world. See how intense she is over the finishing touches to "Wombat at Bay."



The criticism. "Tell me honestly, Mr. Maul, do you think I am ready for an exhibition?" "Yes, and then again, no. I think you have not yet completely found yourself. In another year, I should say, you will be ripe."