

"LINCOLN IN THOUGHT"

Do you sing melodies from your childhood days? A sculptor does. Melodies in form, lights and shadows of boyhood memories.

If you are a musician your melodies grow. If a sculptor, those forms develop, and envelop you and your art.

A sculptor forgotten by the living, but immortal in Lincoln history - made a mold of Lincoln's face, the greatest mold of any living man.

Because Lincoln's face, like his body, was bone and muscle, that did not flatten out as we of today do with the weight of plaster or touch of finger.

Therefore the cast of his face is the best record we have of that tool made by Lincoln and God.

We are all tools, this our age, the "scientific age" of creation, and scientific destruction. All tools have two sides - one side man's, the other God's. Thus we are all creating the destined perfect man.

Sculptor Volk placed a boy of 17 in a chair, saying - "That is the chair Abe Lincoln sat in when I made his face and hands" - placing the plaster face in my hands - leaving me alone, and silent, to study the face of hills and valleys for hours - day after day. That was more than 50 years ago. My statue of Lincoln, the man, was finished 20 years ago. This head I bequeath to you after all my explorations in Lincoln's life mask, and holding it 12 years in my studio. I made it great in size, to find room and space to record the wonders of a face made of rocks, flowing streams of sorrow, and islands of laughter. Details, such as are recorded in this head, would cut a small head in confusion, unless, like you, made by God. The eyes were open but closed later. Like a house at night you could only see the light through the windows. Whereas the mystery of forms in Lincoln's face had to be revealed. Those forms, great and small, are all built up by flat planes - not one form or plane of imagination - all were discovered in Lincoln's life mask - after years of labor, through the laws of vibration, in light. Closing his eyes makes you use your eyes to witness the elemental forms - Lincoln, that "Thumb Mark" of God - on a page of man's book of life.

GEORGE GREY BARNARD