



Sculptor Louis Rosenthal studies the Mae West profile

Mae West Unaltered In 19 Years, Sculptor Finds

Mae West, quiet like a statue, sat on the arm of a chair, the light outlining her platinum hair, her twin-broom eyelashes, her floor-length profile.

Louis Rosenthal, studying the pose, stood two paces off. In one hand he held a six-inch, black wax figure; in the other, a small-bladed penknife.

The figure, as any male could plainly see, was Mae.

Maryland's only fellow of the Royal Society of Miniature Painters, Sculptors and Engravers looked at Miss West. He looked at his statue of her. He turned and glared out the window at the city of his residence.

"Pah! Such Daylight!"

"Pah!" he said. "Such daylight. No sun in it anywhere. How, I ask you, how can I work?"

Mr. Rosenthal was a 5-foot 6-inch monument to despair.

"Nineteen years ago I started this figure," he muttered. "I actually modeled it, Miss West, on your appearance in movies. Now here you are, yourself, and it gives a day like this."

"The Way I Was Then?"

The laughter of Diamond Lil floated across the twelfth-floor hotel room. "Maybe I ought to turn on a little more inspiration?" she said, with a look perfected over the many years.

But then, hopping down from the chair, she bent over the miniature sculpture. "Do you think it makes me look more like the way I was then?" she asked, doubtfully.

Mae, the object, lolled upon a

divan, head uplifted on right hand and arm. Her robe was diaphanous, to a degree. Her breath was inhaled, several degrees.

"You've Hardly Changed"

Mae, the subject, was swathed in a tailored black lounging coat, very opaque. She kept feeling her midriff. "You must use your imagination," she said. "No girdle on yet."

"Oh, but really," said the sculptor, "you've hardly changed one bit. In fact, you're slenderer."

Fire flashed from the 22-carat diamond on the right hand of the nonstatue. The hip beneath it completed a fast flounce.

Mr. Rosenthal still looked sad. "I would like to finish up this figure and cast it," he said. "Maybe two weeks will be enough. Maybe it'll need another nineteen years."

One Of Final Bronzes

"It could be one of my few things I really like. It will be one of the last bronzes, in any case." He is now concentrating on a special, undivulged formula in plastics, of his own discovery, for use even with heroic sculpture.

He wrapped the figure in cotton, put it in a wooden box, and jammed it into his business man's briefcase. Miss West turned to her audience.

Three members from the company of her play, now showing at Ford's Theater, had been in the background, staring at art in the making. All were males.

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