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## Baigneuse - A Refined Carrara Marble Sculpture By Cipriani Ugo Di Meneville (1887-1960)



20 000 EUR

Signature : Cipriani Ugo Di Meneville

Period : 20th century

Condition : Très bon état

Material : Marble

Height : 70

### Description

Bathed in the ethereal glow of Carrara marble, Baigneuse by Cipriani Ugo di Meneville (1887-1960) stands as a delicate meditation on the female form, a synthesis of classical refinement and early 20th-century sensibility. Measuring 70 cm in height, this sculpture embodies a vision of poised sensuality and introspection, where the idealized and the natural coexist in a harmonious balance. In the quiet elegance of her posture, the subtle tilt of her head, and the soft cascade of her draped cloth, she evokes the timeless grace of antiquity while whispering the aesthetic restraint of modernity. At first glance, Baigneuse is a tribute to the classical tradition, drawing upon the perfection of Greco-Roman statuary and the disciplined beauty of the 19th-century École des Beaux-Arts. Her

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contrapposto stance, with weight shifted gracefully to one leg, lends an organic fluidity to her figure, echoing the poised serenity of Canova's neoclassical muses. Yet, within this classical vocabulary, Di Meneville introduces a softened intimacy: her gaze is lowered, lost in private thought, her delicate fingers brushing against her chin in an unguarded moment of reverie. The cloth, held lightly in one hand, drapes gently beside her, neither a grand theatrical flourish nor a mere accessory, but a quiet symbol of modesty--an interplay between concealment and exposure that recalls the subtle eroticism of Art Deco sculpture. If the composition speaks of timeless ideals, it is the sculptor's mastery of marble that breathes life into stone. Carved from Carrara marble, a medium renowned for its fine grain and luminous translucency, the sculpture achieves a remarkable illusion of softness. Every curve of the body, every delicate contour of muscle and flesh, is rendered with an almost breathing presence, as if warmed by the light that grazes its polished surface. The play of light and shadow across the smooth planes of the figure accentuates the delicacy of her form, elevating her beyond mere representation into something almost ephemeral. The artist's hand is evident in the intricate detailing of her fingers, the gentle waves of her hair, the quiet precision of her facial features--each detail speaking of a sculptor deeply attuned to the nuances of gesture and expression. Yet *Baigneuse* is more than a study of beauty; it is an evocation of stillness, of a moment suspended in time. While Carpeaux infused his sculptures with movement and dramatic liveliness, and Rodin sought the raw, unfinished essence of form, Di Meneville chooses a different path. He sculpts not for spectacle, but for serenity. His figures do not strain toward action or emotion; they exist within themselves, poised in contemplation, untouched by external narrative. Unlike Maillol's geometric abstraction, which distills the female body into elemental

form, Di Meneville retains a gentle naturalism, allowing his sculpture to remain both idealized and profoundly human. In its execution, *Baigneuse*, finds its place alongside the neoclassical purity of Canova, the supple sensuality of Carpeaux, and the quiet monumentalism of Maillol. And yet, what sets Di Meneville apart is his ability to merge the precision of classicism with the softened restraint of modernity. His figures are not caught in grand mythological gestures, nor do they dissolve into abstraction; instead, they reside in a world of quiet intimacy, where elegance and modesty are held in perfect tension. The fully polished surface of *Baigneuse*, untouched by the dramatic textural contrasts of Rodin, reinforces her purity and self-possession, making her presence feel eternal, immutable, yet deeply personal. Here, then, is a sculpture that does not seek to dominate space, nor demand attention through spectacle. Instead, *Baigneuse* exists as a whisper rather than a proclamation, her beauty lying in the subtlety of her expression, in the hushed eloquence of her pose. She is neither myth nor allegory, neither femme fatale nor goddess--she is simply herself, captured in a moment of grace, poised forever on the threshold between movement and stillness, awareness and dream.