



GOTZON BORGLUM



While I do not know Fellow Worker Borglum personally, I have been given to understand that he is not an I. W. W.—(yet)—But, insofar, as I recognize in him a toiler, a producer, a creator—an artist—a great sculptor, I feel my pencil might be led farther astray lest I discuss, however gingerly, the late developments in the “smashing of those studio models” reported to have been done by the passionate Gotzon—the temperamental Borglum.”

It seems that he had been “selected by ability” to “do” the Confederate Memorial upon the face of Stoney Mountain and it seems that “he was spending too much time elsewhere” to suit those who have delegated themselves bosses of his artistic output—production.

Very thoughtless of Gotzon I’m sure—in this age of high-pressure.

It seems that his nose wasn’t up against the grindstone—Stoney Mountain—snug enough to suit the *knowledgeful* committee and it was decided by them—by the fully-sophisticated committee—to discipline this “go as please artist,” doing acres of sculpture, by getting someone else to take his ideas and put over an imitation thus conforming with the tendency of the times—they reckoned without the vitriolic Gotzon.

His ideas, true, were embalmed in the studio models, but when Gotzon got through with ‘em they looked more like Murphysboro after the tornado—only worse—and, alas, it was impossible to have some thought-paupered-faker finish the job of carving-up that frowning precipice.

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While I believe Gotzon had no right to let his goat roam at rampage, I hasten to assure him that no court in this depraved world will decide in my favor—he is safe. Already his fellow artists are rushing to his moral aid and semi-lucid professors are very, very, guardedly smirking “justification,” on the principle of property-rights to ideas. We will not discuss that.

We are concerned with the fact that Gotzon declined to become a slave to so powerful a force; withdrew his art from the market and refused, point blank, effectively and finally, to be a party to foisting a hurried, inferior product on the trusting public—in his case “hurry up John” fell upon contrary ears—and, as a result, future generations will gaze upon a real work of art or they will raise a monument to the man who dared to be a true artist and dared to do his work in his own way.

What is behind all this we of course do not know. The press dispatches are meager—unreliable—and we should not take-on so, for that reason—

But if the press dispatches are half true it is to tickle our funny bone. We always did take kindly to the sight of our “divine” supervisors running into a full-grown snag. Gotzon Borglum is a brave man.