TWO WOMEN WHO COLLABORATE IN SCULPTURE:  BY BERTHA H. SMITH

At the spring exhibition of the Society of American Artists a conspicuous place in the main salon was given to a life-size sculptured group designated in the catalogue, "Boy and Goat Playing." The group attracted much attention, and to some whose eyes ran across the page for the artist's name there was something of surprise in finding it the work of Anna Vaughn Hyatt and Abastenia St. Leger Eberle. It was not surprise that it should be the work of women. The world has long since ceased to be surprised that any accomplishment should be a woman's. Women have not only been admitted into that holy of holies, the world's work room, but they have entered as high priests with every sacred right there, and much expected of them in their service. The surprise was to find it the joint work of two sculptors. Collaboration in sculpture is not so usual a thing but that it still has a unique interest. In the case of these two young women, the arrangement is a distinct departure from every precedent, their purpose being to work together in the future on animal and figure groups. The first announcement of this purpose was a group called "Men and Bull," exhibited last year at the St. Louis Exposition and awarded a bronze medal. This success with their first group encouraged them to begin at once on another which they had been working out in thought for a year. This by close work they succeeded in completing just in time for them to accept an invitation to exhibit at New York's biggest annual exhibition. The attention attracted by this group foretells a favorable reception for other pieces which may follow.

The career of these two sculptors, now at the beginning, shows many points of similarity. They are two of the few American artists who have not deemed it necessary to go abroad to study. Both have firmly resolved to see if America cannot develop artists without the aid of foreign schools. Art students are wont to go to Europe for "atmosphere," to study what others have done, to try to learn to feel and think as others have felt and thought. By doing this many young men and women of promise have so devitalized themselves that they cannot work save under the spell of that "atmosphere," and so debauched their minds that they cannot think new thoughts for themselves. Too often the result has been a capitulation, with the indi-
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individual self as the forfeit. If they had stayed at home and fought the good fight alone, with only the elementary instruction which is a necessary foundation to accomplishment of any kind, battled it out with the great strong tide of their own art impulses, they might have come forth with a masterliness their own and not the mere echo of some other’s. This determination to be purely an American product is one of the many points of similarity in the convergent lines along which the course of these two lives have been laid. With so much of unity of thought and purpose, it is but natural that they should come together and work out their common thoughts and purposes.

In the beginning Miss Hyatt had thought to devote her time and talents to a musical career. She chose the violin and for a number of years gave herself to it with all the fervor of her artistic nature. But the many hours of daily practice began to tell on a constitution not over-strong, and an attack of nervous prostration put the violin in its case, where all unexpectedly it was doomed to stay. In the days of convalescence Miss Hyatt found recreation in trying her hand with the modeling clay with which she had always idly amused herself under a sculptor sister’s tuition. The result was the life-size model of a Great Dane, which was accepted for exhibition by one of the national art societies, and afterwards sold.

Perhaps it was this encouragement that changed Miss Hyatt’s career. Perhaps it was that she discovered that in sculpture her artistic nature found ampler expression than in music. However or wherener it happened, she definitely chose sculpture for her life work. For a short time she studied with Henry Hudson Kitson of Boston, and later spent a few months at the Art Students’ League, New York. But for the most part she has worked alone. She felt she must be free, and one cannot be free who works always by the ideas of others.

More than naturally, inevitably, she made her studies from animals. Always she has been passionately fond of animals, from the baby days when she stuck her tiny fist in the mouth of the great St. Bernard to see what he would do, and beat him with the same tiny fist because he did nothing but stand still with his mouth open, as though laughing at her. When she was big enough to run away from her nurse or mother, her favorite play place was the stall of the fam-
BOY AND GOAT PLAYING, BY ANNA V. HYATT AND A. ST. LEGER EBERLE
MEN AND BULL, BY ANNA V. HYATT AND A. ST. LEGER EBERLE,
WINNER OF BRONZE MEDAL AT ST. LOUIS EXPOSITION

GROUP OF GOATS, BY ANNA V. HYATT. OWNED BY THOMAS W. LAWSON
TOBACCO JAR, BY A. ST. LEGER EBERLE

MISS HYATT AND MISS EBERLE AT WORK IN THEIR STUDIO
ily horse, where she spent hours puzzling her baby brain over the tell-tale grooves in his teeth that she could never find in her mother's, watching him closely as he ate his oats and hay, unconsciously storing away knowledge that was to be of use to her by and by.

Many of her best known groups are of horses, notably "A Steep Grade," showing two heavy draught horses straining to hold back a heavy load on a down grade; "Winter," two horses huddled shivering in a storm; "Colts Playing," a very spirited group in bronze also shown at the exhibition of the Society of American Artists and sold to Thomas W. Lawson, who is one of Miss Hyatt's most enthusiastic patrons. At her summer home in Annisquam, Massachusetts, Miss Hyatt is now working on several horse groups to add to Mr. Lawson's collection, which already contains, among other things by her, a buffalo, a goat and a bear group modeled especially for him.

About the time Miss Hyatt gave up music for sculpture, the wild animal began to demand attention from American artists. As Miss Hyatt is the one American sculptor who has never made anything but animal studies, so she is the one woman sculptor to make a specialty of wild animals. She divides her time about equally between horses and jungle beasts, and has exhibited many groups of elephants, tigers and lions which show not only breadth and depth of feeling, but much strength in execution. Her success with animal groups has brought her the rather unique opportunity of restoring prehistoric animals for the Brooklyn Museum. Some taste for things scientific was inherited from her father, the late Professor Hyatt of the department of paleontology at Harvard.

No sooner did Miss Hyatt turn her attention to wild animals than she became a regular visitor to Bostock's show, which was then in Boston; and for a year the young sculptor, with her modeling stand and lumps of clay which she turned so deftly into sketches of the performing beasts, shared honors with her models with those who sat near her and who often crowded so close as to leave her barely room to work. Here she pursued her undirected studies, sketching and modeling every species of animal that came out on the iron-barred stage, and between performances she was sometimes allowed in their stalls. It was while working in the stall of one of the elephants that Miss Hyatt was made to understand that wild animals have an inerad-
icable unfriendliness for all of human kind, however docile they may seem with the goad in sight, and while the memory of lash and hot iron endures. Having once failed in an attempt to kill her, this elephant who had killed his four men and did not care who knew it, one day filled his mouth with water, and at an unexpected moment blew it all over the artist, much as a Chinaman sprinkles clothes, completely drenching her. The cat animals never so much as pretend friendship, so it was less surprising when one day a tiger at the Bronx Zoological Park, where Miss Hyatt continued her studies after going to New York, made an attack upon her. He had been lying very still with his eyes shut, apparently asleep, when suddenly he raised his paw and brought it down with a blow that splintered the modeling stand and sent his clay image in shapeless little wads on the floor. Instinctively, with a sort of sixth sense developed by those who are much about wild animals, Miss Hyatt had drawn back just in time to get her head out of reach of the beast’s powerful arm.

WILE Miss Hyatt was yet practising her days away on her violin, Miss Eberle, also a young girl in her teens, was devoting herself quite as diligently to the ’cello. Miss Eberle’s home was in an Ohio town, where people cared little for art and less for artists. One afternoon, after a day of hard practise, she went out into the garden to rest. While sitting there she picked up a handful of common clay and moulded it into a figure, which embodied, so far as she could make it, her idea of Stanley J. Weyman’s “Gentleman of France.” She showed this to her father, an army surgeon now stationed in the Philippines, who promised to take her on his next visit to the studio of a sculptor friend who lived some distance in the country. The visit was made not long after, and it opened up a new world to the girl. The sculptor was not a man of particular note; Miss Eberle has even forgotten his name; but his work seemed wonderful to her then. Besides, he had clay that responded much more readily to her touch than that which she had found in the home garden; and before she went away the girl had modeled a Psyche after an entirely original conception. This Psyche sprouted from the trunk of a tree, and poised there with wings and arms outspread as if about to take flight. Soon after she was at the Art Students’ League, in New York, where in a
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short time she won enough in prizes and scholarships to pay her expenses while she studied there. After she left the League she worked awhile with George Gray Barnard and Gutzon Borglum. But what she absorbed from teachers was something of methods, not style, something of modes of expression, not thoughts or the form in which they must be expressed. All that others could do for her was to teach her the alphabet. She must spell out her own words for herself.

It was not for some time yet that she was to know Miss Hyatt, yet the course of each lay steadily toward a point where it must cross the other. Somewhere in the inner consciousness of each was being formulated a declaration of independence, with articles in common. As both had found music inadequate to express their best conceptions and had chosen sculpture as a medium; as both had decided to become distinctively American products, not caring even to visit foreign schools and galleries until the formative period of their art is passed; so both turned gradually from the academic as a constraining influence, without, however, going to the extreme of the impressionistic school. They believe in elimination so far as it makes for simplicity and strength, but not to the point of leaving one’s work a mere guess as to his thought. Upon this common ground, then, after years of study and work apart, the two found themselves and each other. It was an affinity that made collaboration possible, resulting in work that would seem to have proceeded from a single source and not as two ill-fitting parts pieced together without reason or excuse.

Their first group, “Men and Bull,” was accepted by the art commission of the St. Louis Exposition and awarded a medal. At the close of the exposition it was invited for exhibition at Philadelphia, and was afterwards sent to Paris for exhibition there. Immediately they undertook the larger group, designed for execution in marble for a park or lawn. This was the group seen at the exhibition of the Society of American Artists. Already they are working out other ideas for groups to be done in this way, the animals by Miss Hyatt, the figures by Miss Eberle; and while neither intends to give over entirely her own separate work, they will devote much of their attention to their collaborated work. From two women of so much affinitive independence much is to be expected.