

## Lecture about being a sculptor by Anna Coleman Ladd, circa 1930

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## they ought to--

So it's never a question with a real artist of lounging around "temporamentally" waiting for inspiration! Beauty and pathos and strange forms are lurking in the shadows around them--crying out to be expressed. And Life is too short in which to put it all down--even to perfect thing.

Now comes this Club, with its gift of freedom, of space, of comradeship, for thousands of women who work. No one interferes, or tries to reform, for its exercises the noblest philanthropy--letting one alone! (As it exists in the happiest families, where comradeship reigns, where mother does not signify [[underlined]] amother [[/underlined]]; nor youth, either repression or revolt) Weary of ledgers; committees, of stifling devotions, movies and jazz, one will feel here the power of music, of companionship, the lovely light on a landscape, or the plastic beauty of a gesture. The doctor may see how a sculptor brings out in a powerfully modelled head, the latent heroism, struggling with secret vice, the smug complacency, that make or mar the finest mask worn by our deseased yet fascinating humanity. The great courturiers study the sculpture in the museums, or Salons. So may our designers. And the beginners gain courage from the failures, the renewals of effort, the exhilarating successes of those who've arrived.

## Said Pascoli:

"Go to the Ideal, the goal; Go to the Ideal, which is a dot, Which is nothing--and Death stands between you--But when you've arrived--you arrived!

they quickt to --So it's never a question with a real artist of lounging around "temporamentally" waiting for immpiration; Beauty and rother and stronge forms are lurking in the chalows around them-crying out to be expressed. And Lire is too short in which to put it all down-seven to perfect one thing. Now dones this Club, with its gift of freedom, of space, of comradaship, for thousands of women who work. No one interferes, or tries to reform, for it exercises that mobilest philanthropy -- letting one alone! [As it exists in the happiest families, where compaleship reigns, where nother does not signify smother; nor youth, either repression or revelt) Verry of leigers; committees, of stifling devotions, movies and jazz, one will feel here the power of masic, of companionship, the levely right on a landscape, or the plantic tenuty of a genture. The doctor may see how a complete brings out in a powerfully modelled head, the latent heroism, struggling with secret vice, the song complacency, that make or mar the finest mask worn by our desensed yet fascinating humanity. The great conturiers study the sculpture in the museums, or Salans. So may our designers, and the beginners gain courage from the failures, the renewals of effort, the exhilarating successes of those who've arrived, "Go to the Ideal, the goal; Go to the Ideal, which he m dot, Mhich is nothing-and Death stands between you-but when you've arrived--row've arrived!

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