

Rosenthal Figure Of Poe Placed On Exhibit

A labor of love by an internationally famed Baltimore sculptor has been completed and the Edgar Allan Poe statue by Louis Rosenthal is on exhibition in connection with the 100th anniversary of the poet's death.

The statue is displayed in the window of an art gallery in the 100 block East Baltimore street.

Begun 20 years ago and put aside several times by the sculptor, the statue is his monument to Poe, for whom Mr. Rosenthal predicts:

"Some day Poe will be recognized as the greatest poet of his day."

IMMIGRANT FINDS BEAUTY

An immigrant from Lithuania, Mr. Rosenthal recalled that almost instantly — while English was still gibberish to him — he became an admirer of Poe.

Said the sculptor:

"Years ago, when I scarcely understood English, I heard someone read 'The Bells.'

"Why, those words are music,' I said to my friend. 'They should be sung, they are so beautiful.'

"... 'The world does not appreciate the works of this man. They don't appreciate the amazing beauty of his rhymes. But some day he will be recognized as the greatest poet of his day.'"

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20-Year Bust Of Poe Now On Exhibition

Louis Rosenthal has worked on his Edgar A. Poe bust, off and on, only twenty years now, and the thing certainly oughtn't to be considered done yet.

"But the people celebrating this one hundredth anniversary of Poe's death wanted me to rush it up," says the internationally renowned sculptor of miniatures. So the bust, a head in black wax showing a dispirited Poe with rejected MS. in hand, now stands in the window of Bendann's, in the 100 block East Baltimore street.

More Light In Eyes

"But I must give it more work," Mr. Rosenthal was still saying, as the figure—model for a bronze casting yet to come—was put in place. "The eyes—there must be more light in the eyes."

A careful researcher, Mr. Rosenthal has read almost everything Poe ever wrote. Fond of literary

and historical subjects, Mr. Rosenthal especially likes Poe because of the music in his poetry.

Working, as always, without a model and seated on the old school desk in his downtown studio, Mr. Rosenthal put into the bust a sympathy for Poe as a fellow-artist, even down to such details as fingers on the right hand that are calloused from the years of pen-writing.

An authority also on Beethoven, Mr. Rosenthal contrasted him with Poe: the German furiously grappling with the times and the conventions; the American protesting and bitter, equally charged with artistic originality, but finally crushed by his environment.

The result is a profoundly depressed Poe. "Some sculptors would show him happy, at a moment of triumph," Mr. Rosenthal says, "and doubtless people will be eager to buy such a work."

Such an interpretation, however, would, in Mr. Rosenthal's eyes, be a surrender to falsehood, and would not be Poe.

No Dollar Value

Whether anyone ever wants to buy his Poe, in bronze, is not a matter in which Mr. Rosenthal shows much interest. During these twenty years, he has still to concentrate on money sufficiently to set a price for it.

His statue of Beethoven, for instance, has no price tag on it. Old Ludwig stands on a shelf at one side of the cluttered studio—a tremendous man, his face raised to the sky in unutterable wrath.

In 1933, a nine-foot scale replica of this miniature was to have been raised at Bonn, in the woods where Beethoven played as a boy, and listened to the birds. Hitler came.

If anybody has in mind to add another Poe to the landscape of the Monumental City—the large-sized head of a shaggy, dejected 40-year-old poet at war with the world and soon to suffer final defeat—Mr. Rosenthal hasn't heard of it and isn't particularly concerned.