

# HOLLYWOOD DONE IN WAX

Rosenthal, Noted Miniature Sculptor, Inspired Here

By DORIS DENBO

**HOLLYWOOD** is to be immortalized in a tiny bit of black wax dipped in bronze, by the most famous miniature sculptor the world has ever known. In the world of art the name of Louis Rosenthal stands for an astounding accomplishment—the purest of sculpture and anatomy detail on little one and two inch bronzes.

He came to Hollywood to rest and relax from a strenuous season in Baltimore where he makes his home. He is a member of the Royal Society of Miniature Painters Sculptors and Gravers of England, the highest honor that can be paid an artist, and whose invitation to enter their ranks instantly stamps him a master in his work. He has exhibitions in galleries all over the world and has had two miniatures accepted for the permanent collection of the Metropolitan Museum of New York.

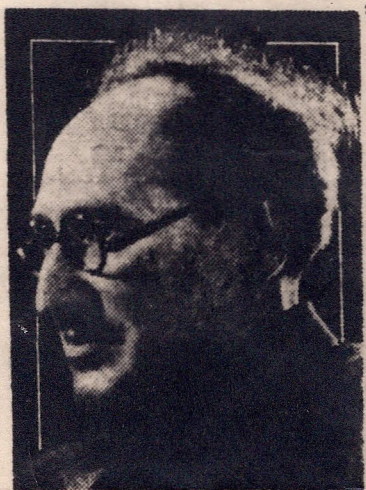
Though his miniatures are on exhibition in galleries all over the world—he wishes to keep his most valuable ones here in America, for it is in America he discovered in 1918 the metier that made him famous. They are tiny figures in black wax cast in bronze. Each miniature tells a dramatic story of history, folk lore, religion, allegorical references and most amazing of all there is humor, irony, perfect likenesses of great men and a complete dramatic story worked out in full minute detail in each piece.

Here to rest and forget work, he was taken to a Hollywood film studio one day. All thoughts of rest, relaxation and desire to forget his work fled. He saw in that one glance the bleeding heart of Hollywood, he saw the tragedy, vain glory, hollow mockery of fame. The physical thing faded to his eager, penetrating glance. He rushed home to his room in the hotel, closed his door, mind, his ears to everything but this amazing astounding revelation of Hollywood that had come to him.

He had a dinner engagement, forgot it!—Didn't hear the phone ring. Above the swift moving fingers, delicately moulding, cutting figures, the man of dreams was deaf to all outward sounds and calls.—The wailing cry of Hollywood,—Hollywood—Hollywood, was all he was conscious of.

He built a pillar of black wax and upon the top in complete indifferent abandon, gracefully he cut in two figures, a man and a woman as standing on the pinnacle of Hollywood success. Their faces are expressionless, vacant, blandly self-satisfied, each hand holds a mask ready to put on at any moment.

"This, to signify," explained Rosenthal, "that those who achieve the pinnacle of success in Hollywood must become efficient in masking themselves, their true emotions, and must indeed be experts in knowing



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just which mask to apply instantly for every occasion."

Then he made steps circling up to this top and half way down an iron hand—the merciless, crushing hand of conscienceless power. Just above this hand scampering gaily up the steps are little freaks of nature, weird little figures running about free to come and go as they please, oblivious to everything about them.

"This, because I see Hollywood as the home of freaks: . . . Circus performers—and well you know what I mean," he shrugged with a knowing smile.

Just in front of this hand is a girl tearing at her draperies in desperate abandon, offering every ounce of her being to this power to get through. On the other side is a woman who has passed through, crushed, lifeless, wearily looking toward the top which had seemed so desirable so short a time before.

Below the steps stands a two faced man. One side of his face is calmly smiling as he watches the girl who is making this last sacrifice. The other side is carrying a sneer of disdain as he watches a beautiful girl making one last desperate appeal to him before she mire of obscurity, discouragement and despair that is filled with the faces and upraised arms of girls, girls, girls, who have given up the fight and yet always there is the hope that maybe the two faced man will change and turn the other side of his face to them.

Rosenthal said "I see these girls who have given up the fight in restaurants, department stores,—everywhere. The hopelessness of their struggle written in their indifferent faces to be read by all who care to stop and see."

Believe me this is all incorporated and carved more dramatically on a little two inch piece of black wax than the faintest possibility of tongue or pen or any power of the printed word to explain. The story of the woman in Hollywood is all there, the woman's heart laid bare.

This little man had no intention of doing a stroke of work while he

was here. Demands are so great on him in the East that he came to the West to rest—but he saw Hollywood—and was conquered and who knows, he may have done his masterpiece in this great theme.

He saw it all in a few hours on a studio lot and in the fire of his zeal and understanding he outlined it all in one night. The retouching and intimate detail work will come later but the figures, even the expressions of the faces are as clear and distinct as any full sized sculpture ever seen. Carved ivories are clumsy in comparison. He will take it back to Baltimore, put it through his own process of bronzing and if persuaded to part from it, may name his own price.

Rosenthal was enthused about the natural beauties of this country, it's tremendous bustle and progress and ambition carries a great message to him. He says "this country's message is tremendous—I am coming back to stay awhile—and work. Perhaps open a studio, I do not know. I come to rest, I go back fired with ambition to come out here and give the world something of this country in my miniatures. It has a great message, a tremendous vitality that is simply astounding!"