

OUT OF THE ORDINARY.

By Rozilda.

THE SCULPTOR: AN ALLEGORY.

*"In that old Potter's Shop I stood alone
With the clay Population round in Rows.*

*"And, strange to tell, among the Earthen Lot
Some could articulate, while others not."*

One day I strayed into a curious, tall, square barn-like studio. There were no windows through which to look. But high up, near the ceiling, there were glass-covered apertures letting in streams of pure uninterrupted light.

There was no furniture—only a workman's bench with a vice at the end, pedestals of different heights, several deal shelves and a number of stools and boxes. The floor was of cement, the walls a colour stolen from the dawn. A curious place, I thought, for an assembly.

For it was an impressive gathering that I met here. Most of the nation's heroes were present; men big of thought and mighty of deed; men with massive leonine heads and shaggy brows; men with penetrating eyes and firm and kindly mouths; men with stiff erect shoulders and chests ablaze with medals; men in clerical garb and with wise and gentle foreheads.

There was something strange and uncanny about this gathering. Women were present, too: a passionate mother adoringly kissing her baby's hand; a society woman, haughty and proud; a pensive native girl, chin cupped in her hand, dreaming long mysterious thoughts, oblivious of her surroundings; and a slim, young native woman, with beautiful round limbs, whose pure and naked body excited no comment. Children, too, were there! children both European and native, with soft full cheeks and all the rich fragrant promise of fulfilment in their innocent eyes.

As I gazed on them long and wonderingly, I saw that each individual bore on his face and in his bearing that expression which was his in his highest and most exalted moments.

Wherefore, and by whose means, thought I, have these people been gathered here. What inspired man has been able to bring together, here in a land where so much strife and prejudice exist, such a brave company?

A CHAT WITH MOSES KOTTLER.

South Africa's Jewish Sculptor.

Moses Kottler, the South African Jewish sculptor, is leaving this country shortly on a visit to London and the Continent. The term of his absence may be anything from nine months to three years. He has already two commissions to execute in London. Both of these were given to him by visitors from overseas who came to his studio here and admired his work.

He is looking forward to his return to Paris, where he hopes to renew many old friendships.

Paris Days.

Talking about Paris, Mr. Kottler recalled some of the incidents of his

There was one man among them upon whom I looked a second time, because I had not noticed him at first. About him there was a vague formlessness, something inchoate and as it were longing for expression: A frustrated effort seemed his, as though he were incomplete in some inexplicable way, incomplete and waiting for a re-birth. On a small table at his side lay the photograph of a man in mayoral robes who had served his country and his town faithfully until his death, six years ago.

Then slowly the realisation came upon me that I was the witness to some occult and mystic process of re-incarnation.

Other figures were shrouded in dull-looking cloths. Of these I could distinguish neither the features nor the form, but here, too, I surmised, mysterious faces were at work, and the labour of re-birth was not yet over.

I looked again and saw that these were not real men and women—only the semblance of such bronze and clay and cement and plaster were their flesh and blood. They were likenesses, but each likeness had stolen from its original, the soul.

Who has done this wonderful thing, I asked.

There was a stir and a faint murmur as if from the distance footsteps were approaching. But no voice answered.

The footsteps grew louder and louder. I heard a scrunch on the threshold. The handle of the door was turned, and in walked a small, slim man, smoking a pipe. He wore slack trousers and a comfortable woollen jacket.

He stalked in with the confident step of a master, and as he took his place in that gathering I saw that he was indeed their creator. For he was none other than the Sculptor.

early days there, laughable now, but looming large and fearful on his horizon when they happened.

He was only seventeen at the time, a struggling young artist, who found it difficult to reconcile the joys of creation with the difficulties of earning his living.

The ogre of his waking thoughts was his landlord. He remembers clearly how this individual frequently demanded rent with a revolver pointed at his impecunious victim's temple. On one occasion, when death seemed imminent, young Kottler took to his heels, leaving behind him the result of all his labours,

for the landlord to do with as he pleased.

He never returned. Only recently a friend of his in Paris discovered some of his early work.

Mr. Kottler is very loath to speak of his career apart from his work; but on those rare occasions when he does talk, he is extremely interesting. We were fortunate in finding him in a talkative mood.

Early Youth.

He was born in a tiny Russian village. At the age of four, he remembers distinctly being able to handle a knife easily. Throughout his *Chedar* career he was very popular with the other boys because of his ability to carve little figures.

His first public monument was a snow man, which attracted the attention of a photographer. This important personage ceremoniously arranged his paraphernalia in front of the figure and photographed it. That was a day to be remembered.

In his birthplace he never once saw an original picture nor anything modelled or carved, except for an occasional glimpse of figures in the village church which attracted him, he knew not why.

He wanted to go to Paris, but went to Palestine instead, where he stayed for about six months. Then he returned to Europe, and studied in Munich for three semesters, coming back to Paris.

He has never had any lessons in modelling or carving, but has been taught to draw and paint.

Mr. Kottler intends to take all his work with him overseas, including the bust of the late Hyman Liberman, upon which he is at present working. He will supervise the casting himself, thus ensuring that the bronze will be of the right colour.

Bust of Rev. A. P. Bender.

We in Cape Town are particularly concerned with his magnificent bust of the Rev. A. P. Bender, which is at present in plaster. It would be a great pity if this fine piece of work were to leave the country for ever.

As Mr. Kottler has not been commissioned to cast it in bronze, the bust is in danger of being lost to us.

It has been suggested that the community has only to be approached for the necessary sum for its purchase to be forthcoming.

We fervently hope that this unique opportunity to do honour to our well-loved minister and friend will not be allowed to pass by.

Mr. Kottler will be accompanied on his trip overseas by his charming wife.

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Cape Jewish Guild Notes.

At the mock election held on Sunday, the 14th April, over 100 members attended.

Mr. S. M. Dyne was in the chair, while Mr. I. Lehr represented the S.A. Party, Advocate Lewin the Nationalist Party, Mr. Sam Cohen Independent, and Mr. L. Dirmeik the Labour Party. At one time the proceedings waxed hot and furious, and only the tact of the prospective candidates saved the situation. Mr. M. W. Freedman, as chief heckler, advocated the policy of supporting all the candidates! The voting was a draw.

On Wednesday, the 17th April, the monthly orchestral concert was held in the Guild Hall before a crowded audience. The programme commenced with the overture "Oberon," which was played by special request. Other orchestral items in the first half of the programme were Cesar Franck's "Danse Lente" and "Anitra's Dance" and "In the Hall of the Mountain King," from Grieg's "Peer Gynt." Although the orchestra was not at full strength, it gave an admirable performance under the able baton of the conductor, Mr. George Tobias.

A.R.A.M.

A musical monologue, "The Eternal Feminine," by Mrs. M. Schaeffer, was an outstanding item and earned unstinted applause. The accompanist being Mrs. S. Winer.

A violin solo, "Berceuse," (Jarnfelt) rendered by Mr. A. Loric, with orchestral accompaniment, was played with great expression and was also excellently received. During the interval the President, Mr. S. Winer, presented the Joe Kay floating trophy for the tennis championship to Mr. S. Horwitz, who suitably replied. In the second half of the programme the orchestra played a selection from Sullivan's "Yeoman of the Guard." This was followed by a violin solo by Mr. E. Narunsky, who played "Orientale" (Cesarlin) and to the demand for an encore played "Serenade" (Valdez).

Mrs. Schaeffer sang "When all was Young," and as an encore the "Birth of Morn." The programme concluded with an orchestral item, Beethoven's "Turkish March," and Hatikvah and "God Save the King."

Forthcoming attraction:

Saturday, 11th May, 1929, the tennis section of the Guild are having a flannel dance in the Guild Hall. There will be fun, frolic, mystery and ? Dancing, 8-12. Tickets 2s. (members). Tickets may be had from any committee member or at the door.

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