

WILLIAM  
DEAN  
KILPARTICK

❖ 18 ❖

# INTRODUCTION

by the Author

*There is a commonality of thread that binds each of the creative art forms together... it does not matter if you are describing a violin sonata, an oil painting on canvas, a ceramic vase, an iconic architectural construction, or any of the myriad of other means of imaginative design...the abstract thoughts are always the same... we speak of proportion, rhythm, color, form, empty spaces, perspective, energy, etc...*

*It is only when we talk of a specific method of creation in the fine arts do the greater differences become apparent... it is true that most types of art processes start with an imaginative construct or inspiration that is enhanced with notes, photographs, sketches, but when the seminal process is secured the devil becomes the details... and few of these processes are more detailed than Sculpture...*

*Strictly speaking Sculpture is the making of any two or three dimensional works of representational or abstract forms, especially by the carving of wood or stone, or the casting of resin, metal, or plaster... each sculptor has developed protocols on how they perform their task... my work is predominantly figurative, whose final product is intended to be cast in traditional bronze...*

*Once I have a good idea in mind that has achieved close to final form I make a small clay model or maquette... this model is usually realized at about one foot in height... now that I can see my maquette in three dimensional form I walk around it to determine if there are alterations that will enhance the vision of the piece from any angle... including how high or low it will sit above your line of sight... in most cases I make a go or no go decision on the project at this point... some images are only viable from one point of view... if this point of view is susceptible to being constructed as a bas relief I will sculpt the forms and attach them to a flat background of the same material...*

*In either case if the result is satisfactory I then proceed to the next step...that is to determine the sizes and products that I will be considering... there are two aspects to sizing...the first deals with the size that will be constructed for the maquette and the second is the size that may be considered for the final range of products... typically my maquettes are constructed of plasticine (an oil based clay), and the finished products will be either plaster casts, bronze metal alloy casts, or both... most of my models range between 16 inches and four feet tall...these scales allow for finished bronze metal alloy products in the range of desktop to heroic scale (about ten feet tall)...*



*And now I set aside the finery of my consideration of the arts and become an engineer... plasticine is a wonderful material for shaping at the finest level of detail... it can be altered over and over again without any loss of quality... the problem has to do with its strength... it is so malleable that it can barely hold itself up... to this end there first needs to be constructed either an interior or exterior skeleton or both, an armature...*

*These frames include steel wires, mesh, pipes and shaped pieces of metal, old Erector sets, nails, anything that will work... each sculptor has their own method of providing these elements of structural necessity... once this process is in place the piece has a mind of its own and can only proceed along a fixed track to its completion...*

*And now the true work of the Sculptor begins... days of agonizing over the finest of detail...thirty small sets of hands left over... each one 3/4 of an inch long but not quite up to standard... we are punished by our own sense of perfection... and then the very last piece of exposed metal is covered and the piece emerges... although the work is only a distant mirror of its final form there is a strong impression given of its potential...*

*The piece is then set on a wooden base, secured with metal attachments, and covered with fine linen... and in this state of being it may remain forever... the vast majority of most sculptors' work never advance beyond this stage... unless there is a wealthy patron or a prior contract... this is the great tristesse of being a sculptor... only rarely do you ever see the finished product... the piece is not cast in the bronze alloy which gives it the fire of life, nor is it covered with the patina that depicts its subtleties and gives it its uniqueness...*

*This is unlike every other artist process... and, of course, the reason is economics... for the several hundred dollars necessary to create a maquette, a painter would have completed a finished canvas, a printmaker would complete a folio of etchings, a librettist, a finished score... but in order to see the finished patinated bronze tens of thousands of dollars must be invested... if in a typical lifetime a sculptor turns out one hundred and fifty finished clay models it would require millions of dollars to see these works finished...*

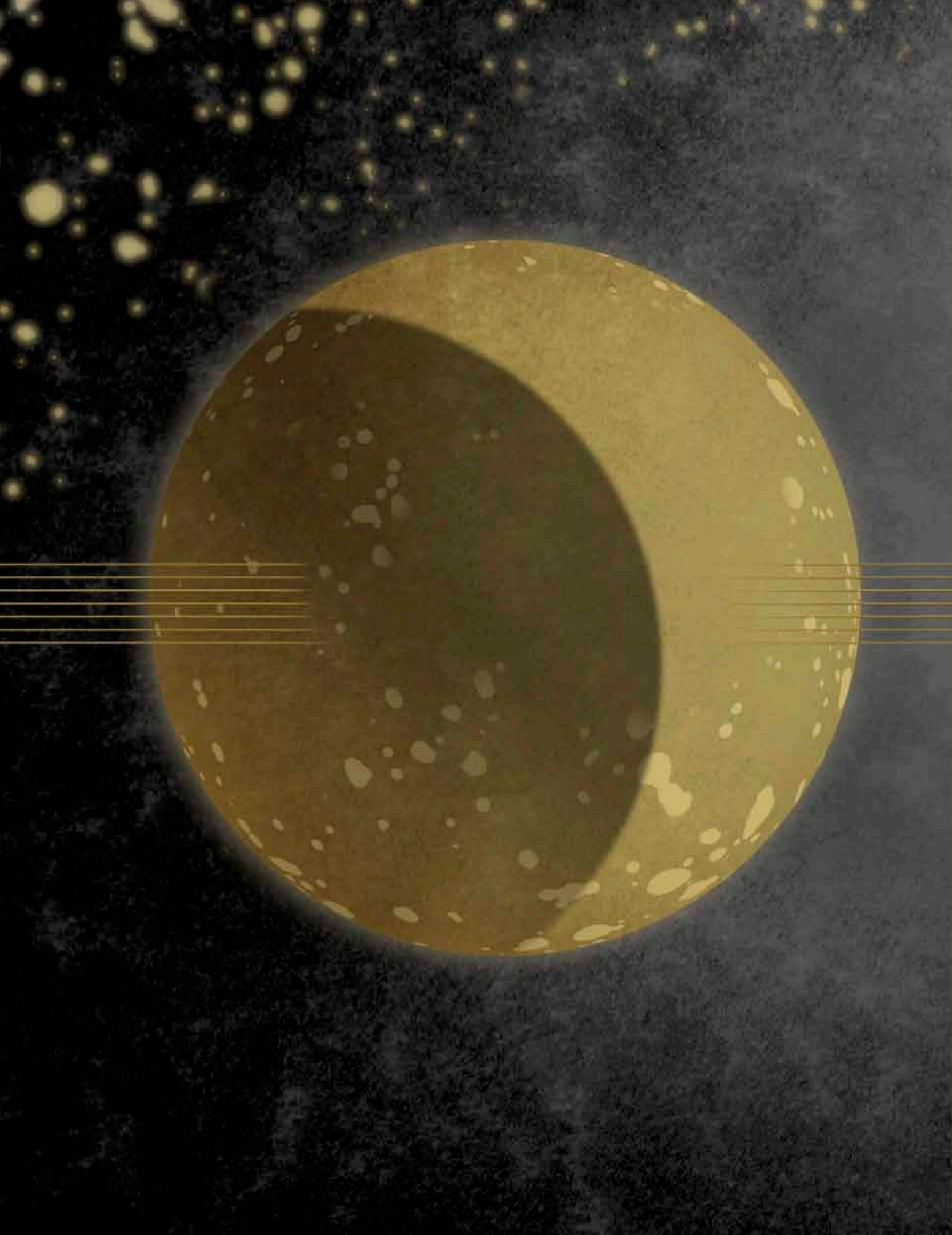
*It is also axiomatic that with the passage of time we feel more acutely to obtain a solution to this problem of incompleteness... in the past the only remedies were to either seek sponsorship or to apply a metallic veneer to a plaster maquette... the former was few and far between and the latter was a poor substitute for a finished work...*

*I was in a similar situation several years ago when it was brought to my attention that technology may provide a resolution... I am a techno novice so the process that was elucidated was in the most part unrecognizable... through the use of advanced imaging it is possible to scan the three dimensional surface of a model and to create a digital replication of great accuracy... this image can then be manipulated, colored, metalized, and proportioned, creating a lasting photographic image or video stream which is indistinguishable in any regard... the clay becomes bronze... after a dozen or so of these images were produced I felt as if I had discovered the holy grail of the sculptor's impasse... my own work came to life before my eyes... pieces about which I had mixed feelings were presented in new and stunning form... I could adjust mood with patina changes, I could visit the bronze from every possible angle and scale...*

*Beyond solving the problem of future visualization of a clay maquette I was also acutely aware that I was delving into the realm of a new hybrid art form... this hybrid form is the reason and purpose of this book... in order to insure that my artistic vision was brought to its final and perfect form I directed a good portion of my time with a friend to providing accurate descriptions of how I wanted each piece to be displayed for the viewer's appreciation...*

*I worked until the very end of my life and now pass the baton to you, who have shown an interest in my work... surrounded by friends, family, and the love of my life, I can truly say that I was fortunate to have blessed in so many ways... thus...*

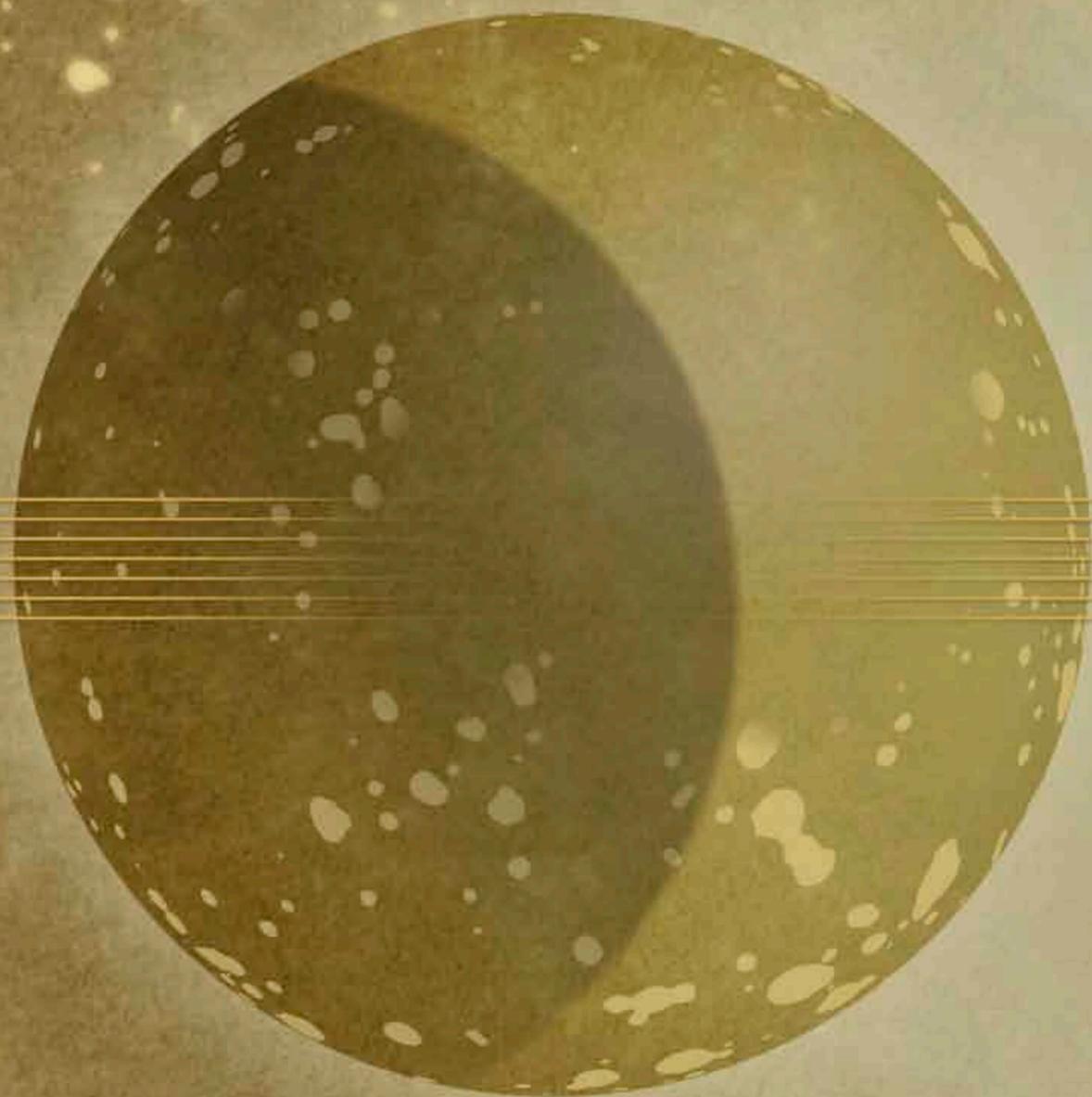




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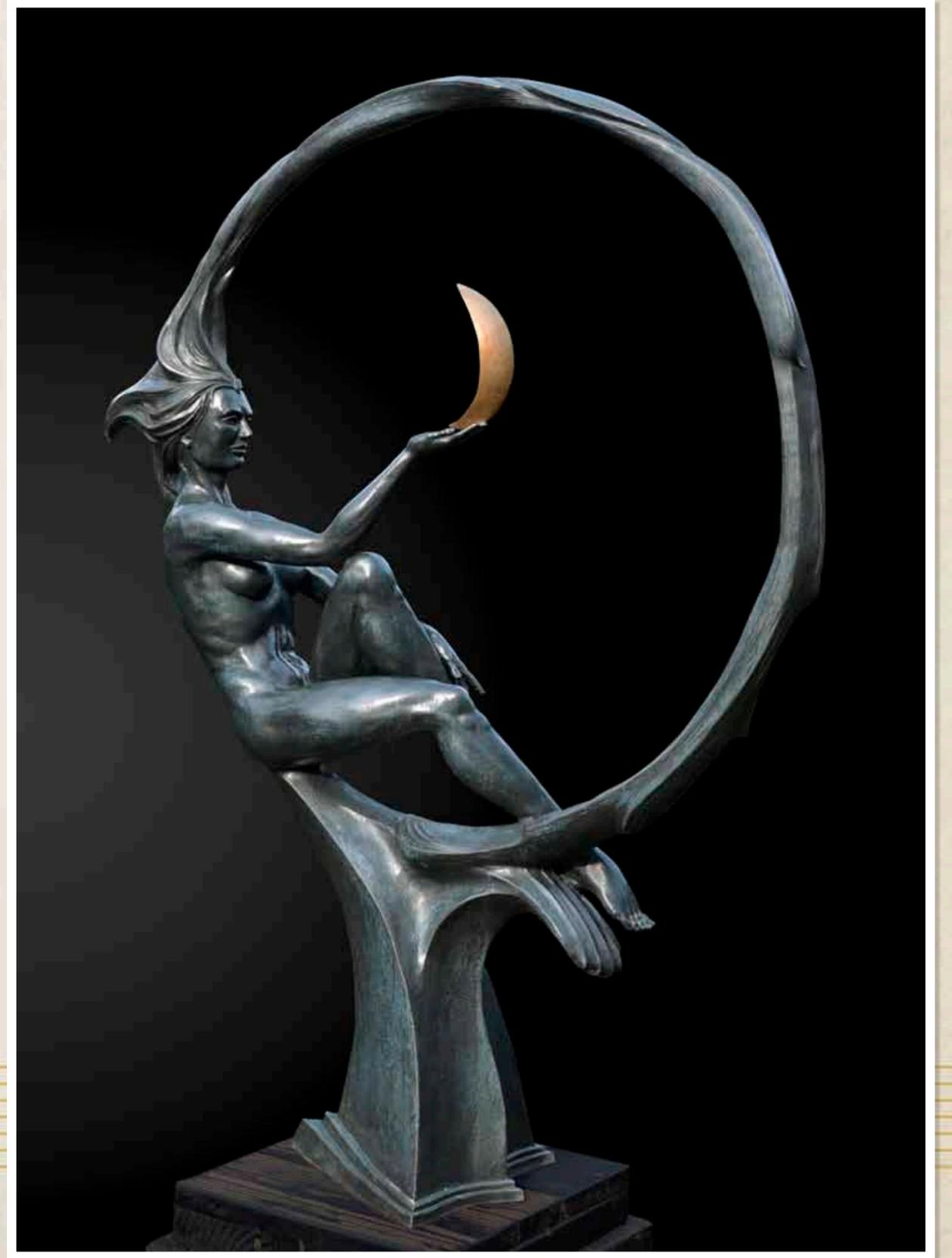
# GHOST WALKERS





# M MOON CYCLE

*I've turned so many  
pages...  
stepped on all those  
toes...  
grown old without  
regret...  
except that tarnished  
rose...  
so now I offer  
back...  
to those a common  
trust...  
the freshly polished  
icons...  
salvaged from the  
dust...*



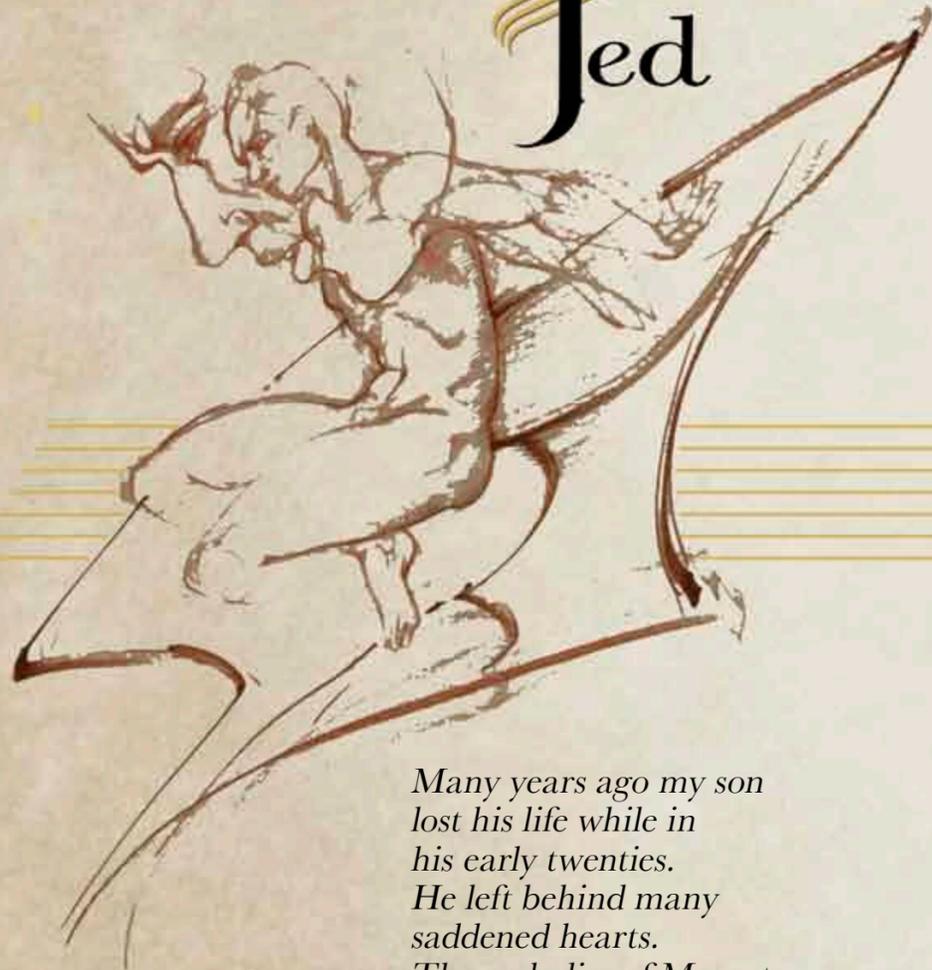


## C HIRON

*Out beyond our mortal notions and limitations lies a host of unimaginable possibilities. For eons humans have speculated about the origin of life on earth. What mysteries lie "in the dust" of time. Suspended in this realm dwells an insatiable curiosity.*

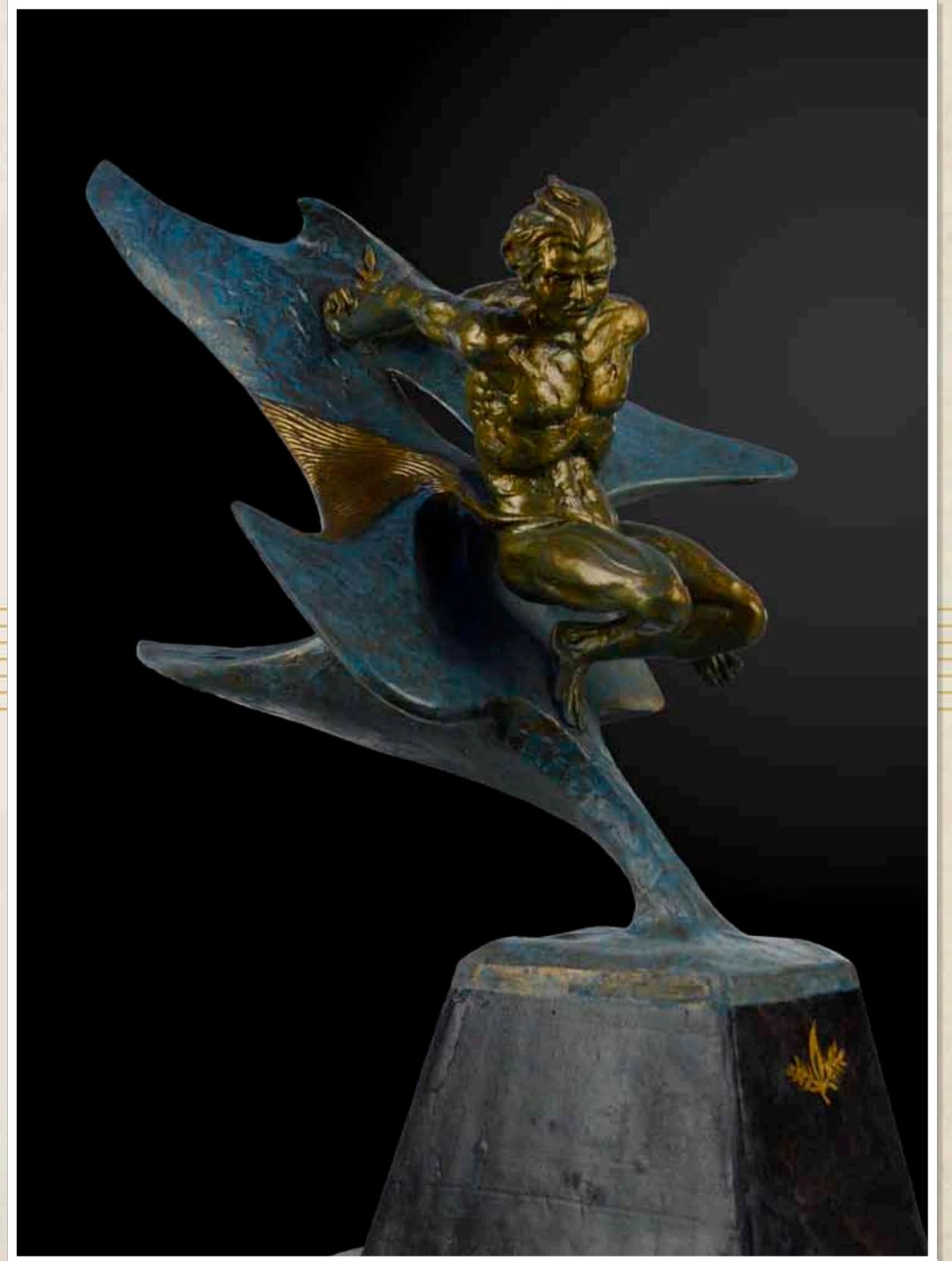


# Jed



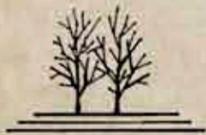
*Many years ago my son  
lost his life while in  
his early twenties.  
He left behind many  
saddened hearts.  
The melodies of Mozart  
he will never hear...the  
myriad sunsets that will  
never touch him...  
the silent beauty hidden  
in the deep...*

*I will mourn him forever*

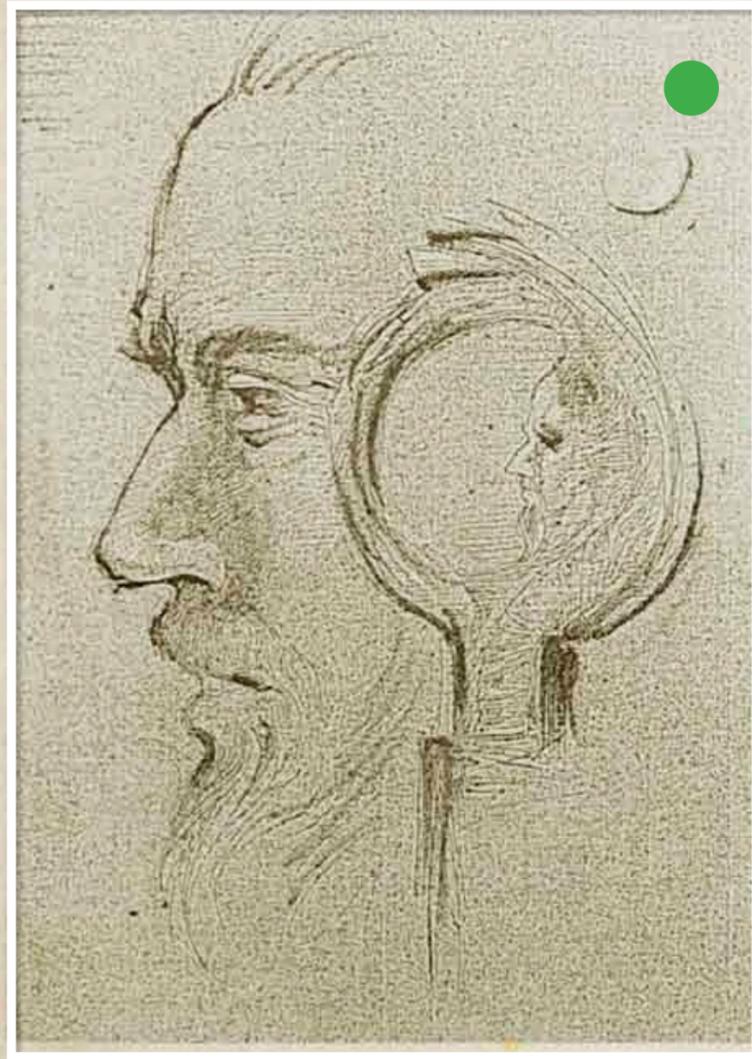


# ALCHEMIST

We see in the speculative philosophy of the alchemist, an attempt to transform idea into mass... Could the sorcerer but place his hands together and allow the gifts to appear...



*I arrived  
at an opening  
in the forest  
and stood  
spellbound just  
outside myself*



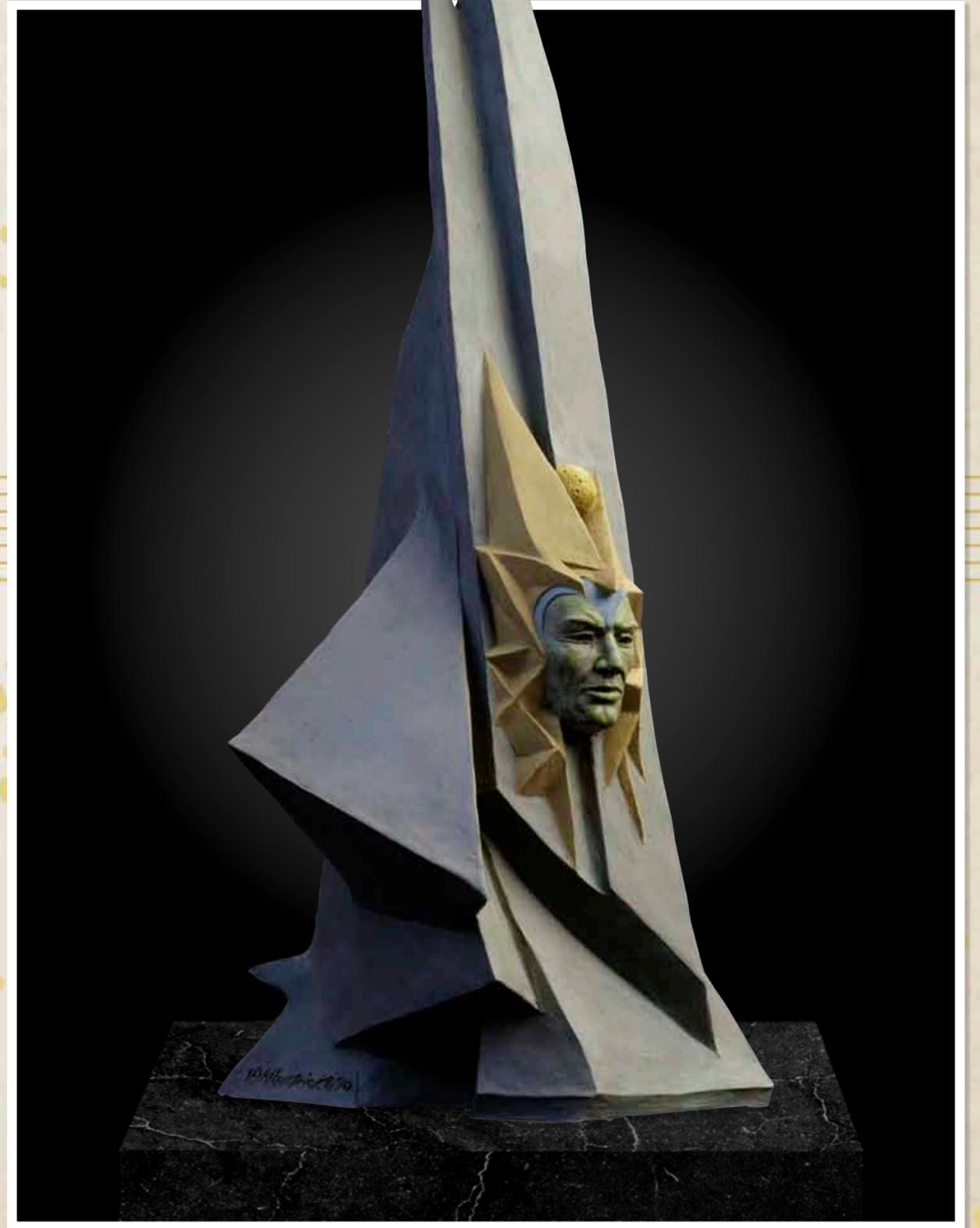
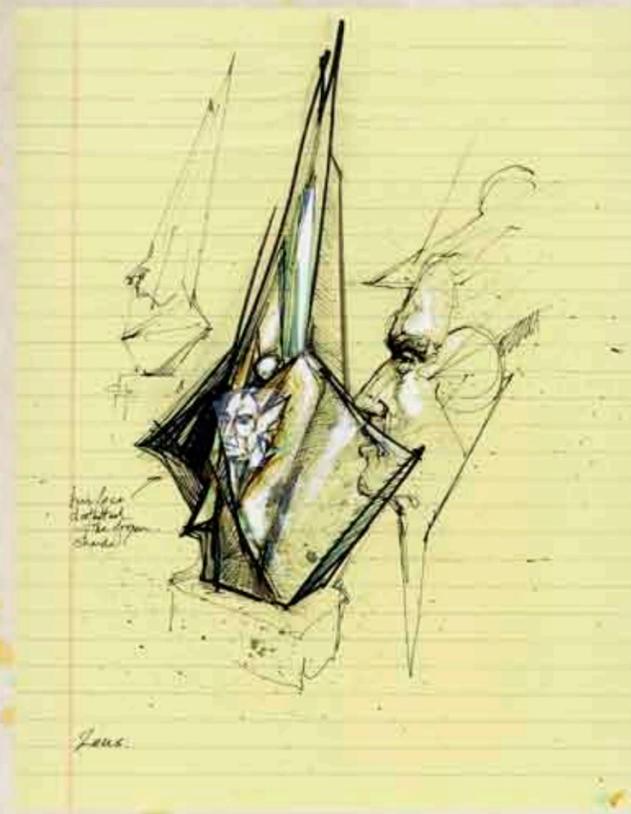
THIS DRAWING MIGHT  
WORK INSTEAD



# P PROPHET

*Shadowed and  
Buried deep within  
The mind of the  
Prophet  
Lies the  
Ancient conflicts  
Of the soul...  
Resolution out  
of reach...  
Or drifting deep  
Within the cosmos...  
Darkness attends  
his discord...*





# S HARD

*Who is this strange man  
slicing through the mist  
of the mind?*

*Are the enveloping shards  
a threat or a self-imposed  
protection?*

*This being of "more questions  
than answers"  
guards the fragile portals  
of the subconscious.  
Sometimes the blades  
seem ready to fall...  
other times cutting through  
the fog.*

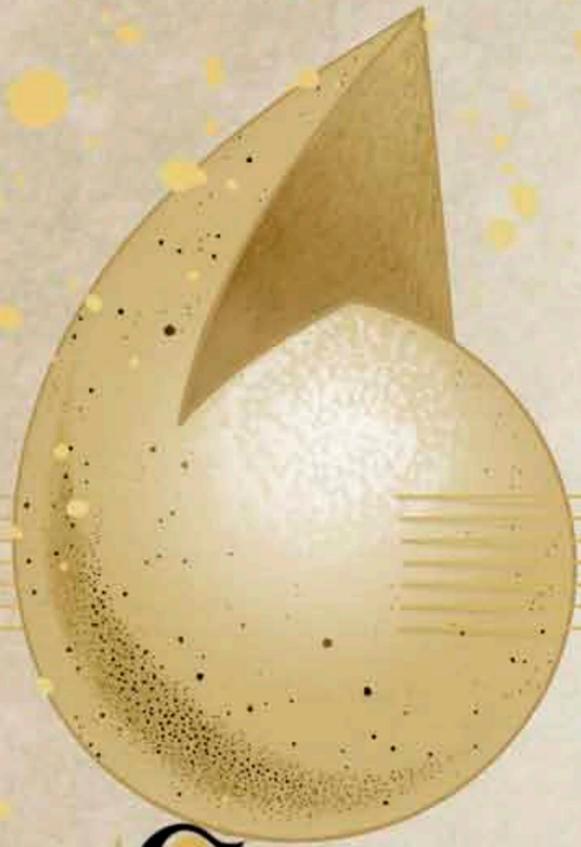




# KALON

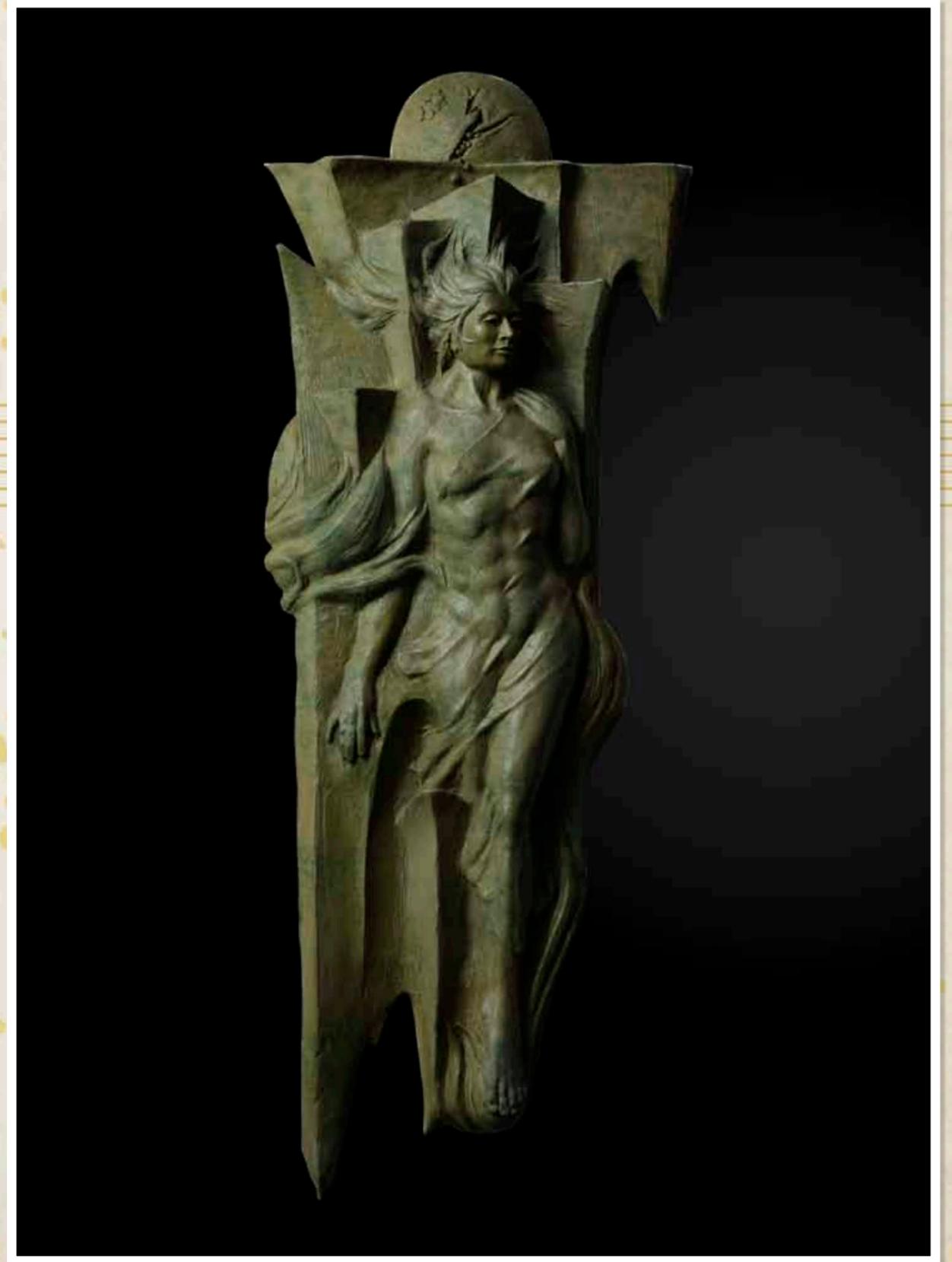
*From what  
mysterious  
nomenclature  
was her name  
derived...  
Is it a place  
beyond the  
places that we  
know...  
Etched in her  
gaze is the  
orbit of  
eternity.*

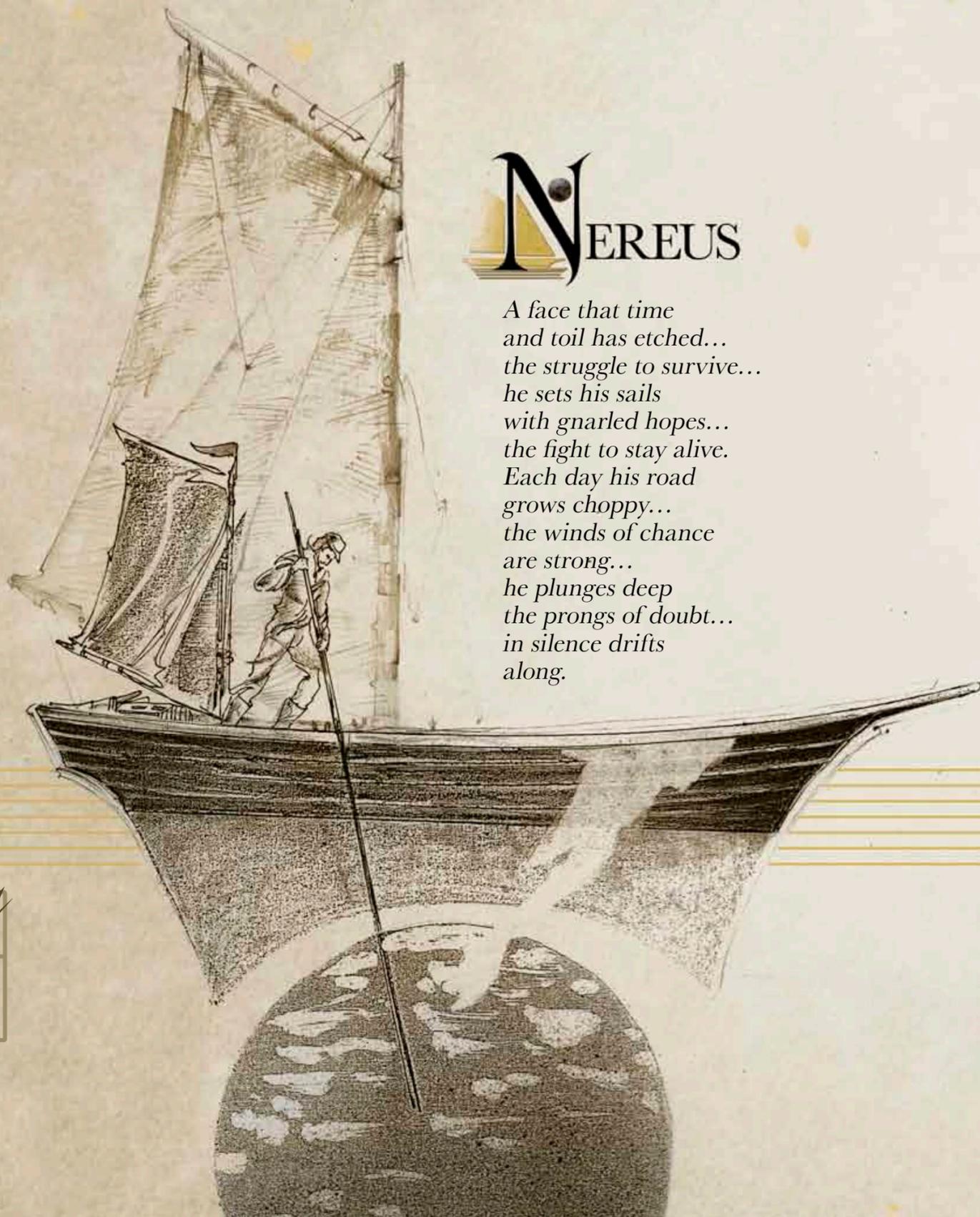




# S HARONE

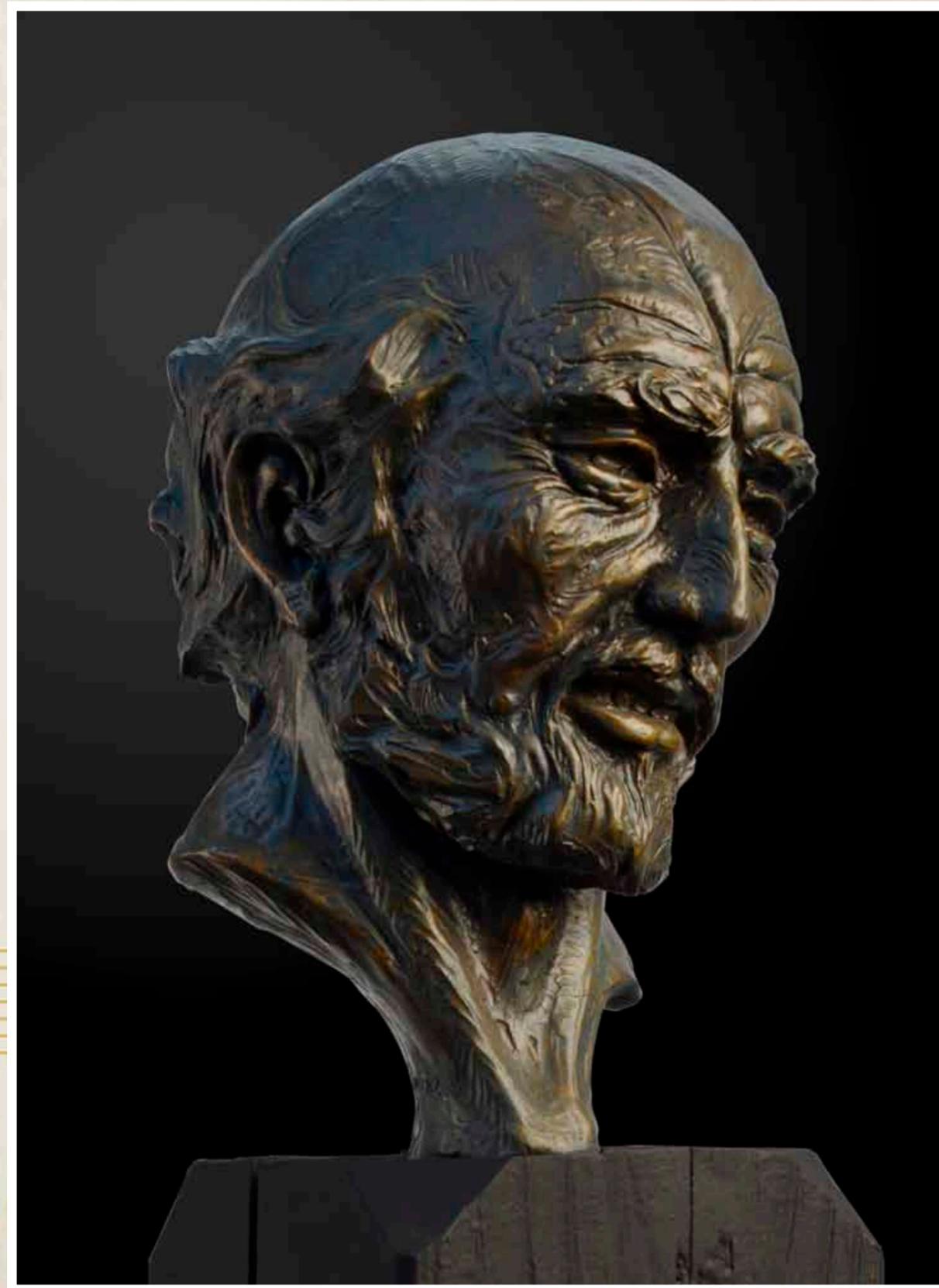
*Casting aside the  
conventional symbols  
of organized  
religion... there seems  
to be a need to invent  
icons of our own.  
Without anchor-images  
our psyche  
drifts in the aether  
of uncertainty...  
and thus invents a  
totem of its own.*





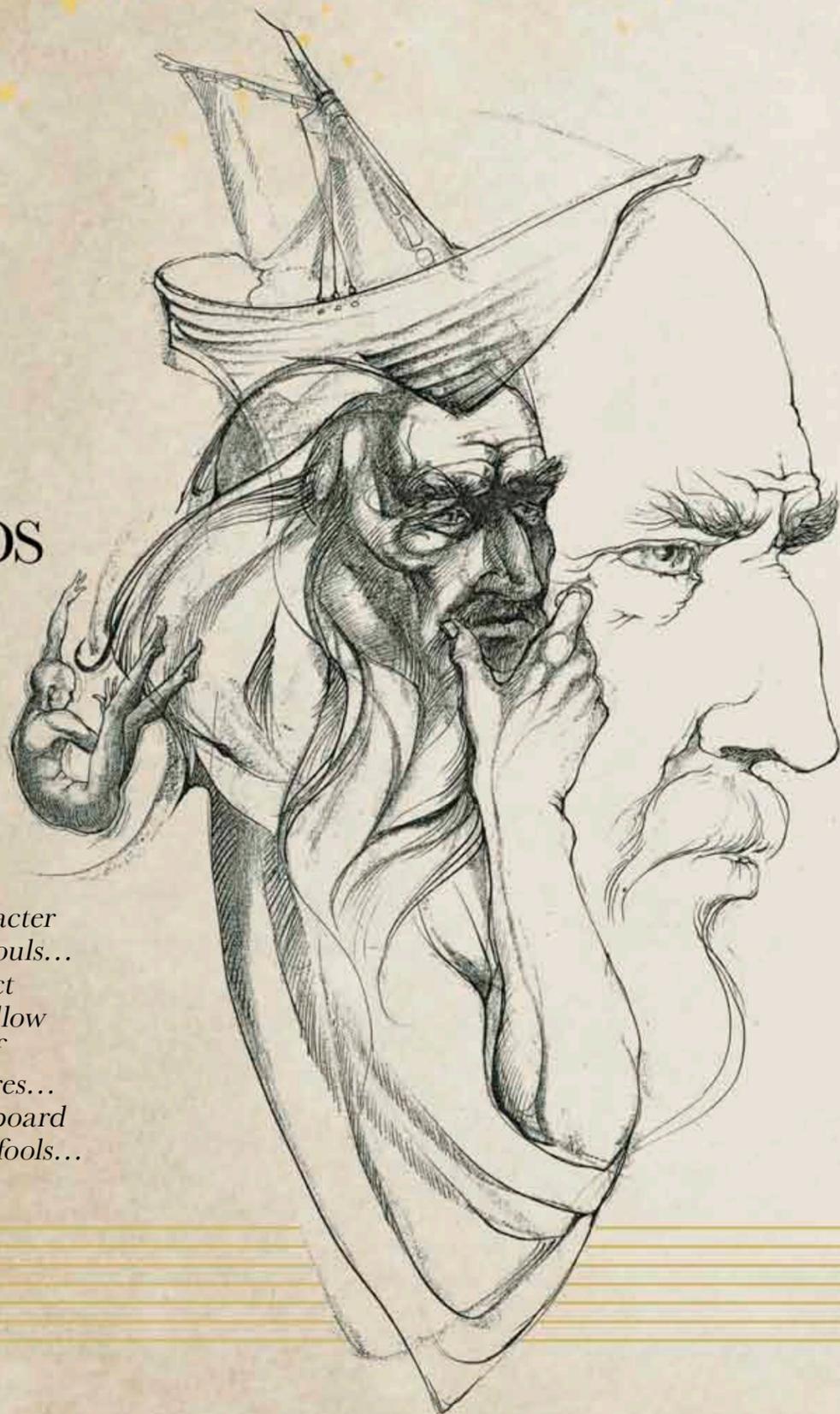
# NEREUS

*A face that time  
and toil has etched...  
the struggle to survive...  
he sets his sails  
with gnarled hopes...  
the fight to stay alive.  
Each day his road  
grows choppy...  
the winds of chance  
are strong...  
he plunges deep  
the prongs of doubt...  
in silence drifts  
along.*



# PETROS

*Who is this  
cryptic character  
trolling for souls...  
do you expect  
anyone to follow  
your mask of  
unspoken lures...  
or will they board  
your ship of fools...*



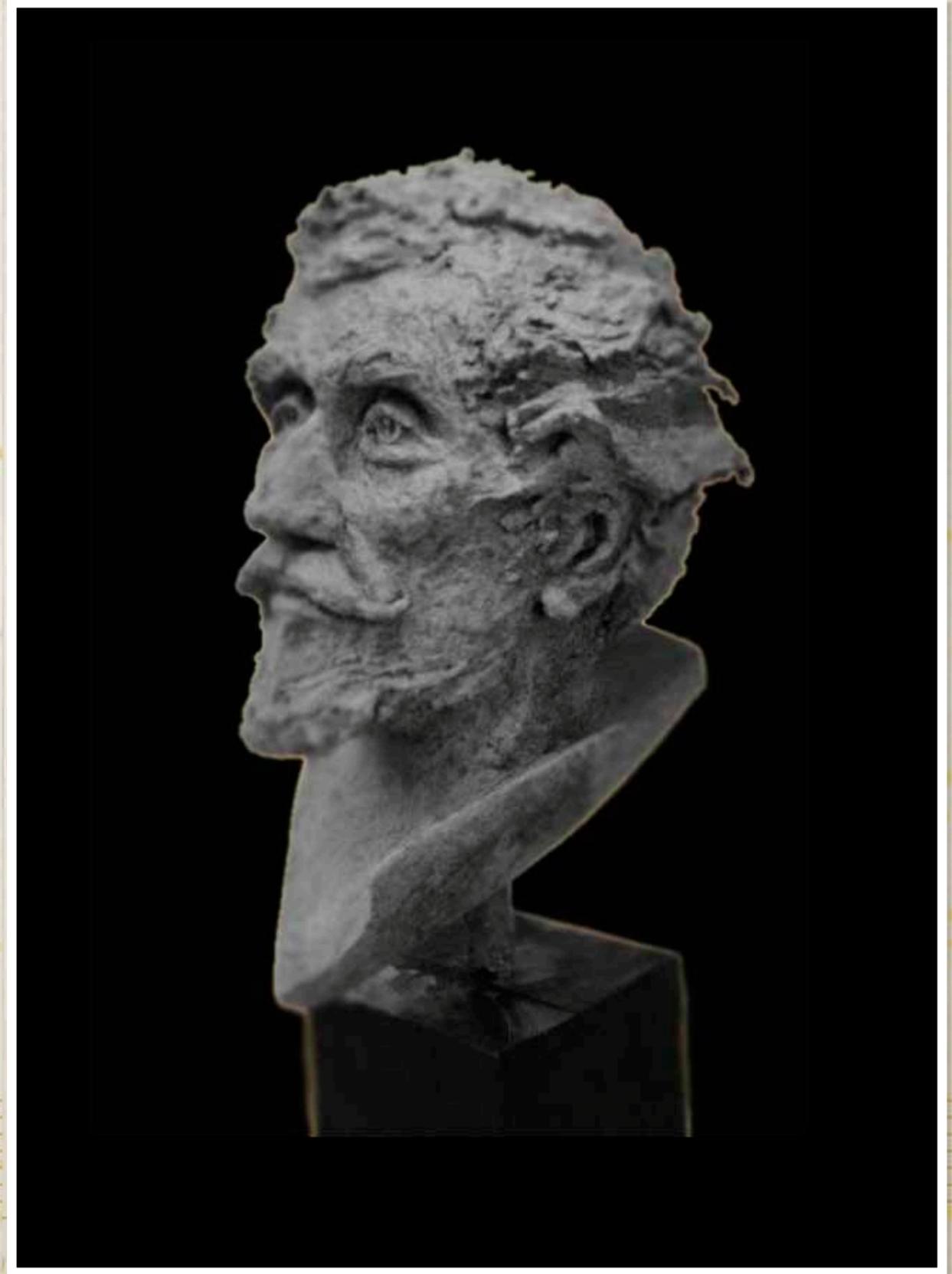
FIND ORIGINALS  
THESE ARE TOO SMALL

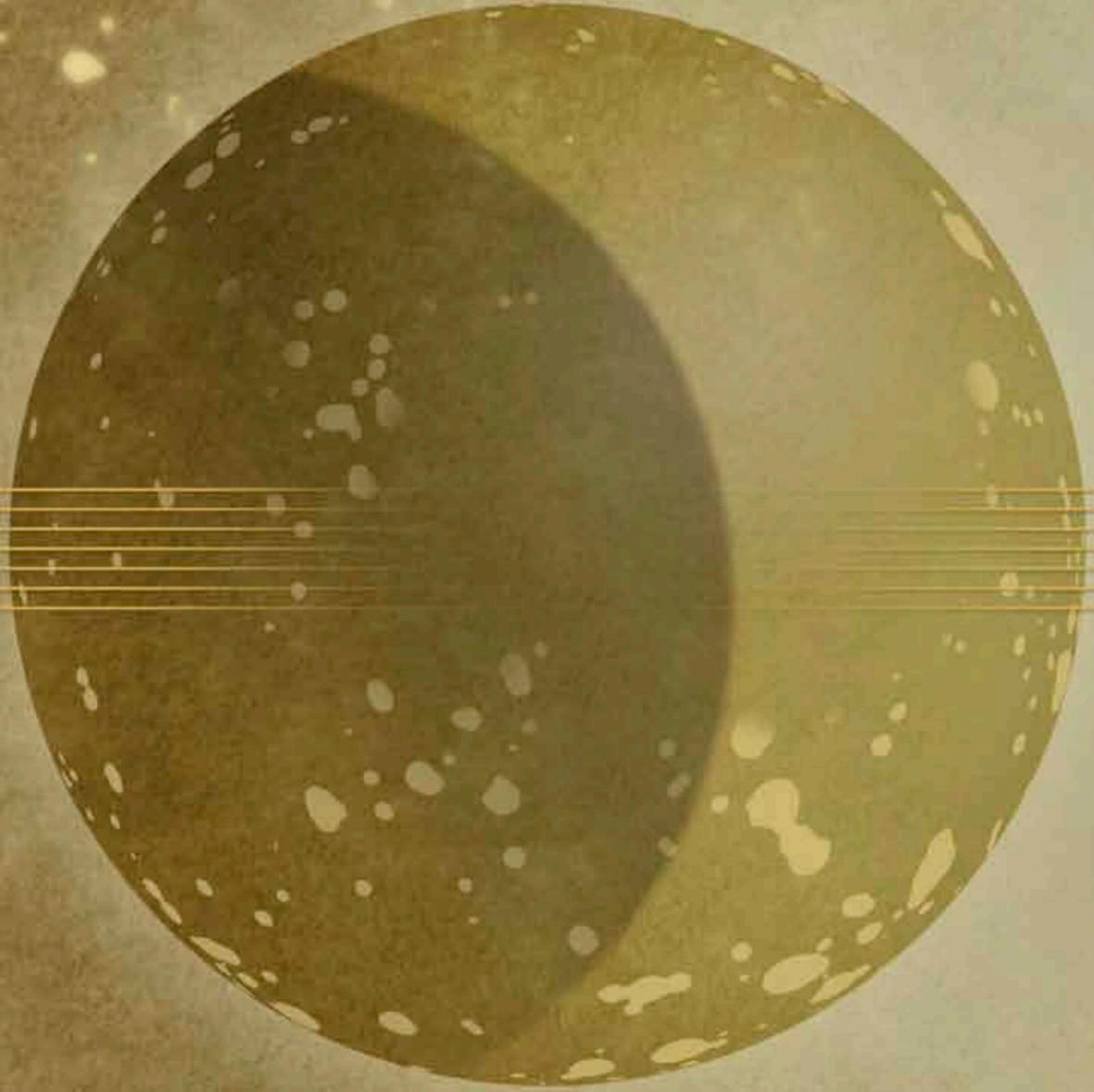




# DUCERE

*Where is that  
ultimate hero  
within ourselves...  
charging at ghosts...  
aspiring to conquer...  
alone against the odds...  
and chasing the  
impossible dream.*

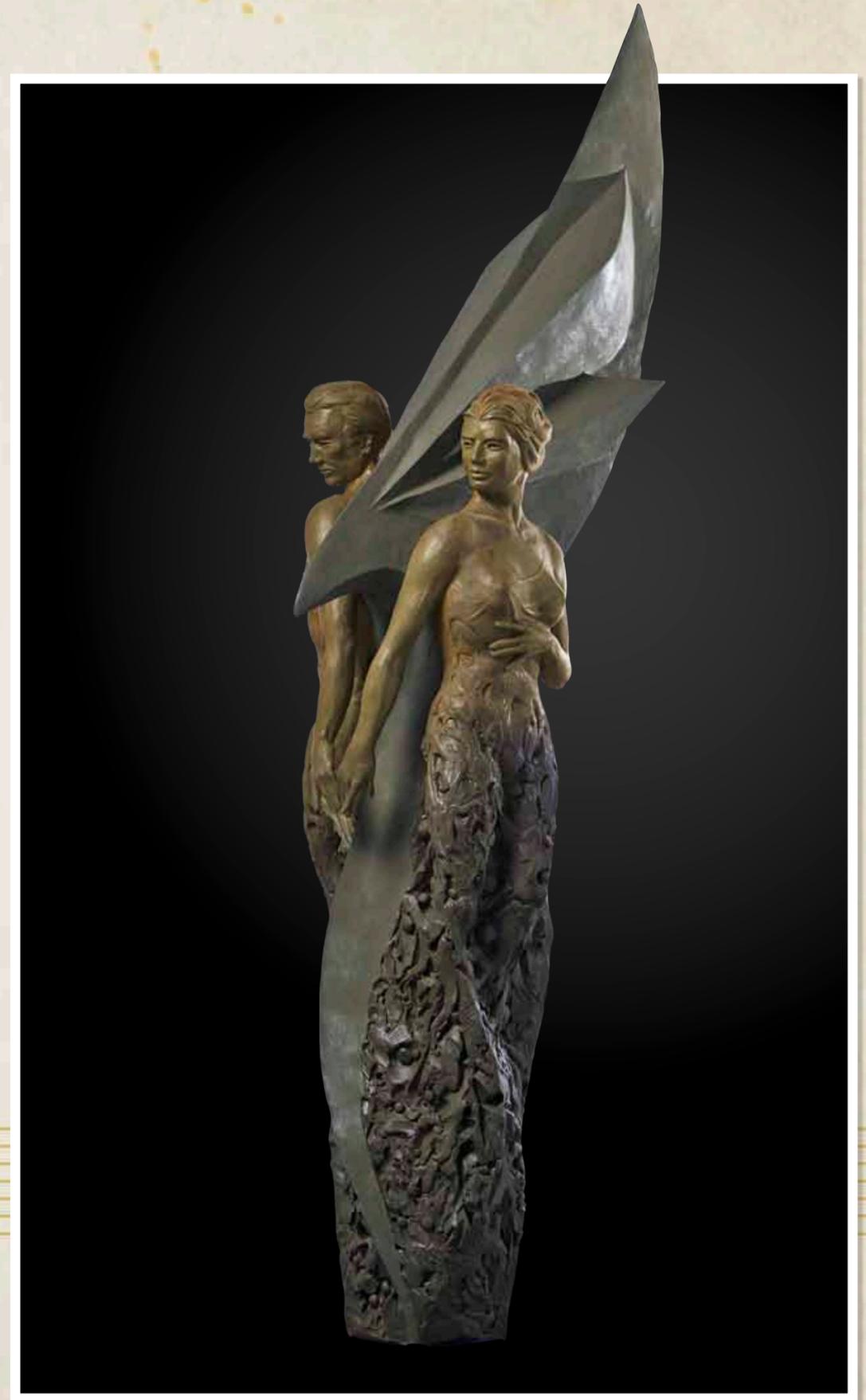




# AFFINITY

**P**SYCHE

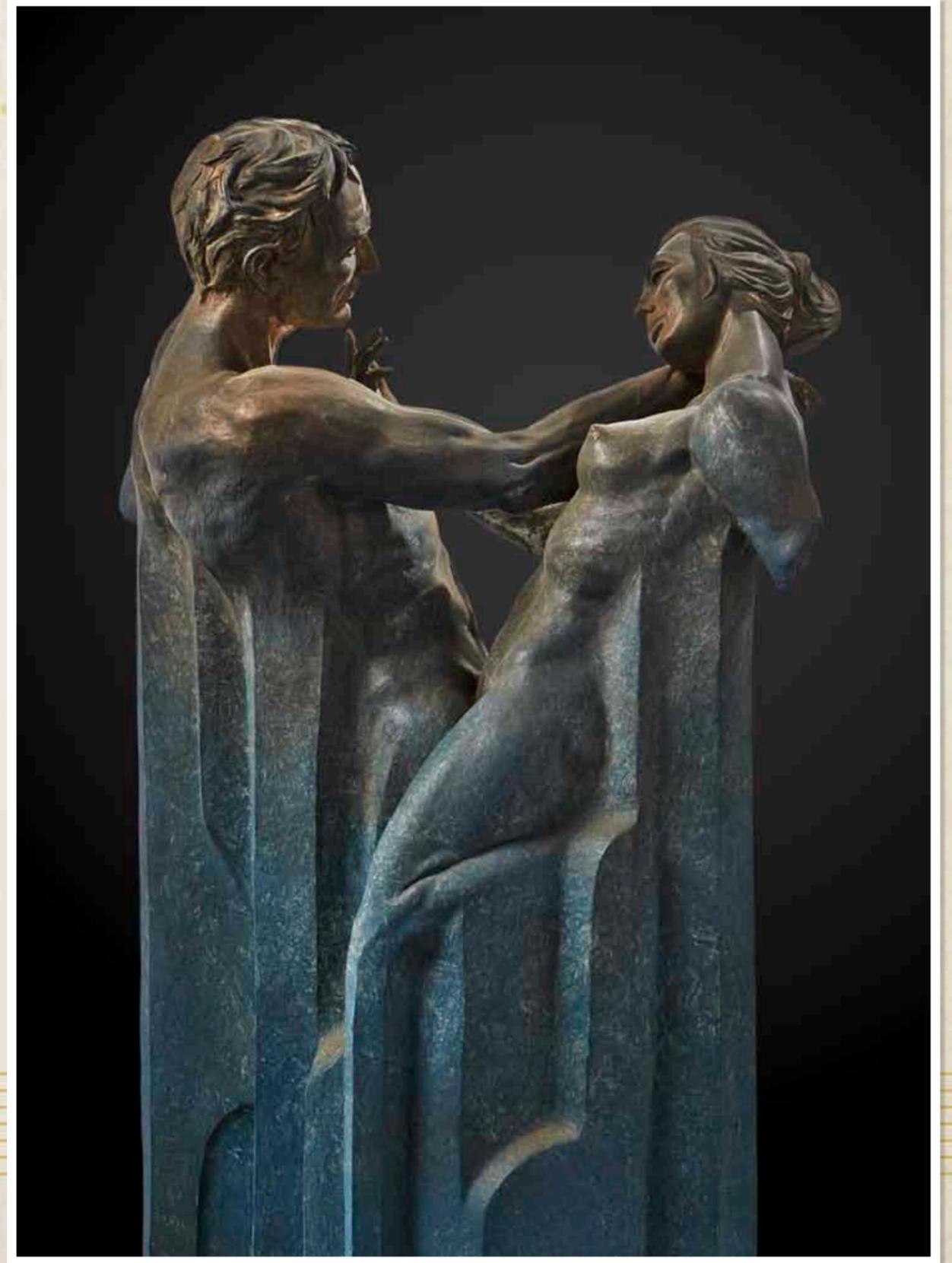
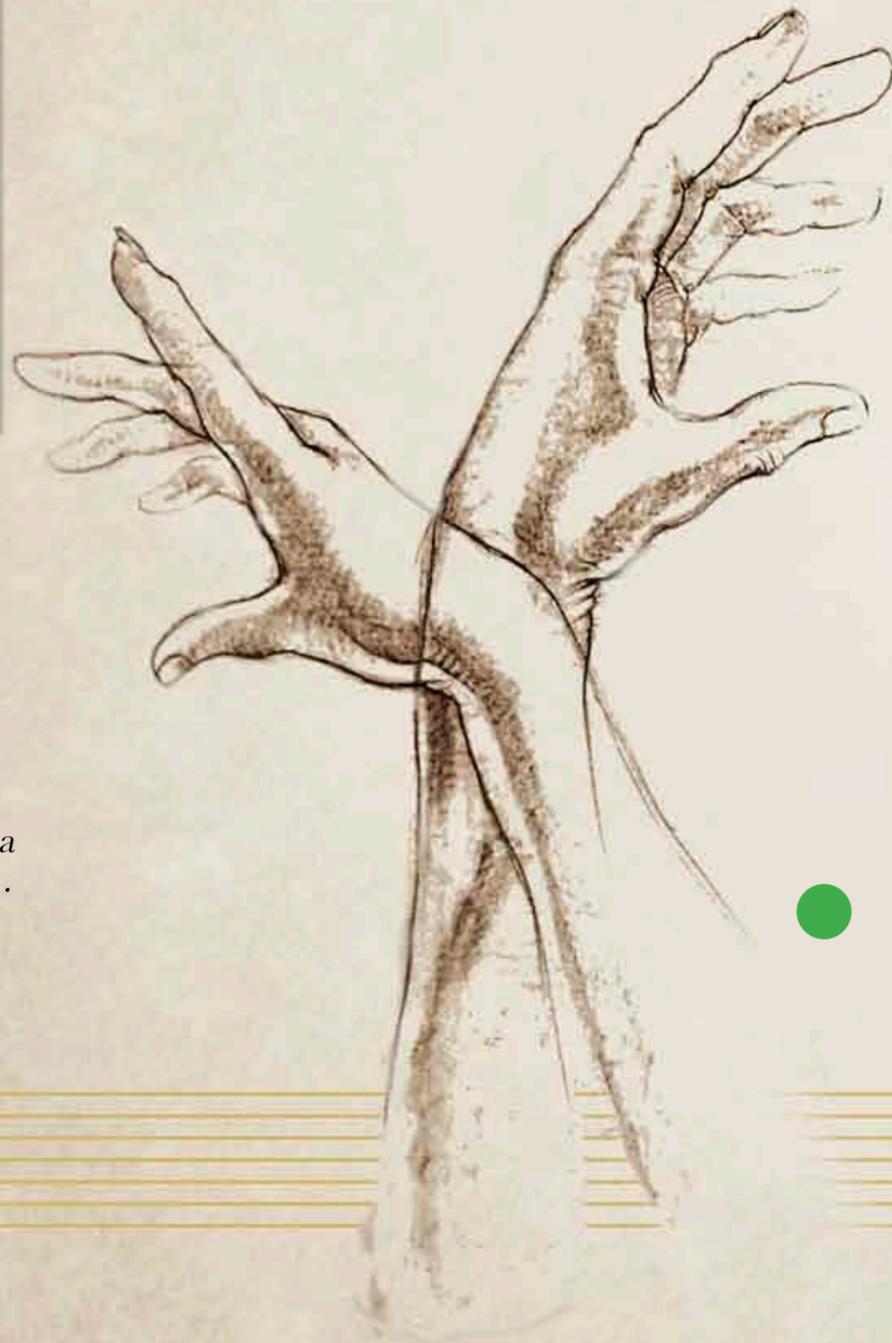
*Those treasures  
hidden in the  
marshlands of  
the mind...  
the golden apple's  
bite that takes us  
through the rind...  
standing at the core  
where matter forms  
its mass...  
we twist and turn  
elusive shapes  
whose time has  
come to pass.*





# ECHO

*The silent utterance  
of a thought...  
returned in a glance...  
from the depths of the sea  
or a chasm in the earth...  
the couple fused...  
the expanse bridged...  
a quiet echo of each  
other's longing.*

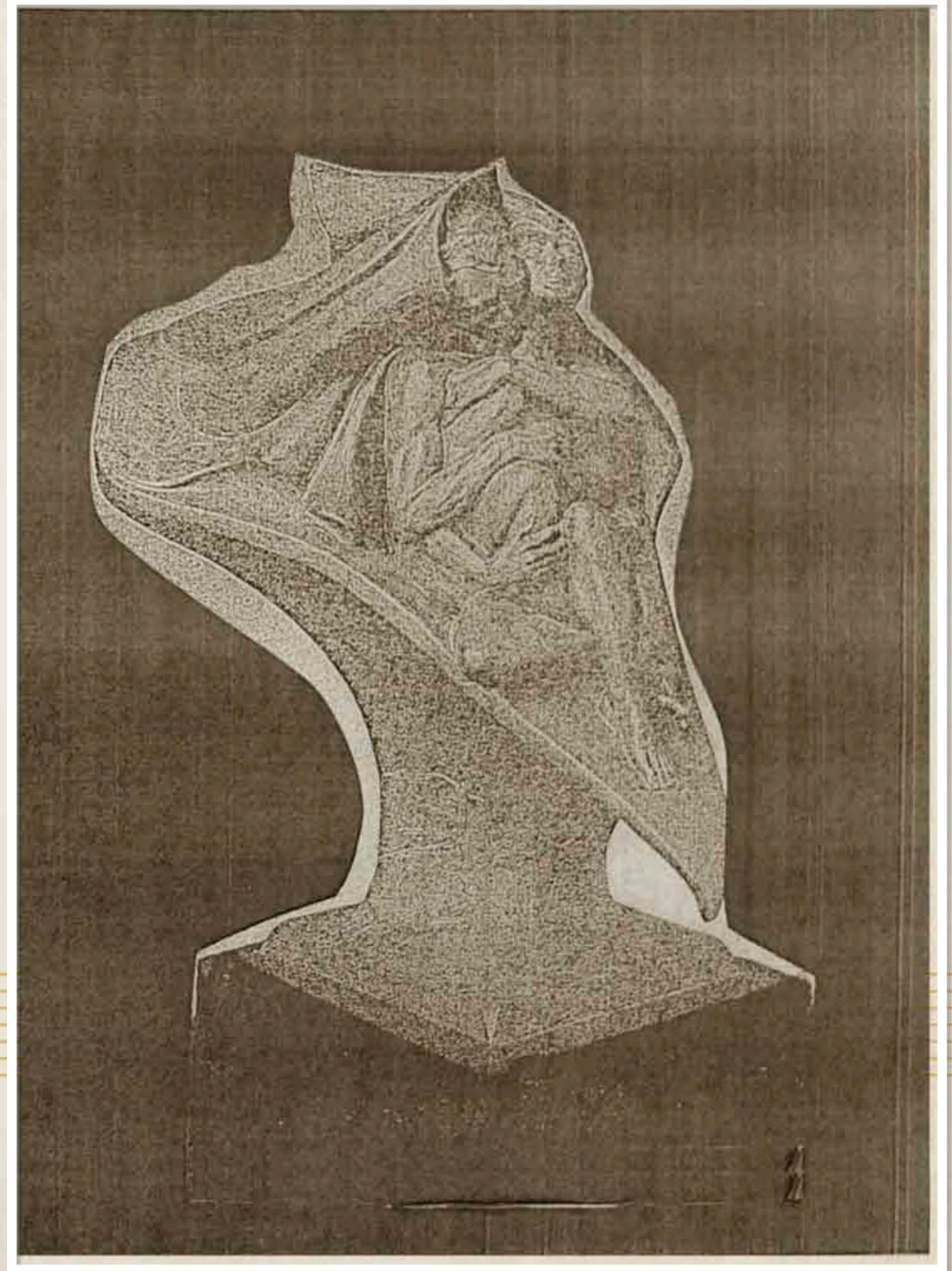




# **C**HRYSALIS

*The image forms  
it's not explained...  
my eyes meet mine  
in hers...  
we place our hands  
upon our hearts  
and find the image  
blurs...*

*My gifts are simple  
but not always giftwrapped*





# AMORATA

*The depiction of love...  
which mimics the organic embraces  
found in nature is never trite...  
form into form... life into life...  
with unrehearsed fluidity...  
How gracious the intertwined  
embrace of these amorphous shapes.*



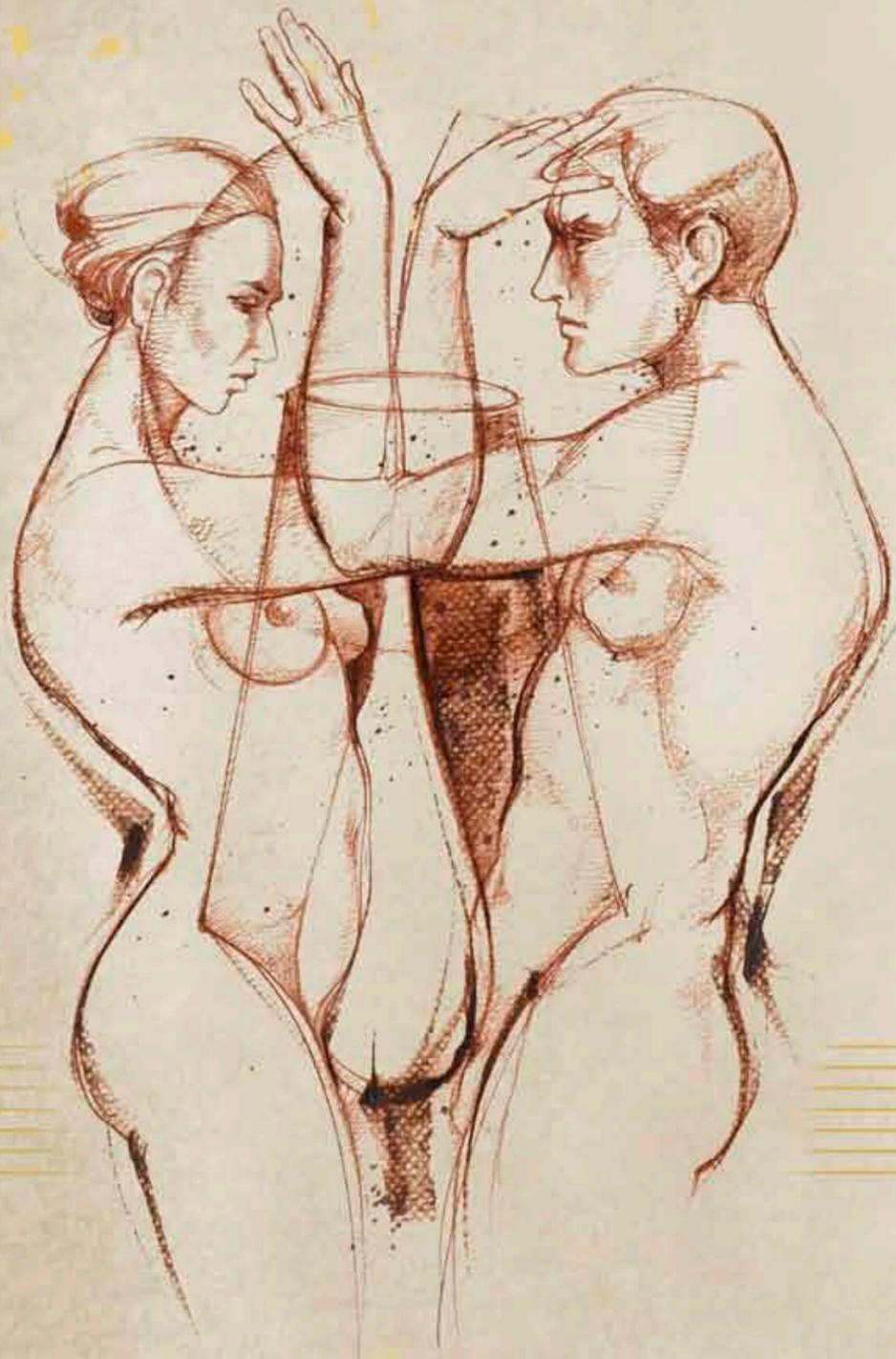


# A MESHHA



*Am I forced  
on this moonlit  
night to pile my  
thoughts into a  
dark corner...  
there hidden in  
the safety of  
oblivion...  
are these obtuse  
observations worth  
protecting...  
at times I want  
to strike a match  
to my collective  
offerings and  
light up the world...  
if only my own.*





William Dean Kellogg



# EXTASIS

*Where does the spirit go  
in those moments  
of sensual bliss?  
Arching through time and  
space...companied  
alas by birth and death.*



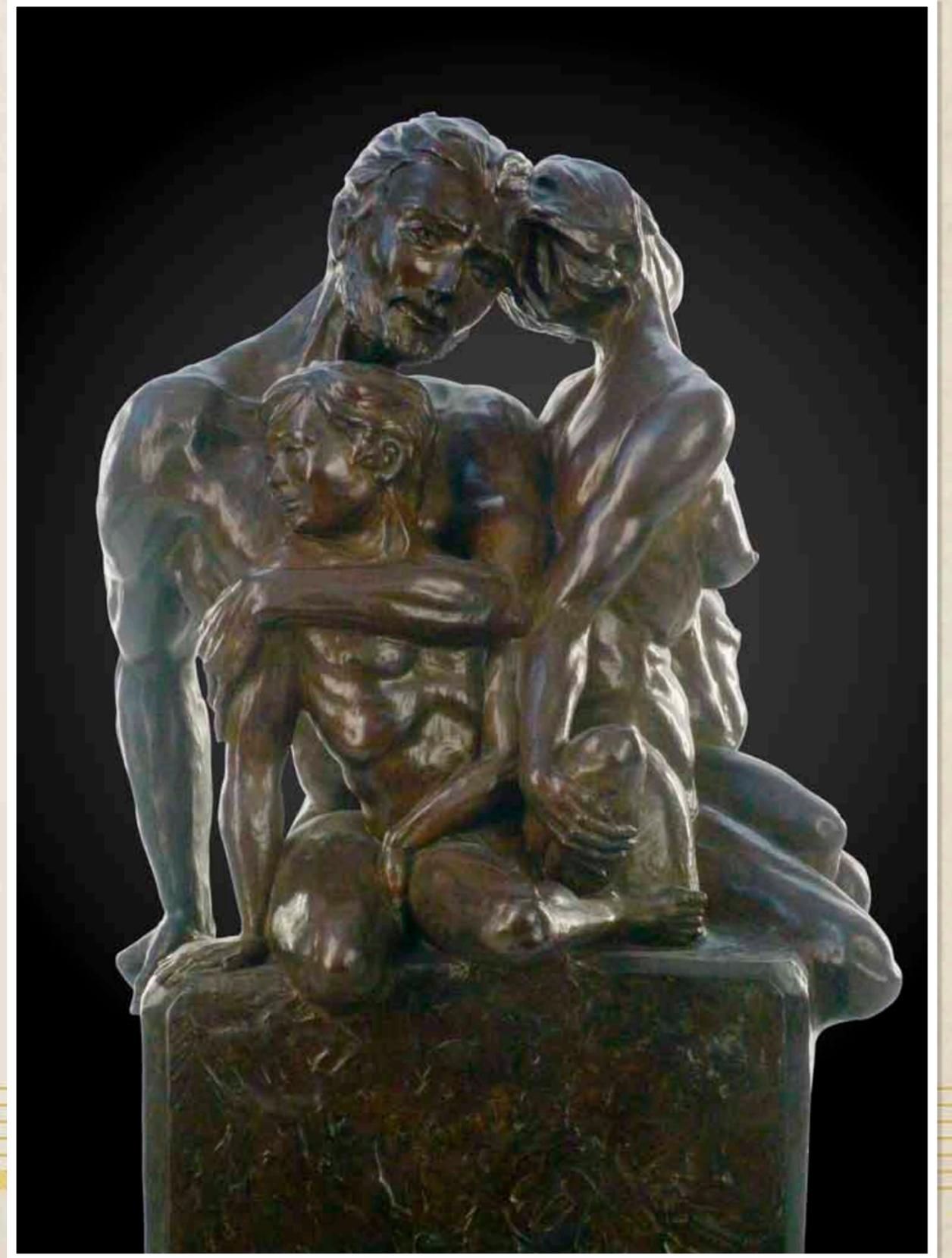


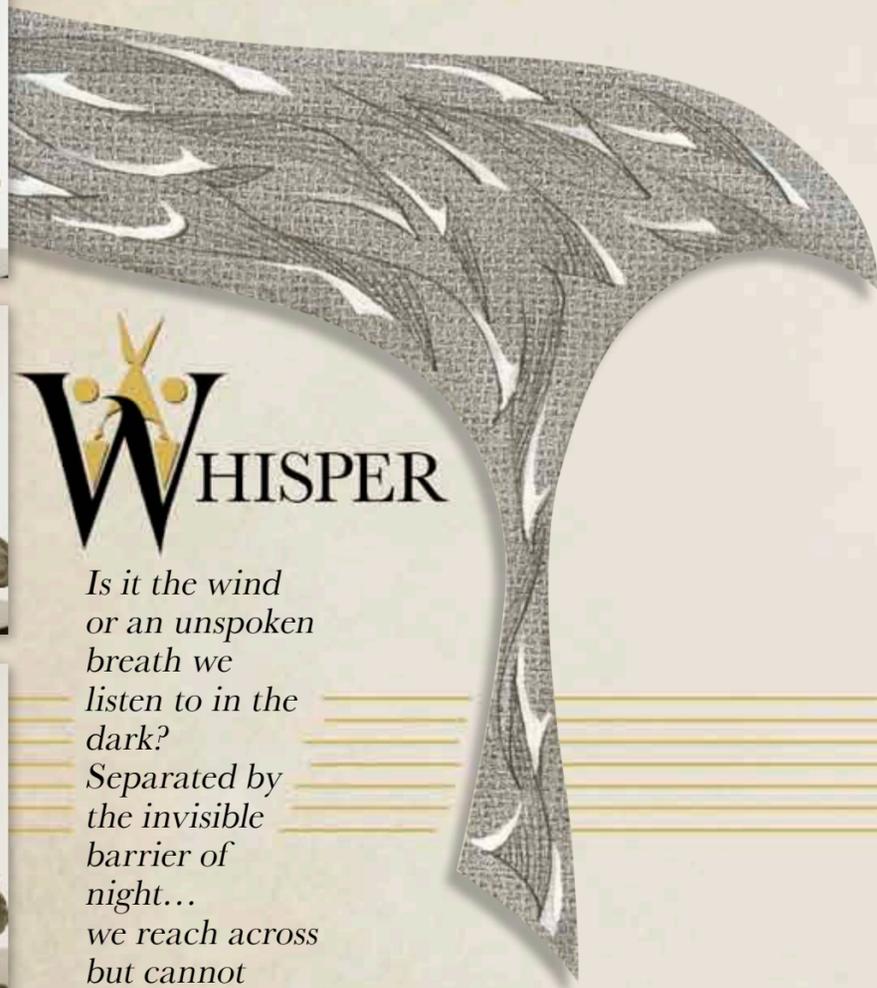
## VANISHING

*Much has been written about the extinction of species. Man, the instigator, of that demise is also on the list.*

*With our pervasive perversions we have all but annihilated most of nature's creatures.*

*Are we perhaps the last?*





# WHISPER

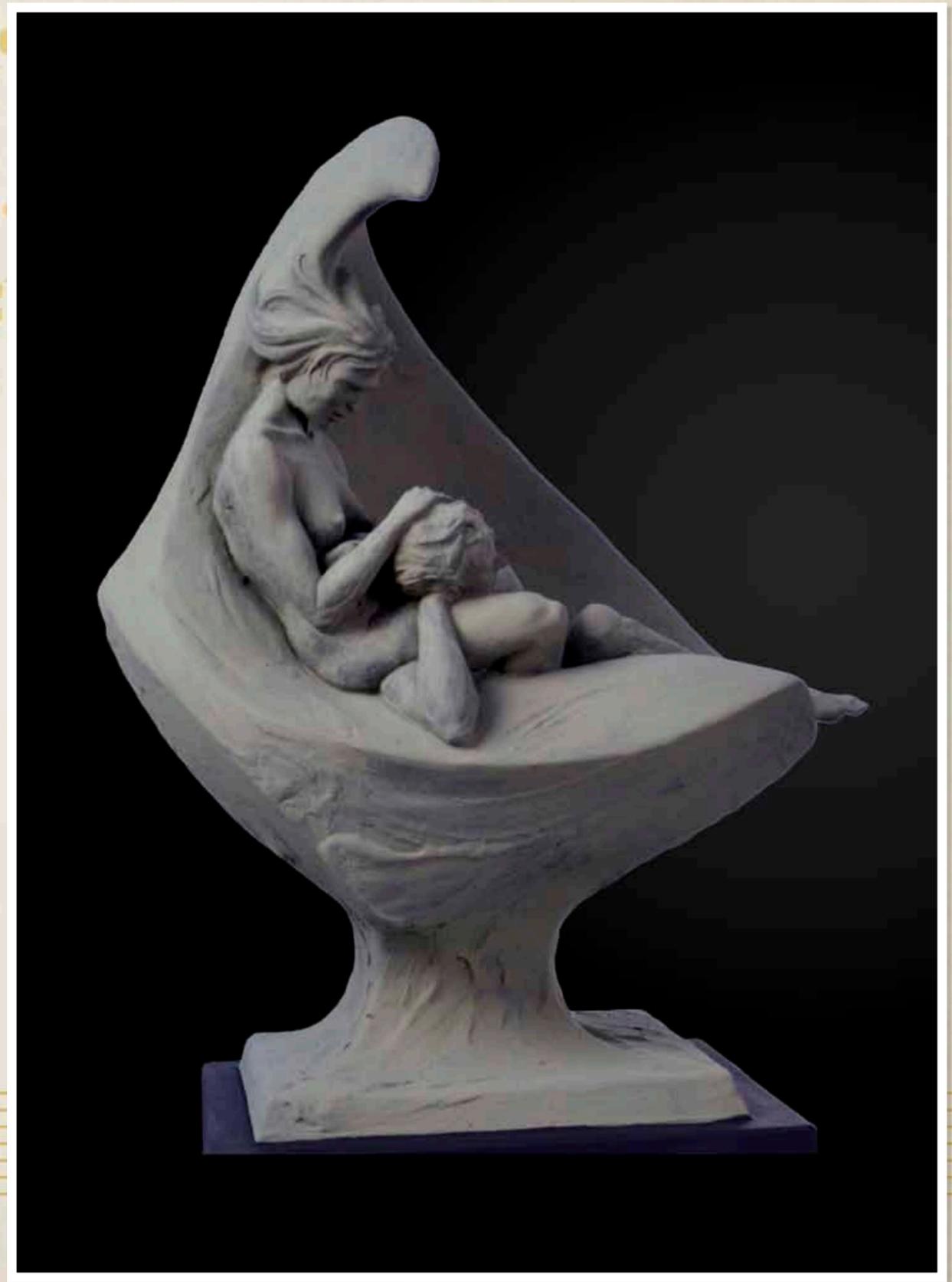
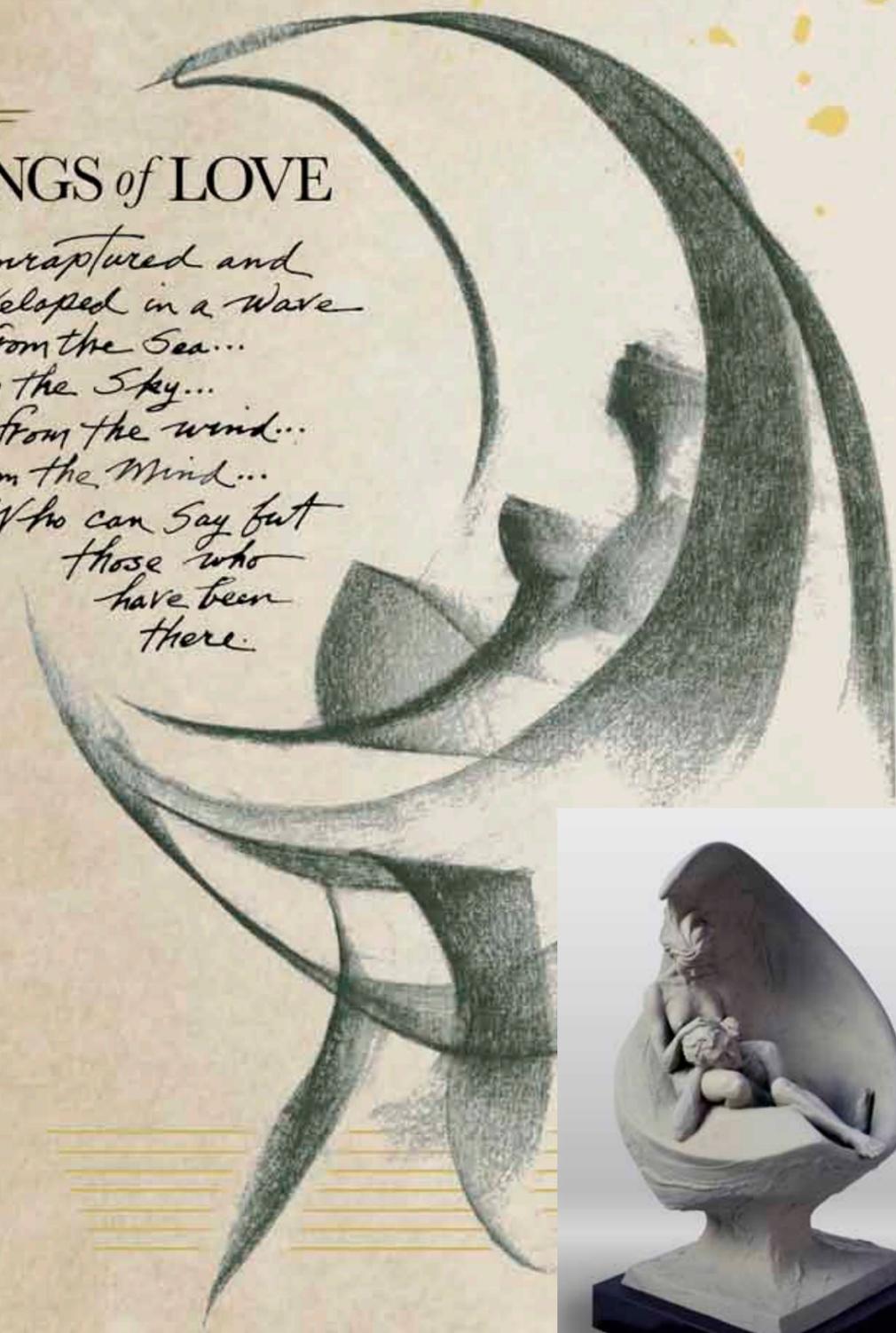
*Is it the wind  
or an unspoken  
breath we  
listen to in the  
dark?  
Separated by  
the invisible  
barrier of  
night...  
we reach across  
but cannot  
touch...  
the only hope  
a dream of  
flight*



Focus not accepted  
Find another view.

# WINGS of LOVE

*Enraptured and  
enveloped in a wave  
from the Sea...  
from the Sky...  
from the wind...  
from the Mind...  
Who can say but  
those who  
have been  
there.*

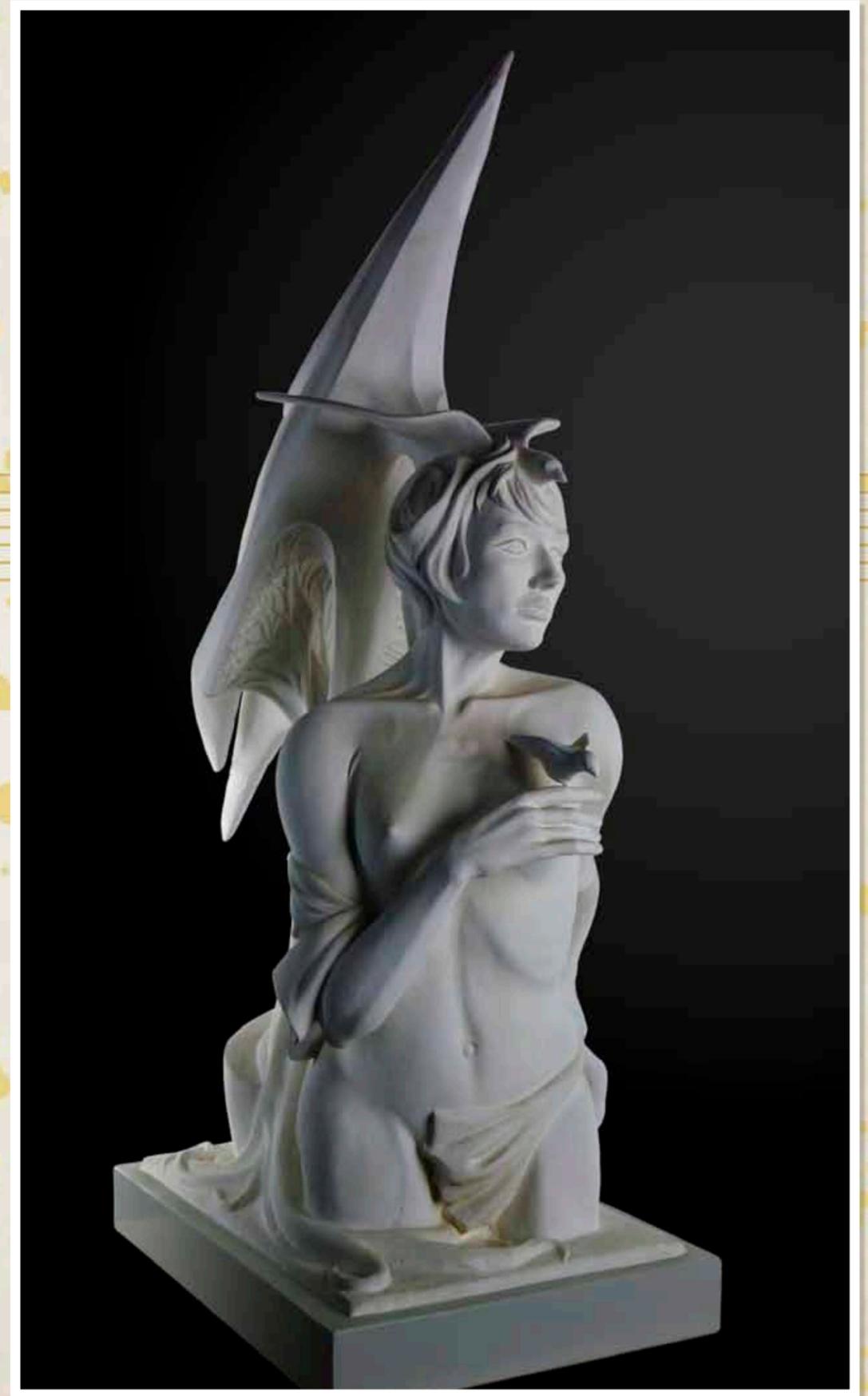


# T RISTIA

*Haunted by images from some ancient past... unable to fathom their significance he twists and torques in anguish. Draped across his psyche lies a distant memory. Entwined in the passions of life, he is torn from the earth...yet still enraptured by the elusive...*



*Life is like a poem  
that doesn't rhyme  
and that's what I like  
about it*



# AERO

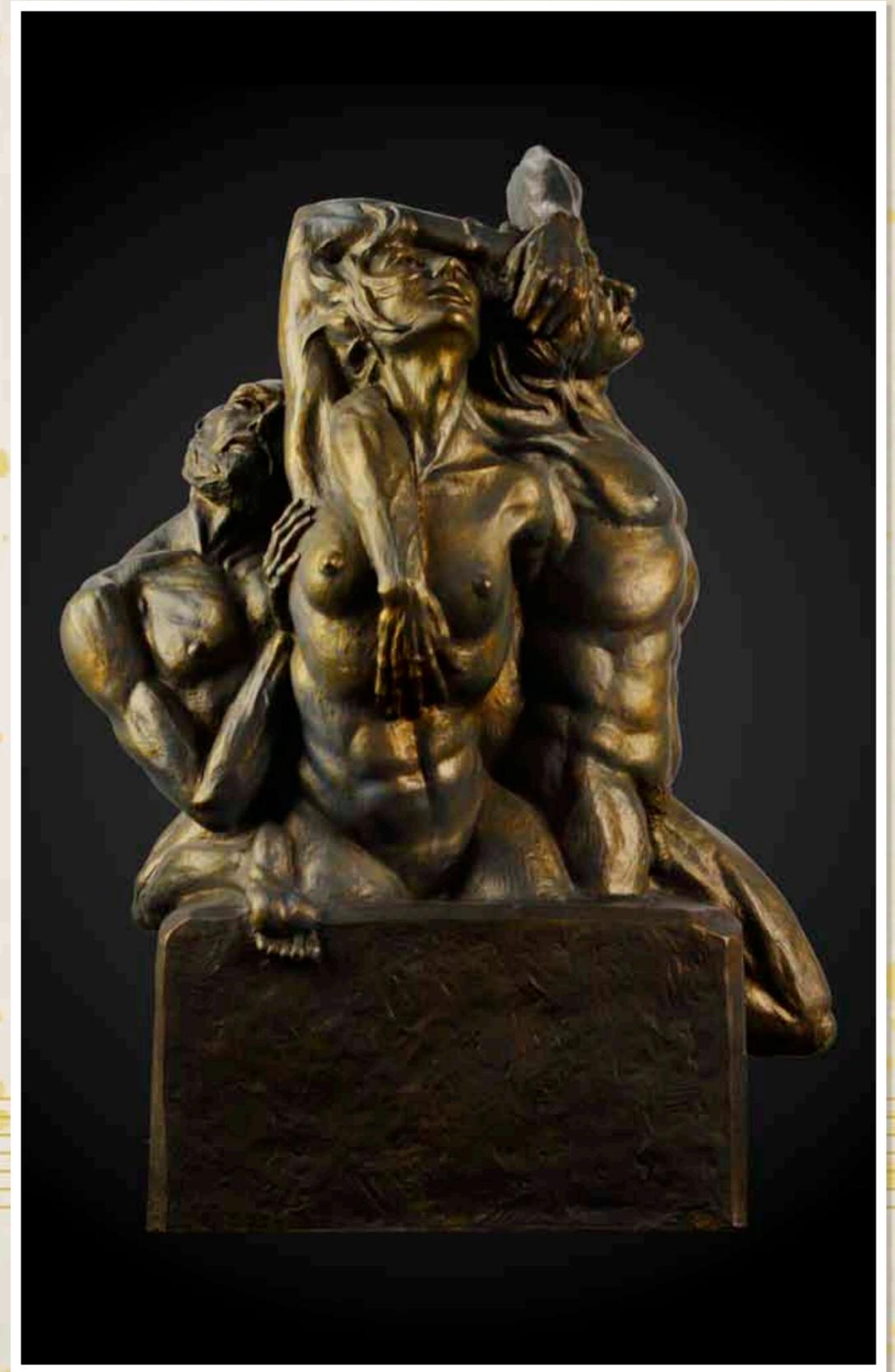
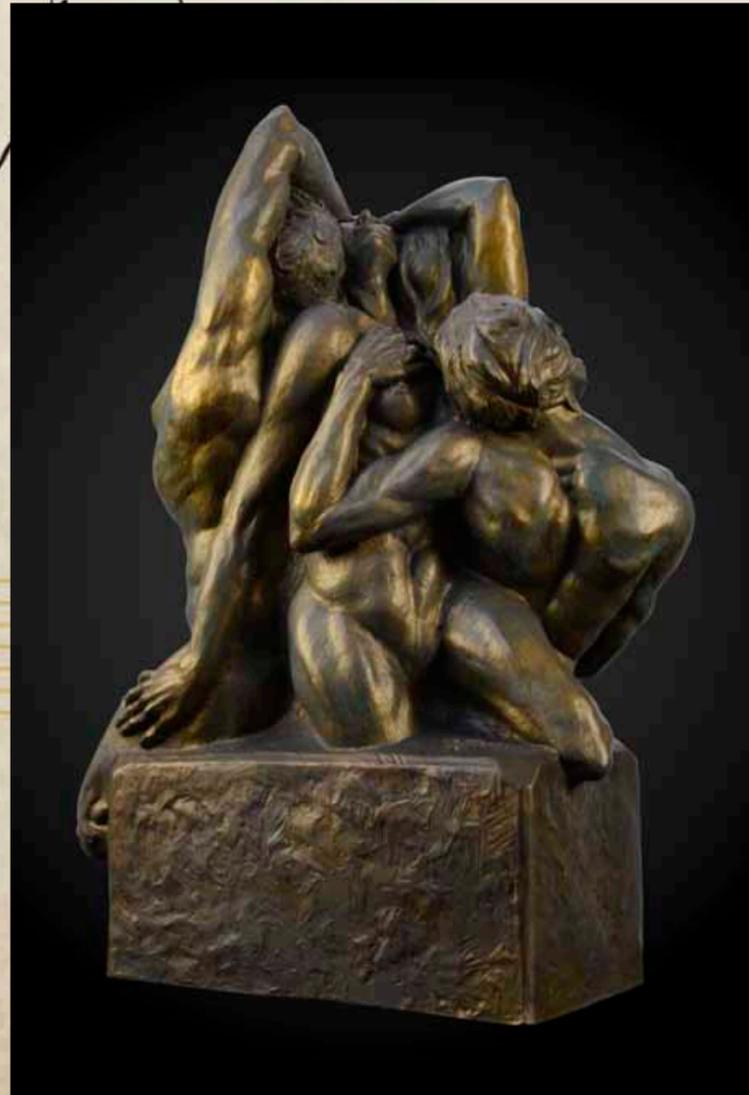
*As youth embarks  
towards mystic lands...  
the wings of flight  
within her hands...  
her calling clear  
through open doors...  
she soars at last  
towards distant shores...  
a chance to find  
that missing part...  
the someone who  
can touch her heart...  
though no one knows  
what lies ahead...  
in retrospect  
she's glad she fled...*



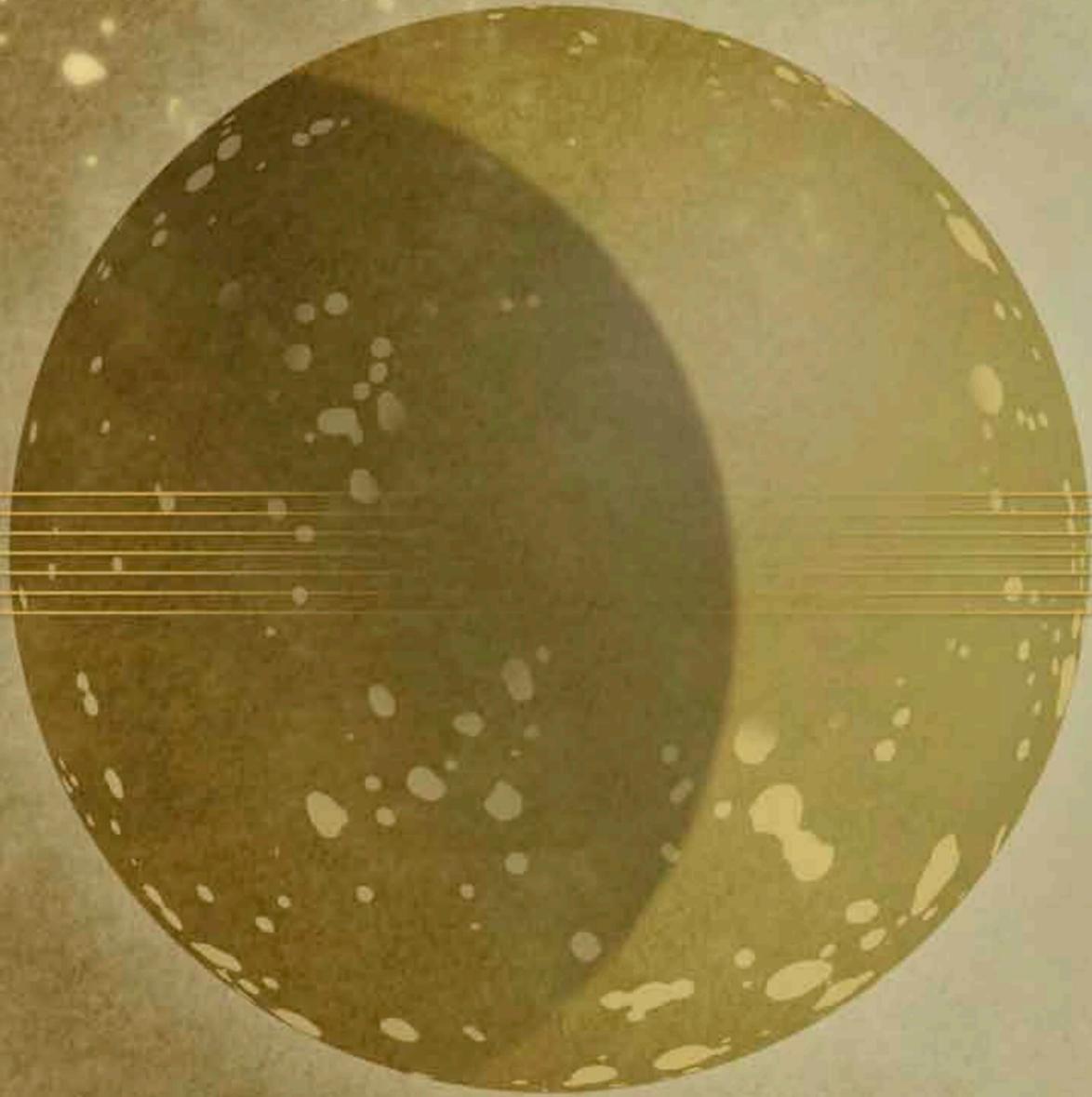
# WOVEN

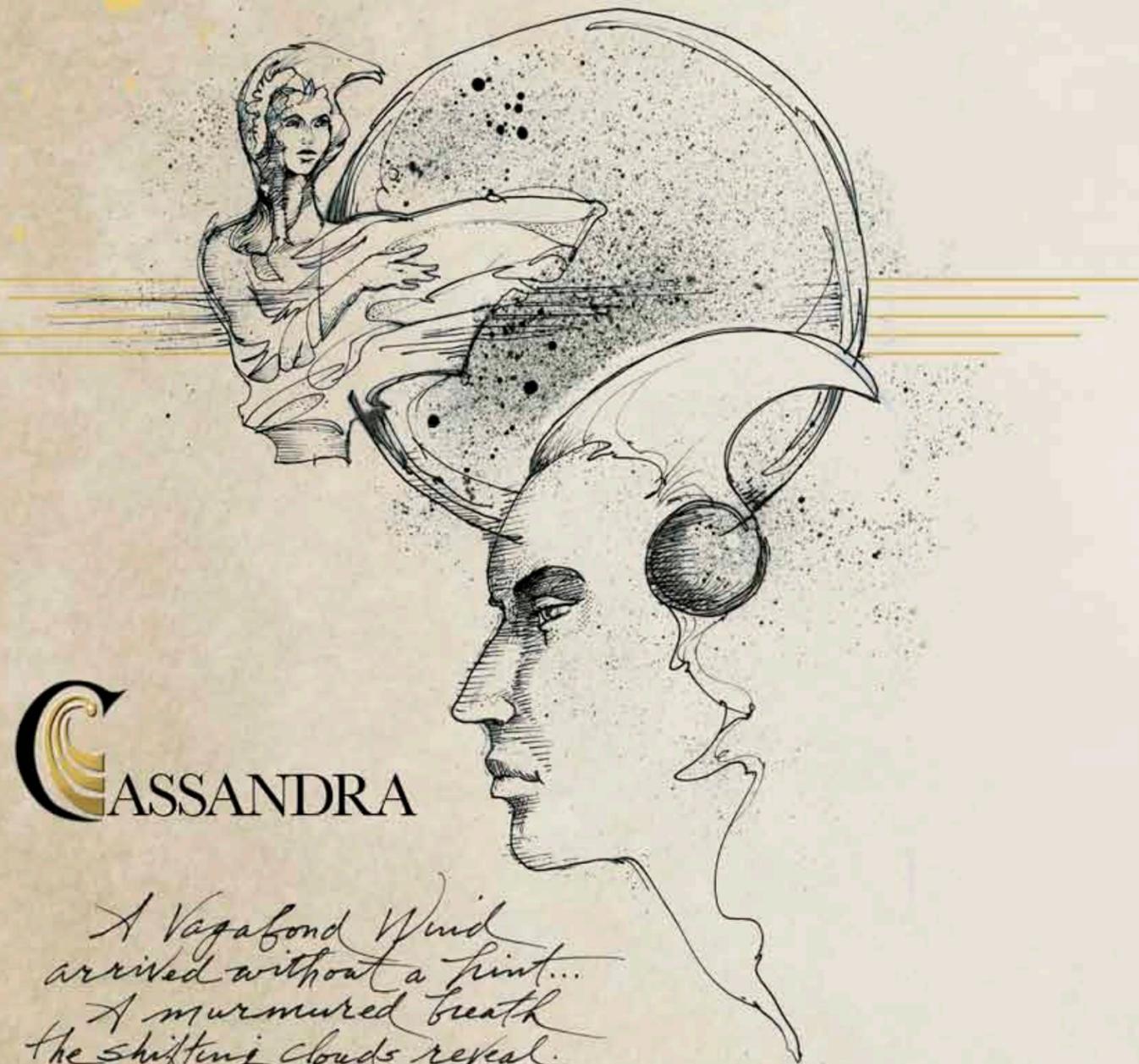
*This is really no more than a figure study exercise... however, it appears to have sensual or erotic implications...*

*You decide.*



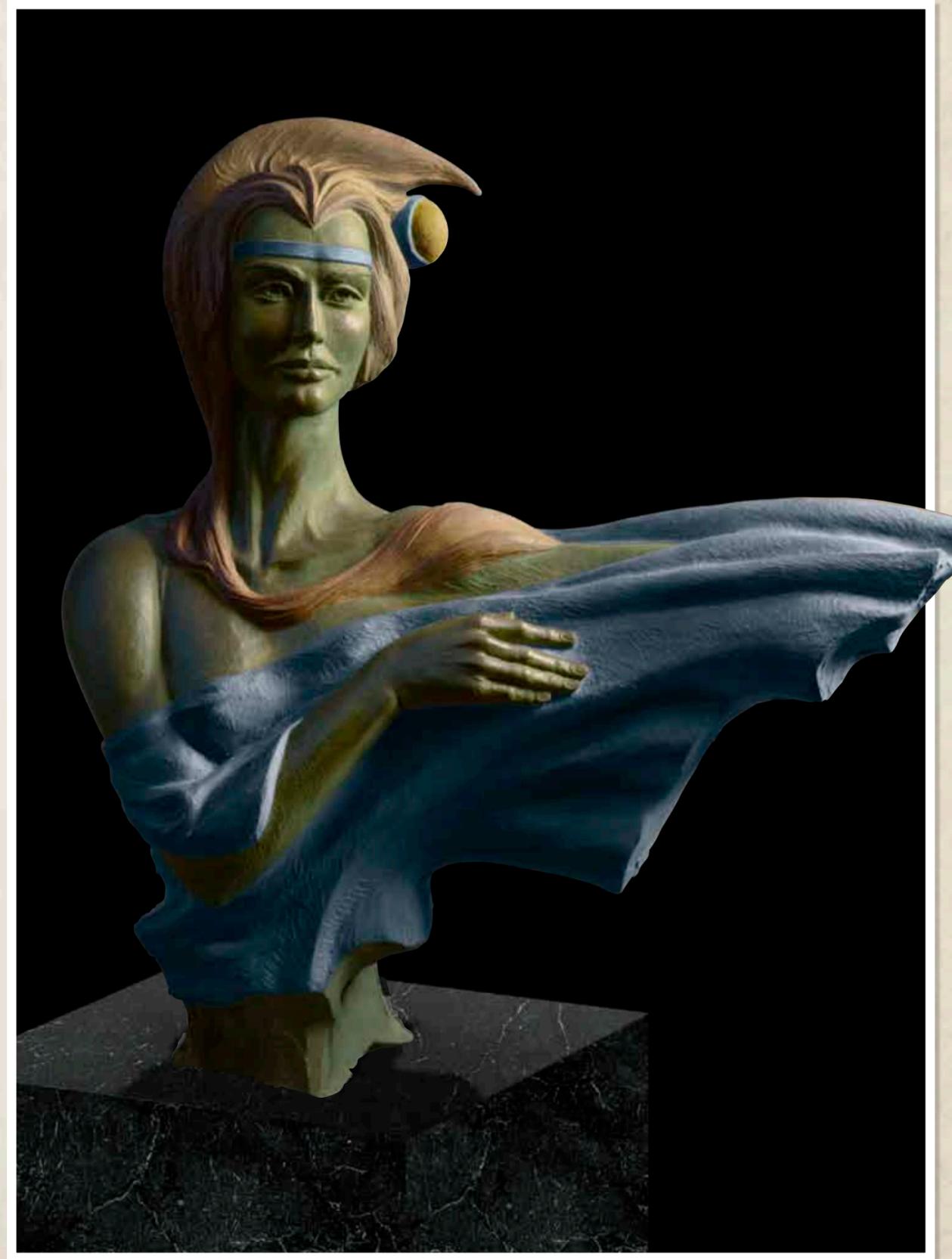
# SHAMANIC JOURNEY

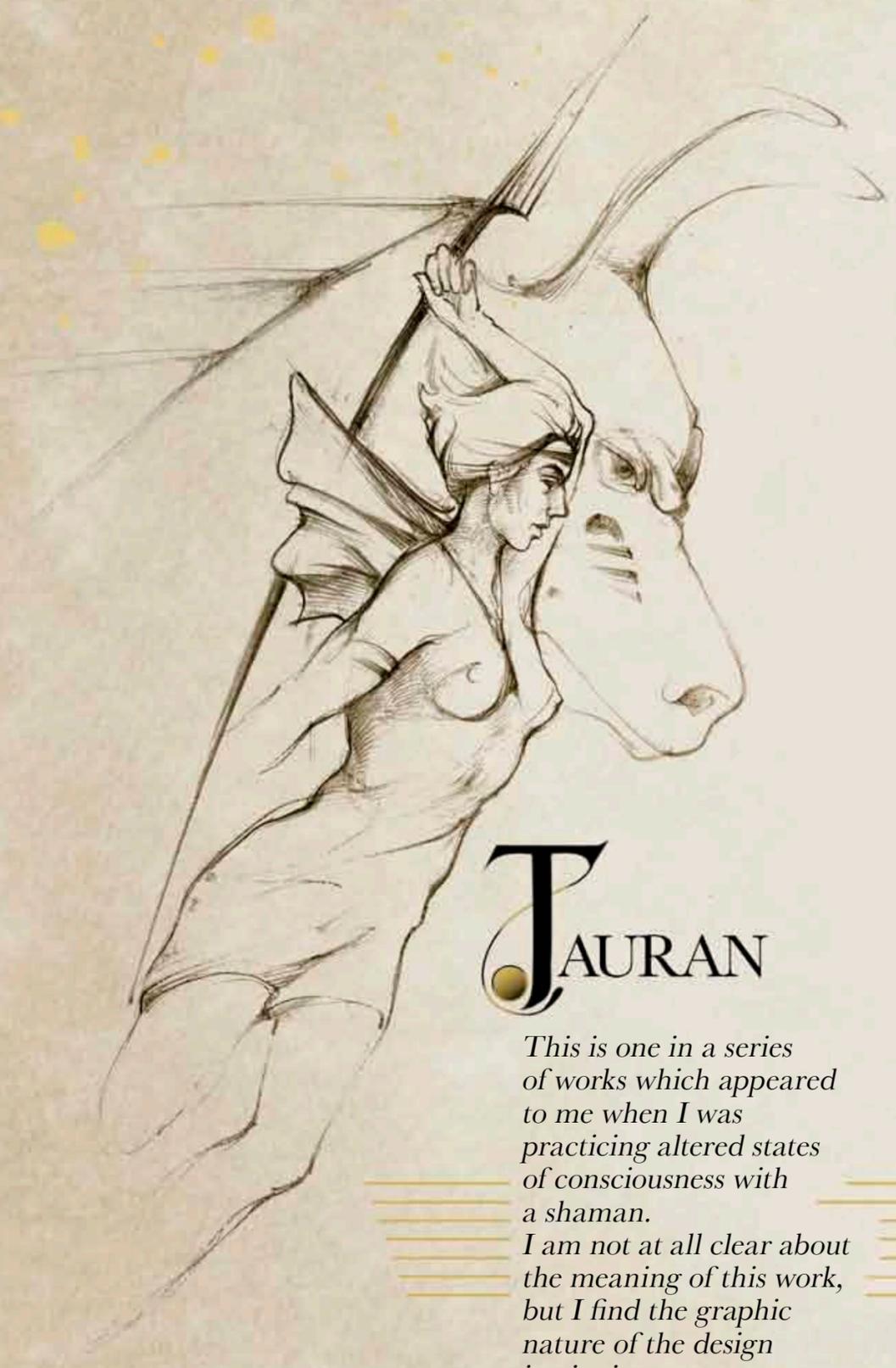




# CASSANDRA

*A Vagabond Wind  
arrived without a hint...  
A murmured breath  
the shifting clouds reveal.  
A shaded figure  
Shrouded in the Mist*

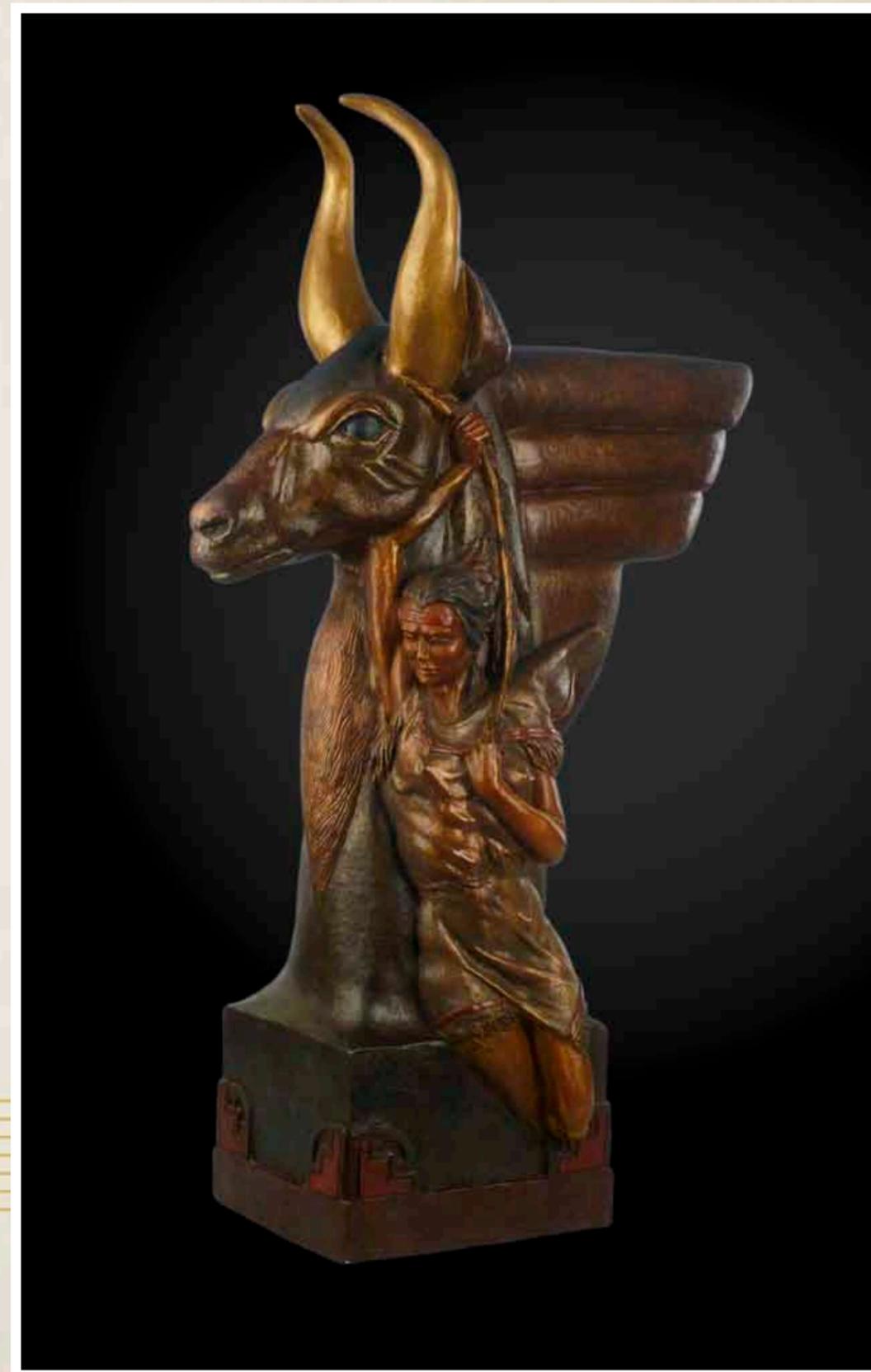




# J AURAN

*This is one in a series of works which appeared to me when I was practicing altered states of consciousness with a shaman.*

*I am not at all clear about the meaning of this work, but I find the graphic nature of the design intriguing.*





## REFLECTION

*Just over my left  
shoulder stands  
my youth with  
flagrant aspirations  
unfulfilled...  
and now I'm old and  
worn by life's  
misgivings...  
but still the dreams  
persist...  
Someday soon I'll  
catch them...*





# GUARDIAN

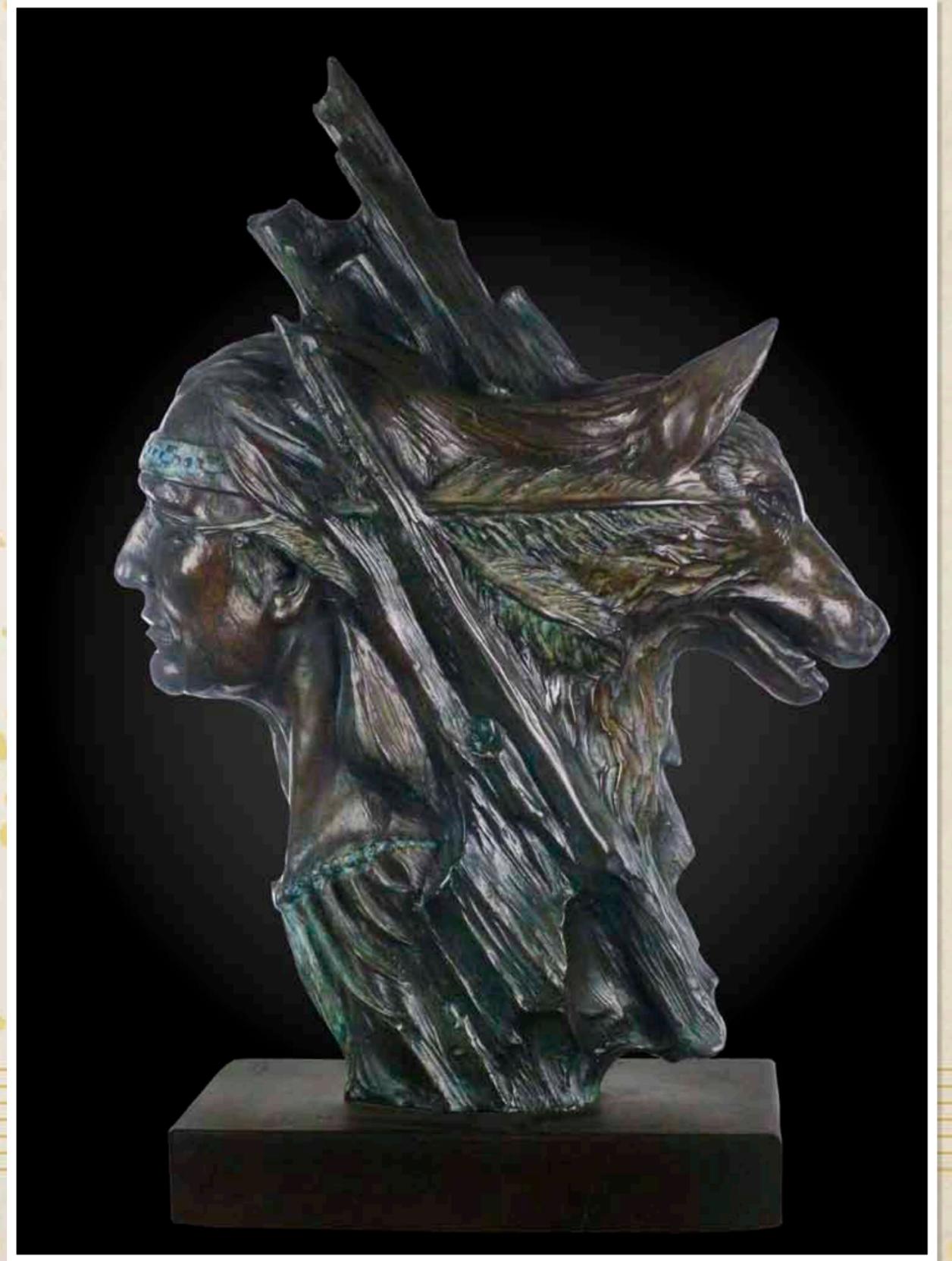
*Enshrined and enveloped  
within the shield are secrets  
only she can know...  
emerging as a totem from  
the ancient mysteries  
she finds the hieroglyphics  
in her surroundings  
unexplained...*

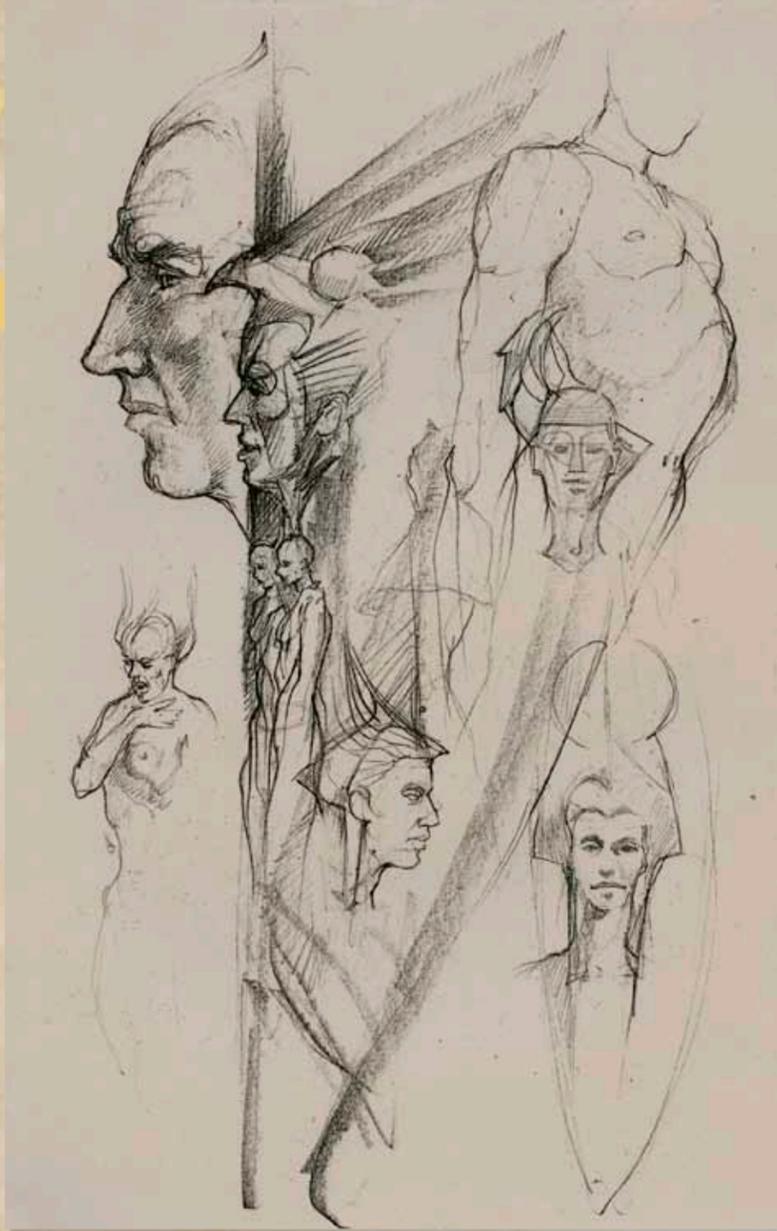




# ELECTRUM

*In many of the shamanic practices there is a belief that each soul has an animal guardian. They often exchange personalities during rituals. The animal hidden within the animal.*





# S HALAKO

*A chunk of wood  
with thickened  
bark...  
A fallen bird,  
a chastened lark...  
What lies within  
this hallowed tree...  
more often vague  
than hard to see...  
until it grows  
within my hands...  
this chunk of wood  
from ancient lands.*



*The beauty of not knowing  
the outcome  
invigorates the process*

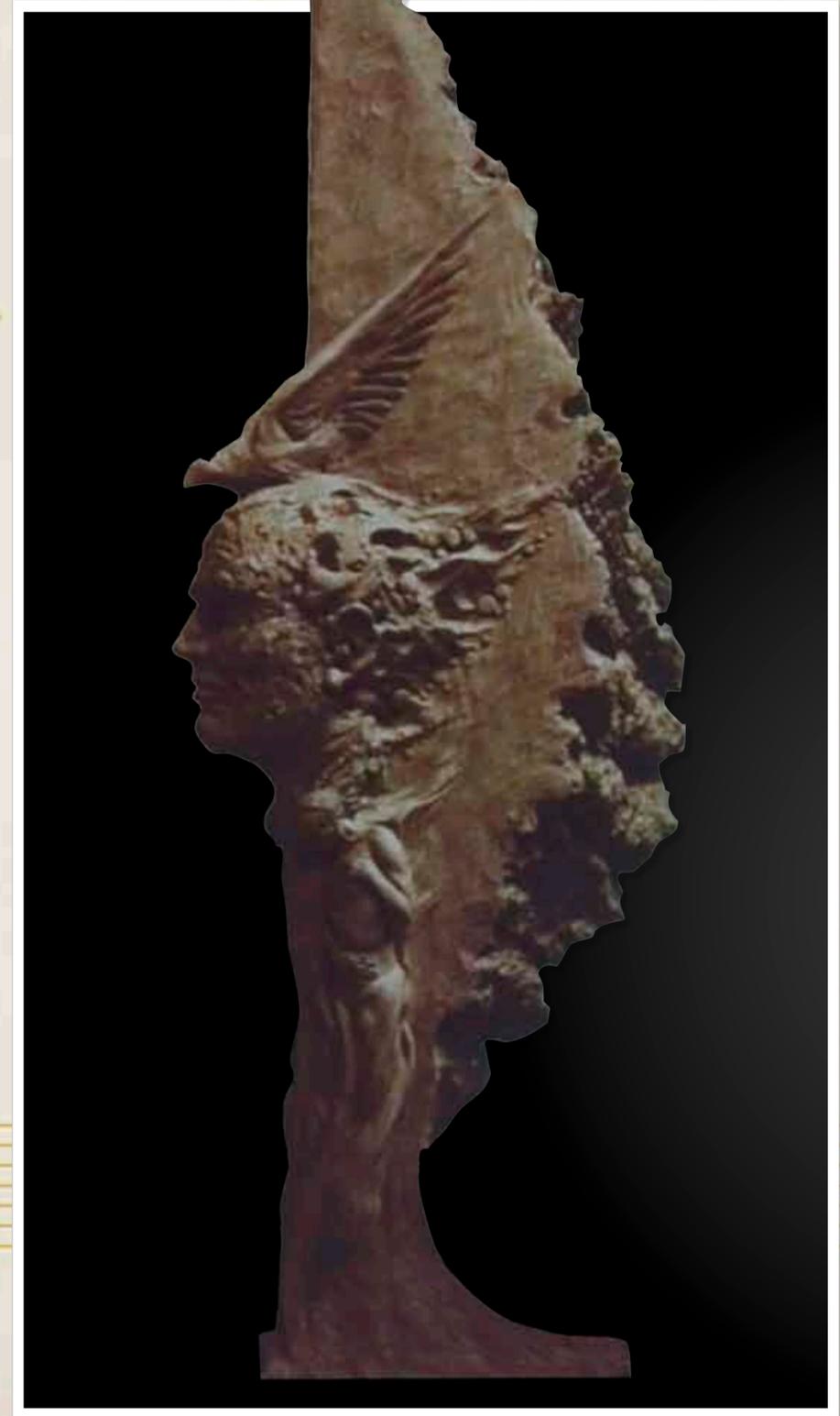
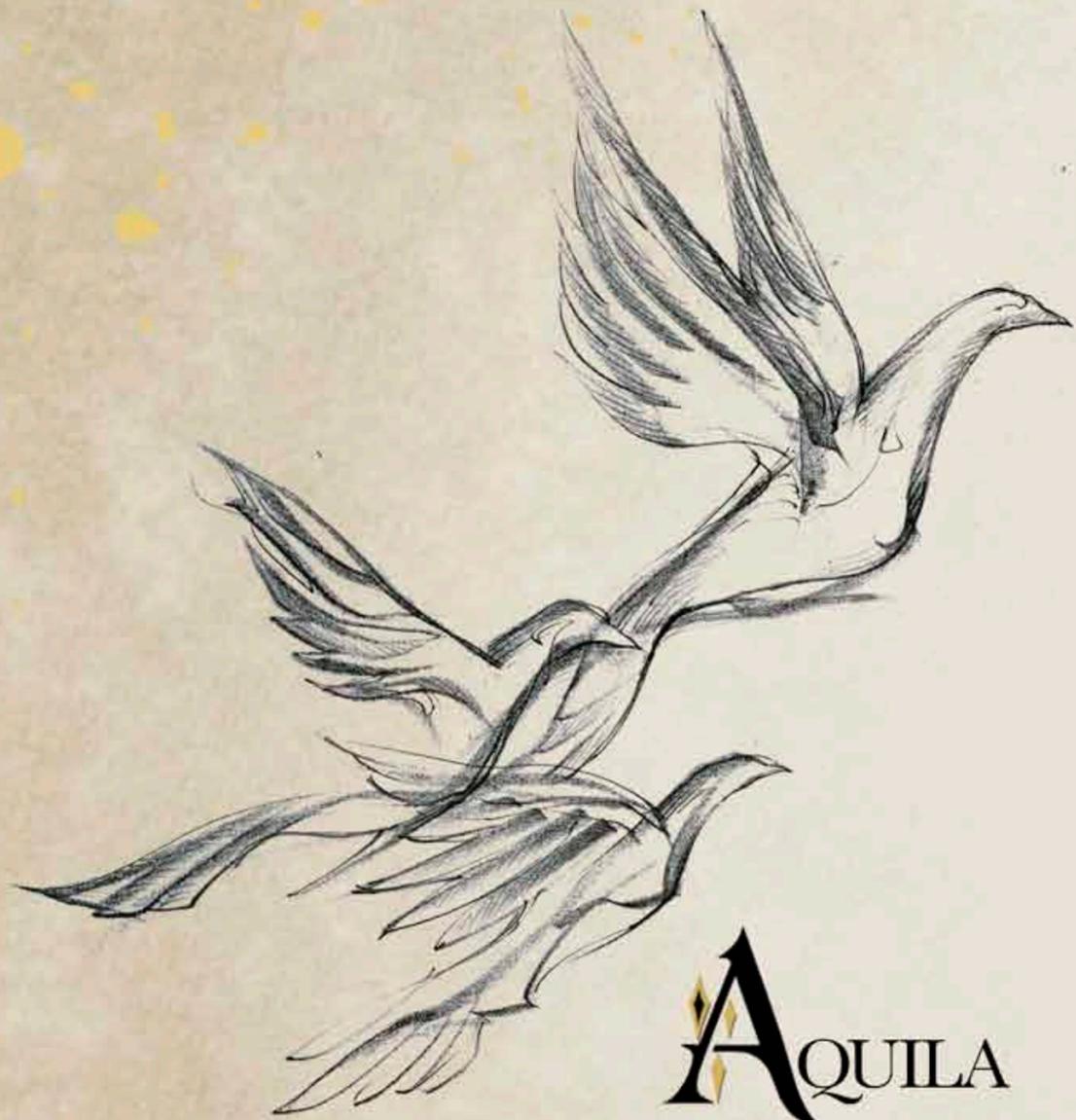


PHOTO LACKS RESOLUTION



# AQUILA

*How long has it been  
since we flew  
the kites of youth...  
pulled the magic strings  
that bind us to the past...  
but don't let go...  
at least not yet...  
she rides the currents  
with abandoned winds...  
perchance she's still attached  
to some forgotten  
dream...*

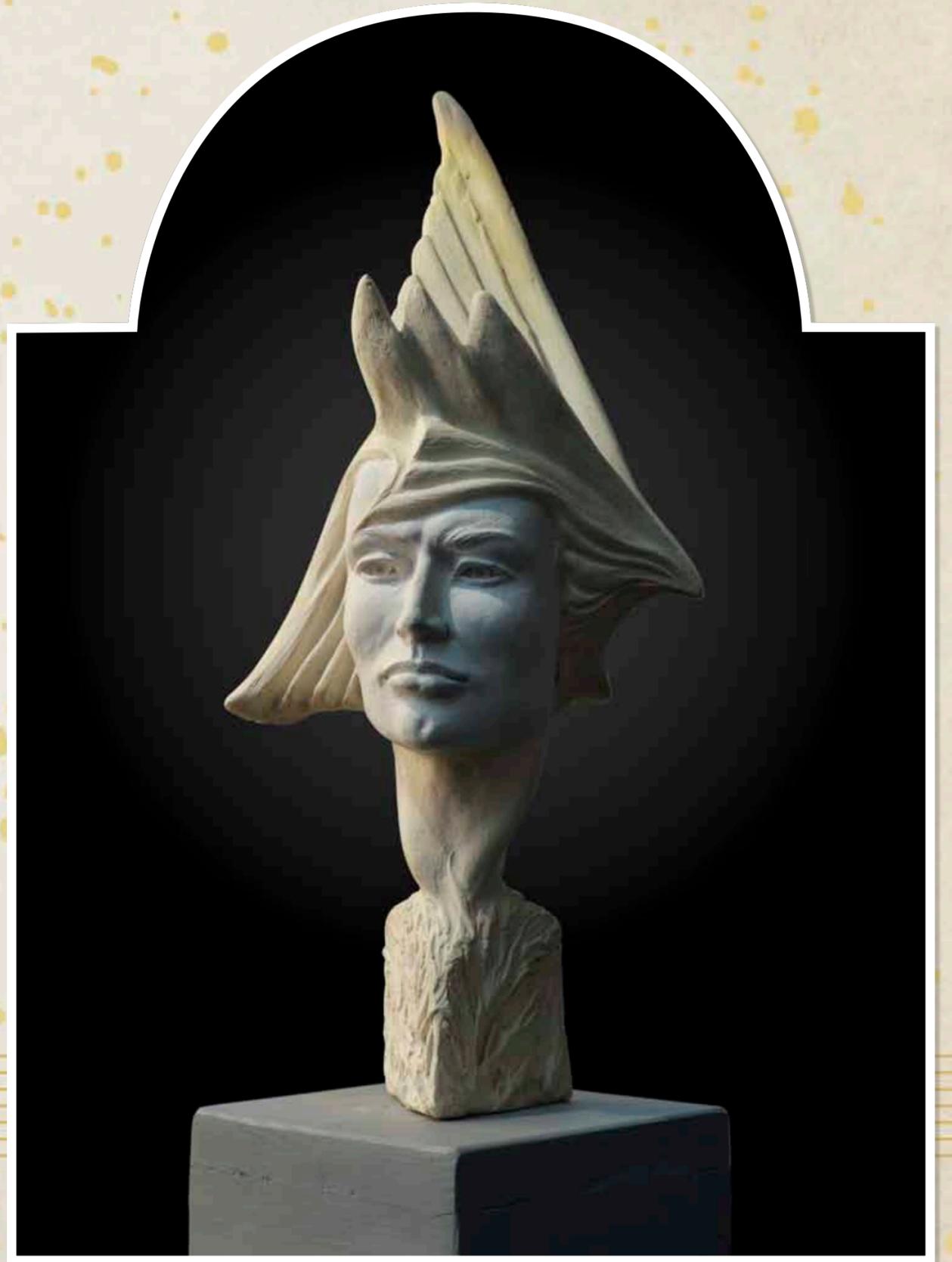


SHOOT FOR FOCUS



# KASMIRA

*No one knows  
where the Shamon  
travels...  
but if one decides  
to tag along...  
the revelations  
can be astonishing*





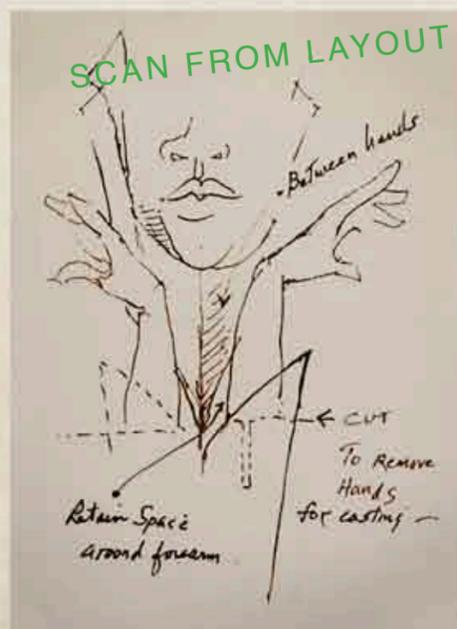
# CERES

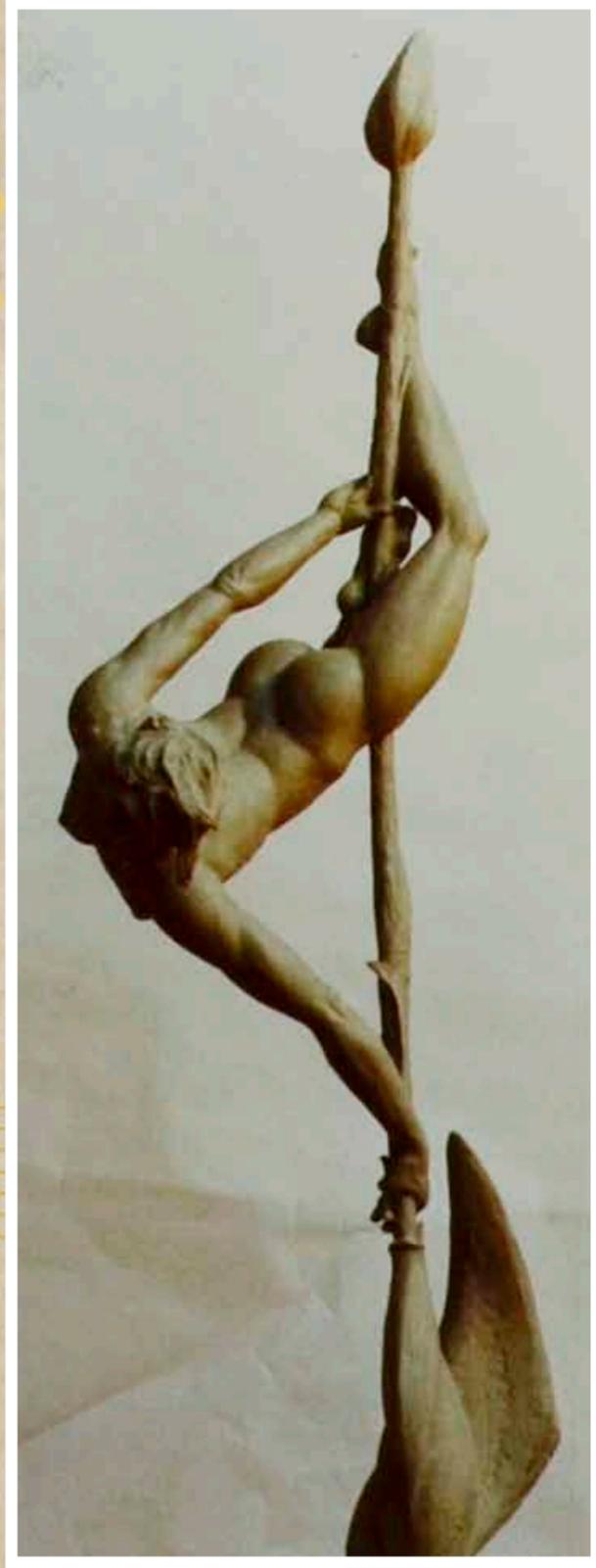
*Life seems to be  
cyclical...and  
within that circle  
lies the countless  
myths of  
life and death.  
The trauma of birth...  
a period of growth...  
the years of introspection...  
and at last the flight  
towards the ultimate  
mystery of eternity.*



# CIRCE

Often the most difficult aspect of exposing my sculpture is attempting to explain it. My work hints at many things but is not necessarily any of them. Is this haunted quality an attempt to give substance to a distant remembrance... or is this the residual effect from some unresolved experience...

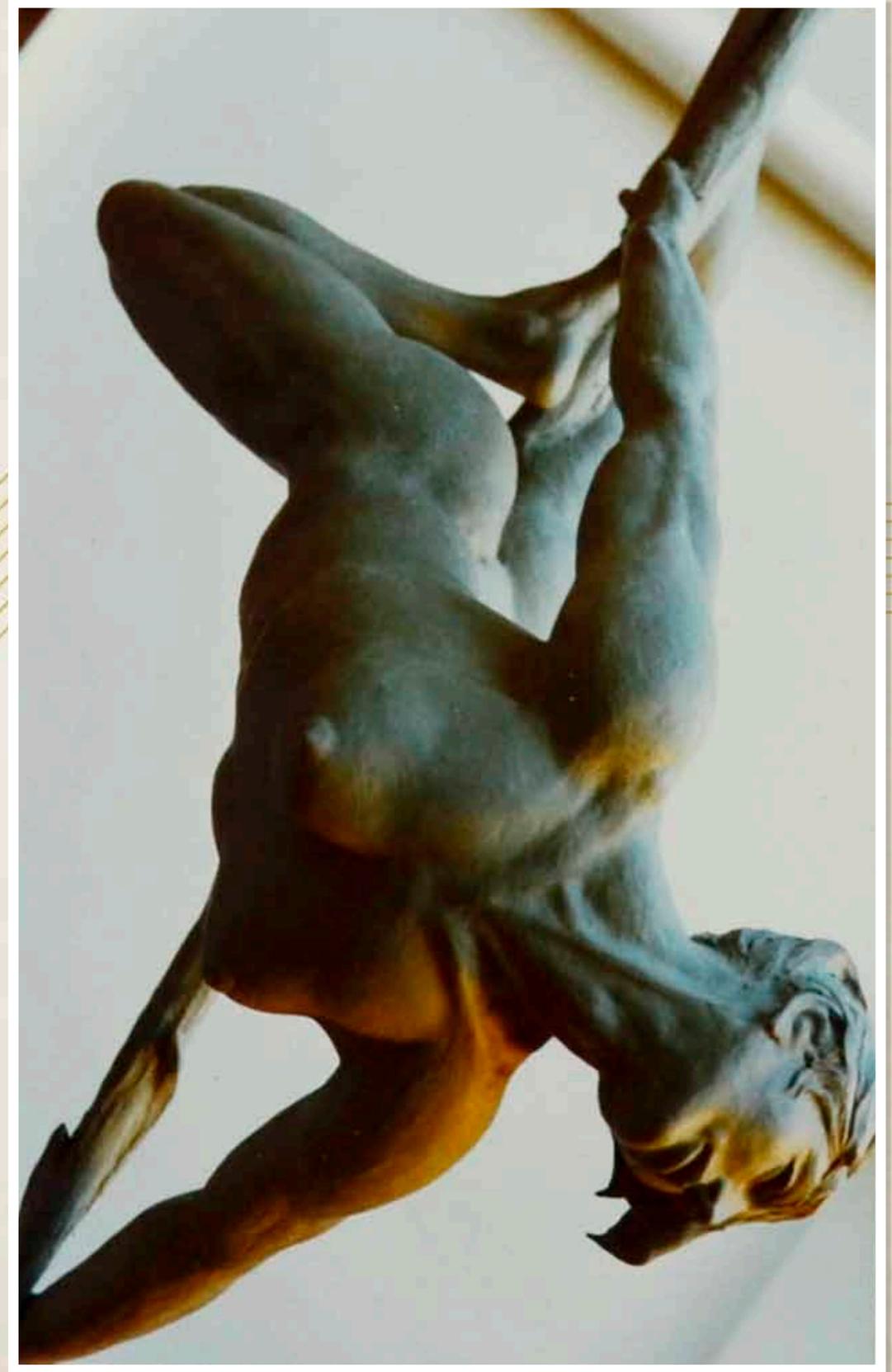




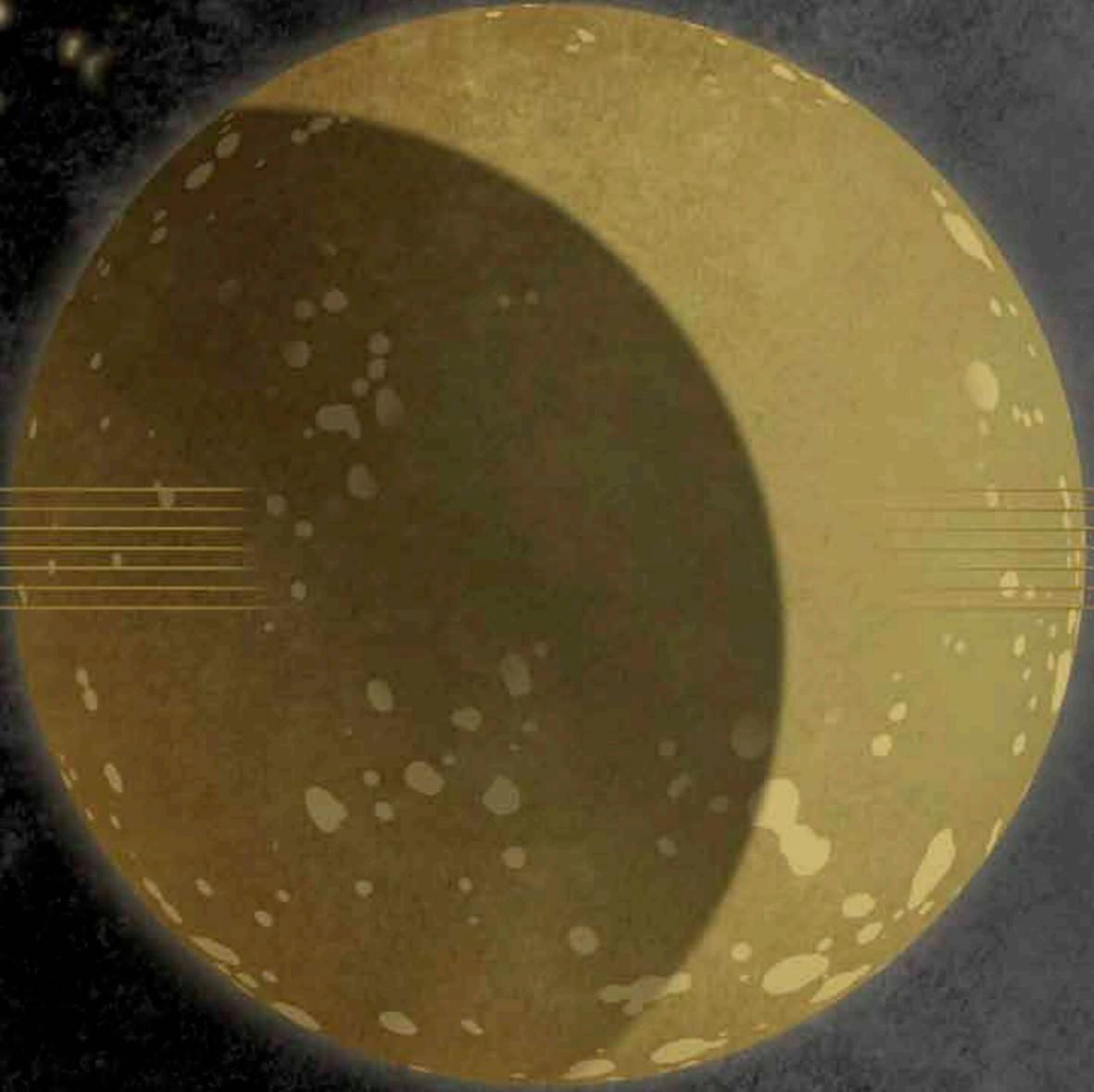
ERSEPHONE

*For me it is always  
about distance and  
what it consists of...  
that tempting  
unfathomable void,  
which beckons our  
imagination...  
perhaps that is why  
the unquenchable  
need to create  
these visible  
anchors that  
hold me to the  
here and  
now...*

*At end of day  
elusive forms still in the clay  
I sit and sip the amber light  
which time transforms  
into the night*



PHOTOS LACK RESOLUTION

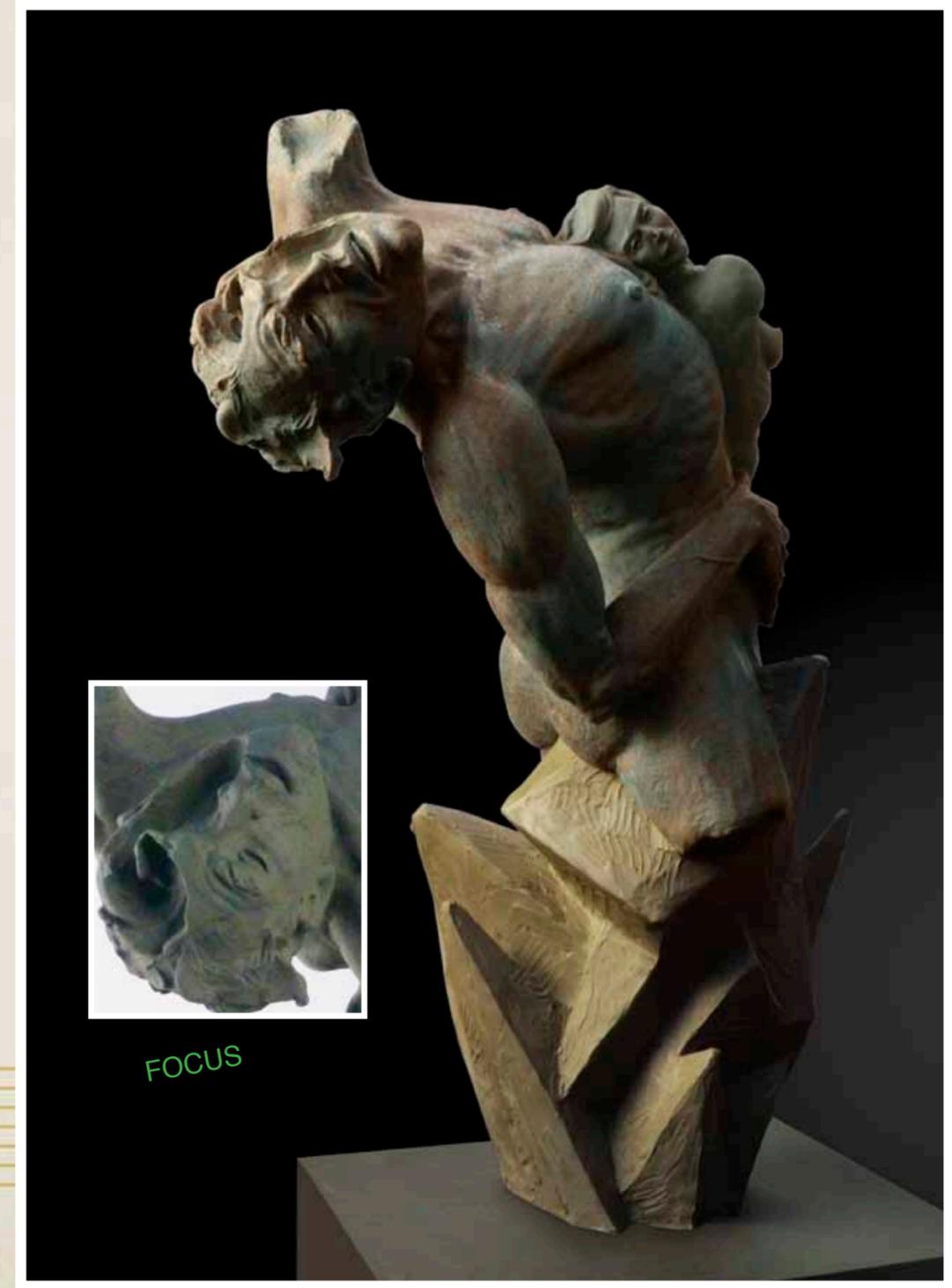


**DARK MATTER  
DREAMSCAPE**



### **Night Scream**

*The pain and passion  
of attachment to a theme-  
We're one and yet a severed  
separate dream...  
I hold you now with thoughts  
that bind you to me...  
yet torn and tossed through  
space you struggle free...  
These segments of  
myself not what  
they seem...  
Released at last  
Through night's  
eternal scream...*



FOCUS



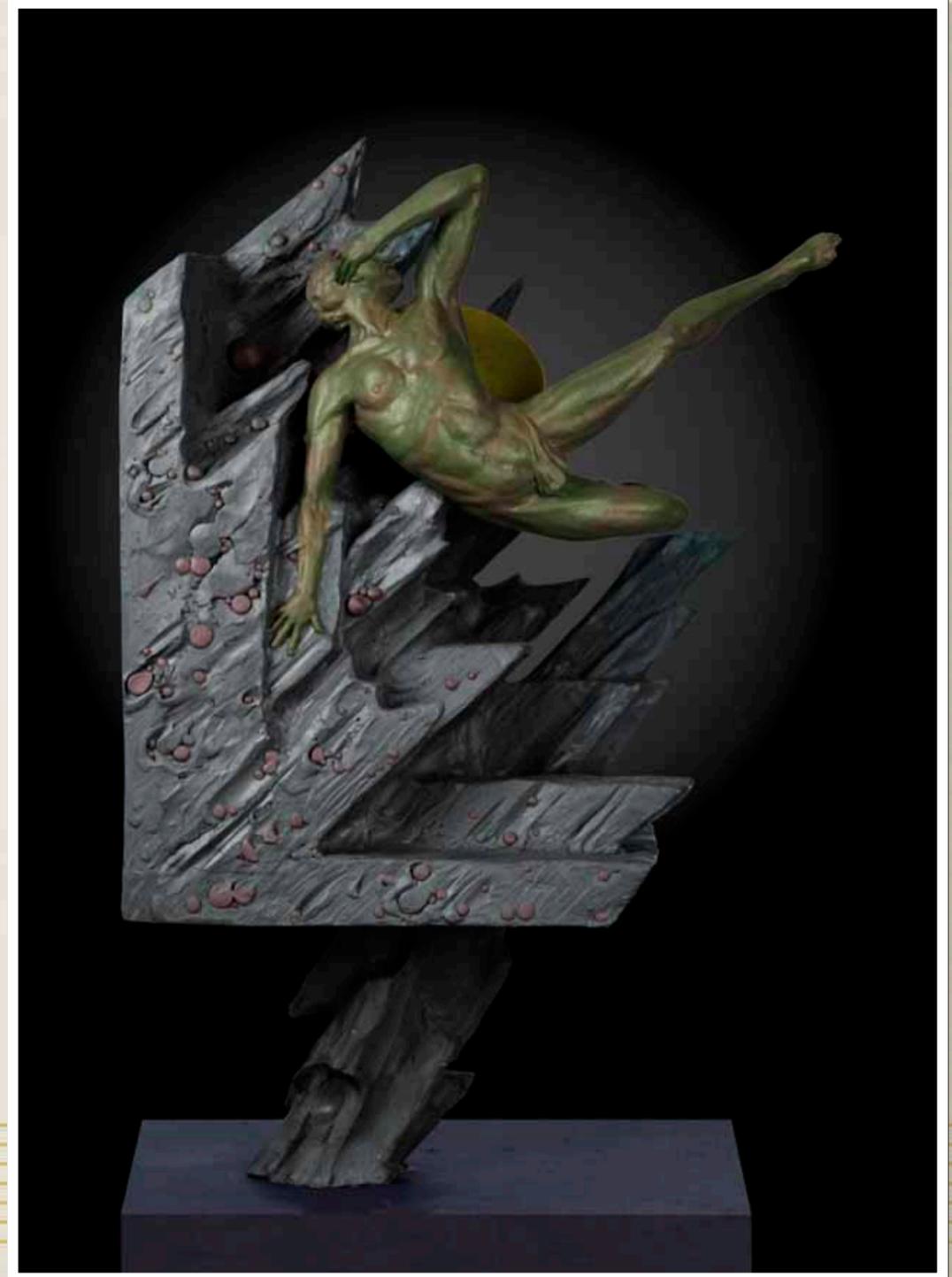
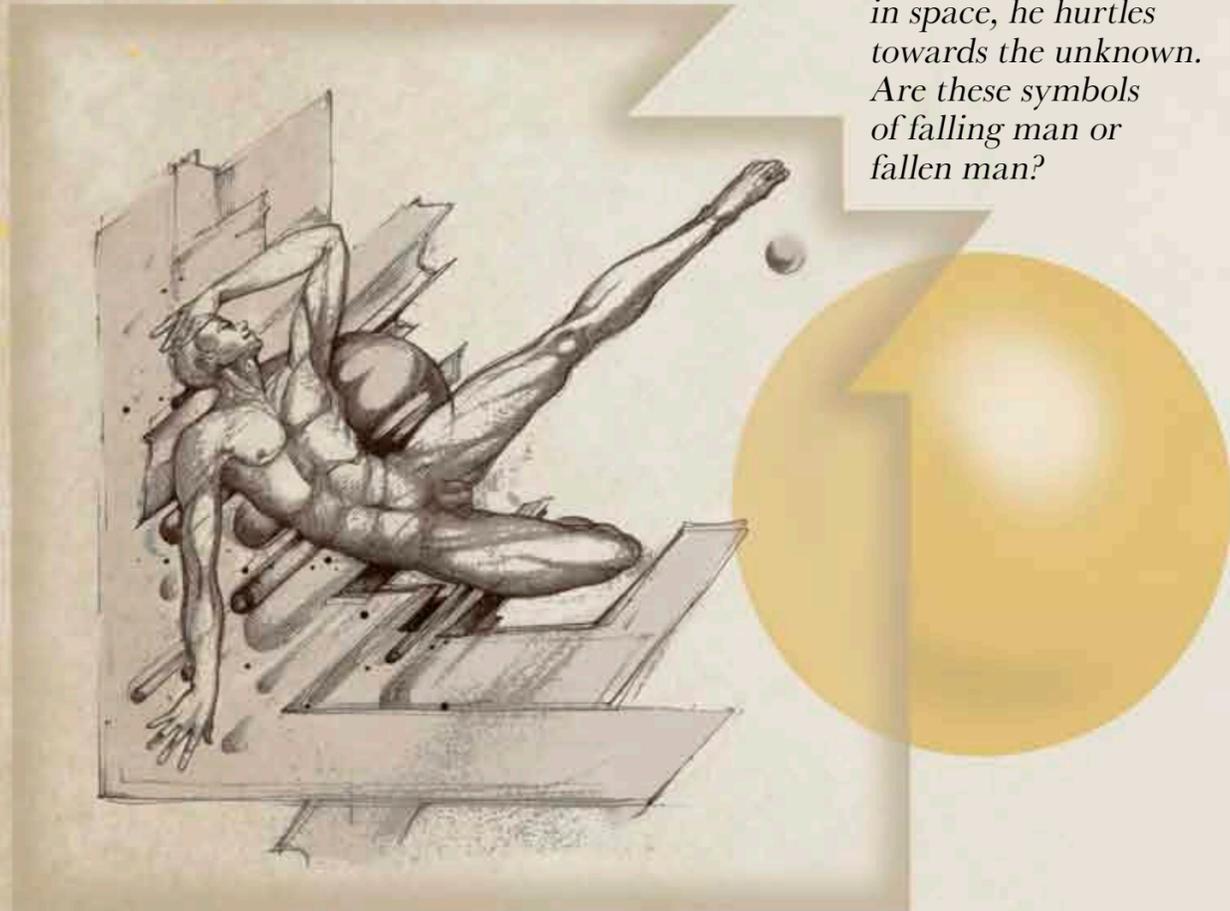
### **Surrogata**

*My sensual  
surrogate angel,  
the morning  
has come at last...  
the gift that swells  
within me,  
now something  
from our past.  
So, now you're  
gone, my empty  
hands recall...  
the broken wing  
that brought you  
here...  
the echo to my  
call...*



### **Fallen Man**

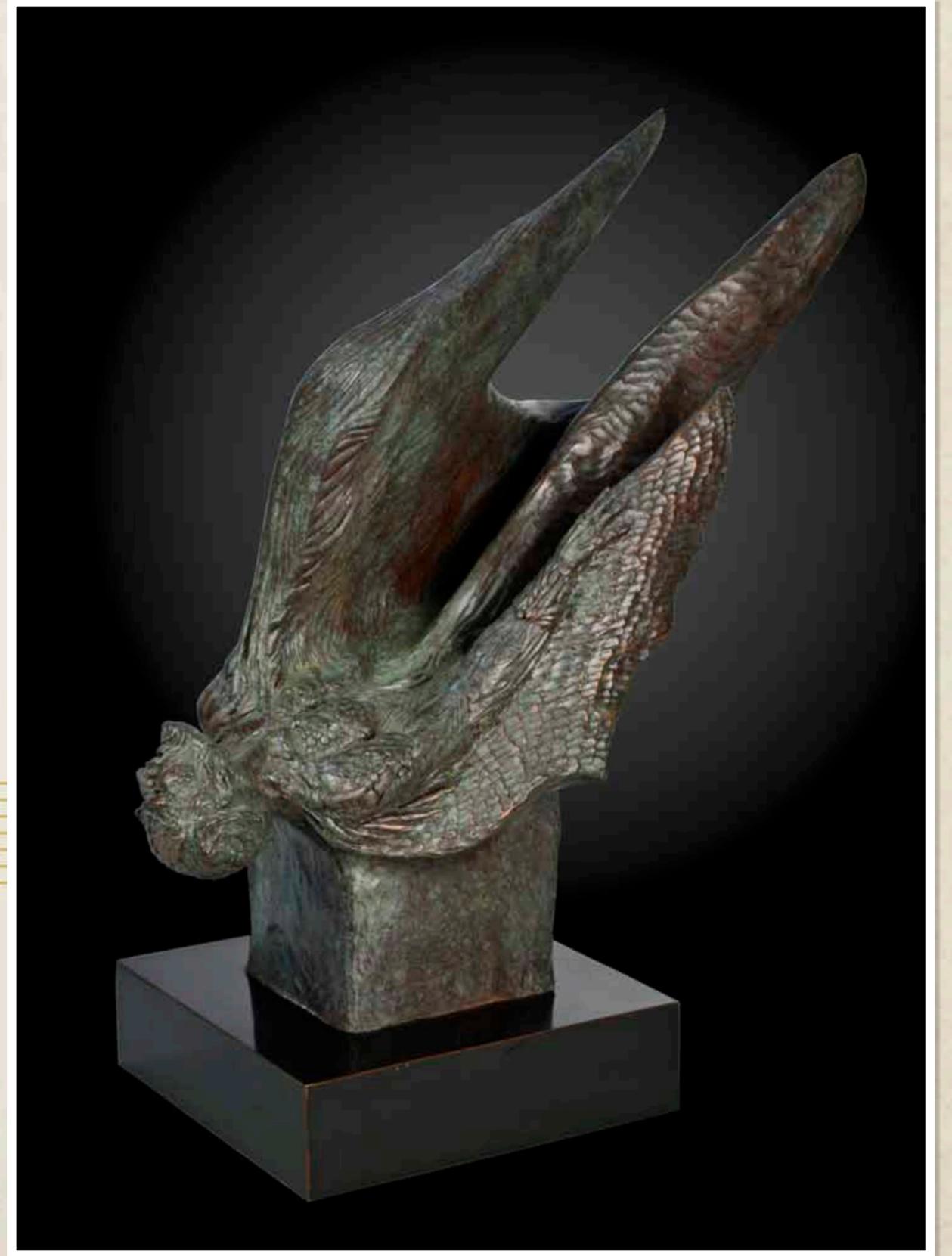
*The formation of this chunk of celestial rock has an uncharacteristic angularity to it. Broken off and alone in space, he hurtles towards the unknown. Are these symbols of falling man or fallen man?*





*Icarus*

The classical myth of Icarus  
is subject to many interpretations—  
Who has not been dashed  
by unattainable aspirations?  
Inflamed, yet clinging to the dream  
he falls to Earth.





### **Mantus**

*There is no contentment here.  
Deep within the opacity of this dark night  
I find myself torn from the comfort  
of the known and tossed into the abyss...  
always-always the magnetic urge  
towards the void.*



### **Vanished**

*The appendage that anchors us to terra-firma is but a transitory notion...*

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### **Shroud**

*I pilfer the archives in the attic...  
those rusted notions safely packed away...  
observed through lights now blinding their retentive value from another day...  
so, down I climb the burden in my hand...  
now safely placed and buried 'neath the sand.*





### *Escape*

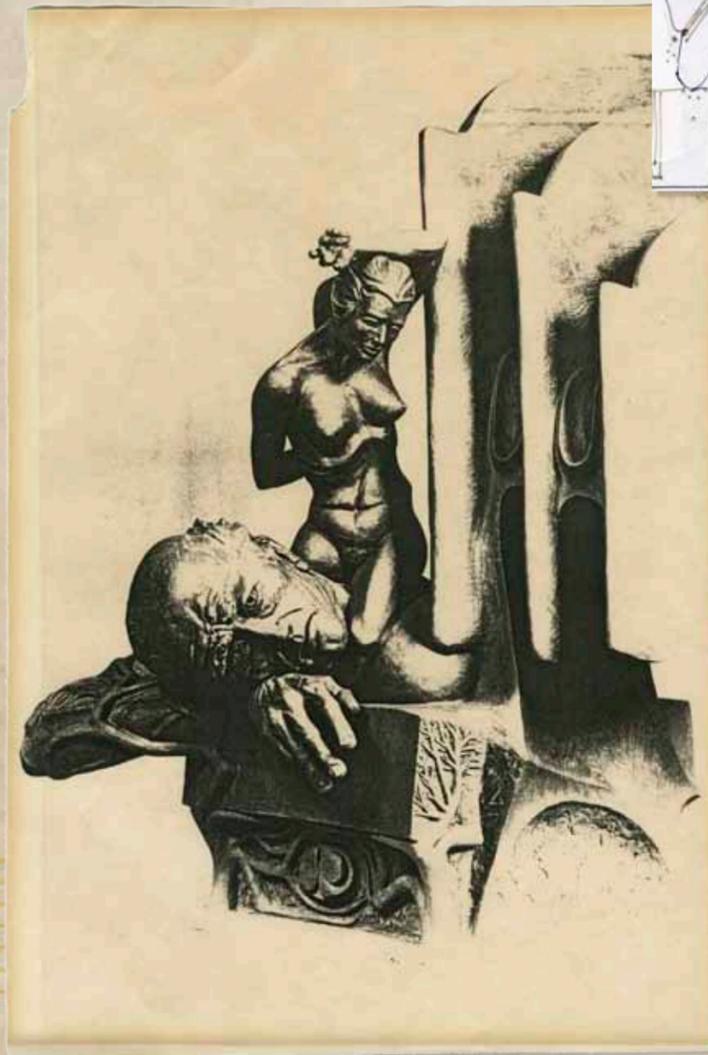
*Can she escape  
the memories from  
her fragmented past...  
buried somewhere  
deep beneath the  
snow...  
perhaps the thaw  
of spring will set  
them free...*



### *Anguish*

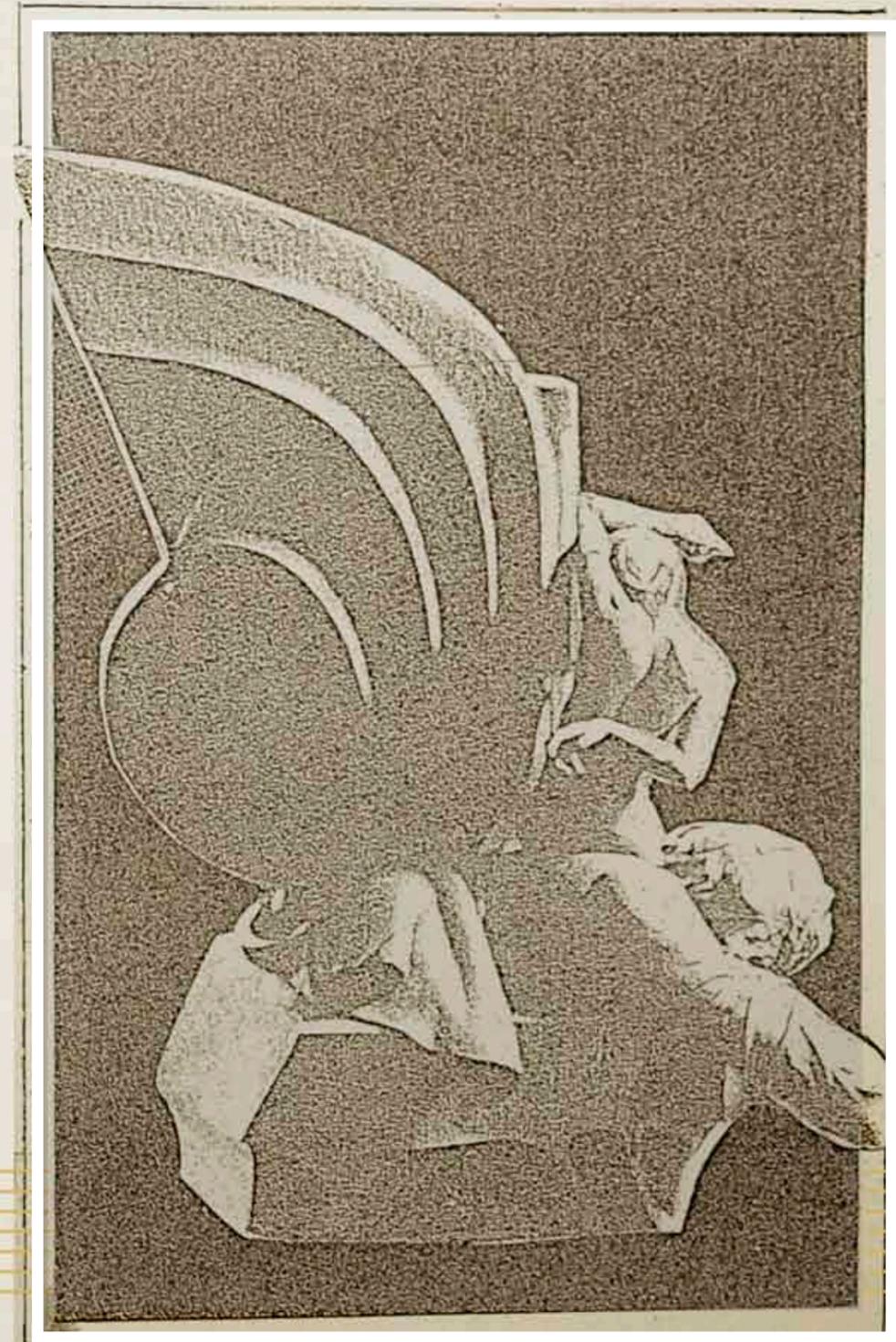
*It is not easy to look back  
at works  
from long ago...  
their relevance to the  
here and now  
is unquestionable...  
they bear my stamp.  
These echoes from a dis-  
tant past  
tug me back  
to a long forgotten  
sorrow.*

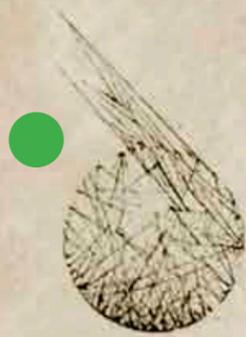
NEED ALL PHOTOS



**Lament**

*My dark period.  
There is too much  
here to digest.  
The summation  
of several lives  
balanced within  
confusing forms.  
The closing of  
one life...the  
inception  
of another.*





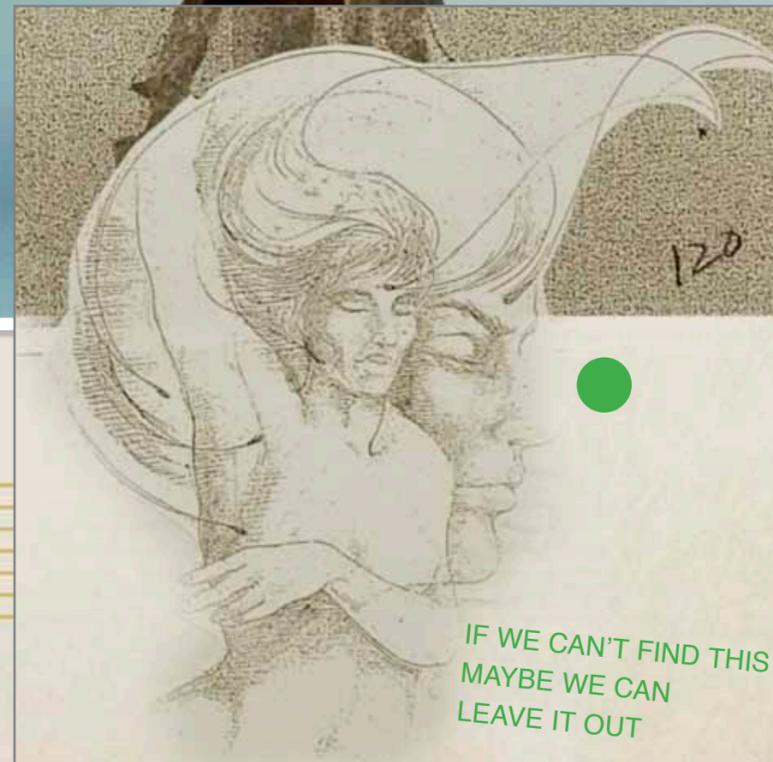
The evolution of the human species is well documented... but could there be an alternate hypothetical theory. Perhaps the earth was seeded by a meteor hurtling through space, gathering particles from distant planets.



FIND ORIGINAL COPY IS TOO SMALL

### Sorrow

She harkens back to long ago, when trapped within herself... abandoned hopes and hidden truths are stacked upon her shelf... as darkness falls and dreams unfold... she finds it's but a myth... her freedom lies in broken ties... acceptance of the gift...

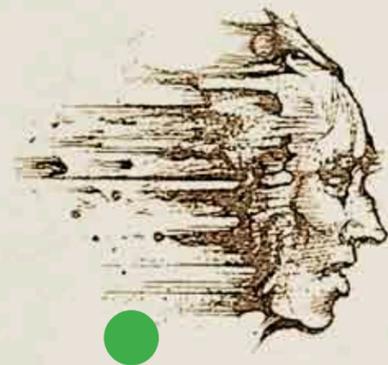


IF WE CAN'T FIND THIS MAYBE WE CAN LEAVE IT OUT



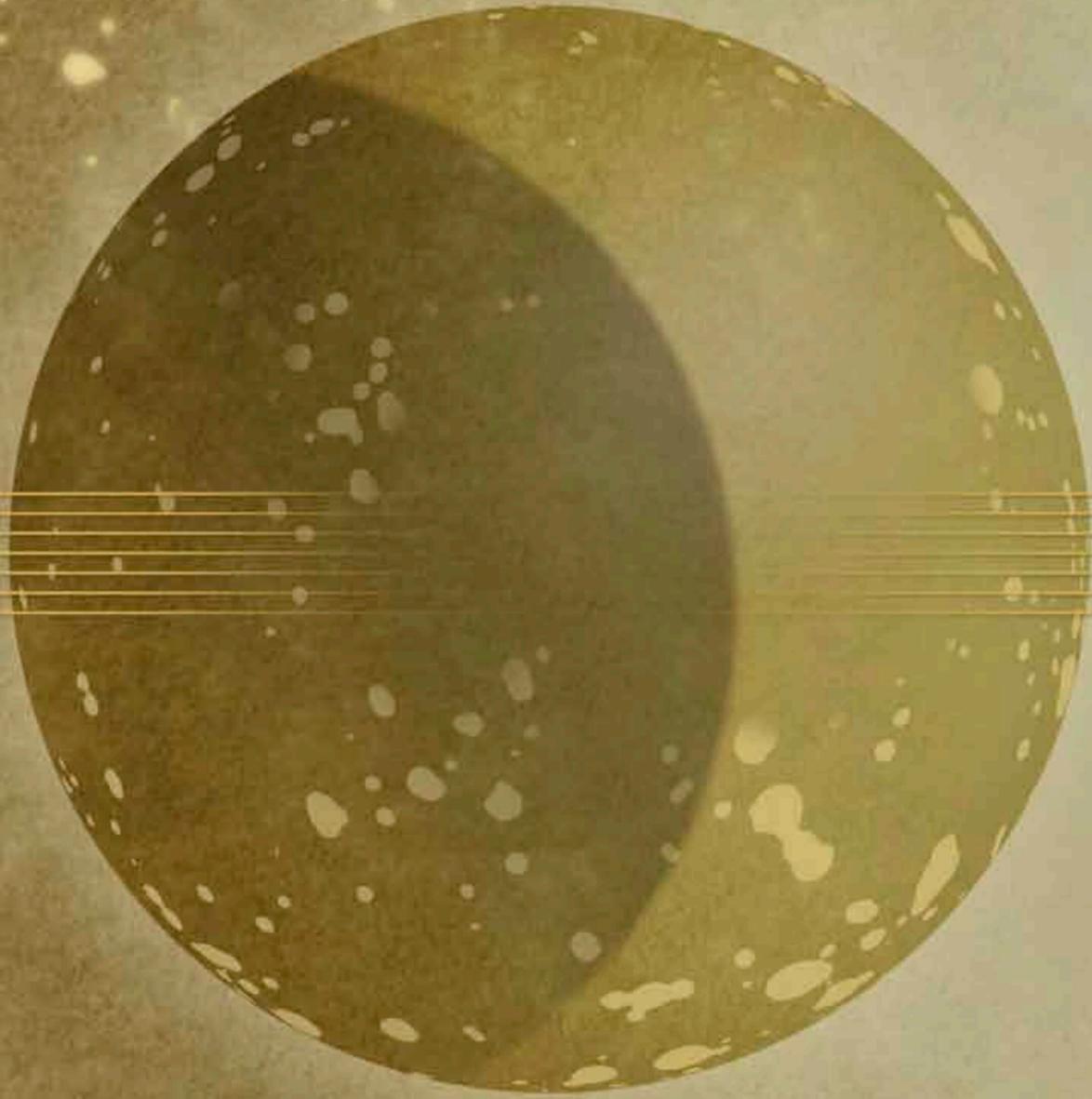
**Haunted**

*I cannot run  
or fly fast enough  
to escape you...  
nor can I reach  
back far enough  
to help you...  
for you have long  
ago shattered  
my faith...  
yet, stalking my  
dreams, you  
will haunt me  
forever.*



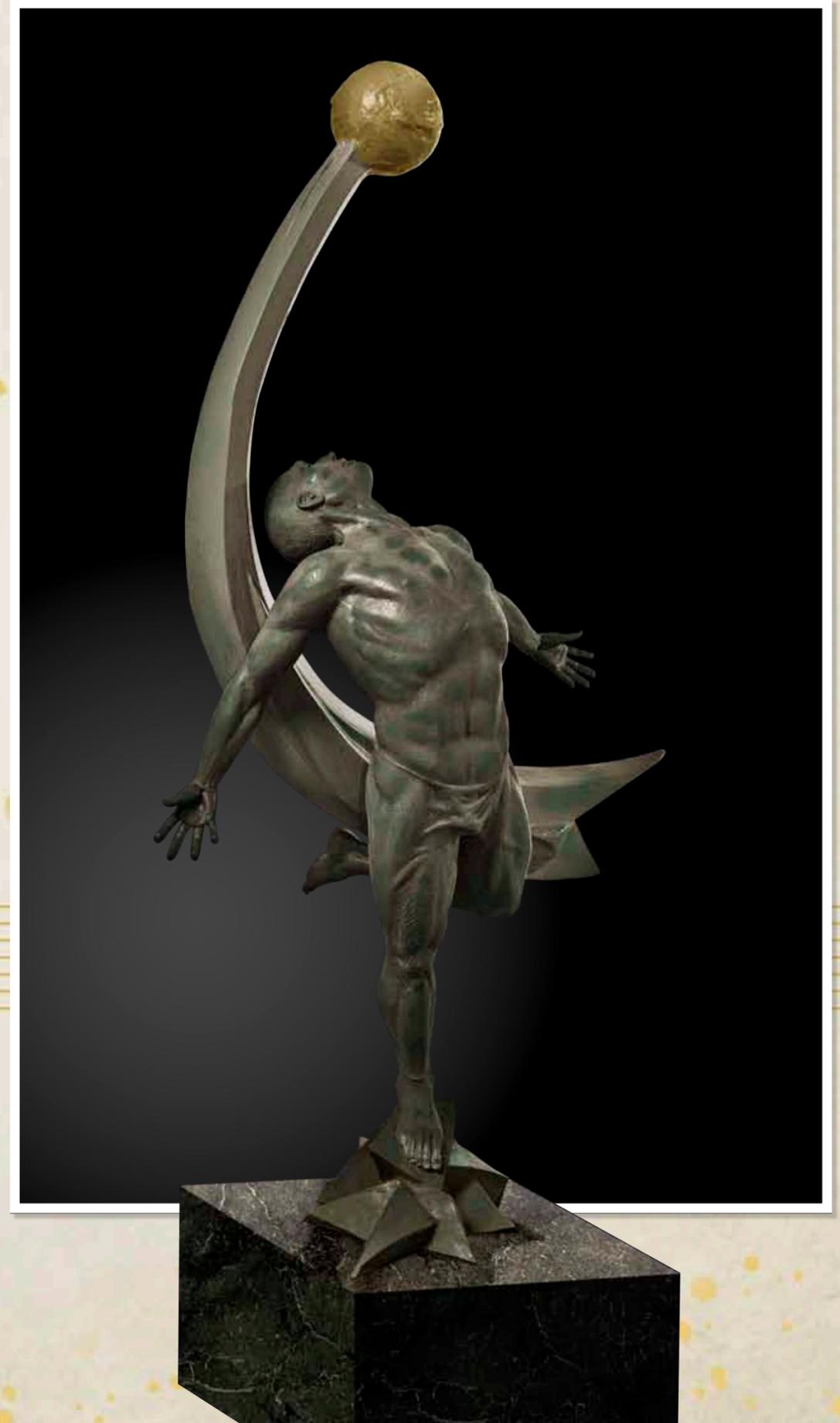
BOTH PHOTOS LACK RESOLUTION

# COLD FUSION



# JANTALUS

*At dawn... the mist aglow...  
vapor from the night  
dissipating like a bad dream...  
he toes the line.  
arched back in the  
realization of the unattainable,  
he watches the orb of light  
evade his grasp...  
his vigilant gaze clouds  
into the ethos.*

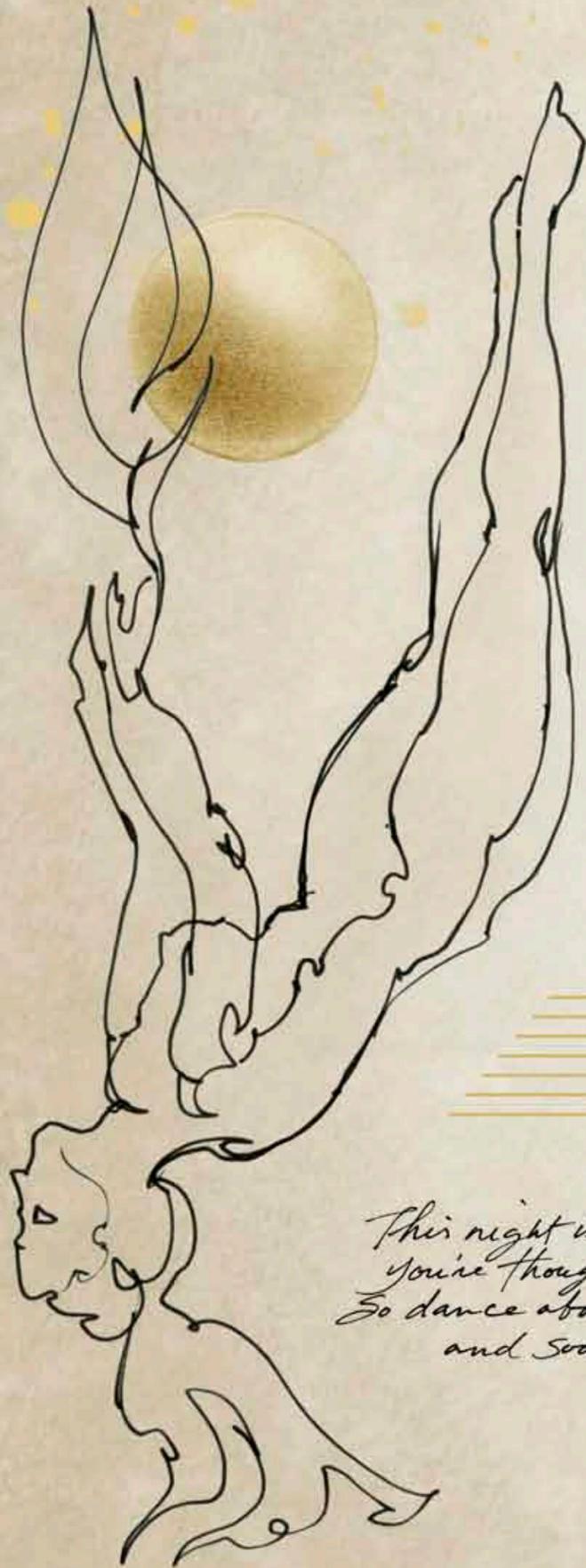




# GALVANIC CONTRA

*Is it vanity which  
cajoles us into creating  
something out of nothing.  
We need only to search  
for a space for it to  
exist...  
and so we push aside  
all notions of limitations  
and forge ahead.  
Perhaps something  
can be made out of  
nothing but a spark.*

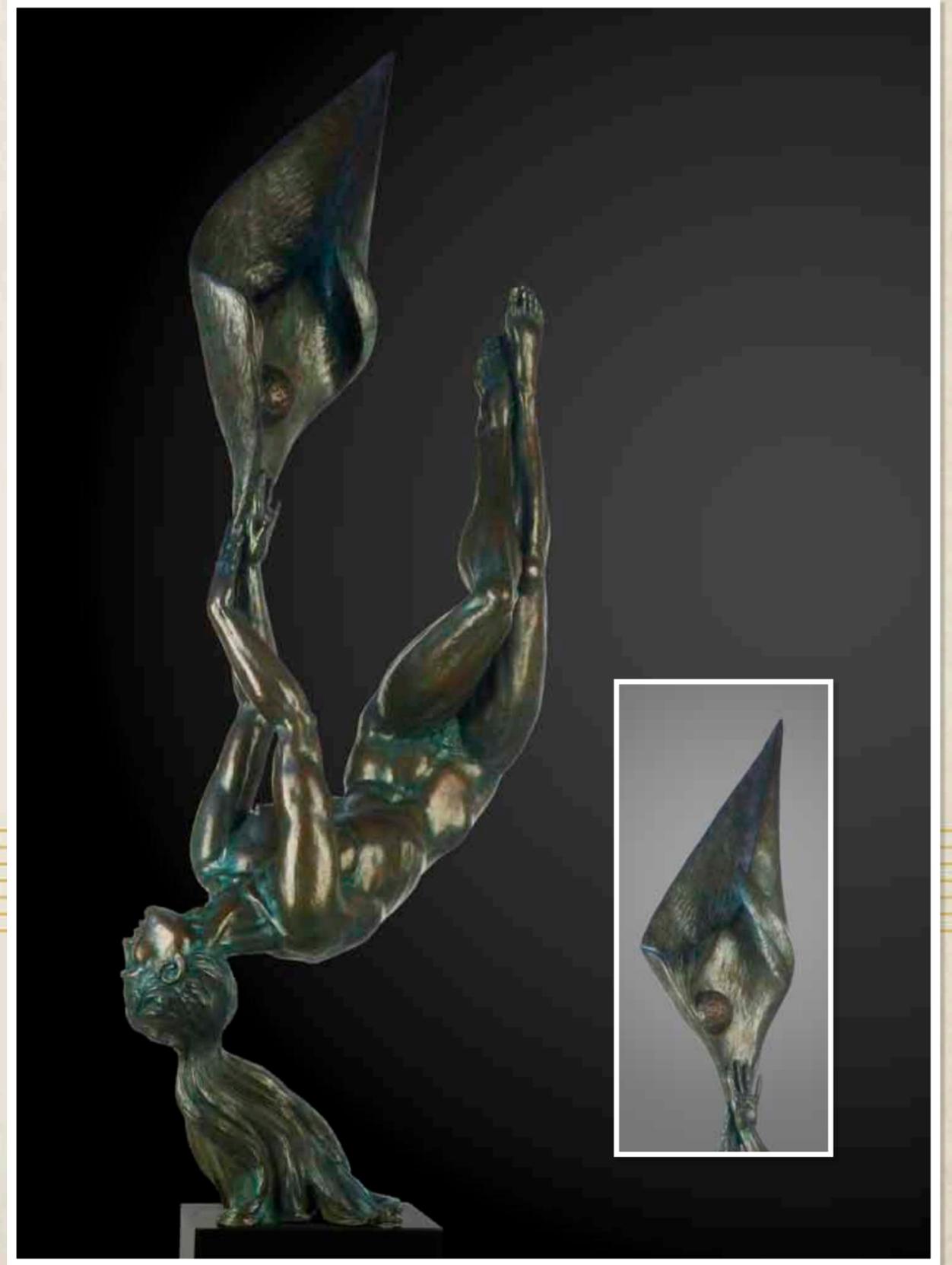




## CYBELE

*A new frontier...  
a phantom form  
descending from  
above...  
a cosmic egg  
encased within  
her grasp...  
precursor to  
another world...  
perchance to  
plant the seed...*

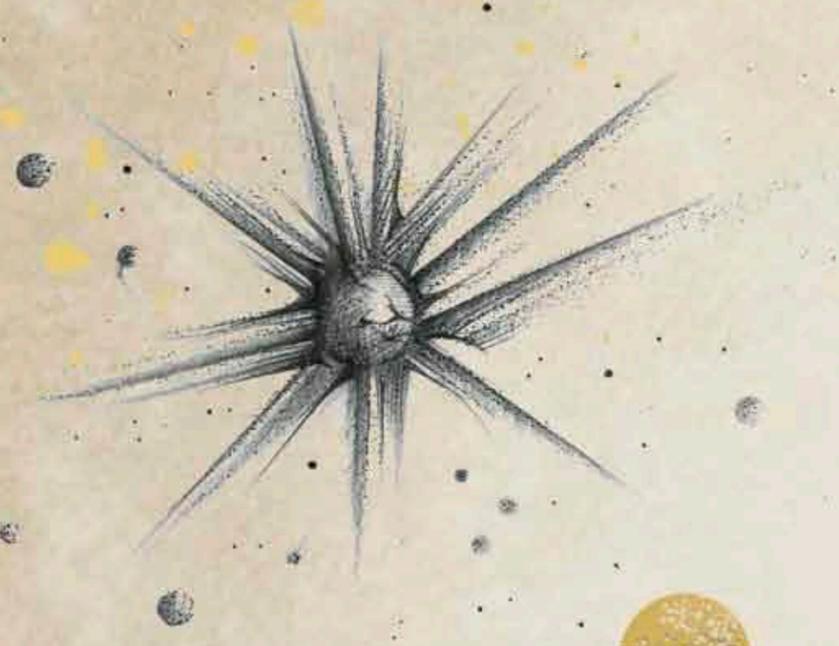
*This night is not meant for sleep...  
your thoughts have left the bed...  
So dance above the ancient fields  
and soar among the stars*



# ARCTICA

*Jack Frost or  
Robert Frost...  
the night is cold  
and doesn't rhyme...  
more than once  
I've stumbled  
into this wind...  
though dark and  
difficult to grasp,  
it's not outside  
the realm...  
these vibrant  
shapes with  
no-one at the  
helm.*





# I NCEPTION



*If the big bang theory  
Signaled the coming into  
Existence of multiple  
Universes...where in this  
Cosmic dust did life begin...  
The evolution of species  
Seems to require  
An initial spark...  
Perhaps somewhere deep  
In space the ancestral  
Notion forms.*

*Some of my work  
although figurative  
seems to have  
a biomorphic origin*

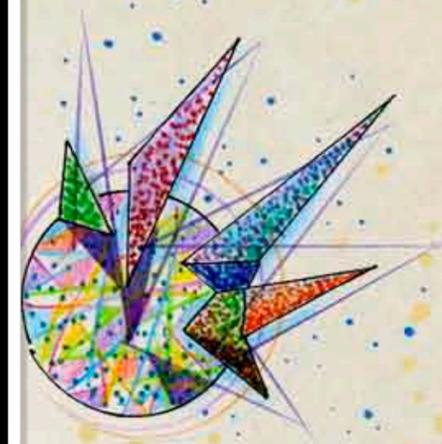


# MONDIAL

Human origin has  
always been full  
of controversy  
and speculation...  
from the large  
masses of  
interstellar dust  
comes the infusion  
of male and  
female forms.  
From dust into  
life into dust.  
The endless  
cycle...



*Is she obscured by him?  
or he by her?  
Not completely.*





## COSMIC DANCE

*To gaze into the  
moonscape of the  
mind is to encounter  
the unknown.*

*We step into the night  
and wonder at  
the light...  
this tiny bulb with  
mesmerizing force...  
illuminates our path  
and helps us chart  
our course.*

*What archaic forces abound*





# ARIEL

*Who governs the  
inexplicable conduct  
of the heavens  
far and wide...  
the universe beyond  
those erratic throbbing  
pulsations, whose  
thunder reverberates  
within our spines...*

*As he throwing or riding a thunderbolt*





# E

## NTROPHY

*My thoughts tend to orbit...  
yet following them around  
they rarely return to  
the exact spot from which  
they departed...  
and that adventure keeps  
the spirit alive...  
so here I am tiptoeing  
through this envisioned  
macrocosm of order  
within disorder.*



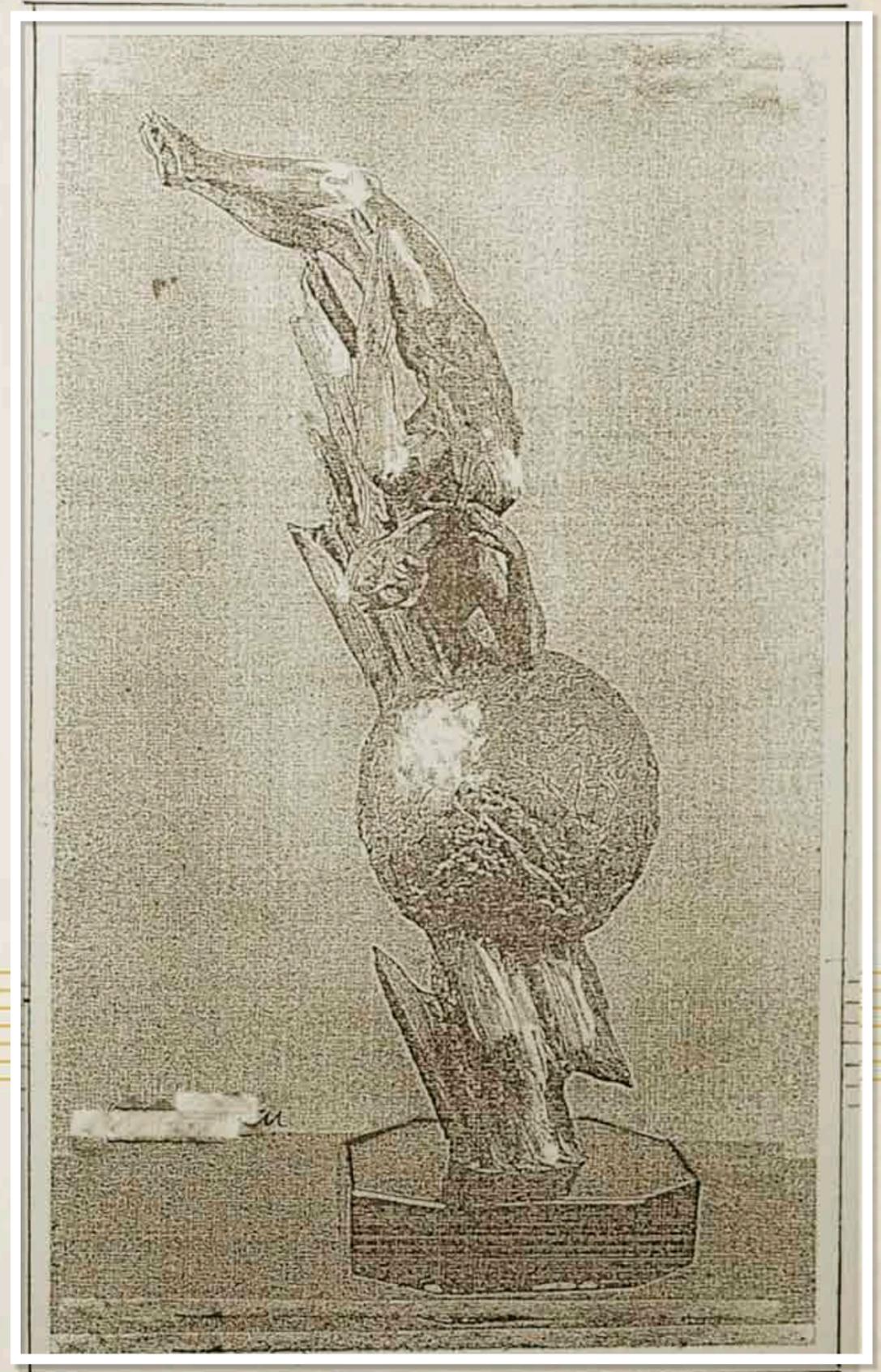
# QUANTUM SPIRAL



*There are  
larger themes to  
which we sometimes  
succumb...  
often by design,  
other times  
by involuntary  
submission...  
this simple act  
of allowing...  
occasionally  
produces an  
unexpected  
result...  
this is one...*

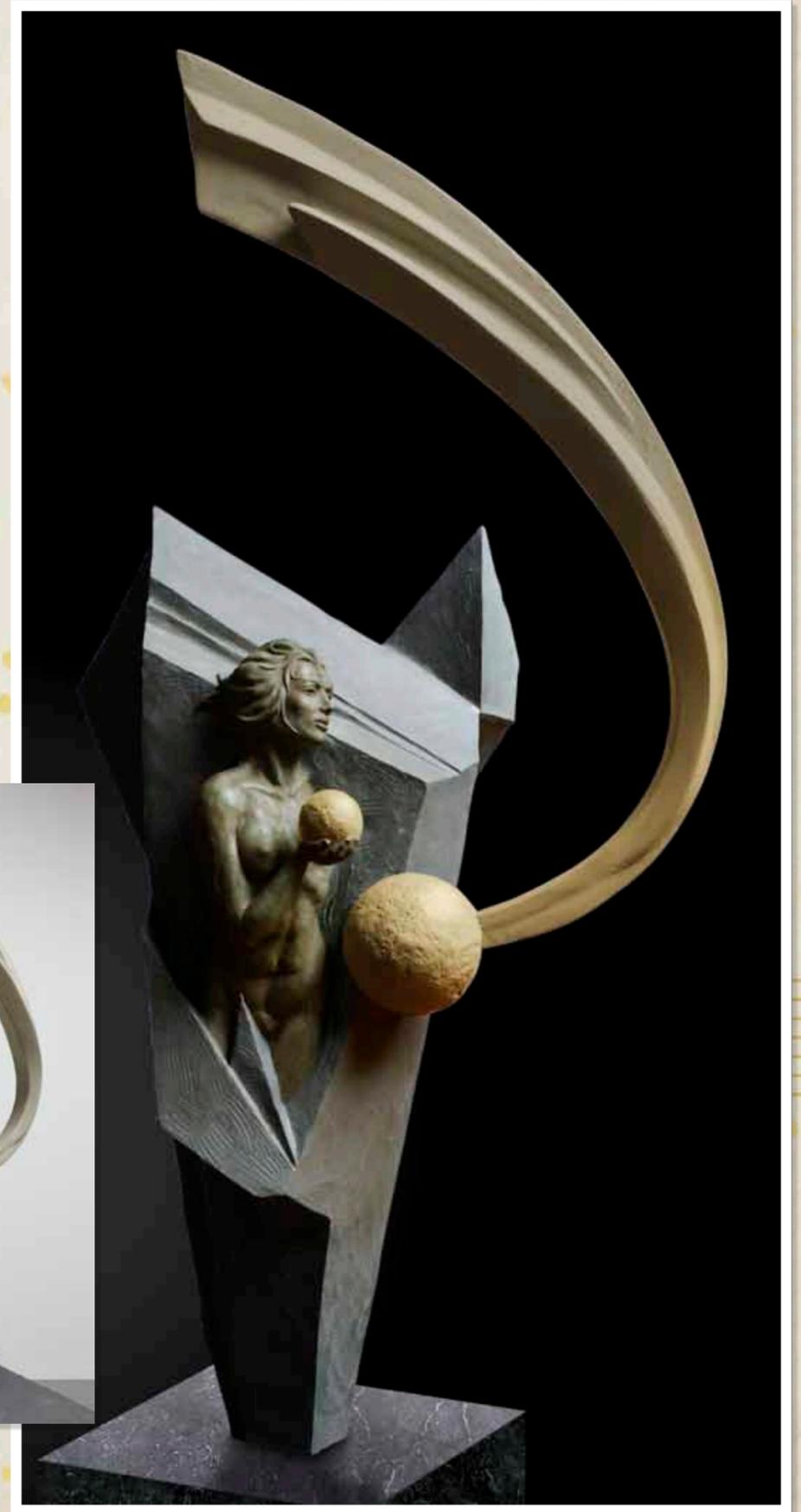


*My work is a play of surface values against subsurface notions*



# DIANA'S COMET

*Captured or enraptured...  
what lies beyond the hypnotic  
possibilities of the universe?  
Deep into the indigo skies  
the offering in her hand...  
she gazes far beyond the now  
into the placid face of eternity...  
even as the heavens yield  
their lavish gifts...*



*What hidden Pearls lie between the many worlds?*

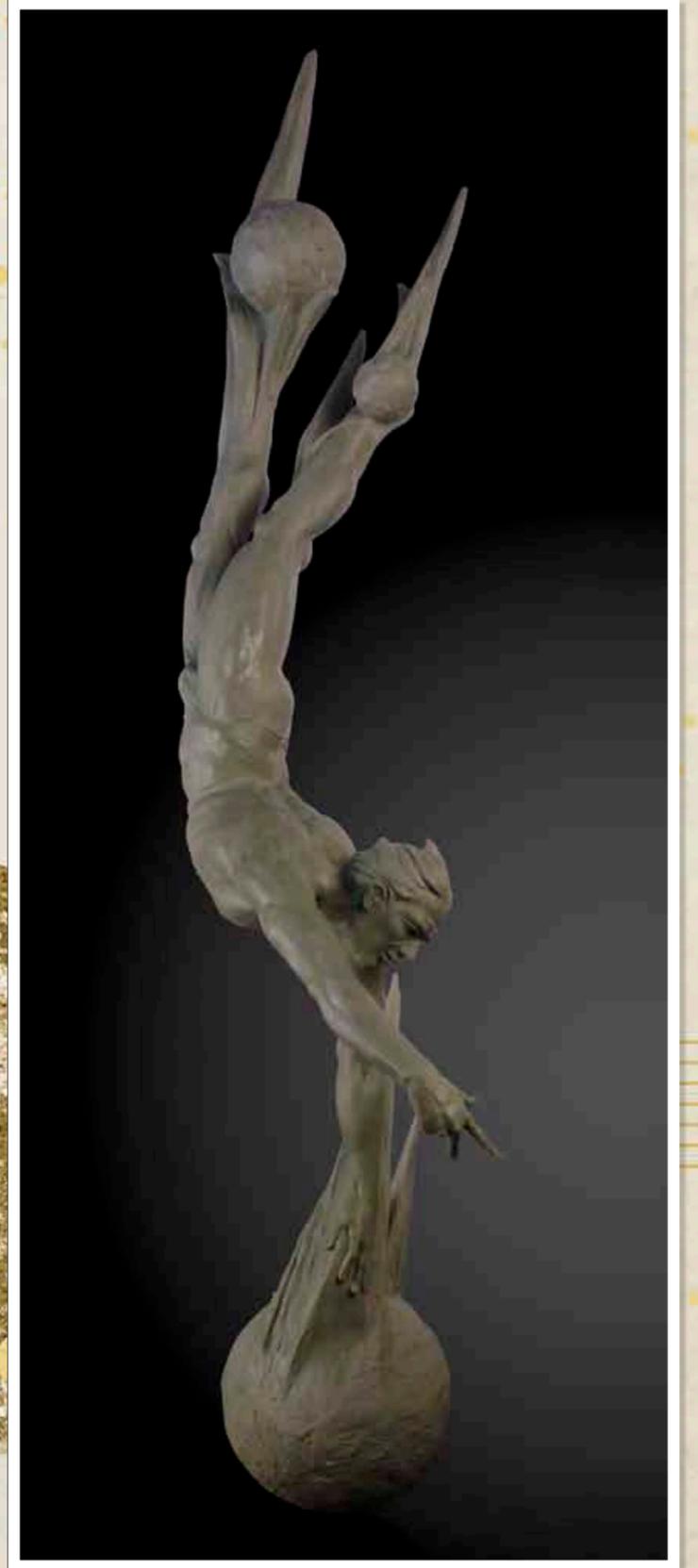


# PERIGEE

*How ferocious this  
inner turbulence...  
now matched only by  
the outer vortex.  
Are we victims of  
these cosmic currents...  
Who can say...  
what links us to the  
music of the spheres...  
that magical dome  
under which we  
travel...  
is it our ability  
to conjure...*



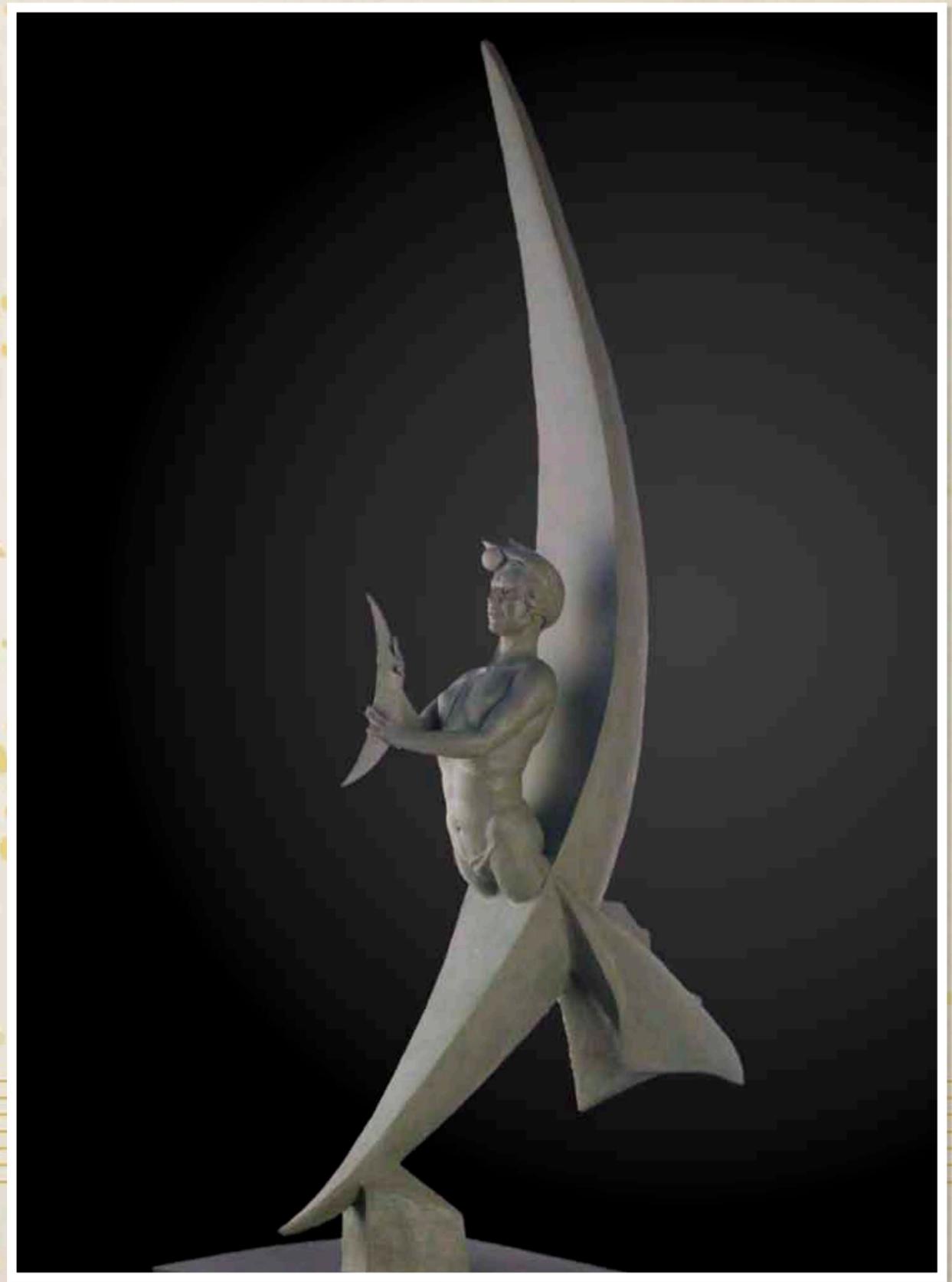
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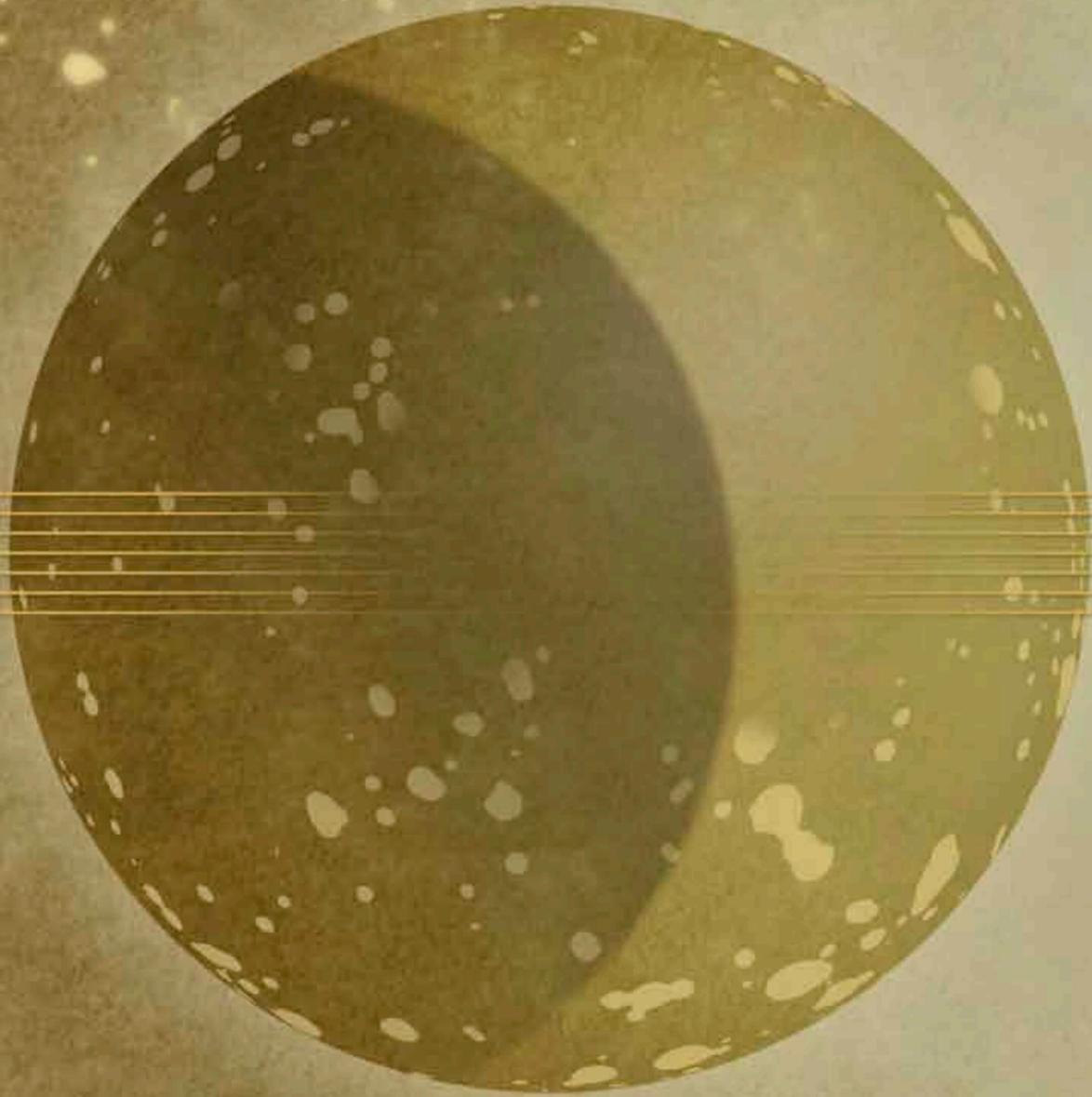


# RADIANT

*Moonlight washes across  
the memory of our time  
together.  
You have flickered past  
my grasp before...  
eluded once again by  
the crescent promise.  
The moons that separate  
us are far apart...  
if only in my mind.*



# METAMORPHOSES

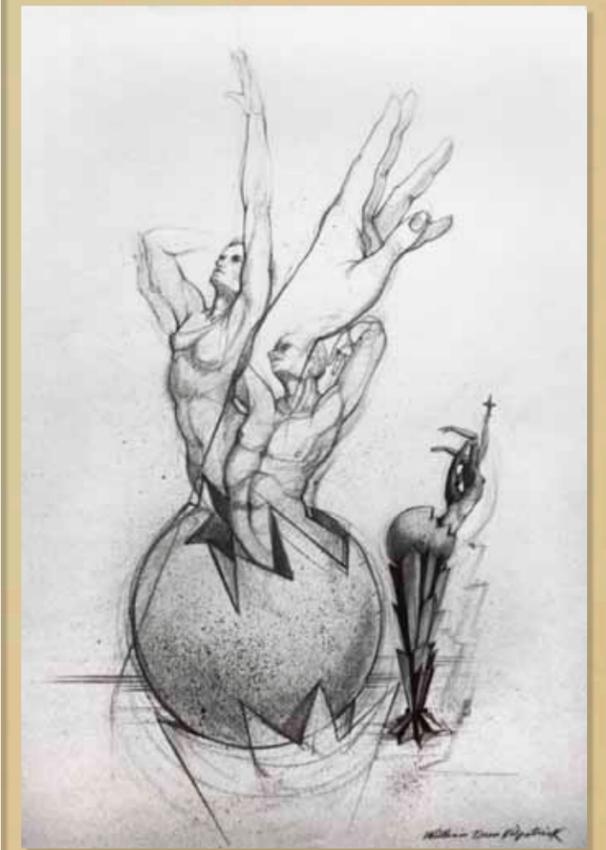




# EMERGENCE

Who has not  
wondered where  
we were...  
before we were...  
an unhatched  
gleam in the mind  
of whom...  
a birth canal in  
space...  
a wormhole in  
the void...  
who lights the  
path that takes  
us home to  
where we were...  
before we were.

*The seeding of Planet Earth?*





Little photo needs  
work before printing



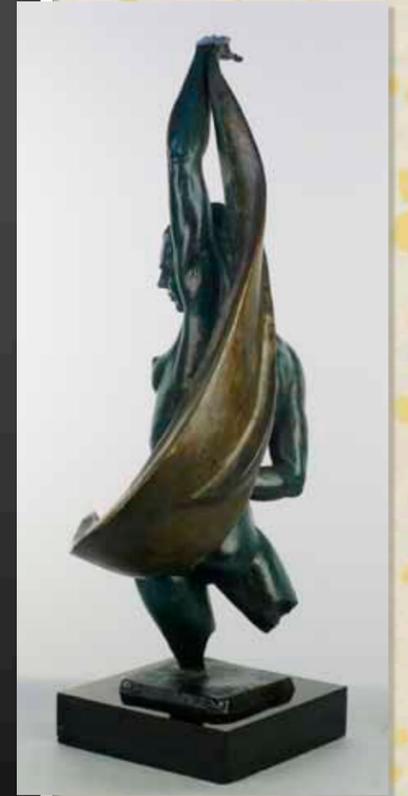
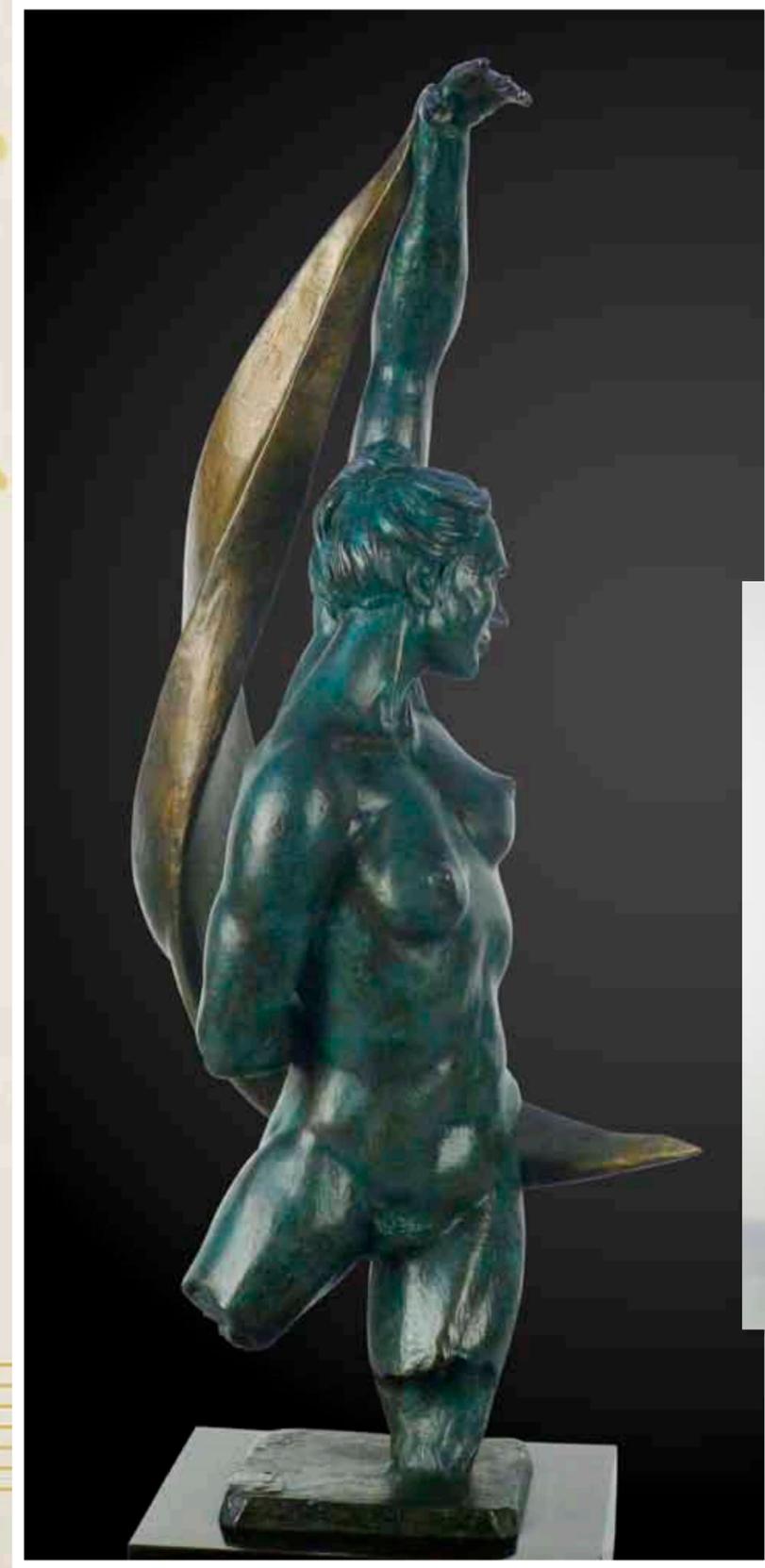
# T EMPEST

*From where he stands  
he can hear the wind  
howling through the  
canyon...  
balanced on the edge  
of this mental precipice  
the storms of life ahead,  
he vacillates in momentary fear.  
The leap of faith and  
a plunge to earth...  
or the angelic lift  
into the heavens.*

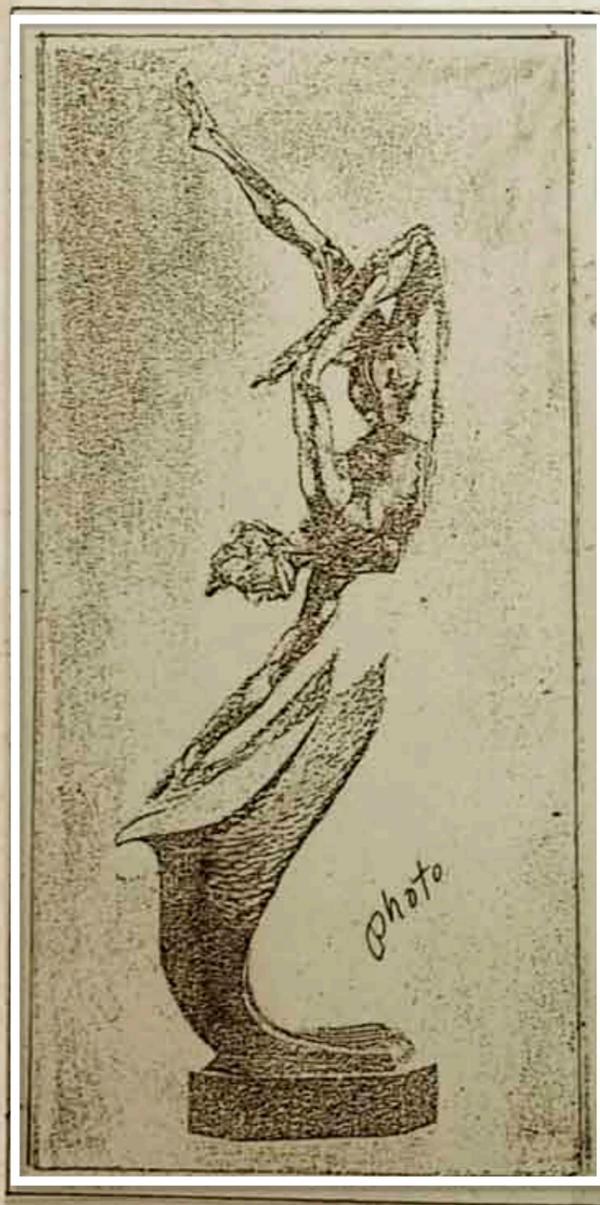


# NEBULAE

*We cannot contain our trepidations...  
the sweep of the universe is  
too vast... the cosmos in a constant  
state of birthing... new planets...  
new stars... new suns...  
so guard the stars within your  
reach and step into the breach.*



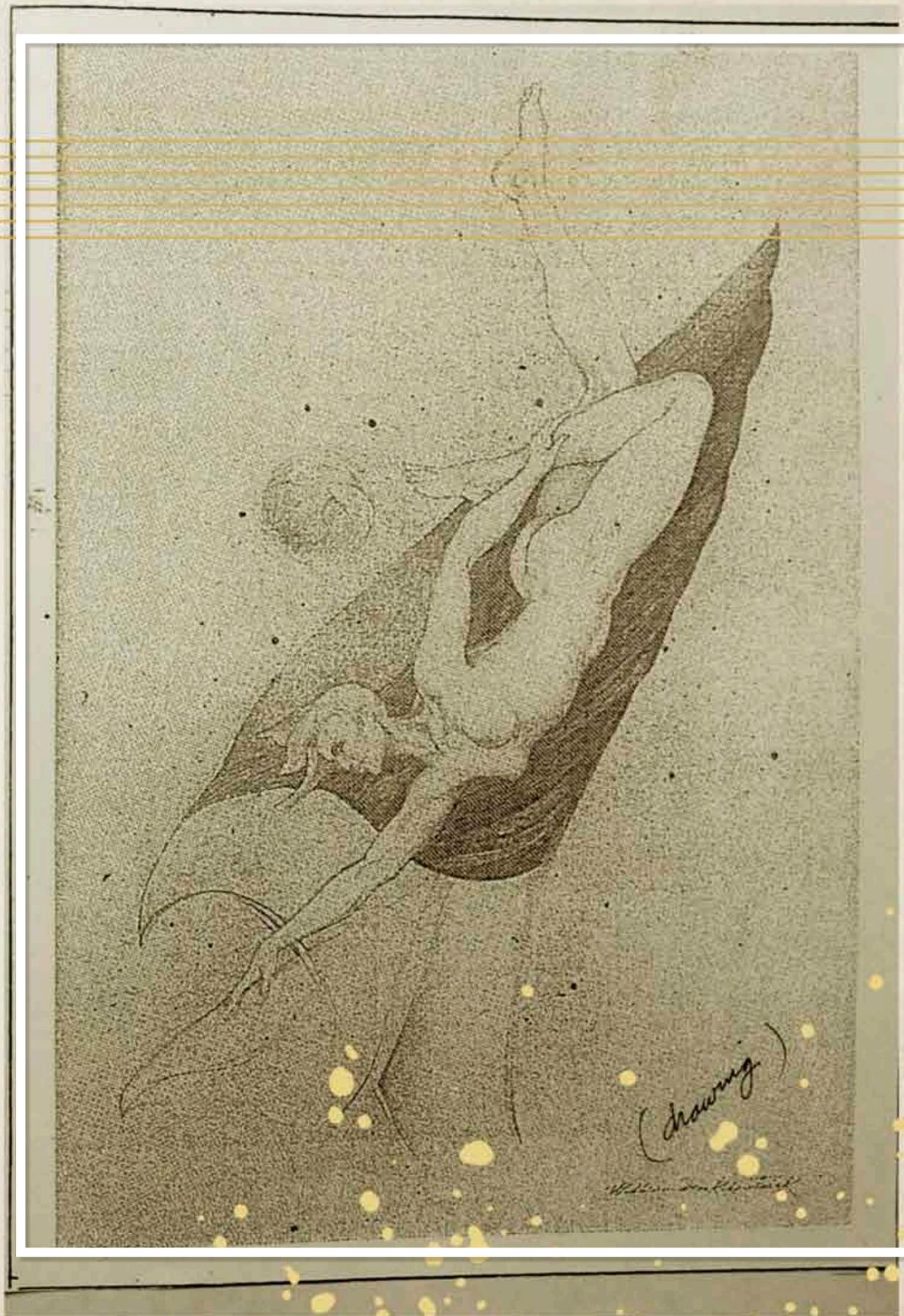
*The sheer joy of wading into the pool of uncertainty*

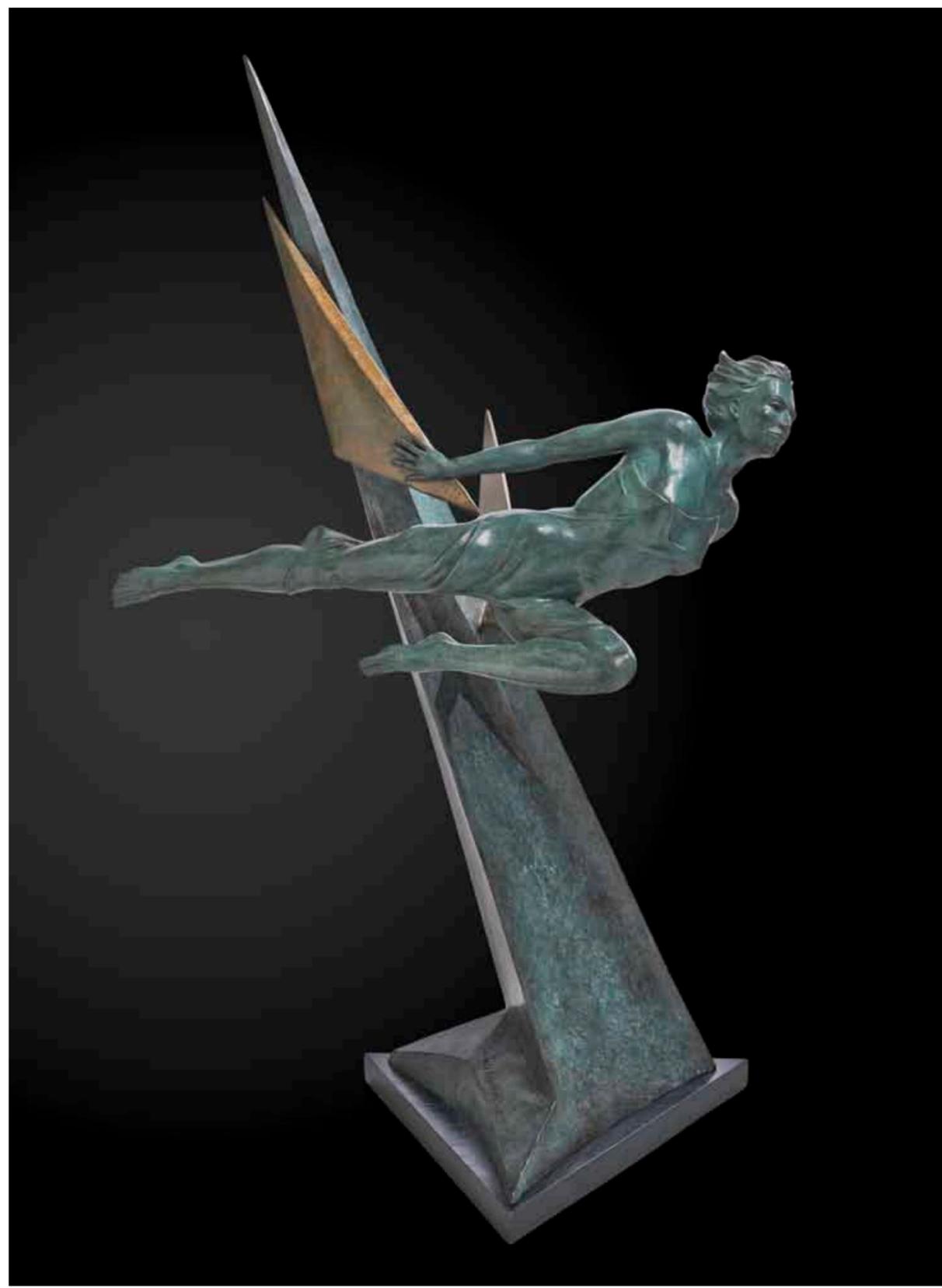


## ARCADIA

*The idea that there exists a utopian existence beyond our physical existence supports in many ways the myths of conventional religion... piercing the clouds a figure descends towards that place...*

*I can't take you where I travel... but I can bring you some of where I've been*





# AURORAE

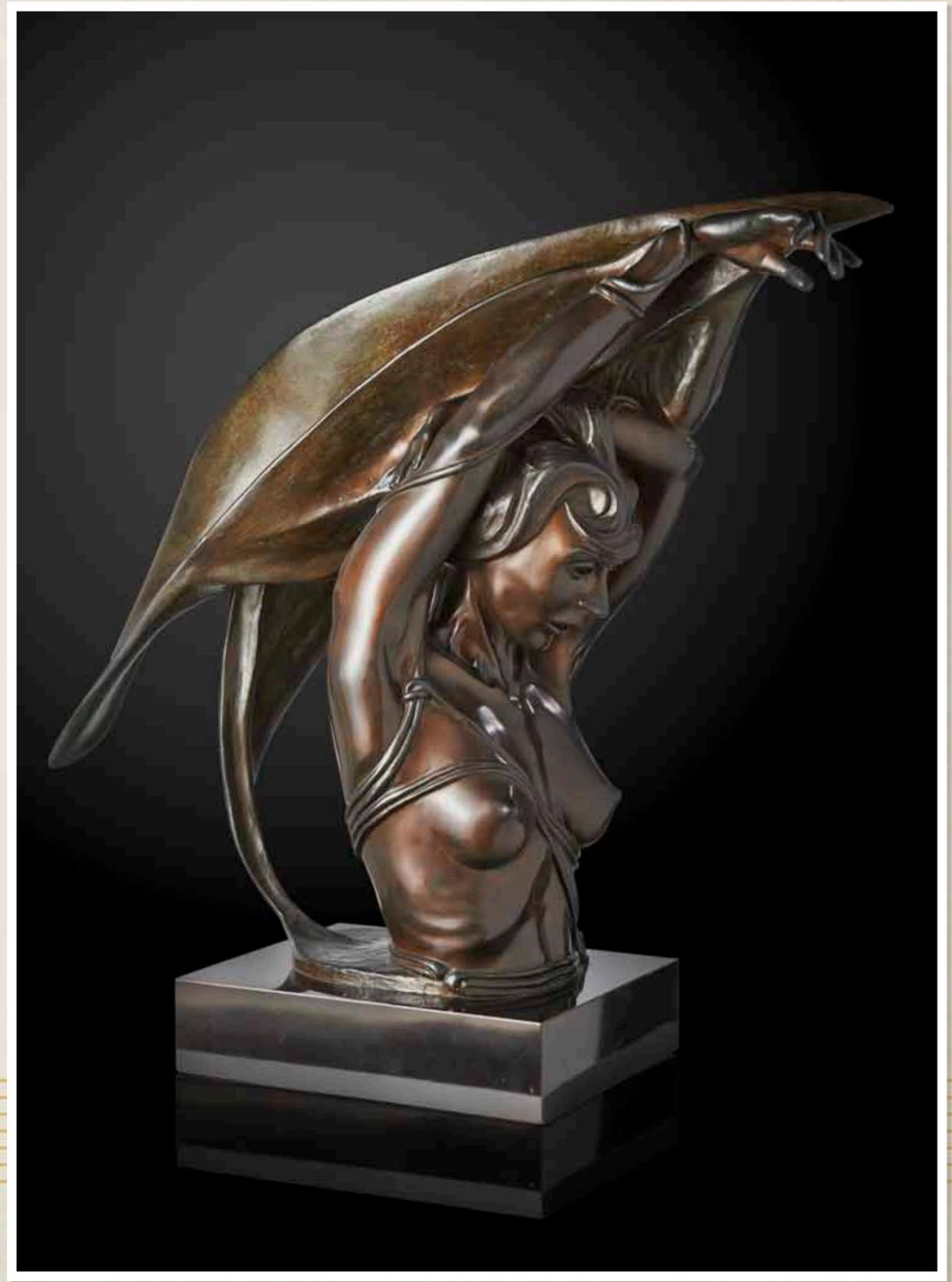
*It's been  
a tough winter.  
Each night the winds  
plaintive wail beckons.  
should I travel  
on such a night?  
Sudden,  
shards of ice  
pierce the stormy sky...  
as wings that ride  
the howling winds...  
she rides the currents  
of the Northern Lights  
in her endless search.*



For most of us it is difficult to imagine what it means to be enslaved either by social convention or psychological bonds. For women the fight for freedom will be hard won.

**L**IBERTAS

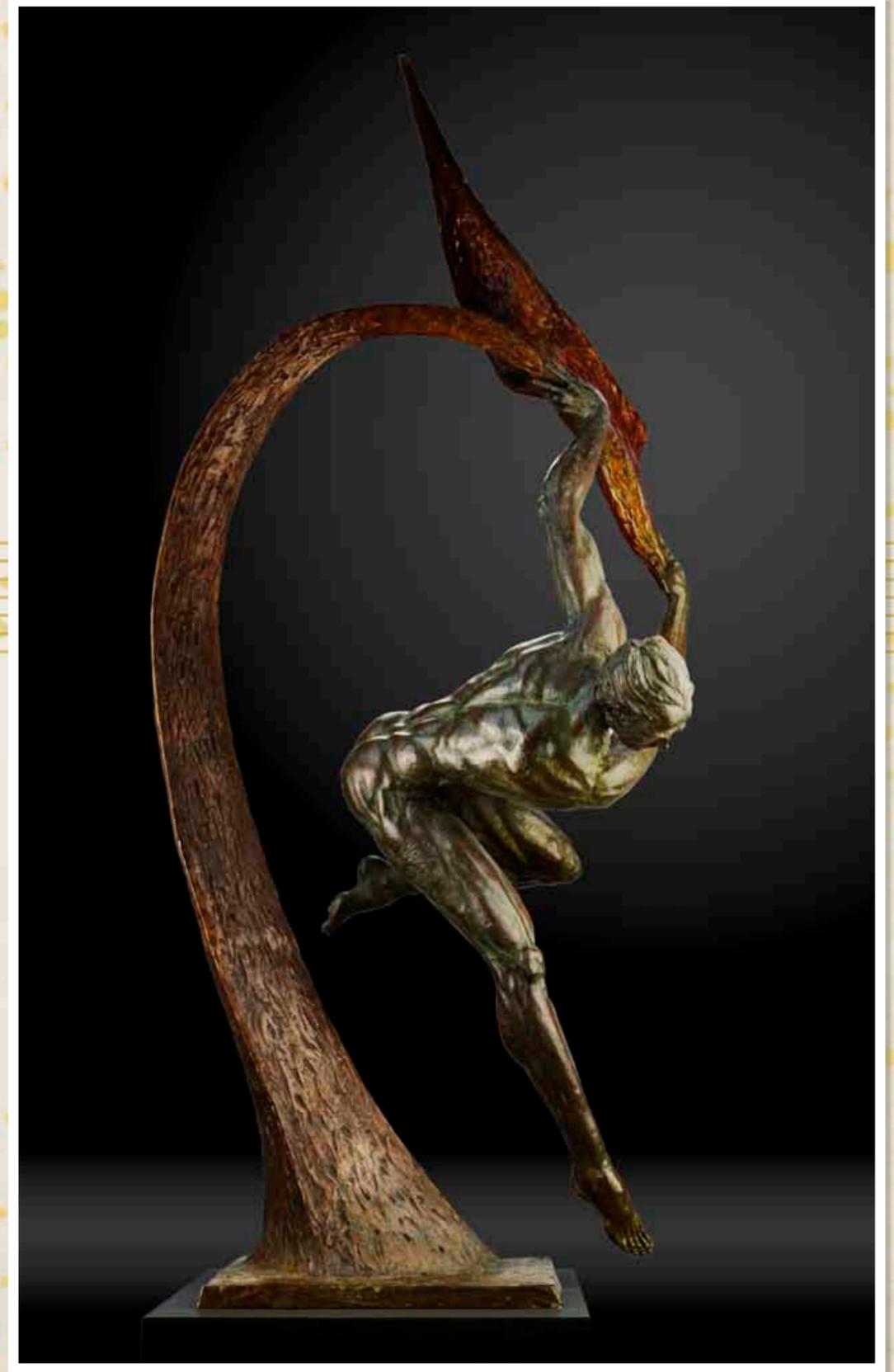
*No longer can you hold me down*





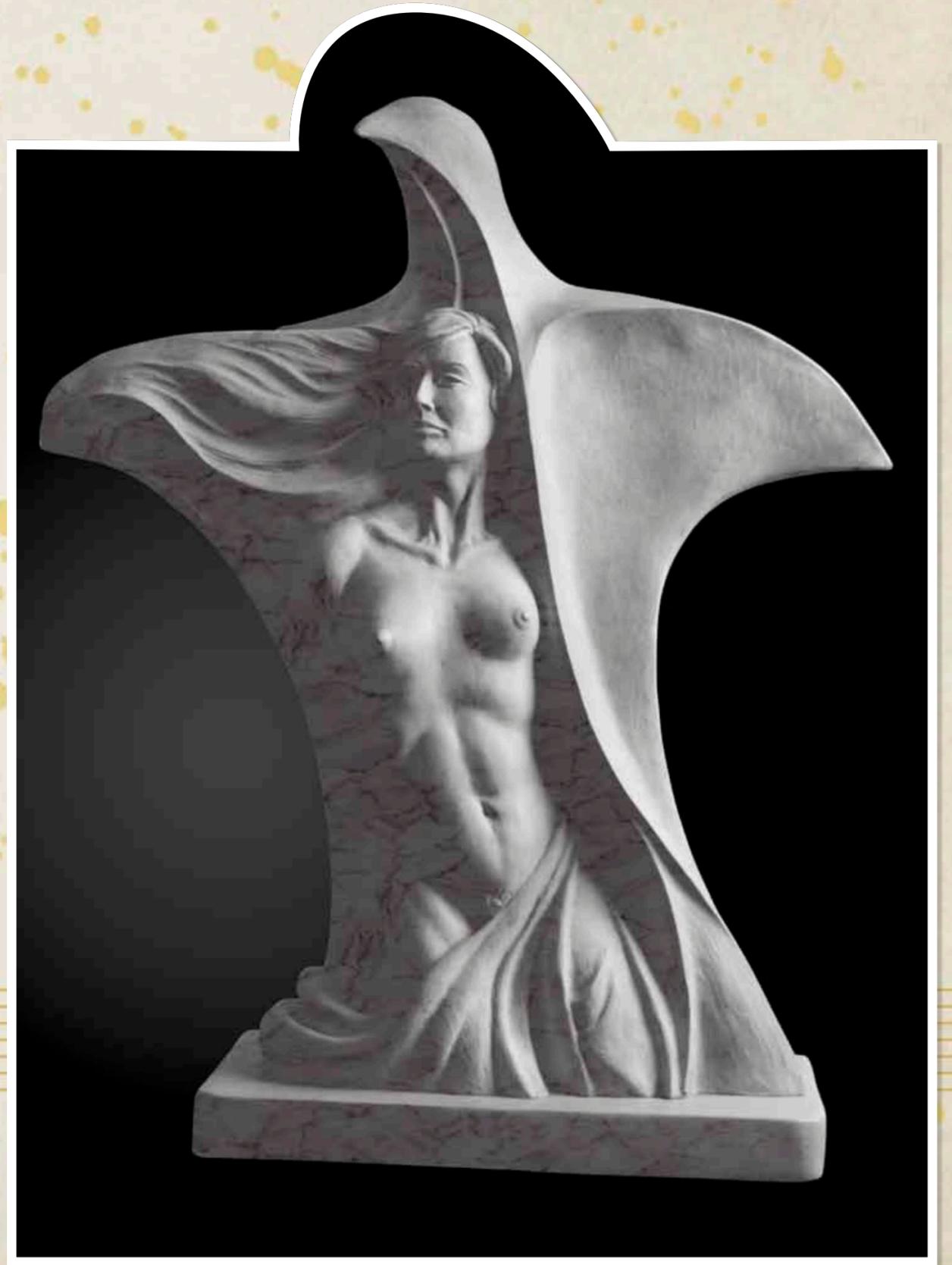
# I GNATIUS

*Somewhere buried deep in our  
subconscious we carry the legacy of our  
origins... Mostly invented, rarely defined.  
This is an image of the mythical  
"Fire God" bringing the  
spark of life to earth.*



# GALETEA

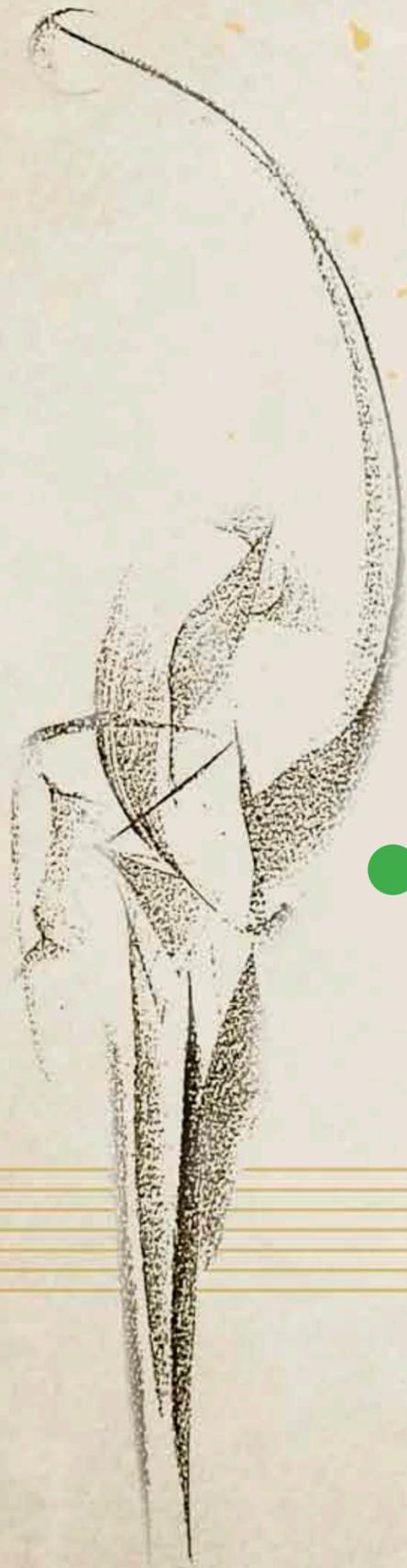
*In Greek mythology there is a story about an ivory statue of a maiden who is brought to life by Aphrodite. This was in answer to the plea of the sculptor Pygmalion, who had fallen in love with his own creation.*





  
**M**ELERON

*Back in the void...  
that iridescent blue  
dome with specks  
of light that tug at  
my psyche...  
who is this figure  
grasping for the  
streak of light...  
could these ancient  
meteoric tails  
signal a pathway  
to an unexplored  
universe?*



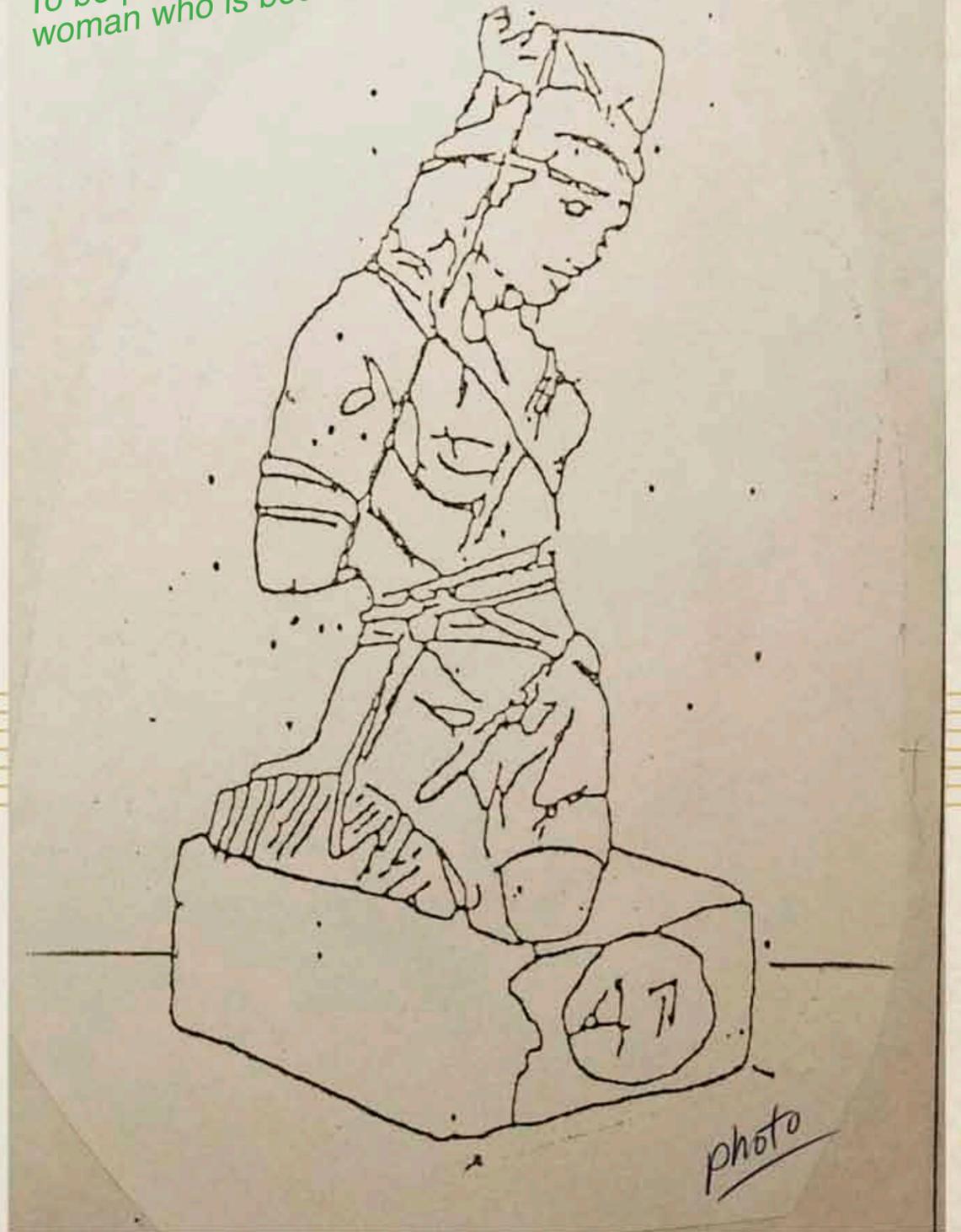


# BONDAGE

*It is a cliché to say that for centuries women have struggled to free themselves from male dominated societies.*

*Is it arrogant to think that a sculptural portrayal of this condition could raise the awareness of their plight?*

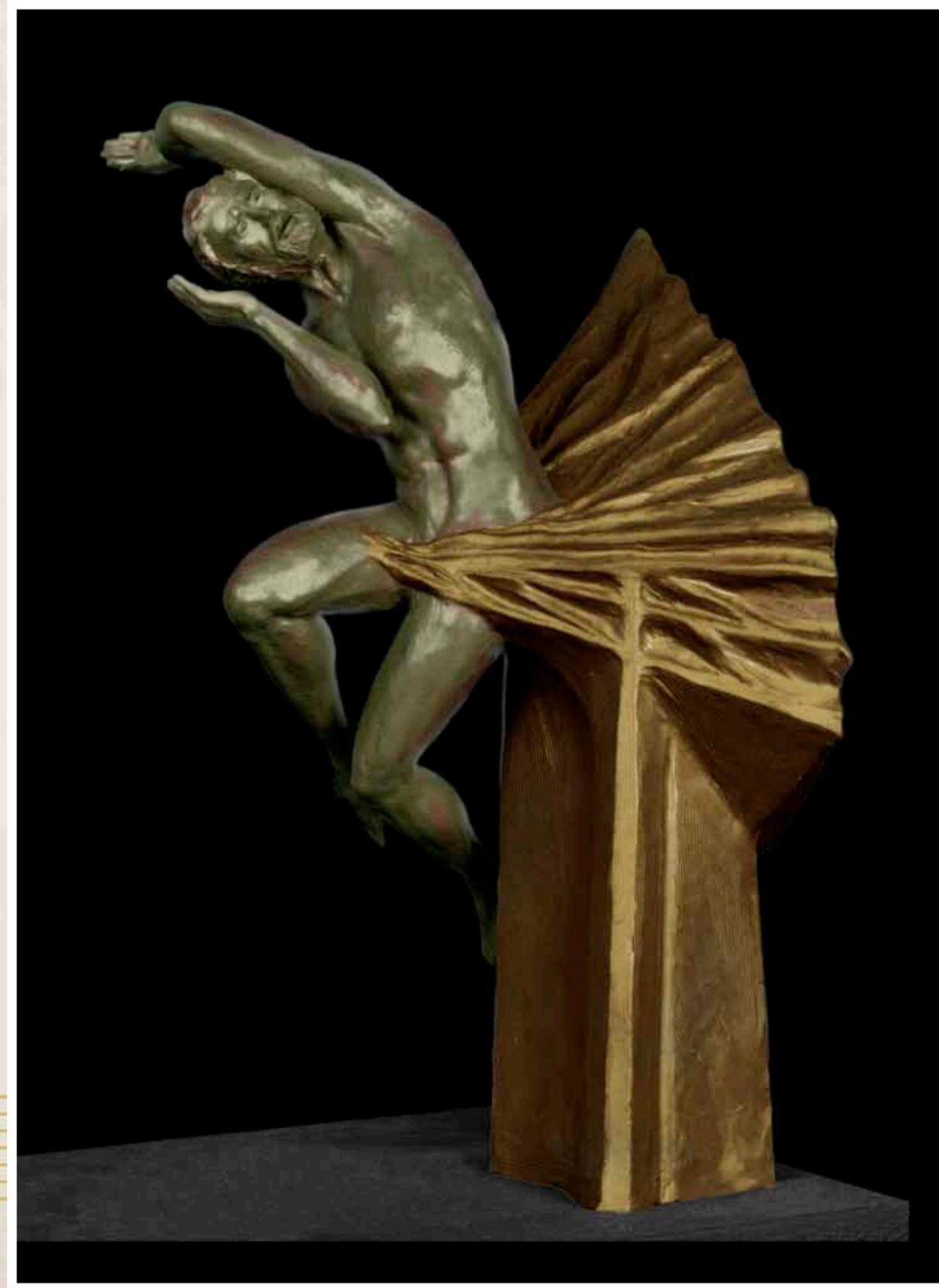
To be photographed—  
woman who is bound.





## VORTEX

*Are we tossed  
through time and  
space by the  
winds of chance  
or are we the  
directors of our  
destiny?  
The eternal question...  
once again the  
attempt to solidify  
formless ideas...*





# I

## INVOCATION

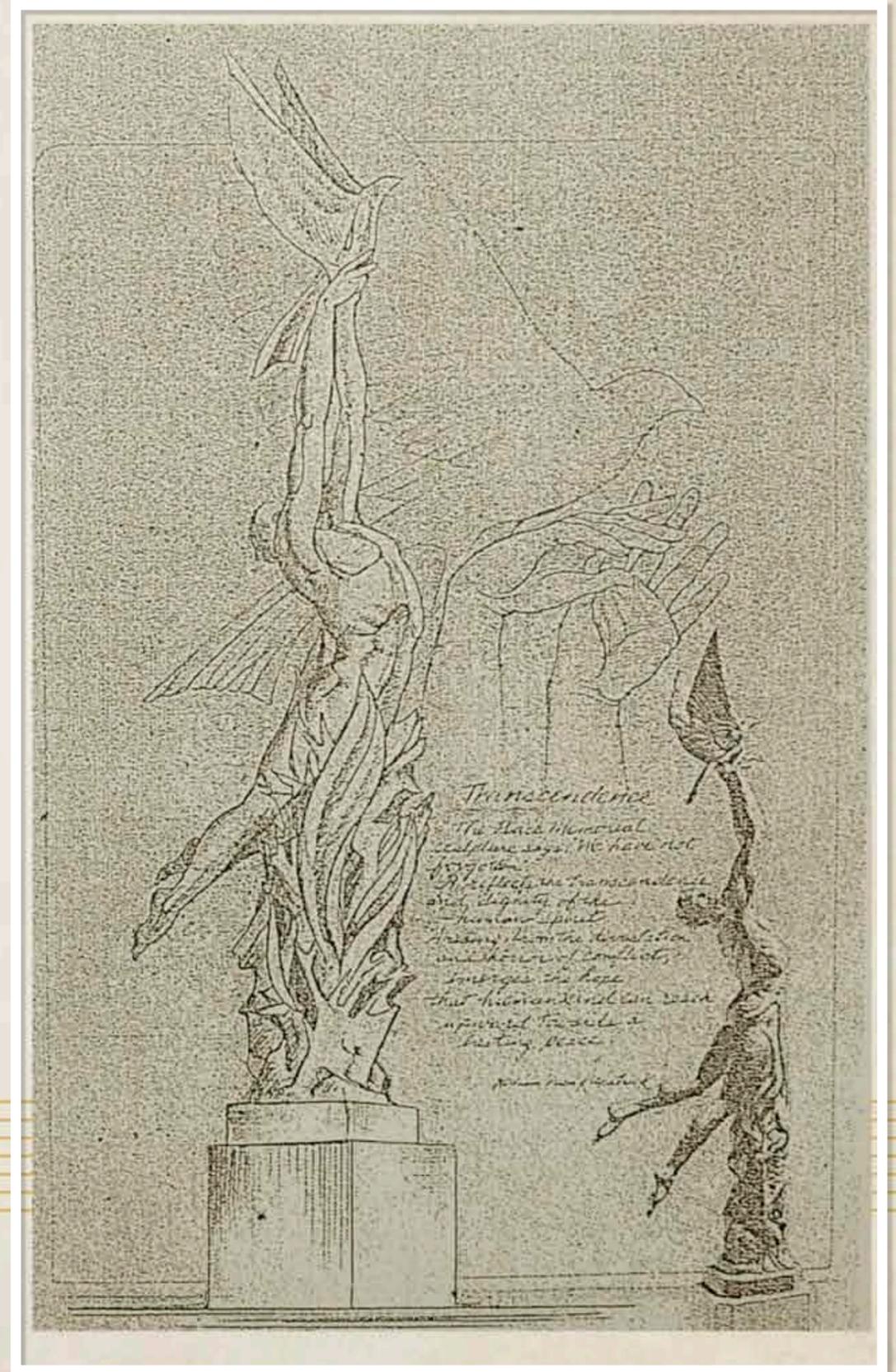
*Thirty miles from  
my vantage point  
lies the vanishing point...  
like horizon lines on a  
painted canvas  
I am drawn to this space...  
and there she floats...  
always infinitely  
out of reach.*



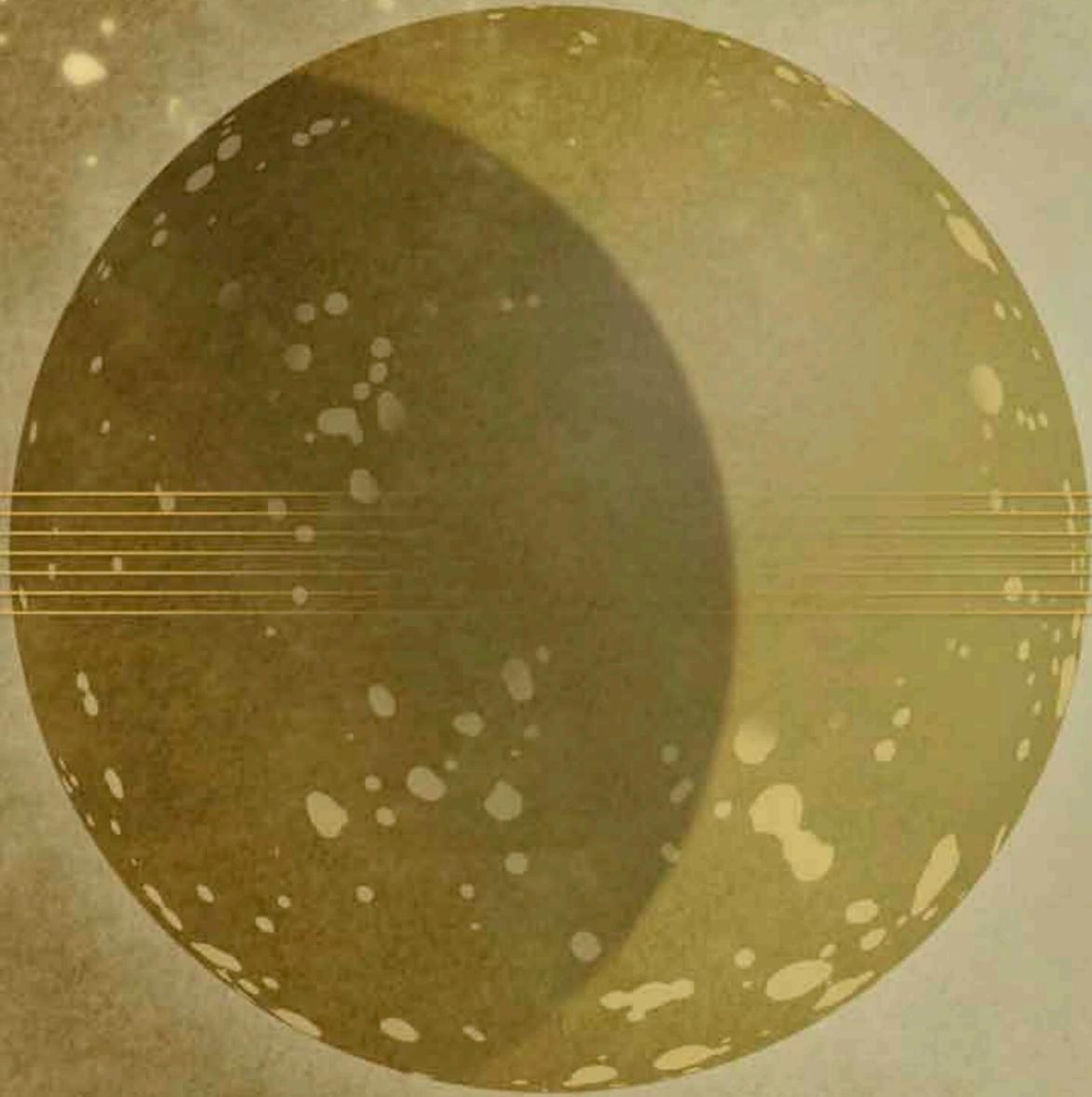


# T RASCENDENCE

*What realm lies beyond  
our ordinary experience...  
If we transcend our baser  
instinct for war, will we  
discover a secret garden  
of peace...  
If we rise beyond our own  
hatreds, will we transcend  
to a state of grace...*



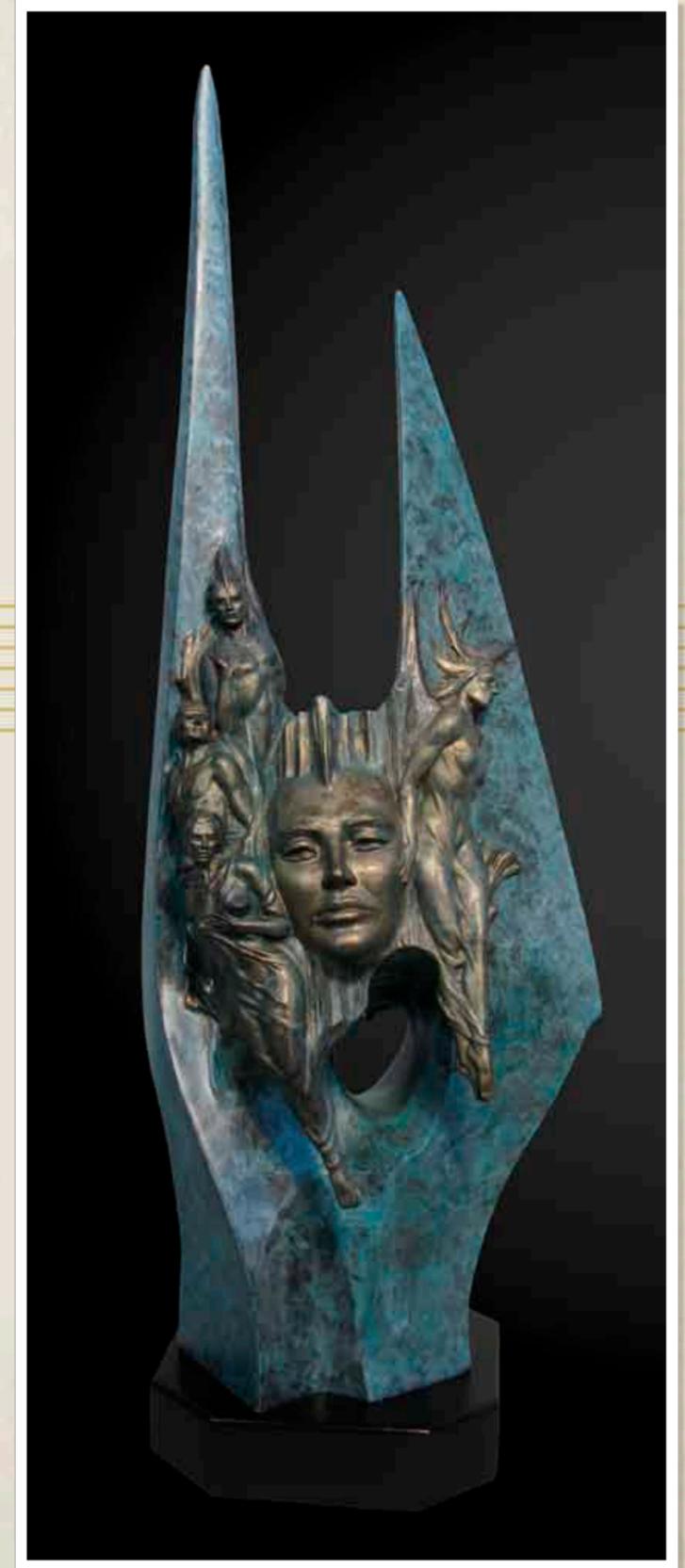
# APOTHEOSIS



# ASCENSION



*What makes us see  
what we see... feel what  
we feel...  
why do we create the  
images we create?  
Unanswered questions  
haunt our subliminal  
minds...  
we float down a path  
towards an answer...  
but it silently  
slips away.  
Is this the levitation of  
the spirit...in search  
of an unknowable  
deity...  
The face of the Goddess.*

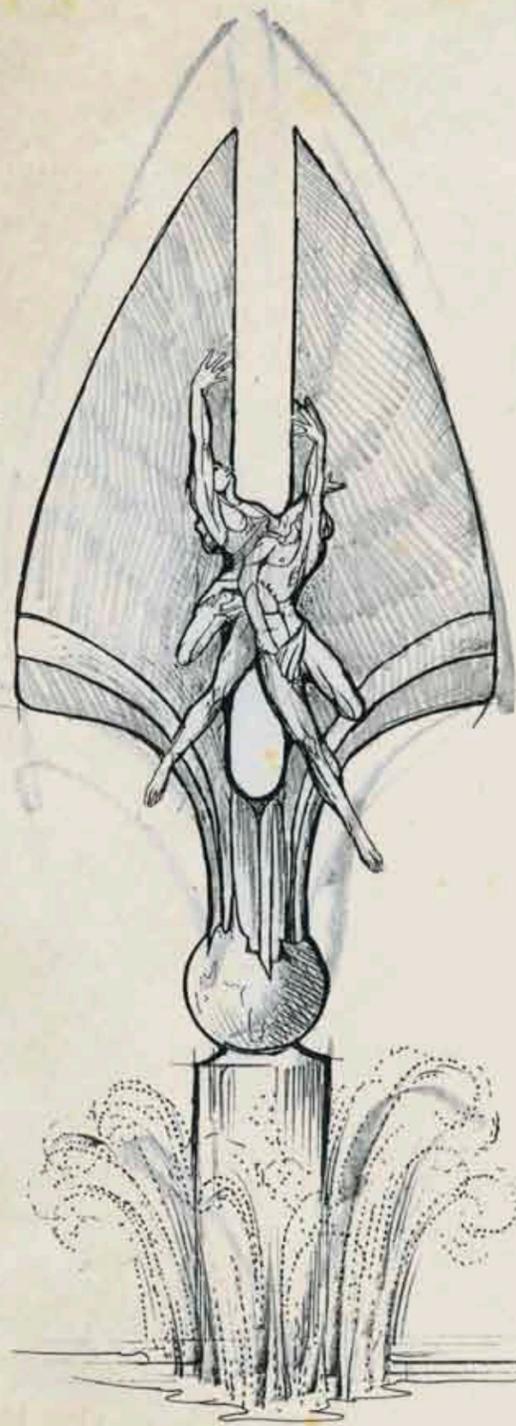


# GALACTIC FUSION

*In the great spatial divide there cannot be "one without the other."*

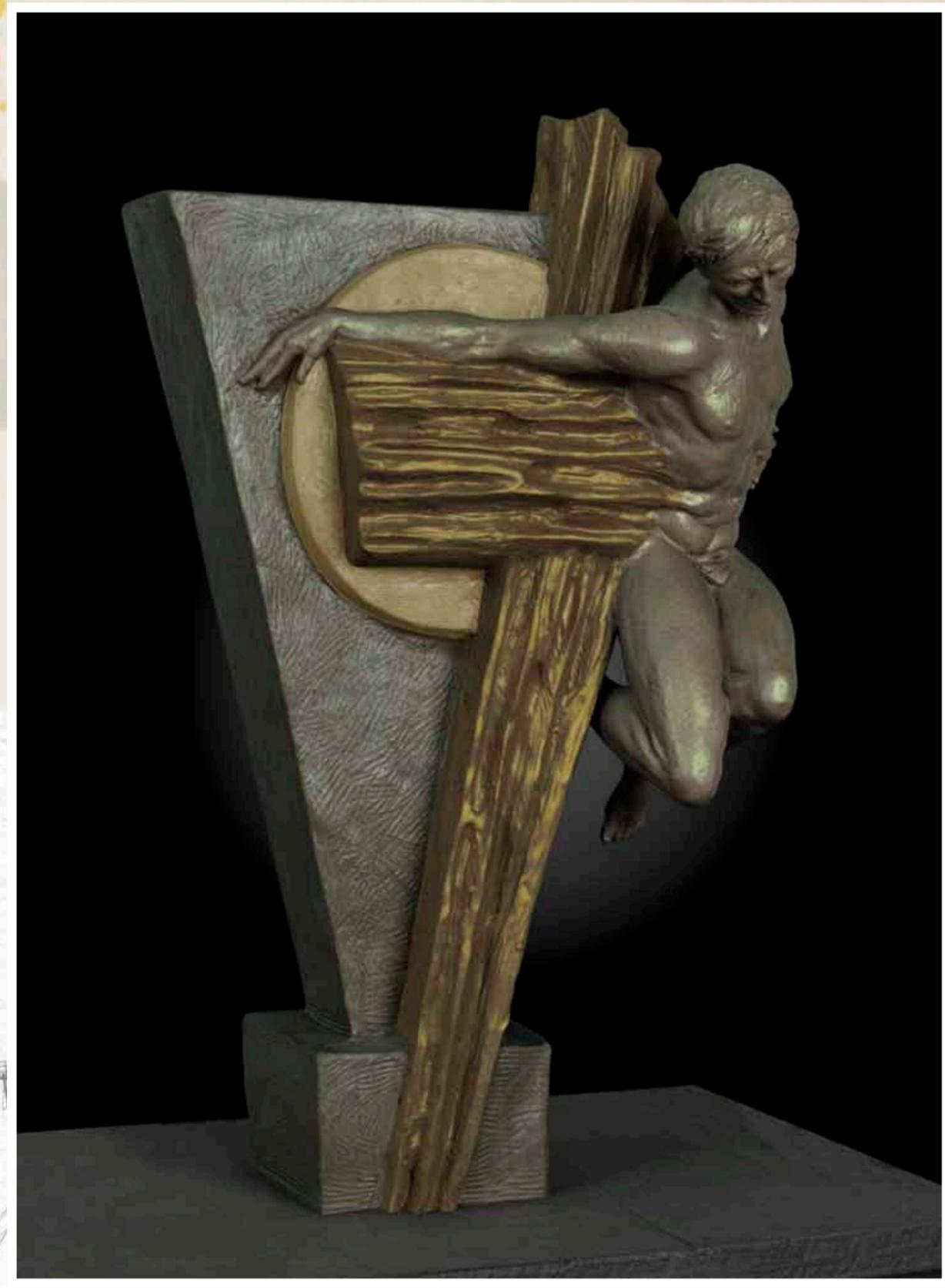
*Negative and positive energy pulsates throughout.*

*The fusion required to propagate exists not only on earth, but also on the billions of nameless planets.*



# CRUCIFORM

*This work is not in any way an interpretation of the crucifixion of Christ...but rather a symbolic image of the suffering of humankind. Who has not been subjected on some level to the pain of loss or the sorrow of our collective inhumanity?*



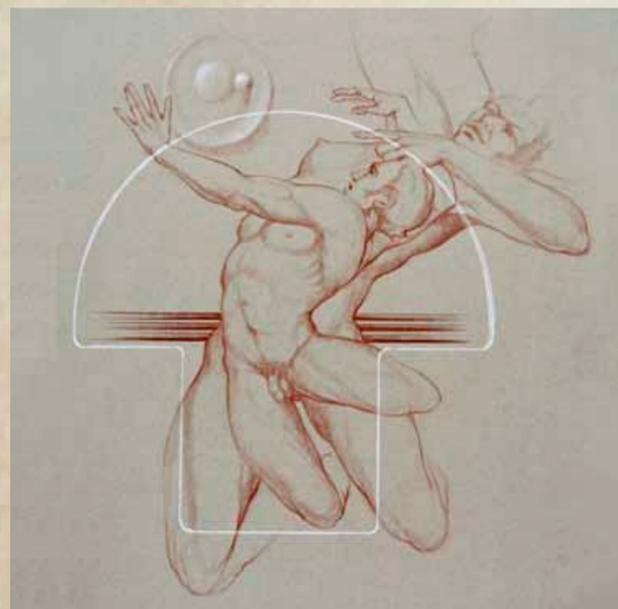


# P ERSEPHONE

*The concept of  
divine redemption  
resides somewhere  
deep within "Fallen Man."  
Is this an unattainable  
aspiration from some  
discarded myth...  
or his final  
transformation...*

# MORPHEUS TRILOGY

*The basis of this allegorical work is subject to many interpretations. The first bas-relief is titled "The Internment" suggesting a captive environment. The second is called "The Separation" in which the protagonists have reversed roles. The third... "The Offering" depicts a sacrifice to an unknown deity.*

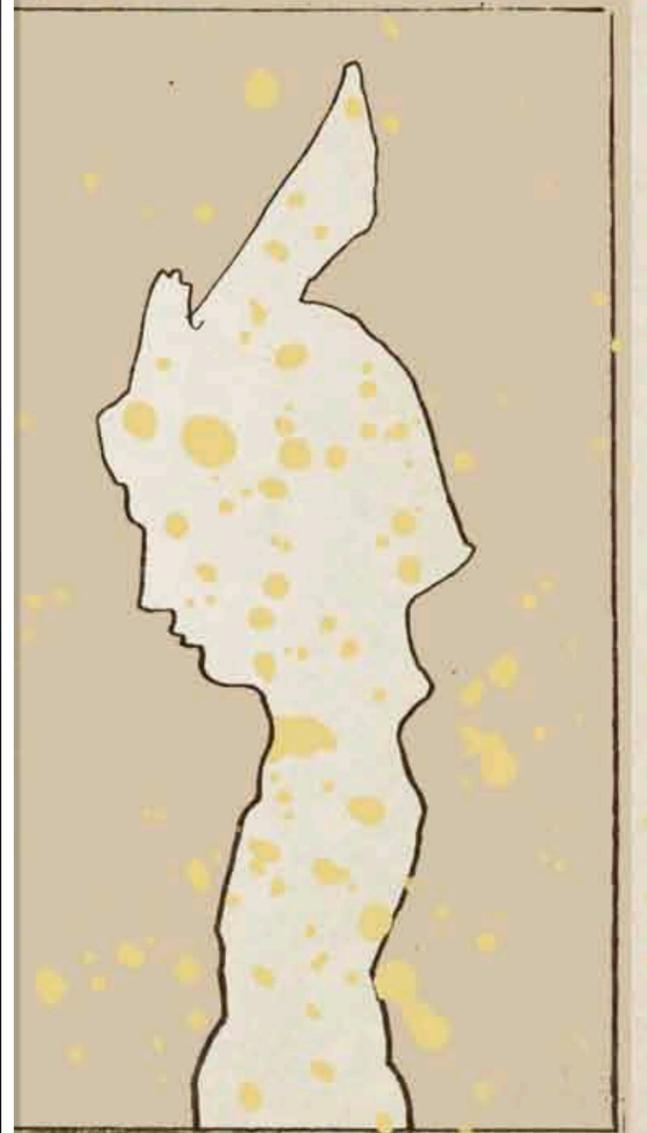




# JOAN of ARC

*The life of  
Joan of Arc has  
always intrigued  
me...*

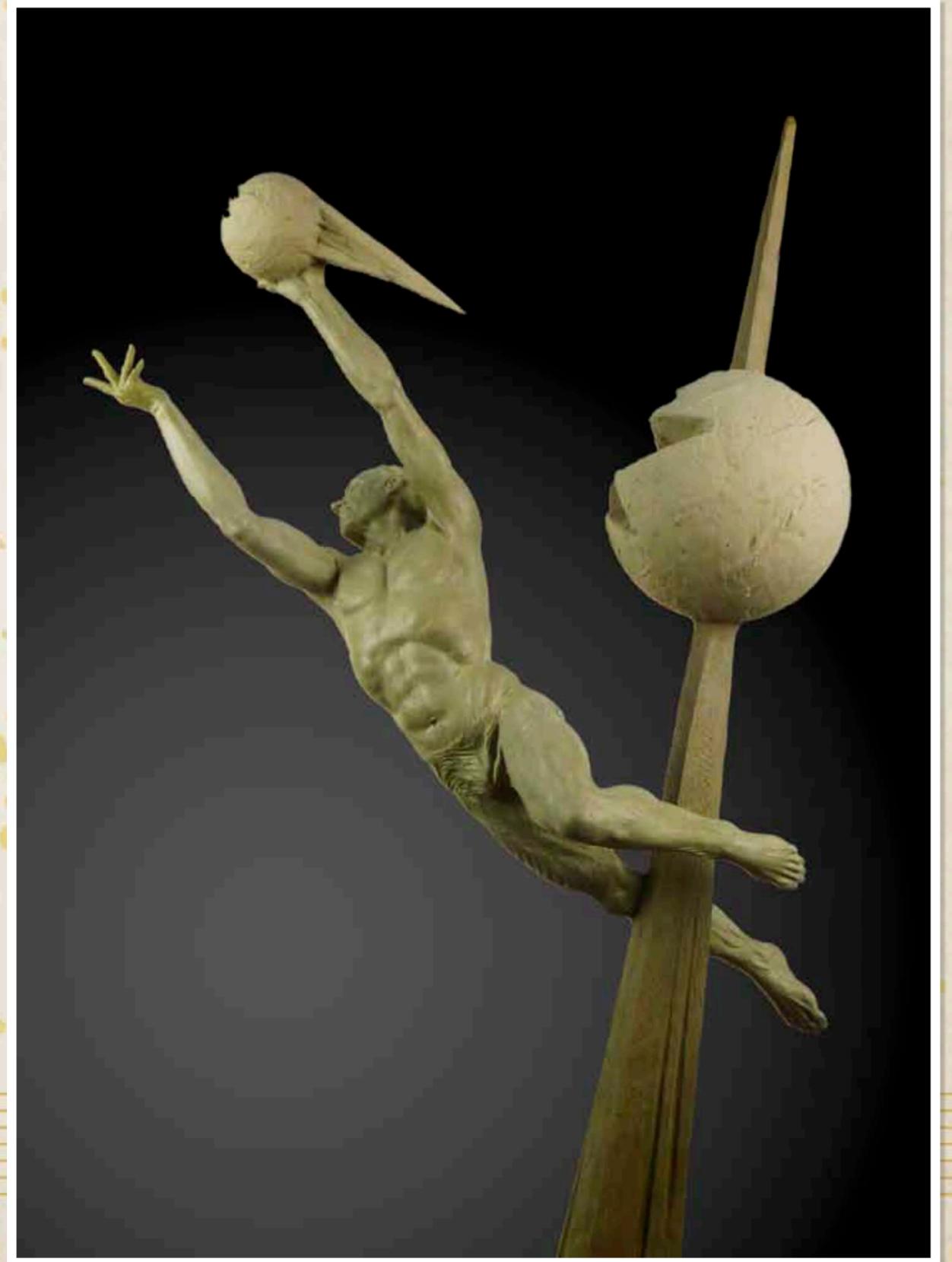
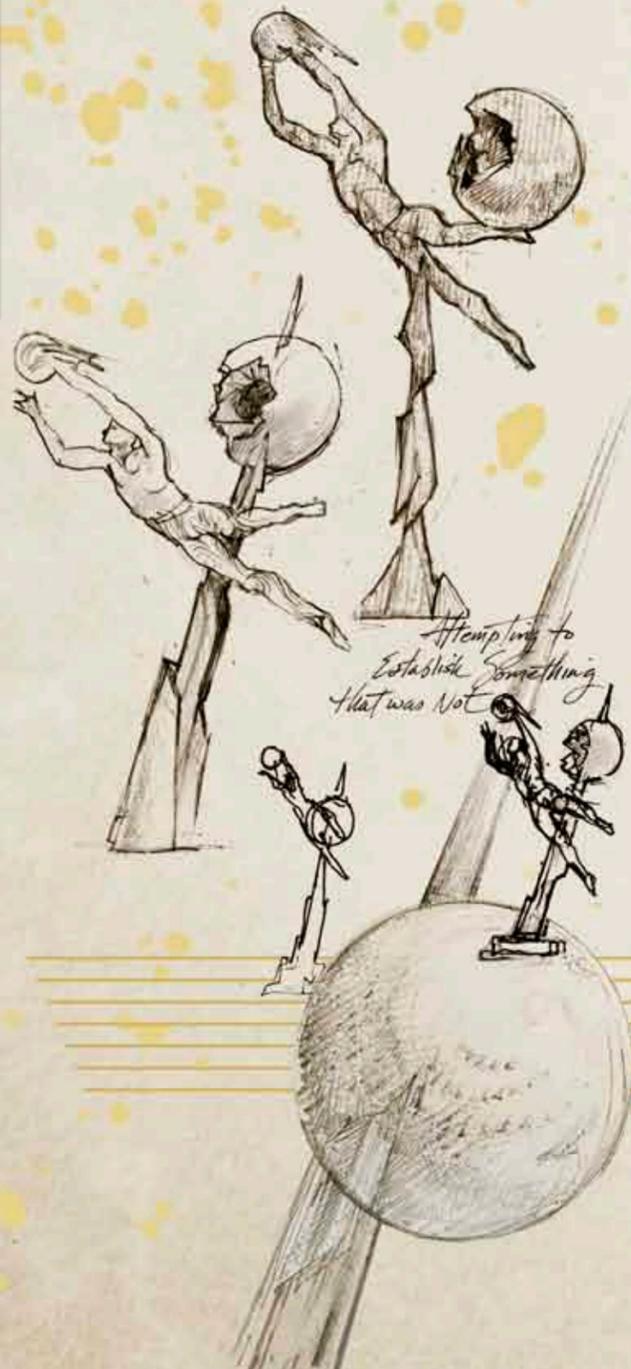
*both from the  
touted historical  
events... and from  
the mythic  
proportions they  
have assumed.  
The iconic image  
of the Maiden of  
Lorraine with her  
horse and the  
burning stake has  
floated about in my  
subconscious on  
many occasions.*





# APOGEE

Although merely a metaphor for new beginnings...man in his desire to create order out of chaos looks towards the heavens... In the universe it appears that something is always formed from something else... liberated yet dwarfed in the vastness of space, he spirits the comet into the unknown...

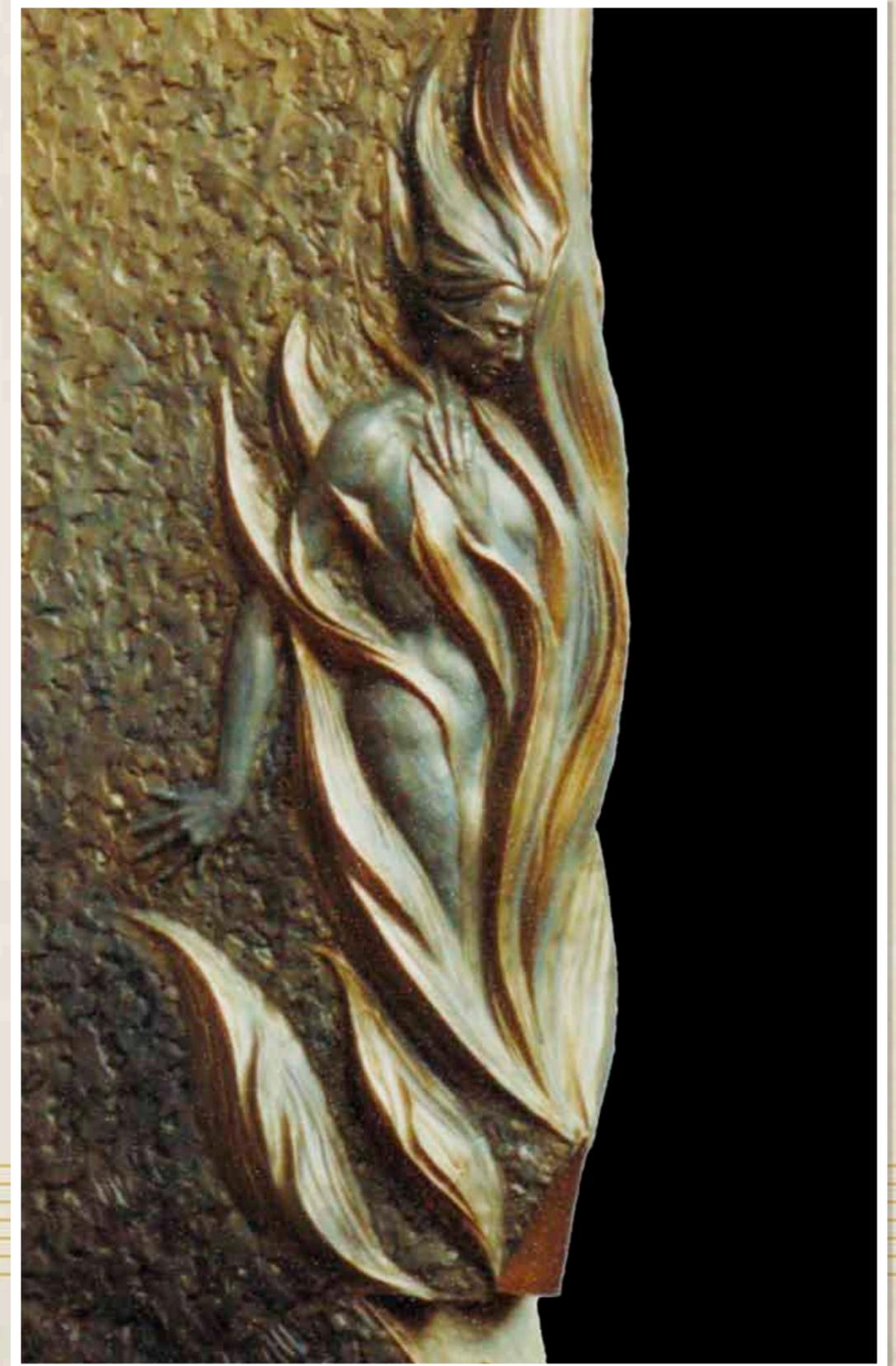


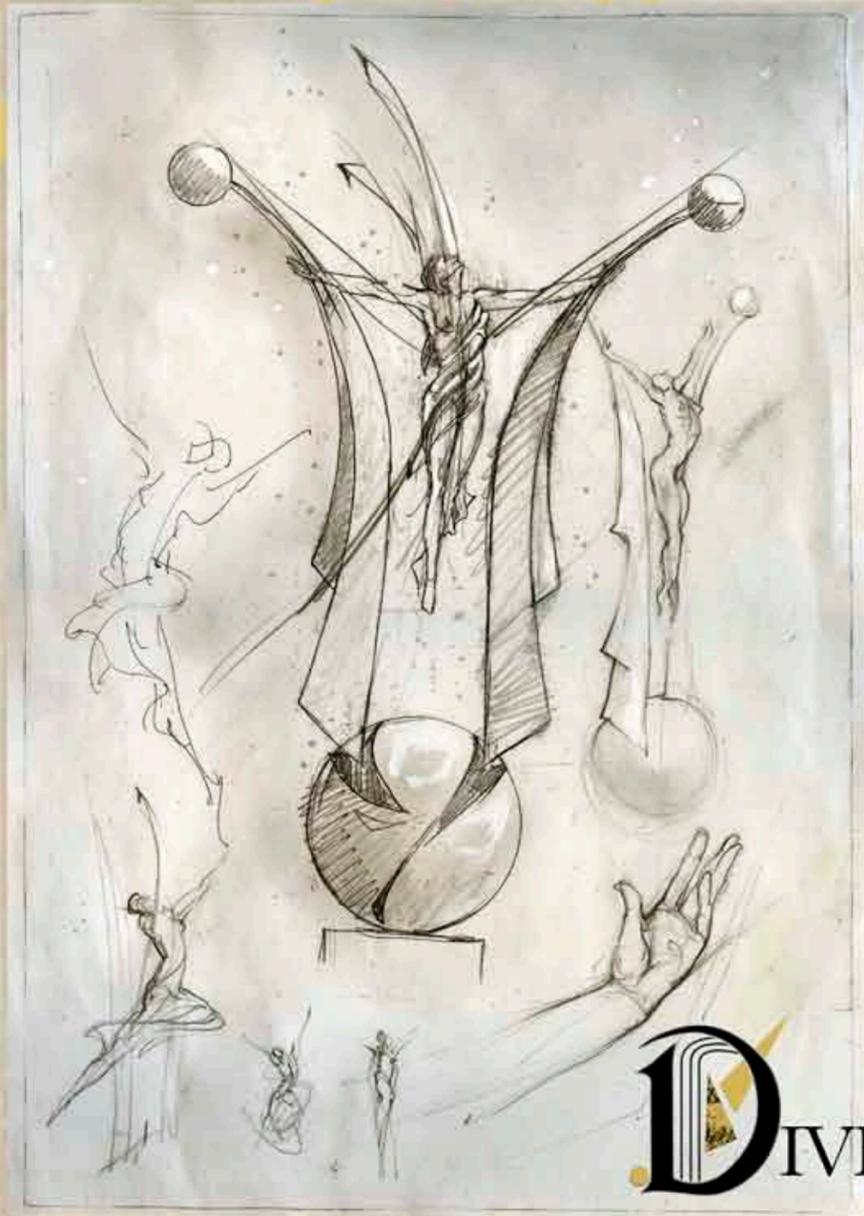


# H<sup>o</sup>LOCAUST

*Whenever hatred, prejudice, discrimination and bigotry are allowed to fester... horrific events like the holocaust can transpire. Unfortunately, the human capacity for this type of perversion may never be eradicated.*

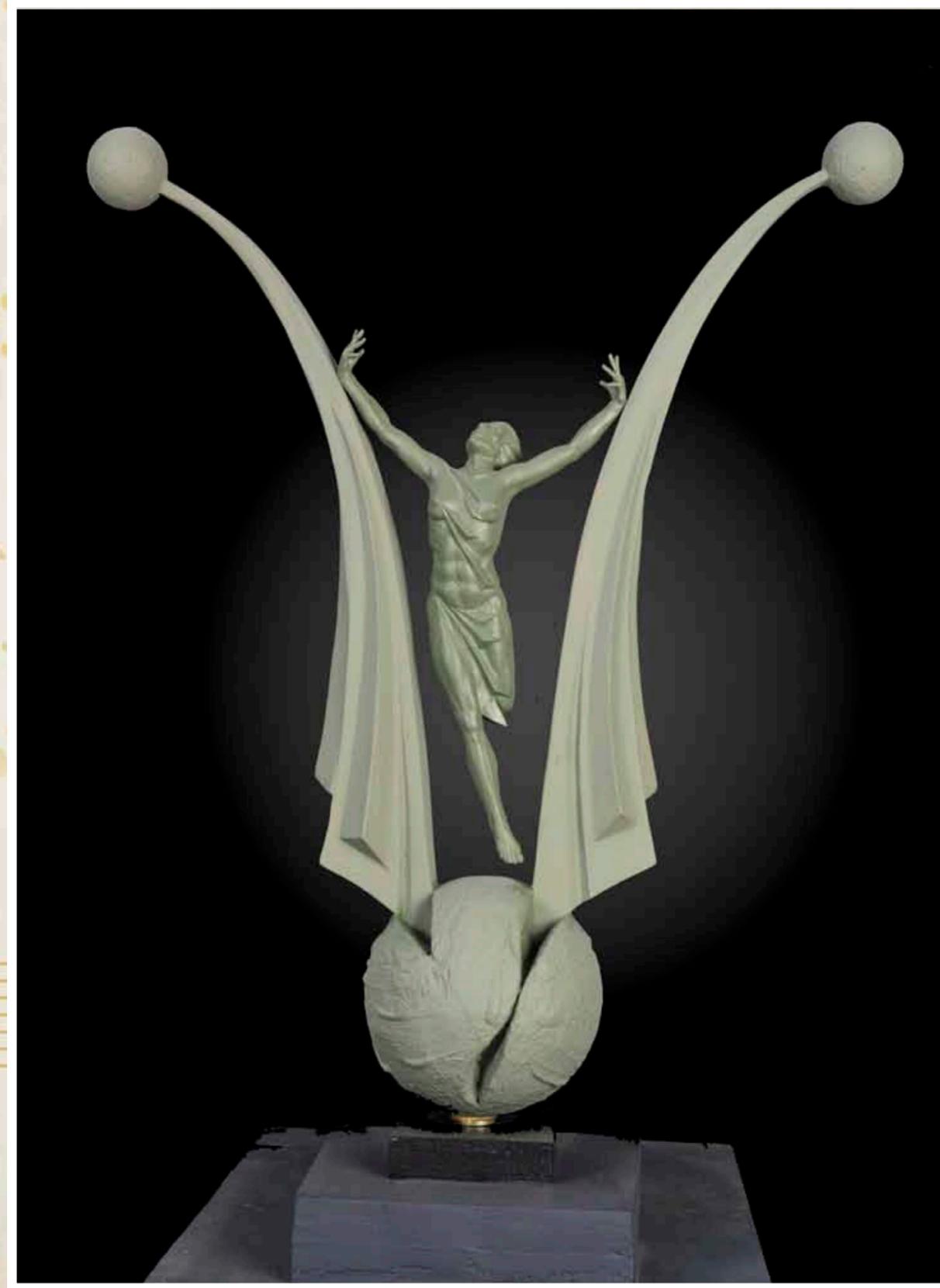
*What is wrong with us?*





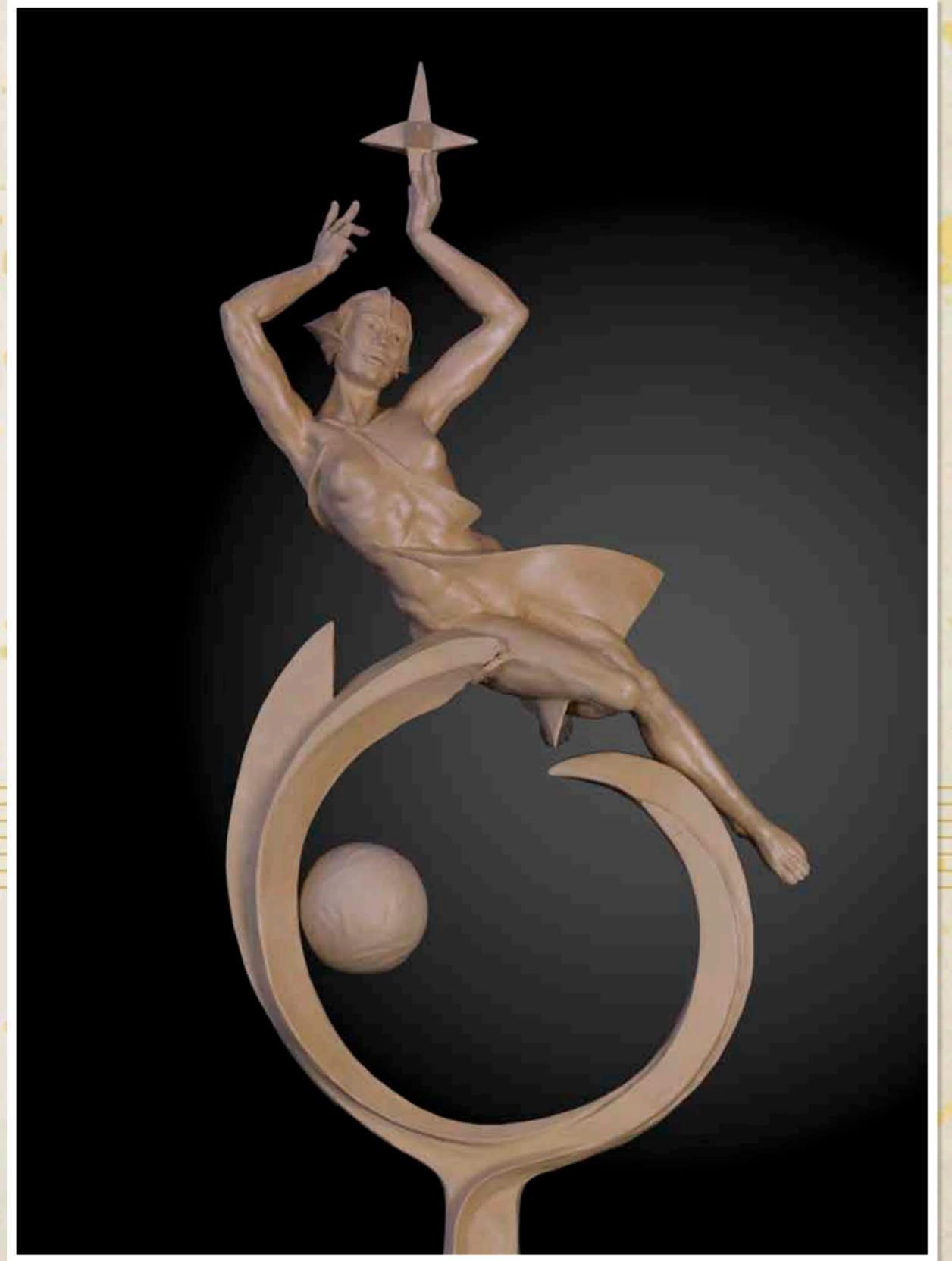
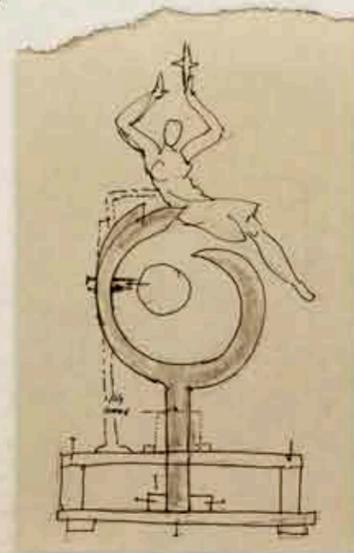
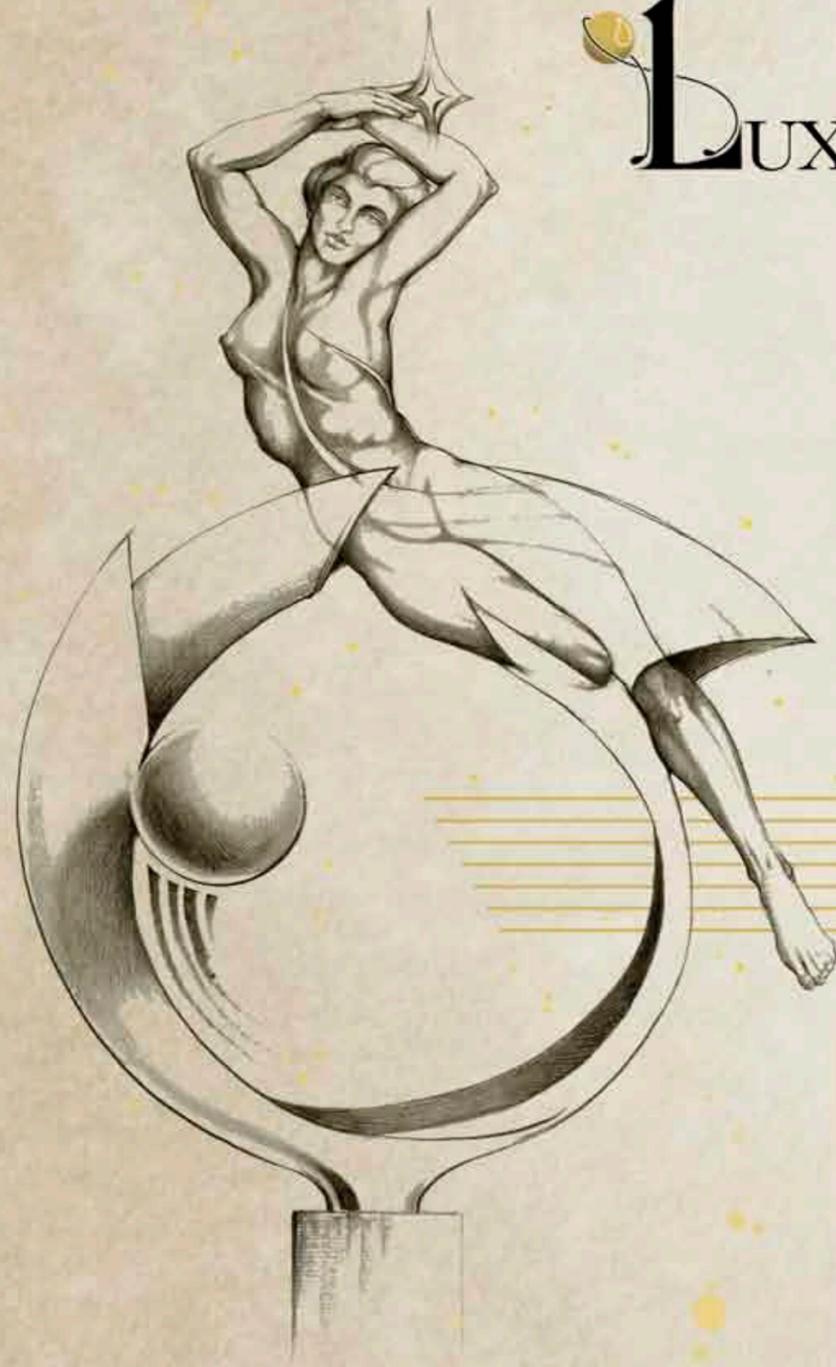
## DIVERGENCE

*And here she is  
once again suspended  
on the brink...  
the parallelism/duality  
that resides within...  
now torn apart by a  
polar dynamic...  
one spinning towards  
the known...  
the other towards the  
unknown...*



# LUX AETERNA

*Drifting in  
orbicular space,  
images float like  
music and are  
just as difficult  
to capture...  
We remember  
the melody but  
cannot label  
the tune...  
and that is the  
elusive nature  
of form...  
intangible...  
until it is not.*





# PROMETHEUS

*The apotheosis  
of the spirit can  
only be hinted at  
in the subconscious.  
Human aspirations  
generally fall short.  
In music the  
perfect note...  
On canvas... the  
elusive splash  
of color...  
In poetry... the  
quintessential rhyme...  
Perhaps, the absence  
of a structured  
deity precludes  
ascension to that  
vaunted realm.*

*A sculpt in the vain attempt to explain the inexplicable*





