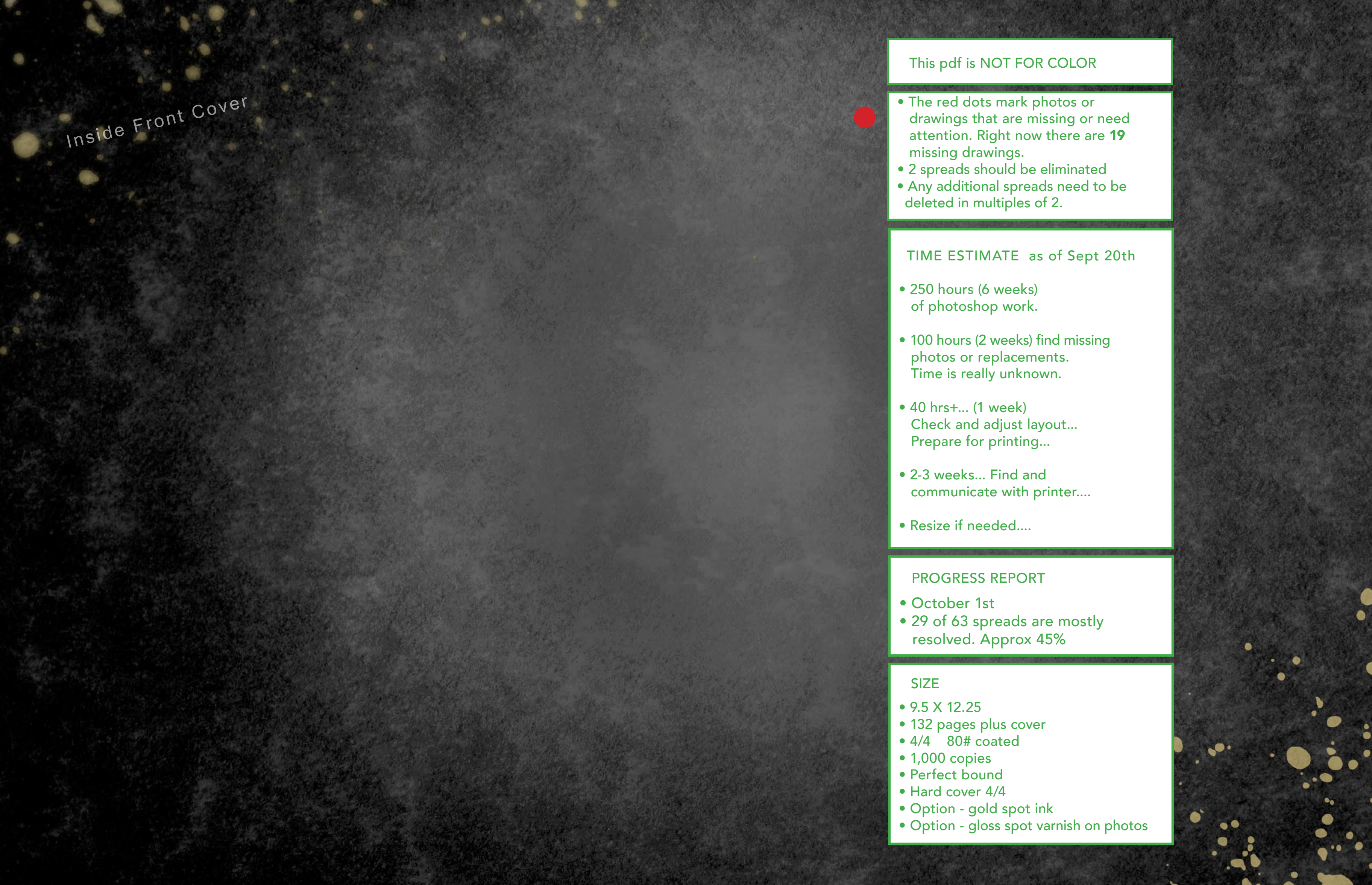


WILLIAM  
DEAN  
KILPATRICK

\* 21·D \*

PROGRESS REPORT





Inside Front Cover



This pdf is NOT FOR COLOR

- The red dots mark photos or drawings that are missing or need attention. Right now there are **19** missing drawings.
- 2 spreads should be eliminated
- Any additional spreads need to be deleted in multiples of 2.

TIME ESTIMATE as of Sept 20th

- 250 hours (6 weeks) of photoshop work.
- 100 hours (2 weeks) find missing photos or replacements. Time is really unknown.
- 40 hrs+... (1 week) Check and adjust layout... Prepare for printing...
- 2-3 weeks... Find and communicate with printer....
- Resize if needed....

PROGRESS REPORT

- October 1st
- 29 of 63 spreads are mostly resolved. Approx 45%

SIZE

- 9.5 X 12.25
- 132 pages plus cover
- 4/4 80# coated
- 1,000 copies
- Perfect bound
- Hard cover 4/4
- Option - gold spot ink
- Option - gloss spot varnish on photos



WILLIAM DEAN KILPATRICK  
Artist • Sculptor

Collected works in Clay, Bronze, and Plaster  
With words by the Author

First Edition December 2024  
Published by Gray-Kilpatrick, Florida, USA  
Mechanicals by PhotoDesign, Philadelphia, PA

©

WILLIAM  
DEAN  
KILPATRICK



# 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...

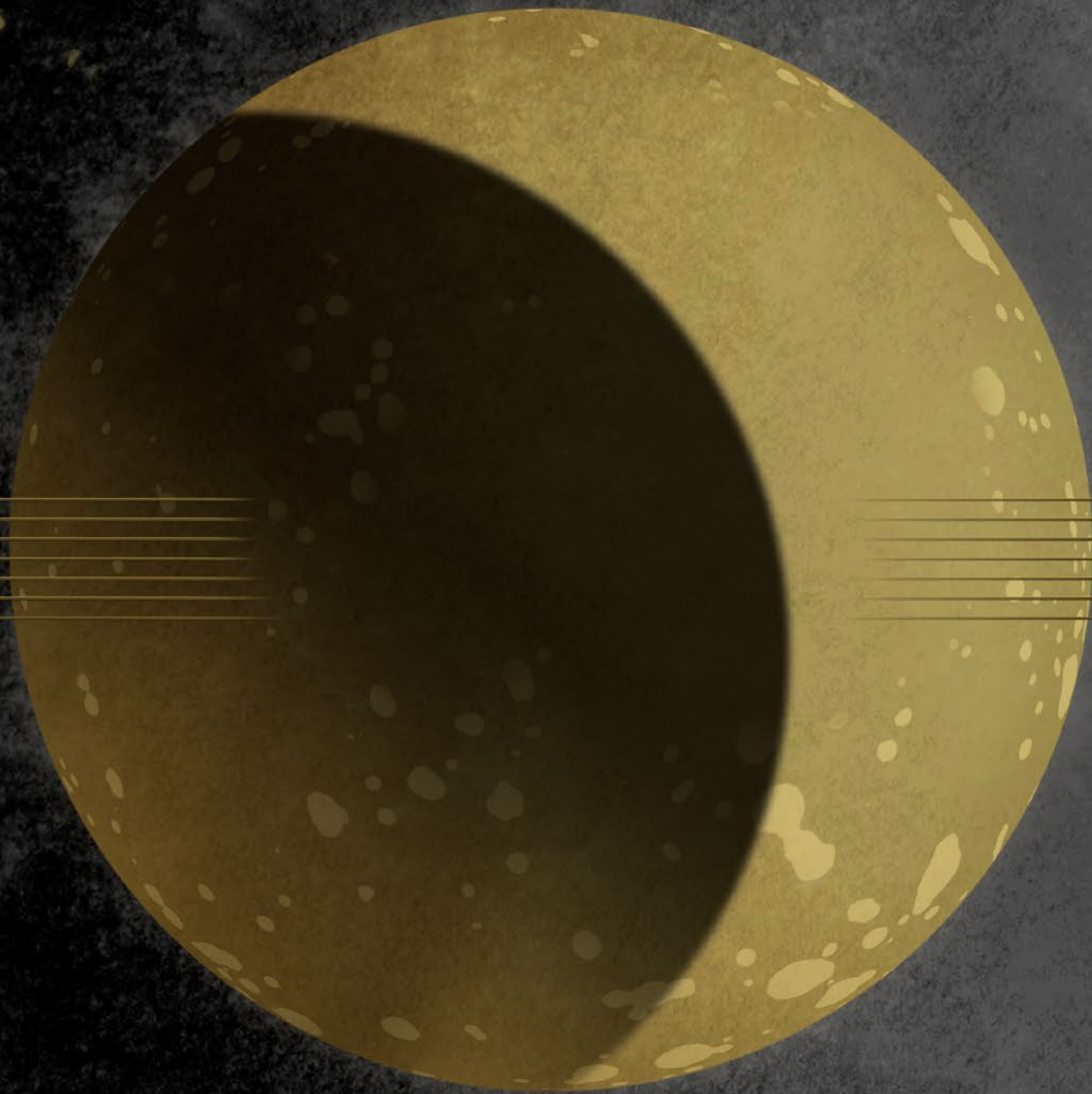
... Beyond solving the problem of future visualization of a clay maquette I was also acutely aware that I was delving into the realm of a new hybrid art form... this hybrid form is the reason and purpose of this book... in order to insure that my artistic vision was brought to its final and perfect form 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...

William Kilpatrick 2014







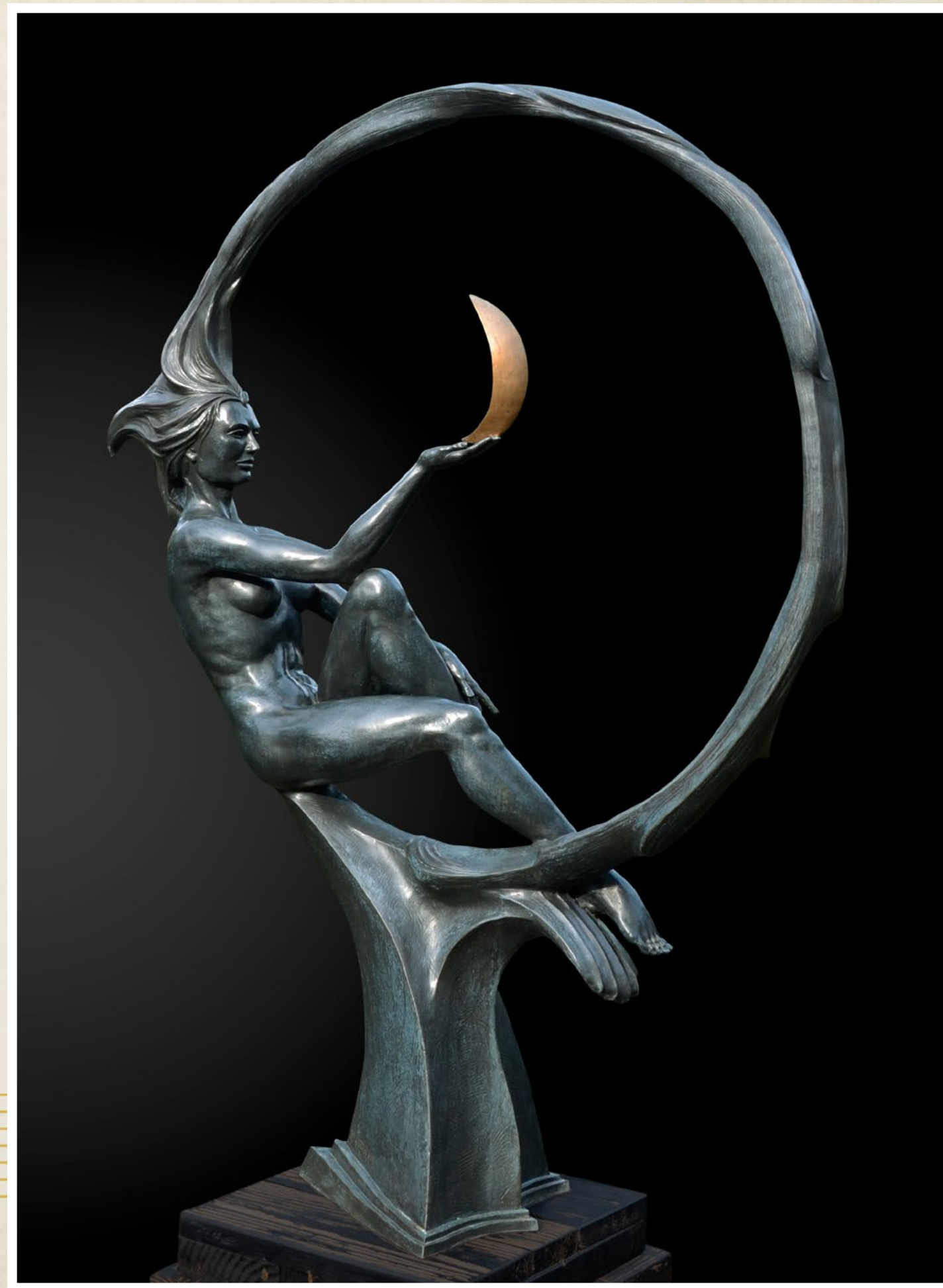
- GHOST WALKERS
- AFFINITY
- SHAMANIC JOURNEY
- DARK MATTER/  
DREAMSCAPE
- COLD FUSION
- METAMORPHOSES
- APOTHEOSIS





## 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...*







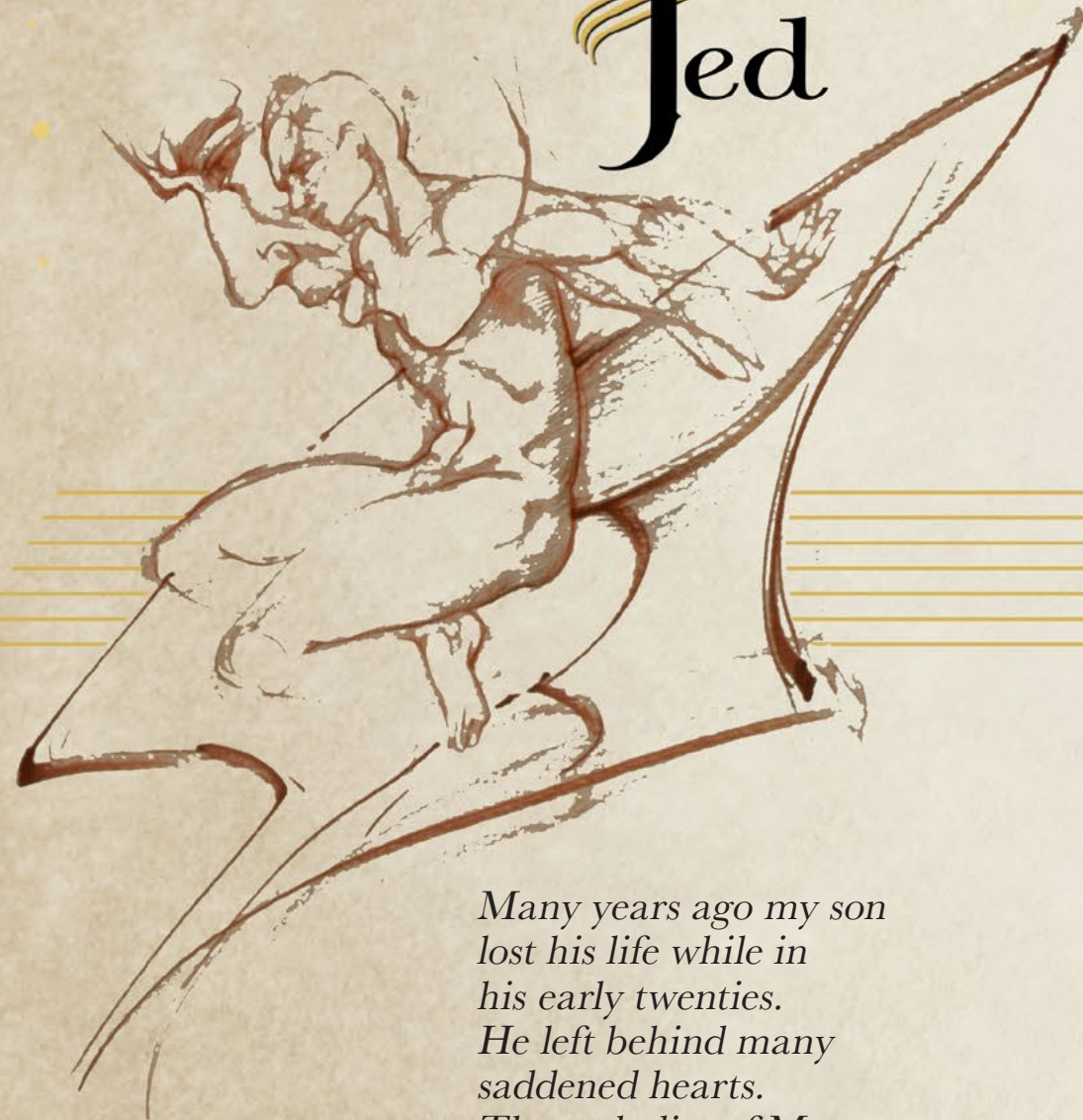
# CHIRON

*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.*



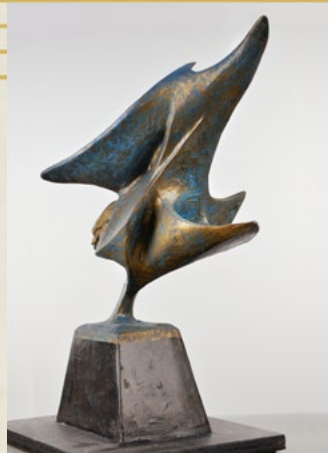


Jed



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*



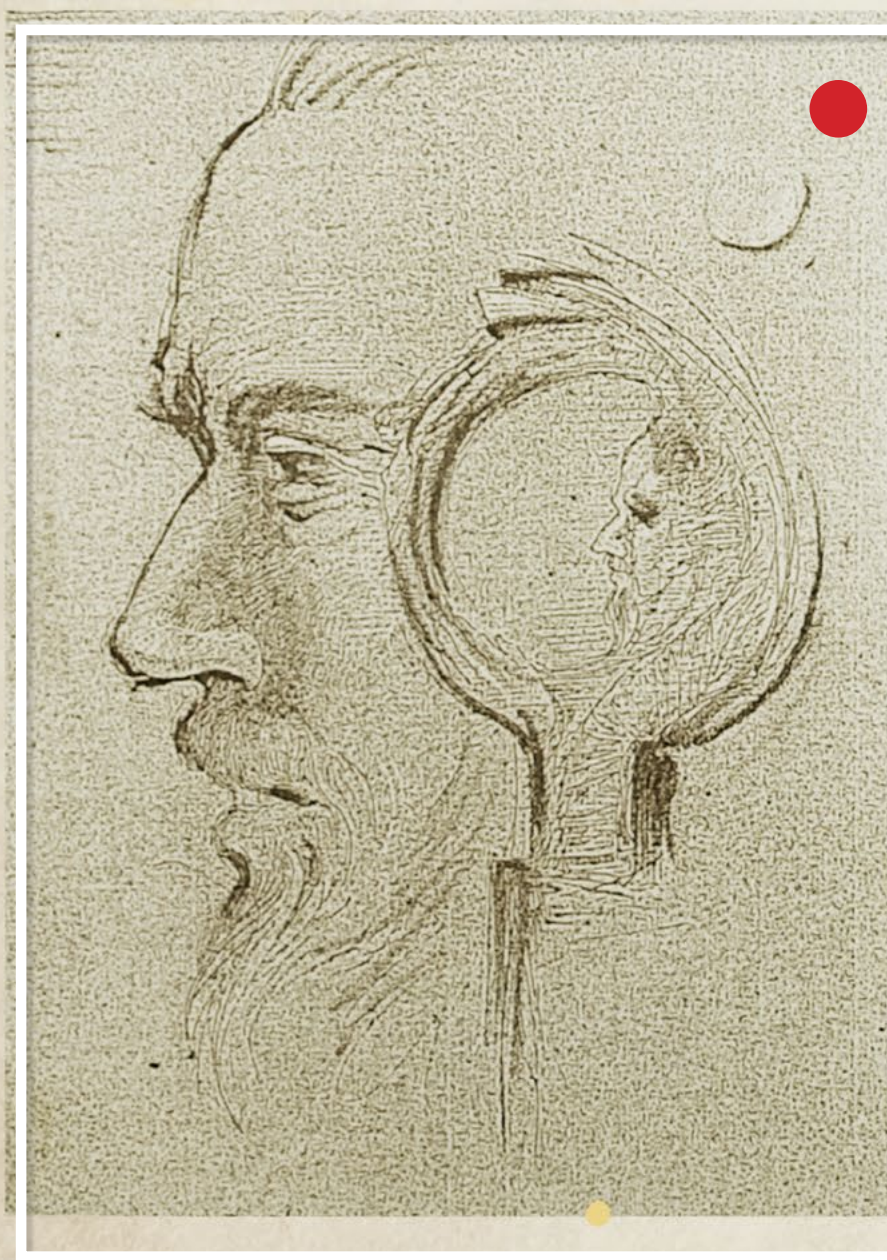


# ALCHEMIST

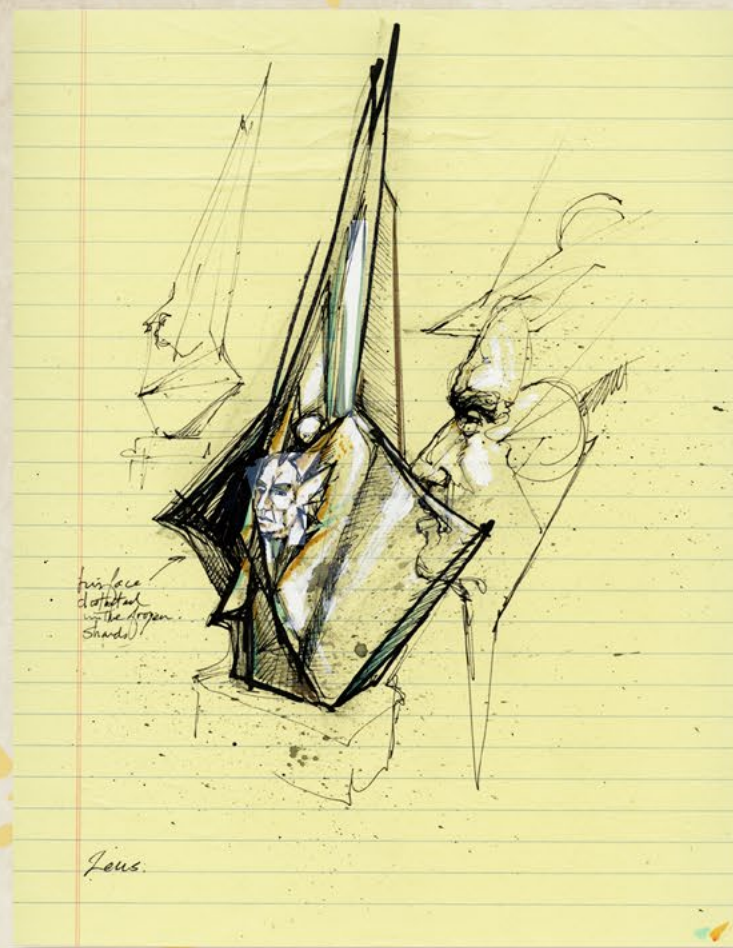
We see in the  
speculative  
philosophy of the  
alchemist, an  
attempt to transform  
idea into mass...  
Could the sorcerer  
but place his hands  
together and allow  
the gifts to appear...



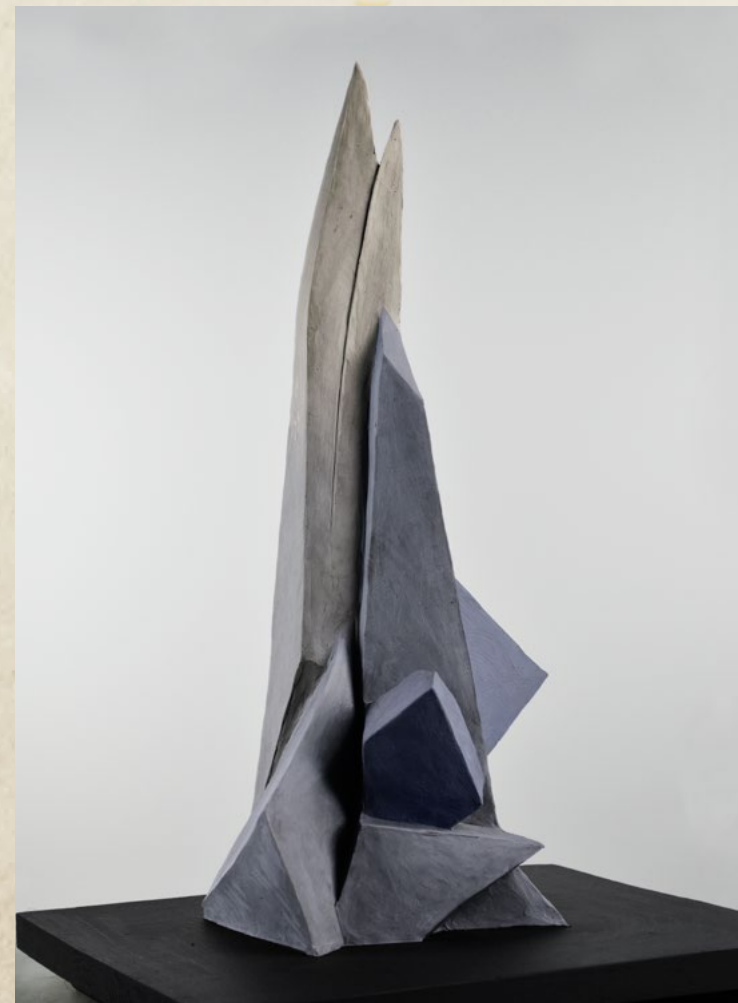
*I arrived  
at an opening  
in the forest  
and stood  
spellbound just  
outside myself*







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.*

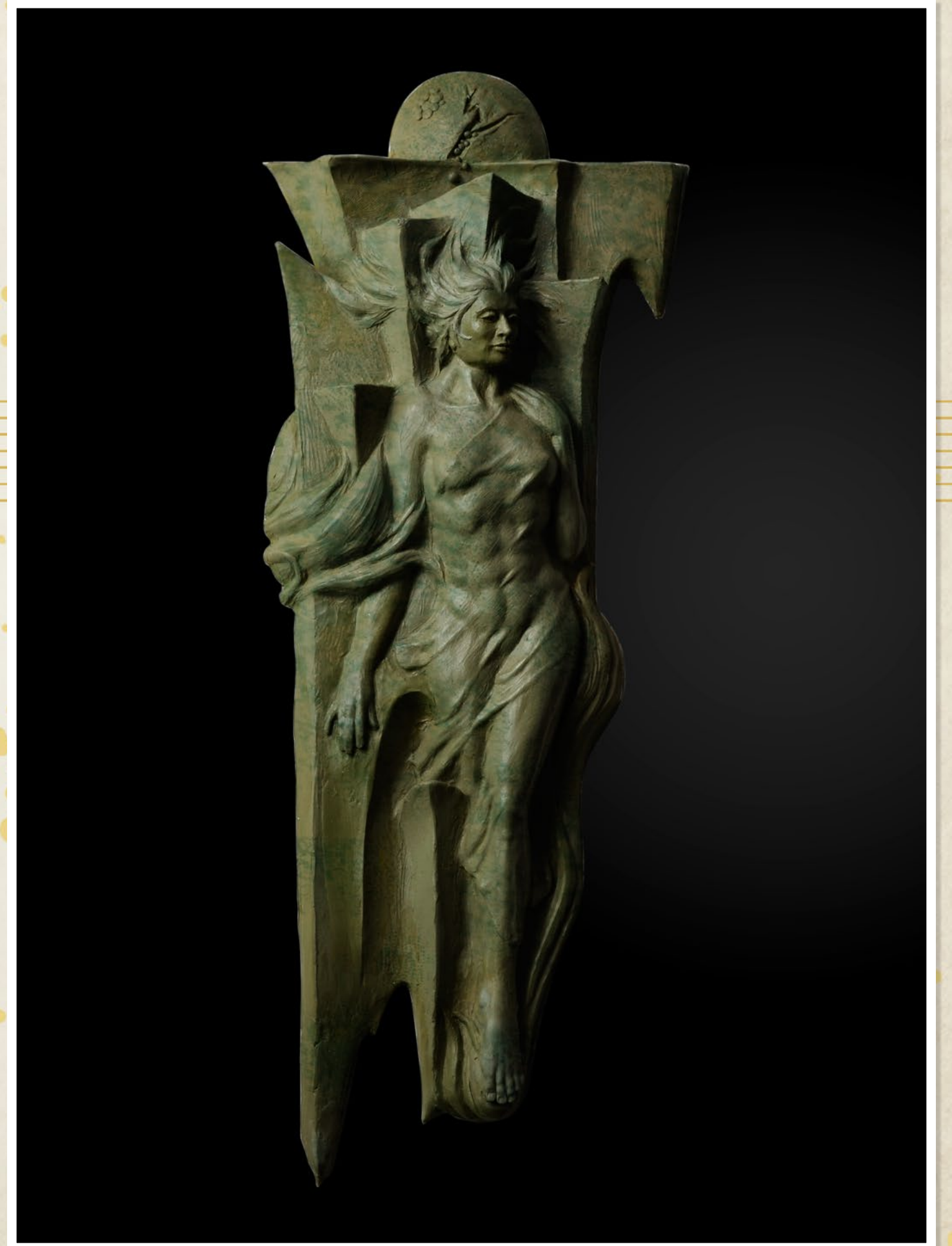
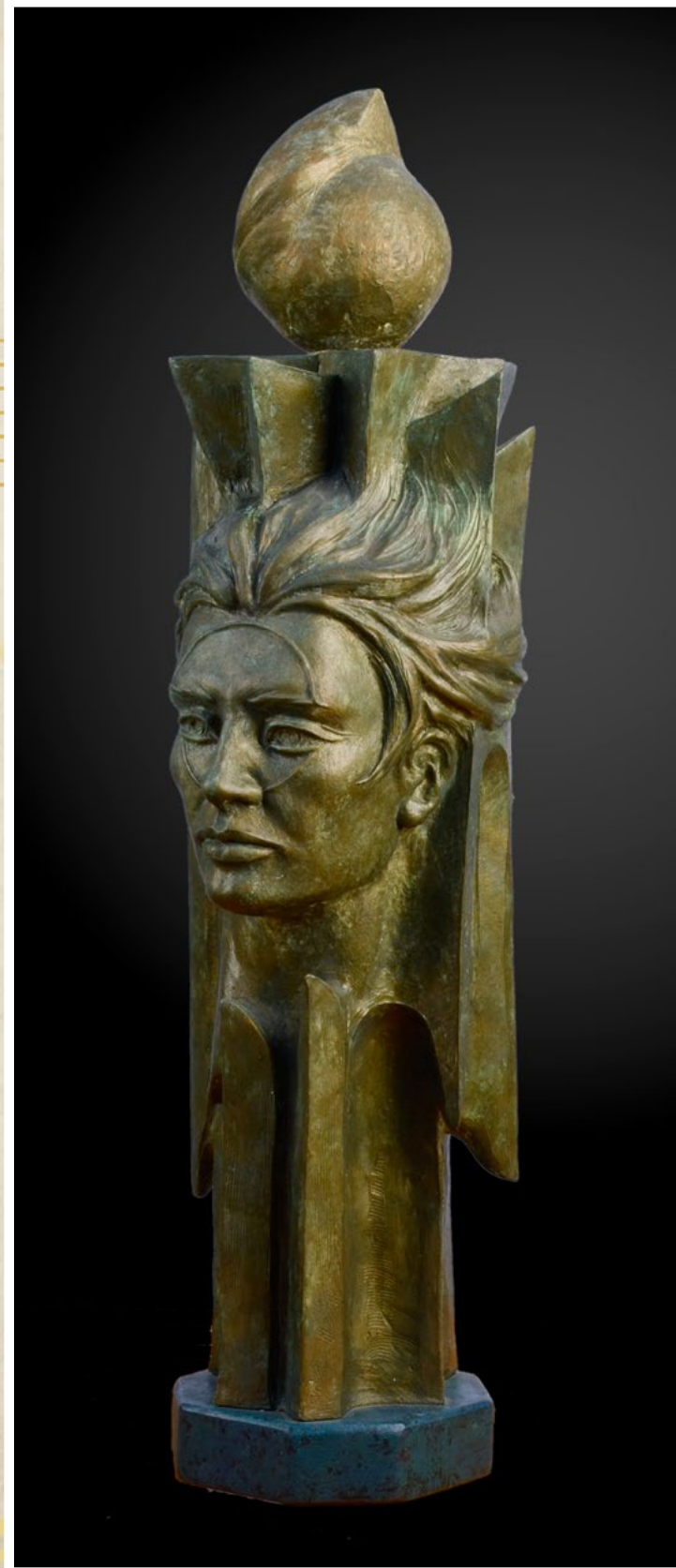






# SHARONE

*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.*

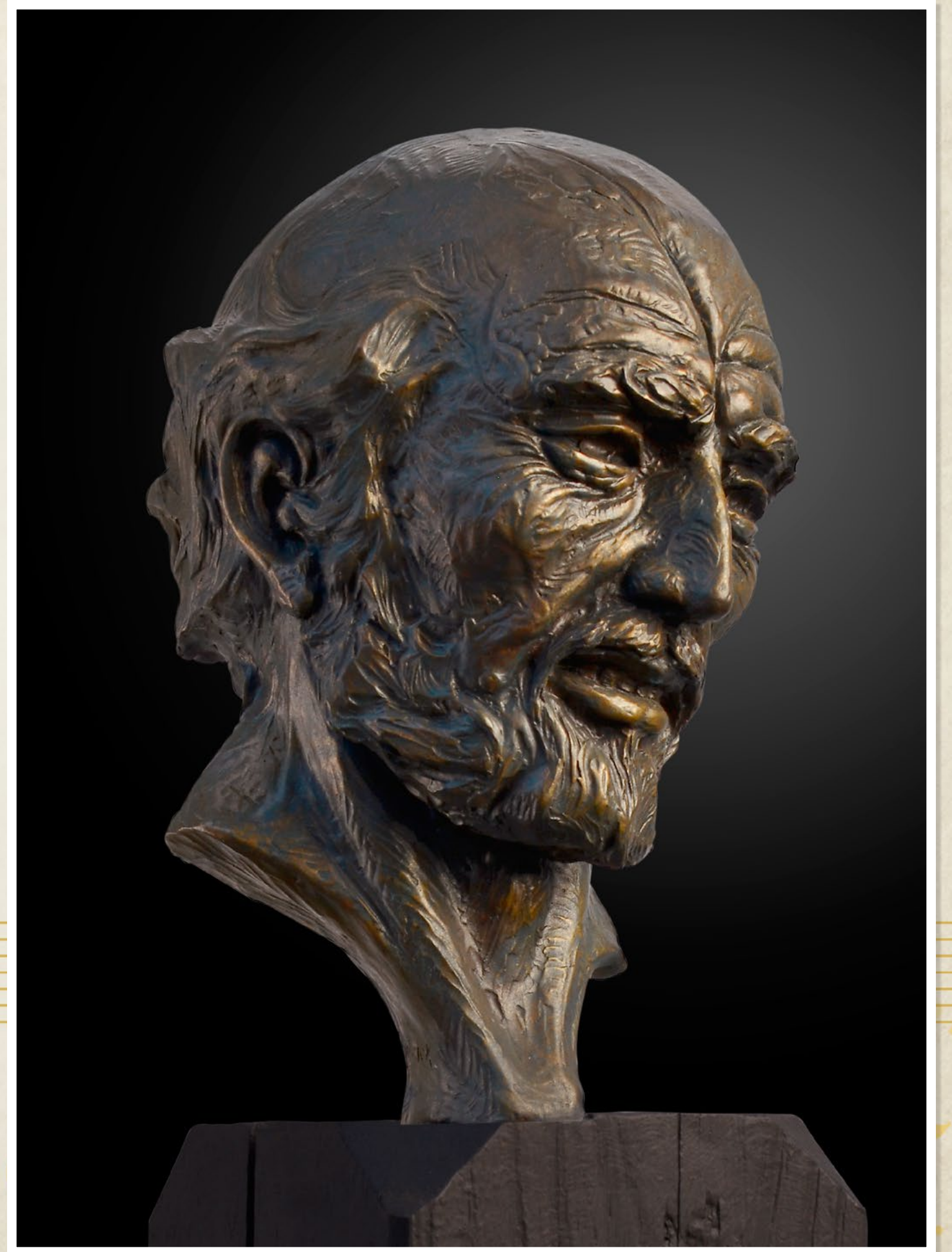






# NEREUS

*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.*







# PSYCHE

*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.*

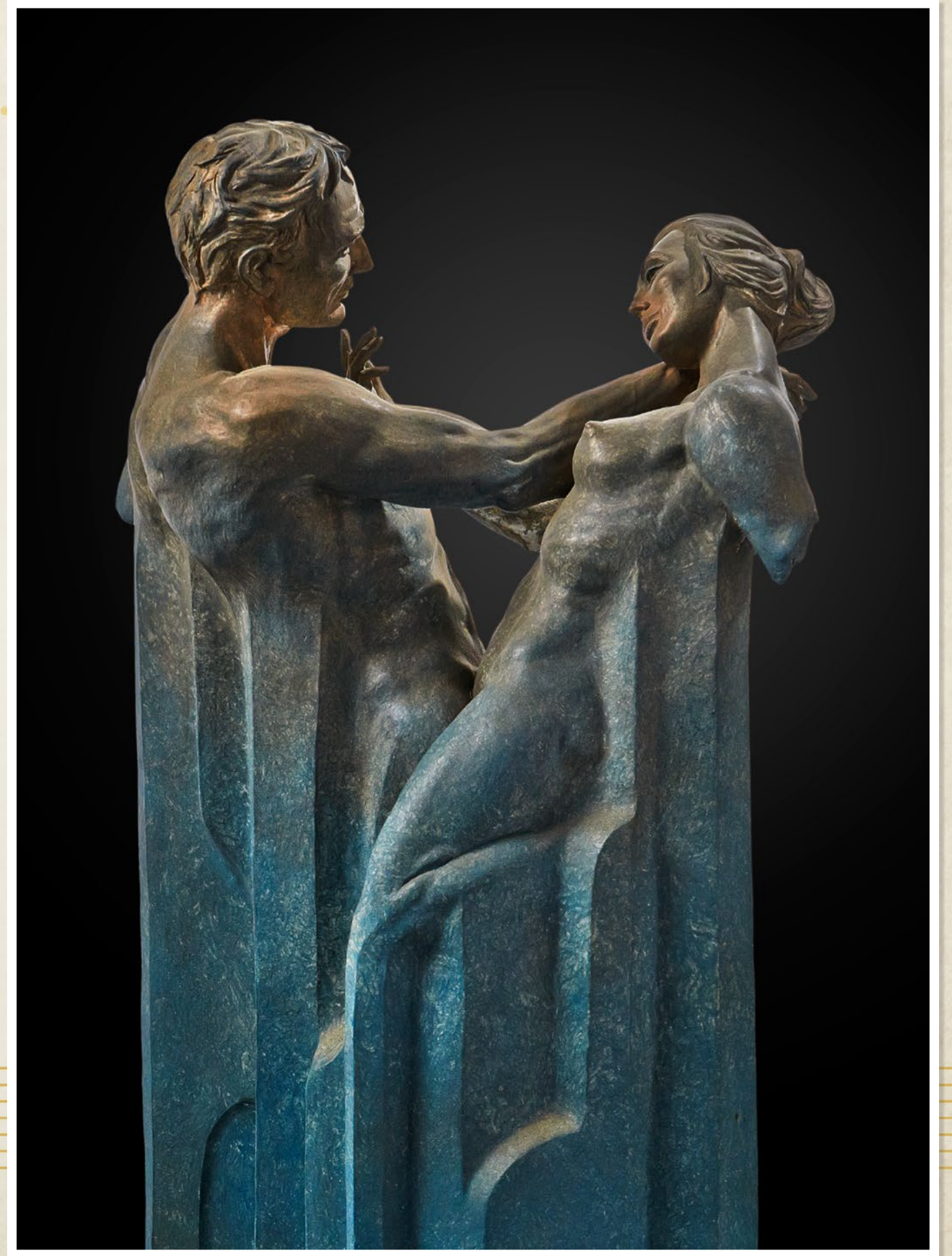






# ECHO

*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.*







IN PROGRESS

# 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.*



IN PROGRESS





**A**MESHA



*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 Ridgway



# E XTASIS

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





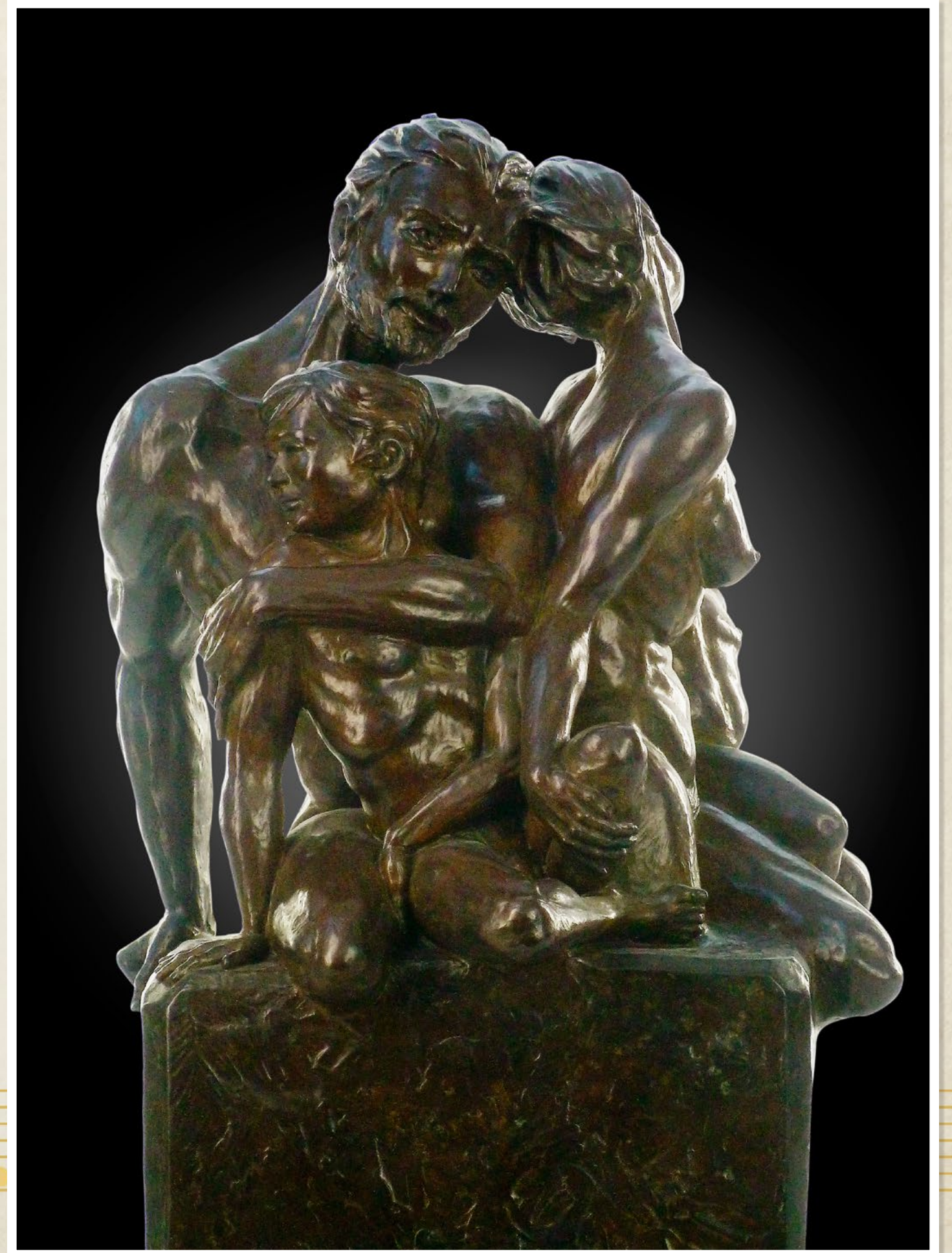


# VANISHING

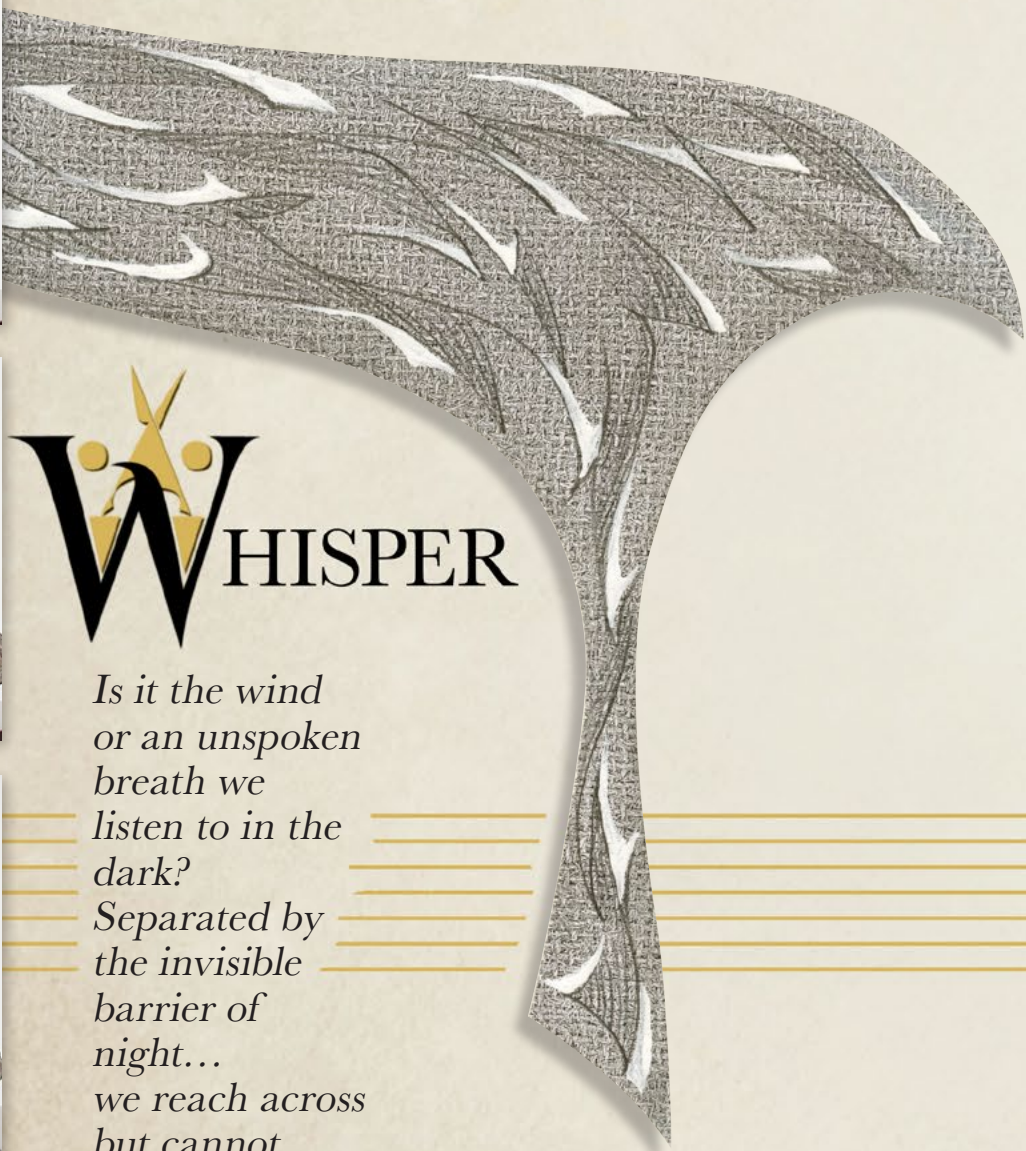
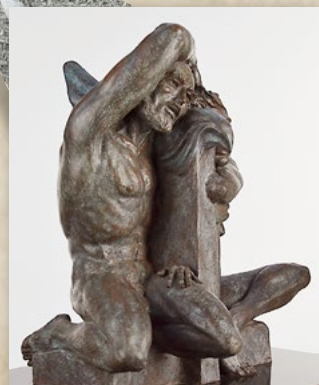
*Much has been written about the extinction of species. Man, the instigator, of that demise is also on the list.*

*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*







# 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.*

CHECK FOR OTHER VIEWS



IN PROGRESS

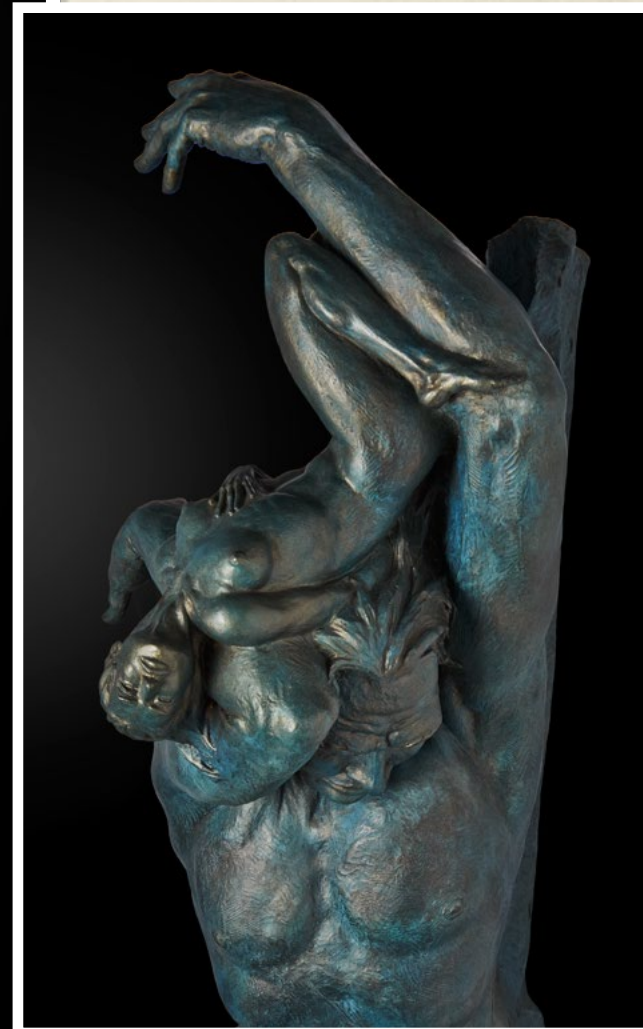
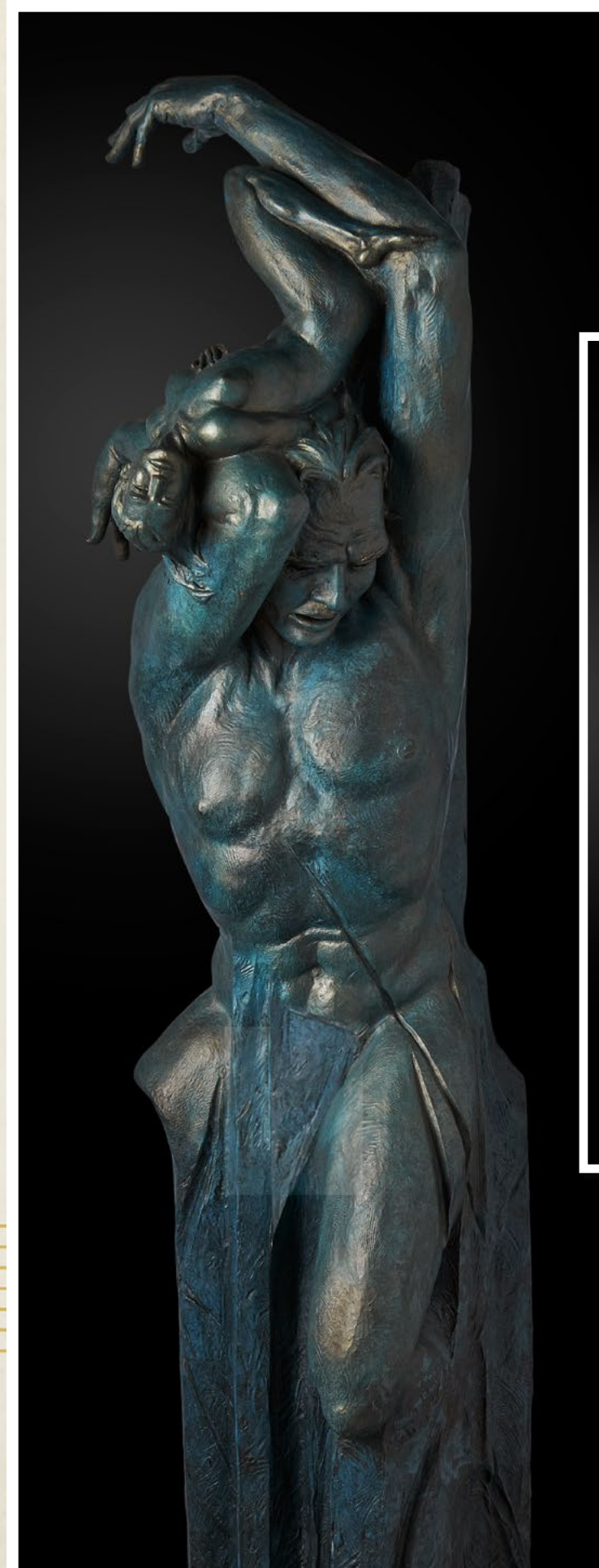


# T RISTIA

*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...*



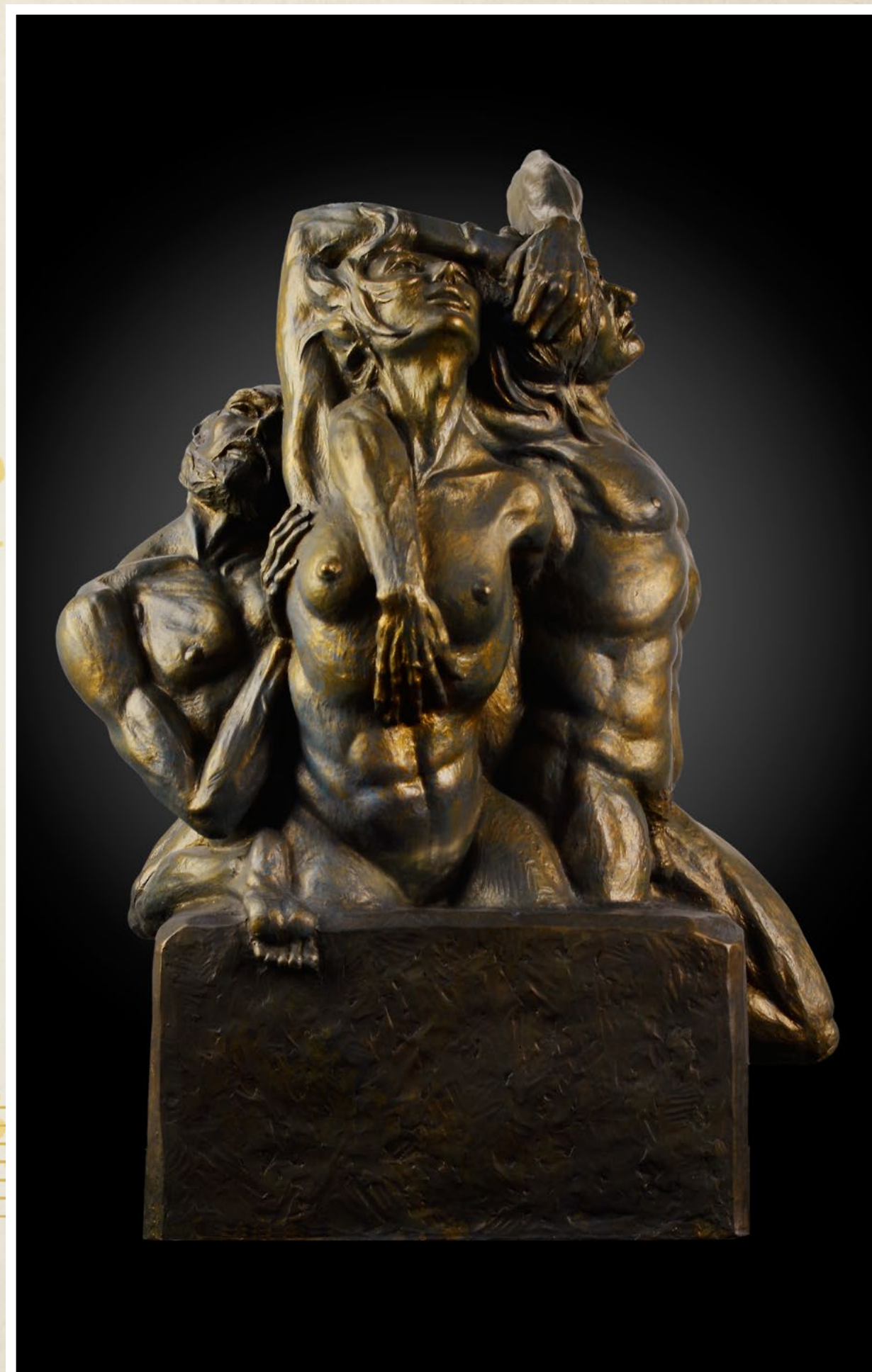




# WOVEN

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

*You decide.*



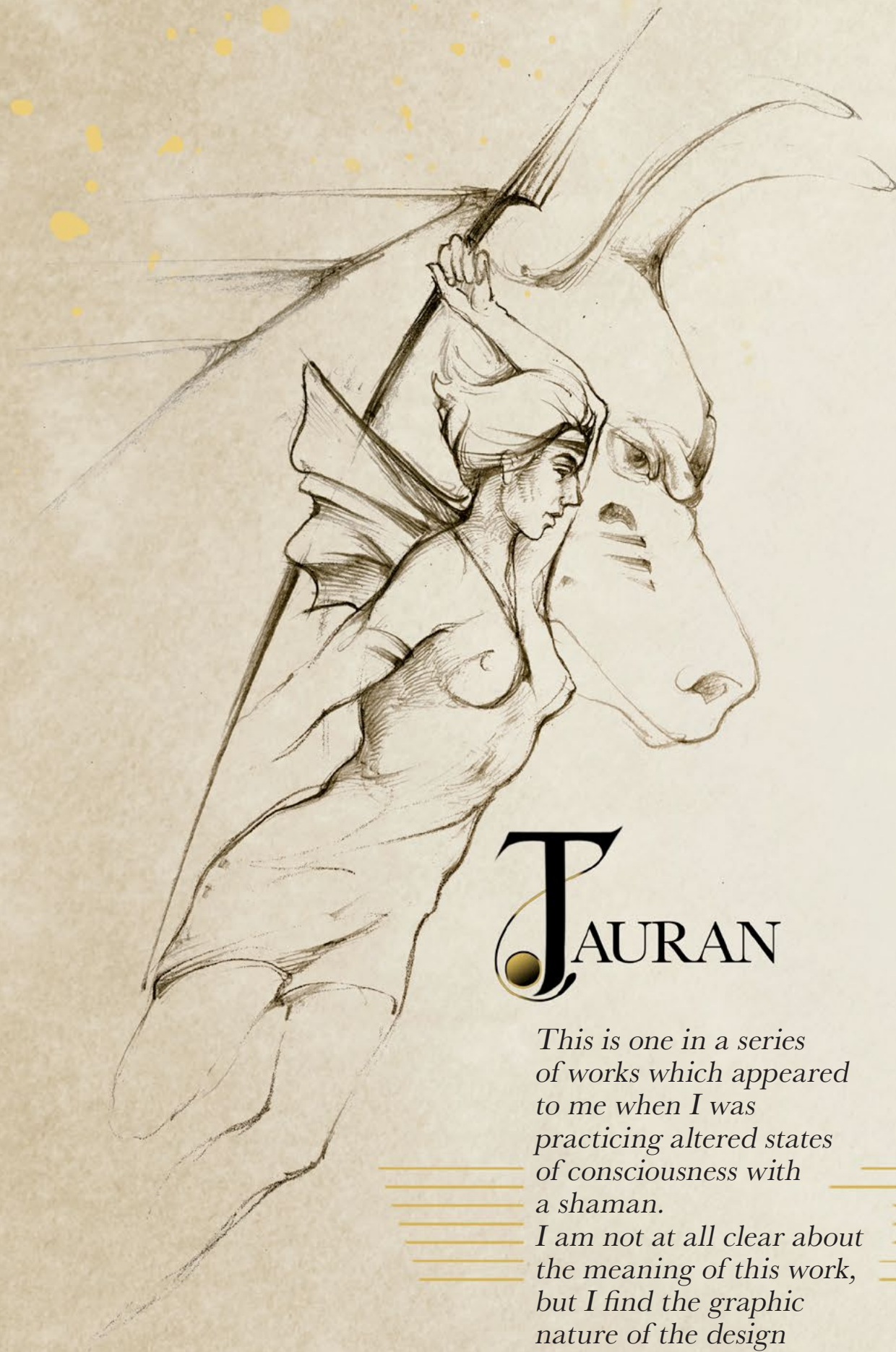


# CASSANDRA

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





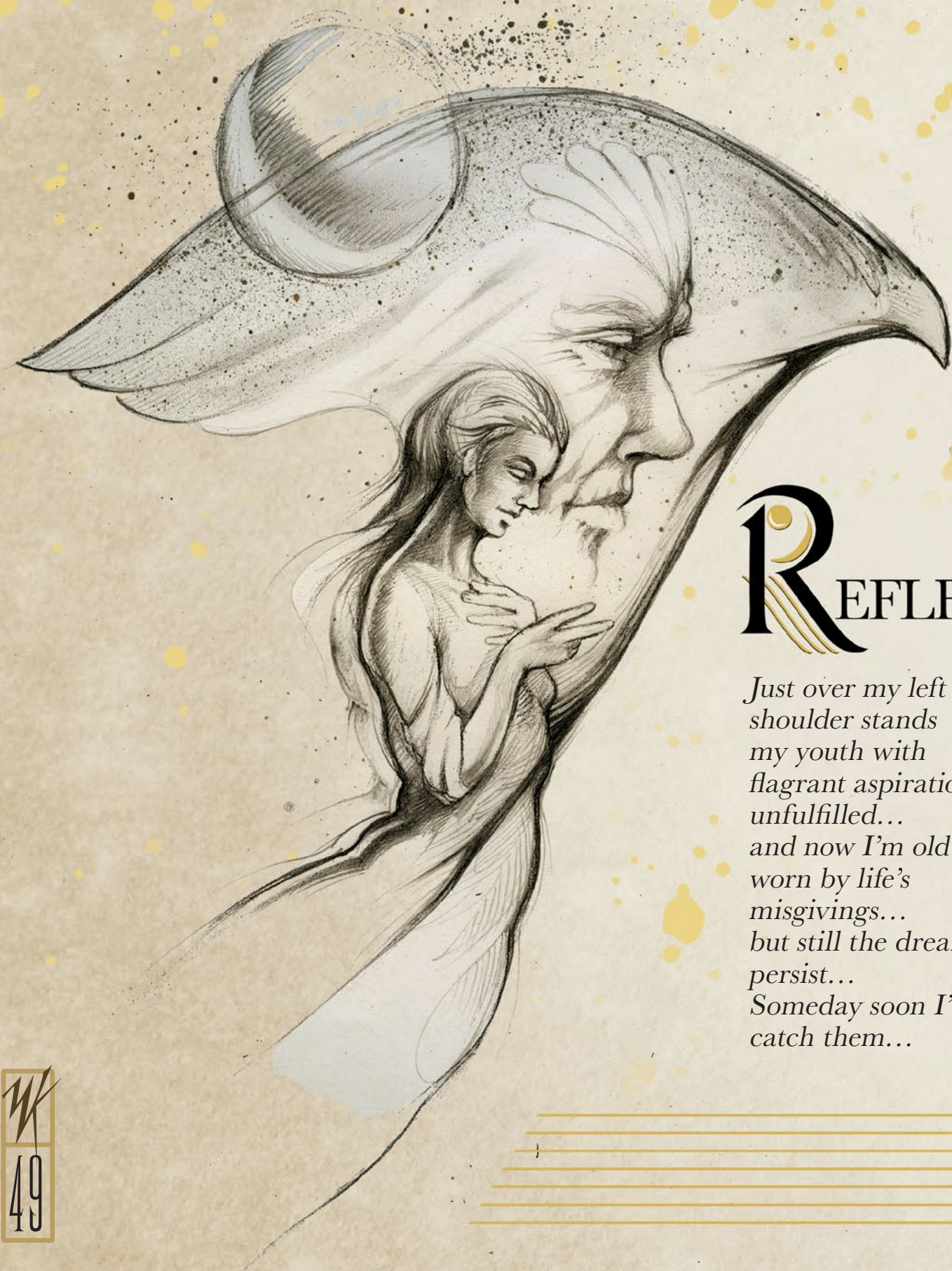


# J AURAN

*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

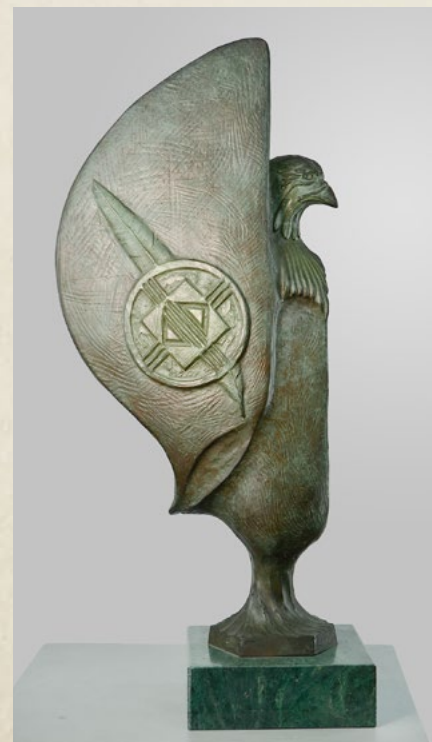
*Just over my left  
shoulder stands  
my youth with  
flagrant aspirations  
unfulfilled...  
and now I'm old and  
worn by life's  
misgivings...  
but still the dreams  
persist...  
Someday soon I'll  
catch them...*





# G UARDIAN

*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...*





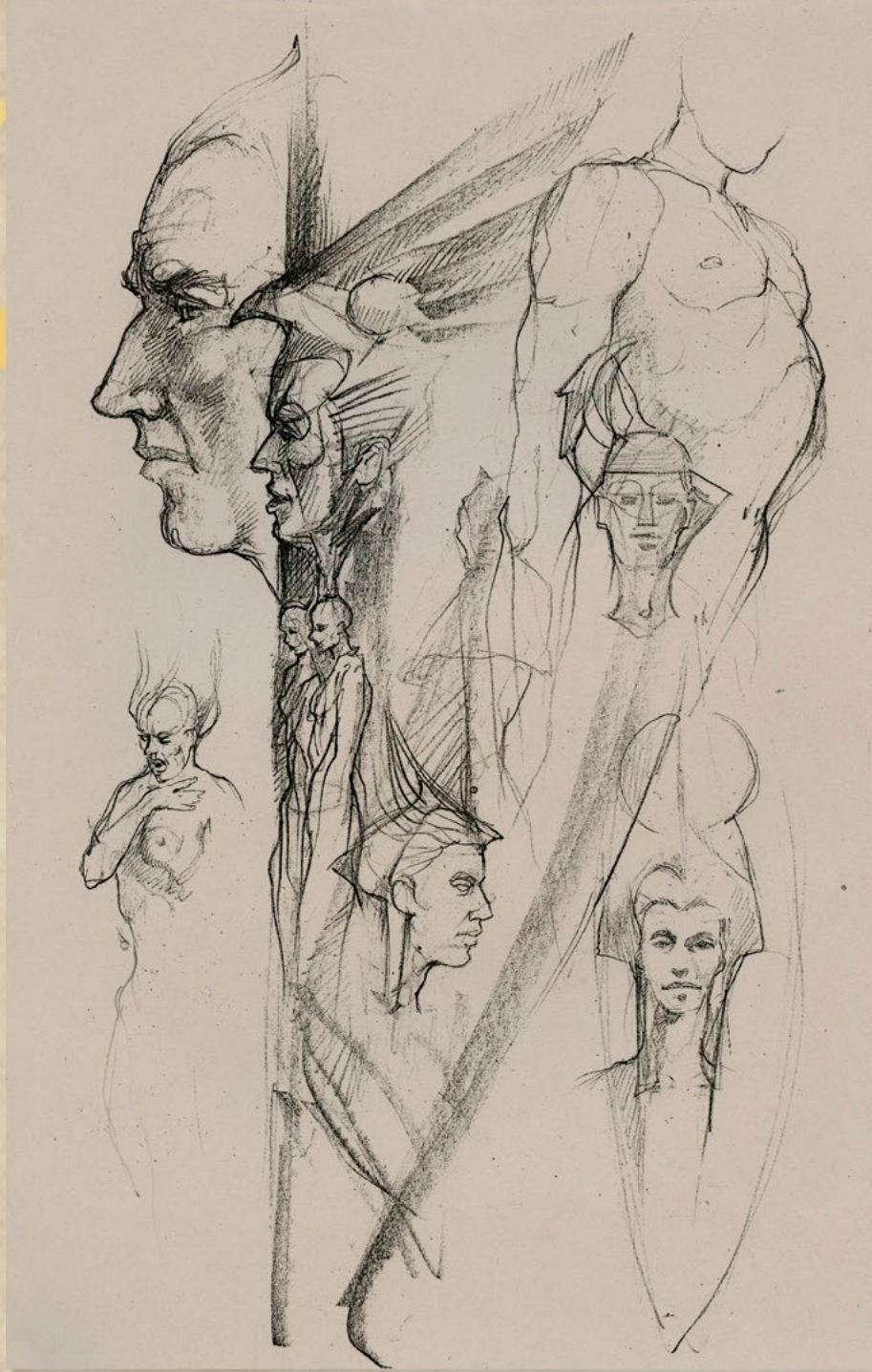


# ELECTRUM

*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*



It is recommended to remove this spread. The resolution is too low. The inset drawing could work on another page. A second spread should also be removed to keep multiples of four pages.





# KASMIRA

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







# CERES

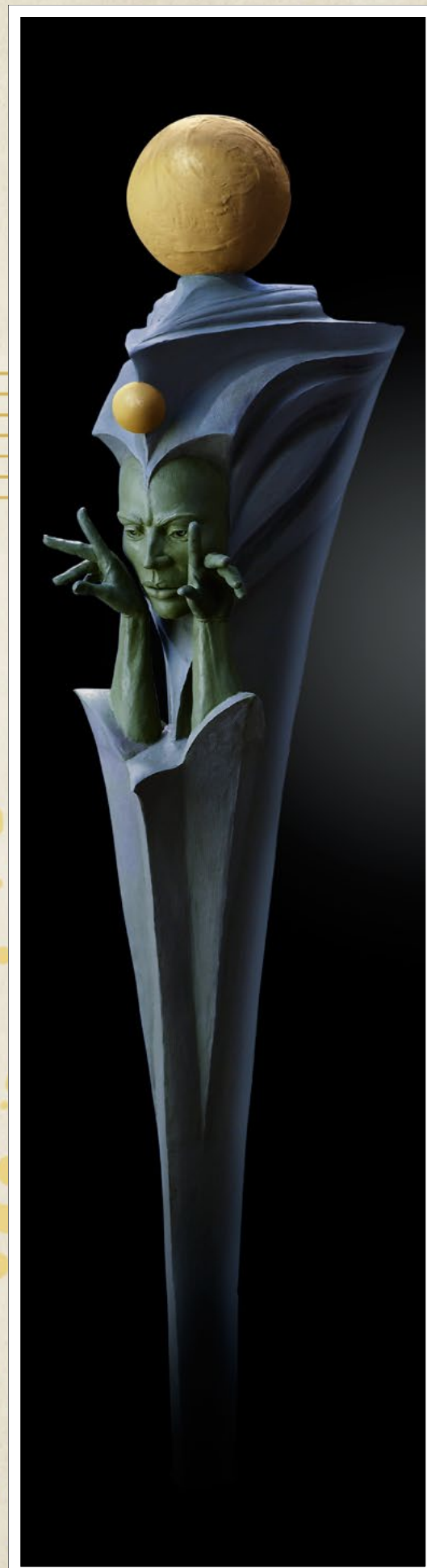
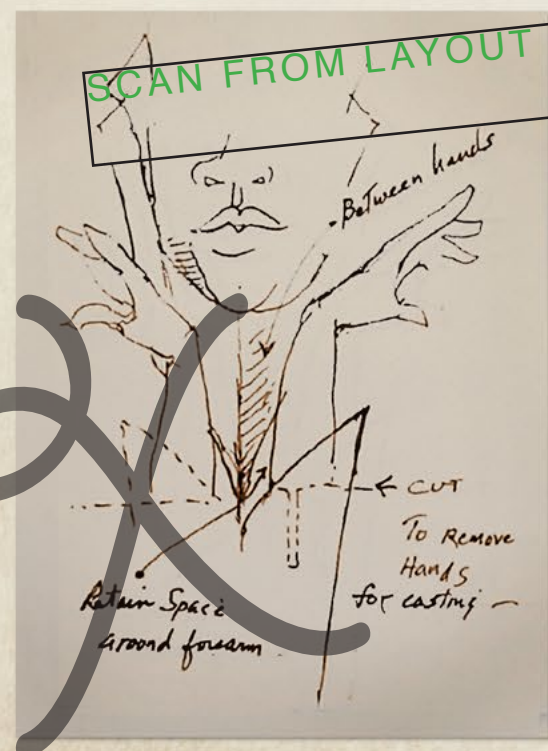
*Life seems to be  
cyclical...and  
within that circle  
lies the countless  
myths of  
life and death.  
The trauma of birth...  
a period of growth...  
the years of introspection...  
and at last the flight  
towards the ultimate  
mystery of eternity.*





# SIRCE

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...







## Night Scream

The pain and passion  
of attachment to a theme-  
We're one and yet a severed  
separate dream...

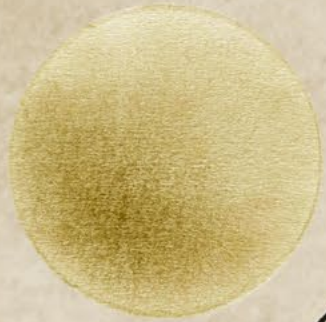
I hold you now with thoughts  
that bind you to me...  
yet torn and tossed through  
space you struggle free...

These segments of  
myself not what  
they seem...

Released at last  
Through night's  
eternal scream...





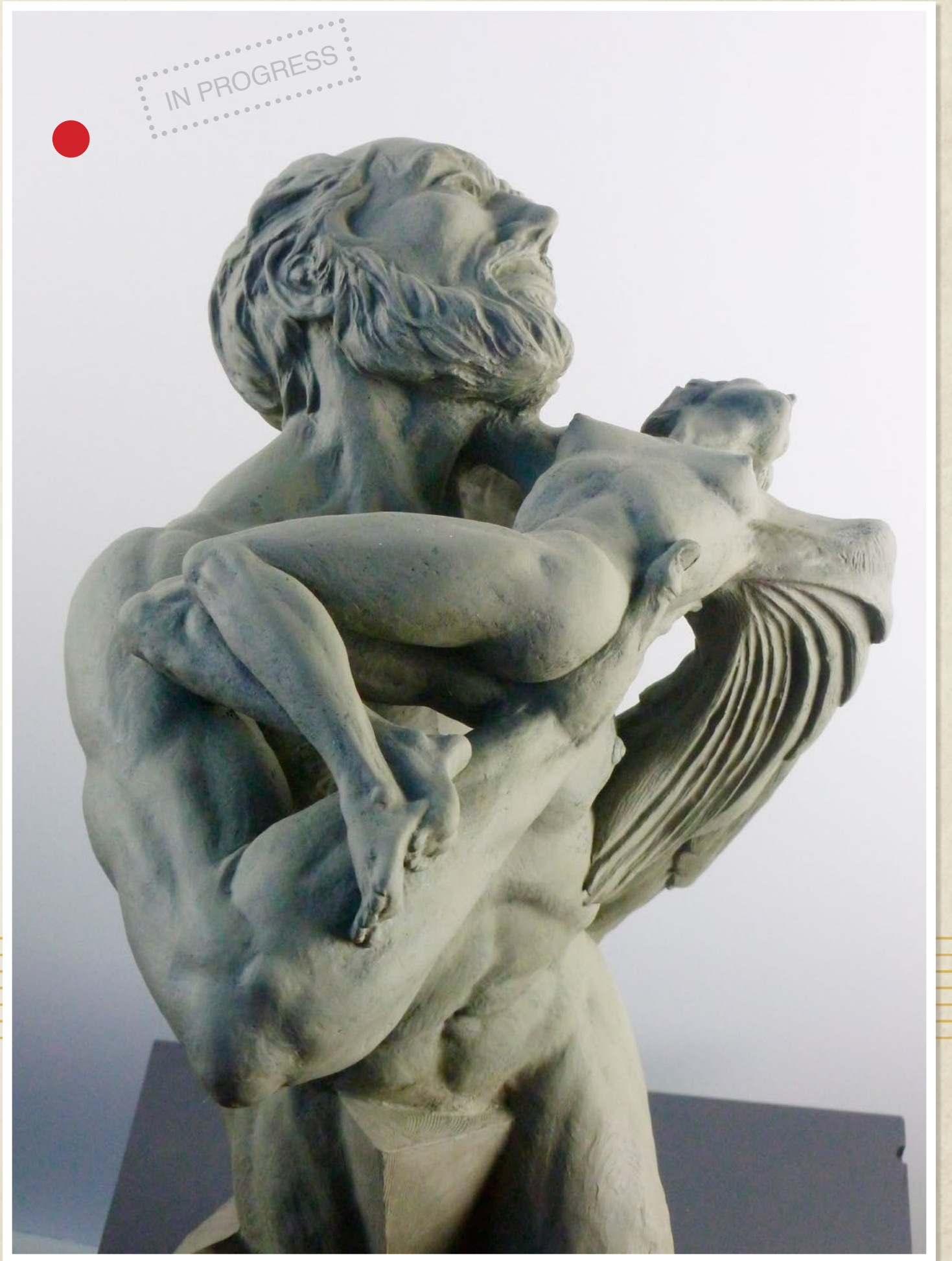


### **Surrogata**

*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...*



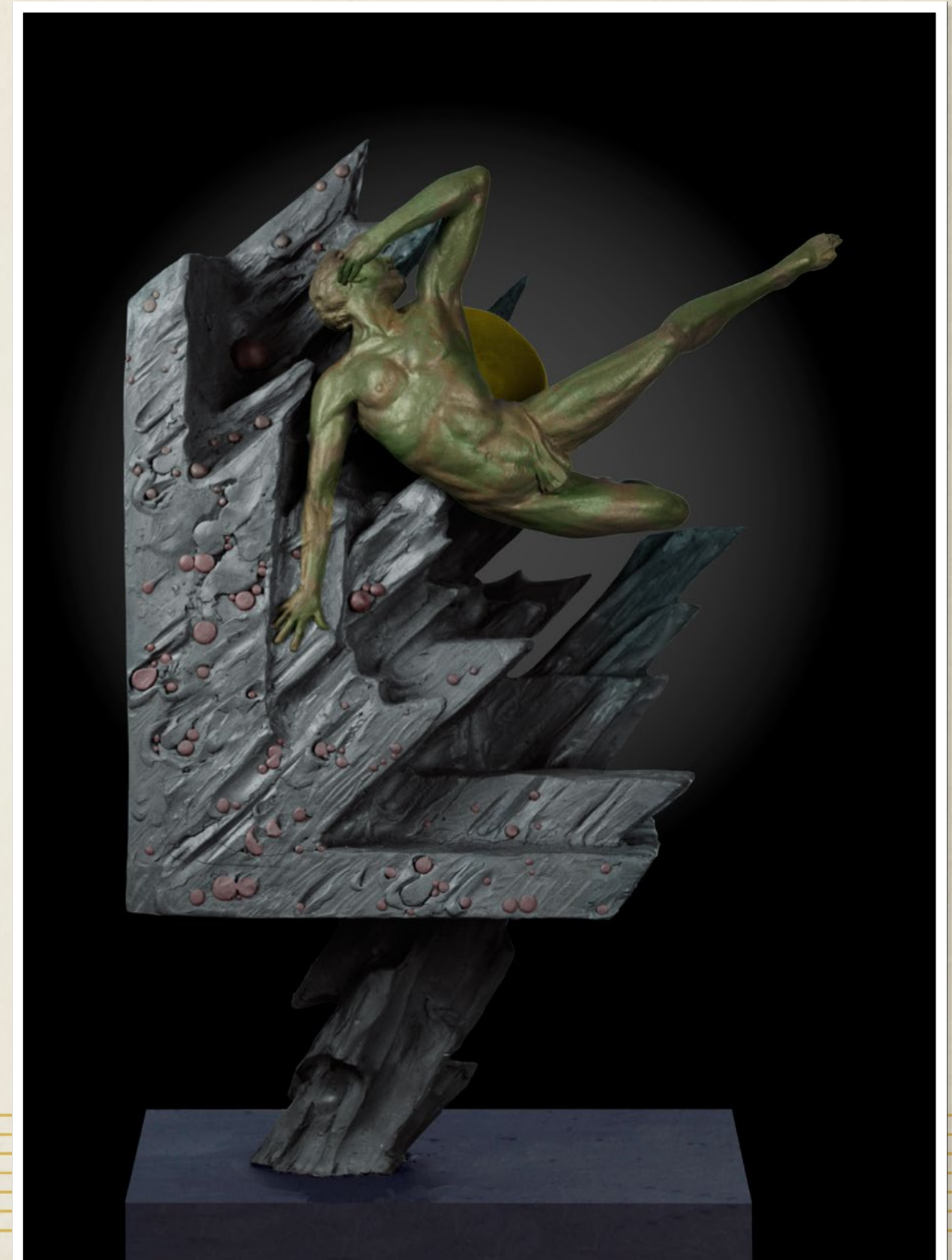
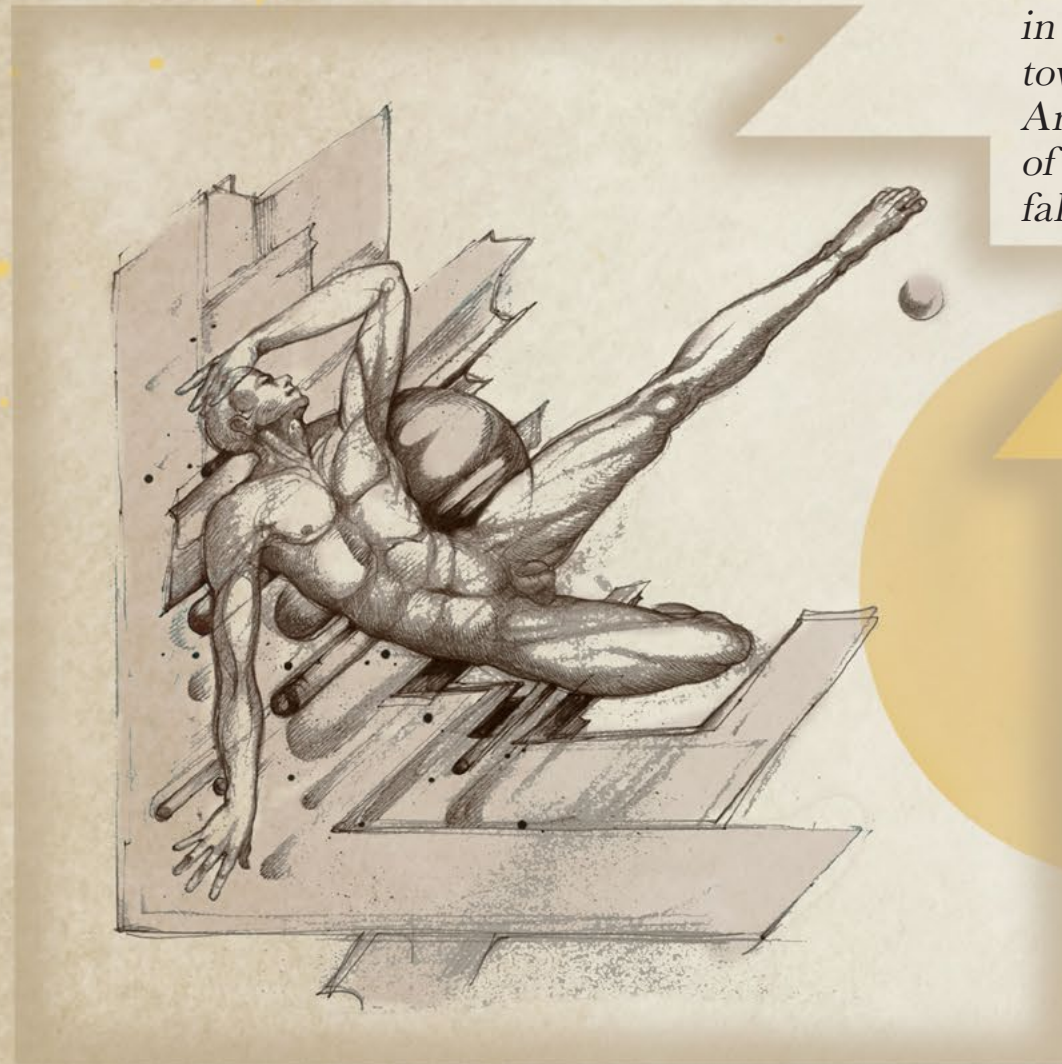
IN PROGRESS





### **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**

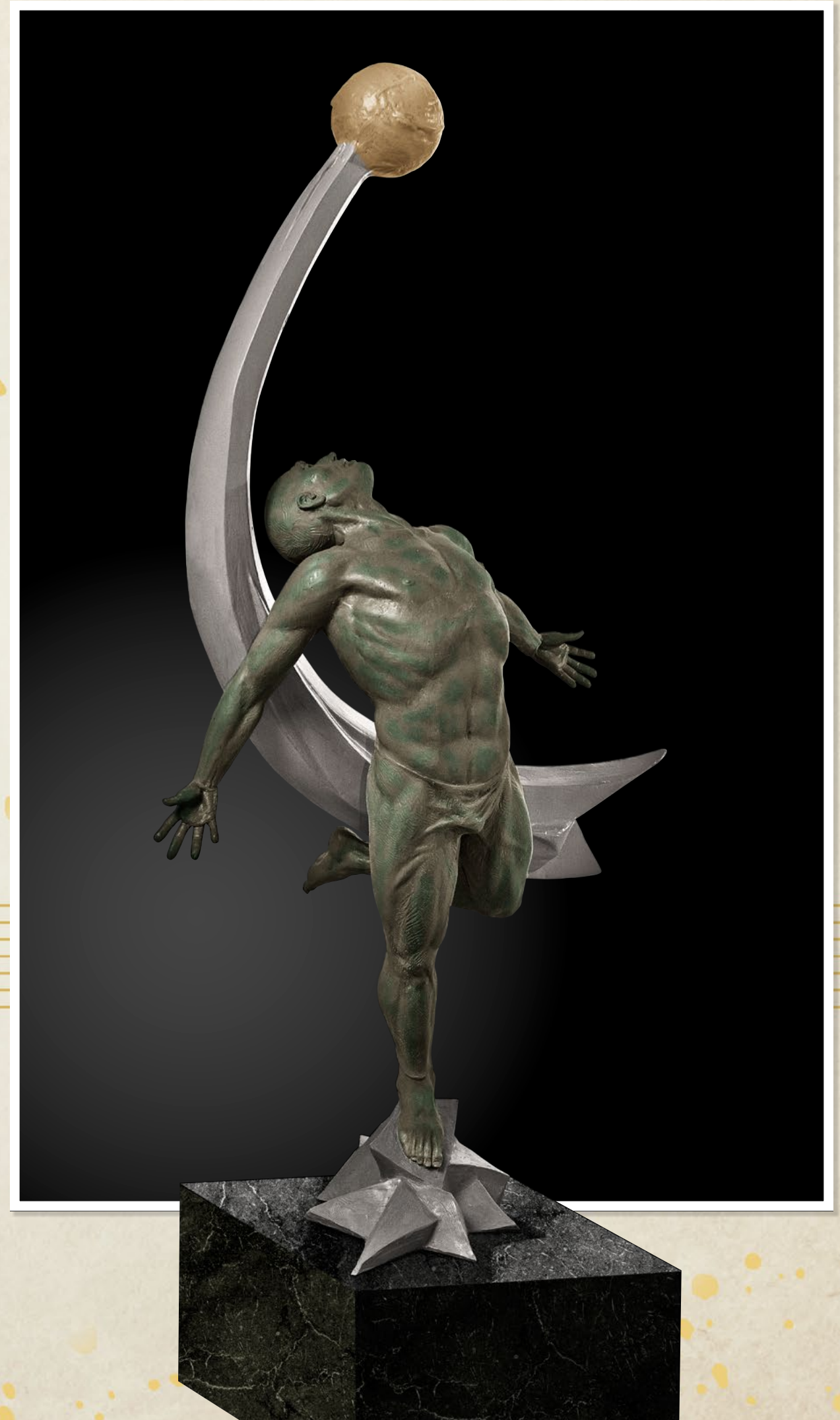
The classical myth of Icarus  
is subject to many interpretations—  
Who has not been dashed  
by unattainable aspirations?  
Inflamed, yet clinging to the dream  
he falls to Earth.





# 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.*

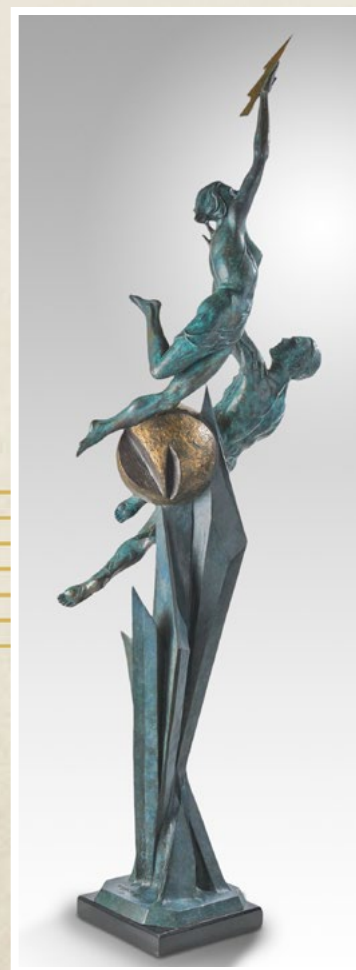
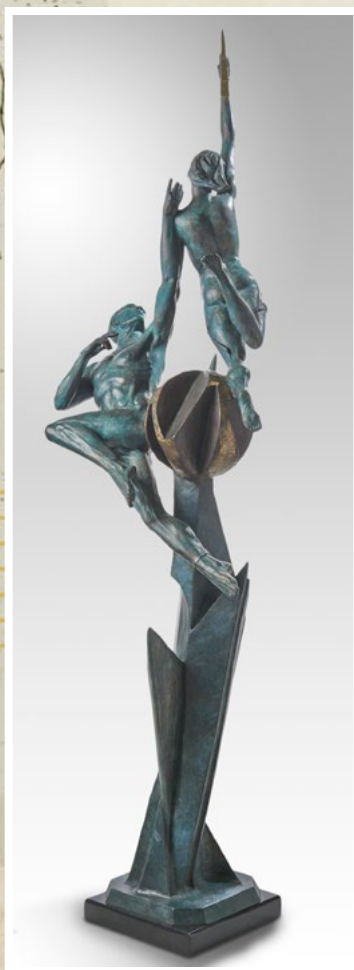






# GALVANIC CONTRA

*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.*



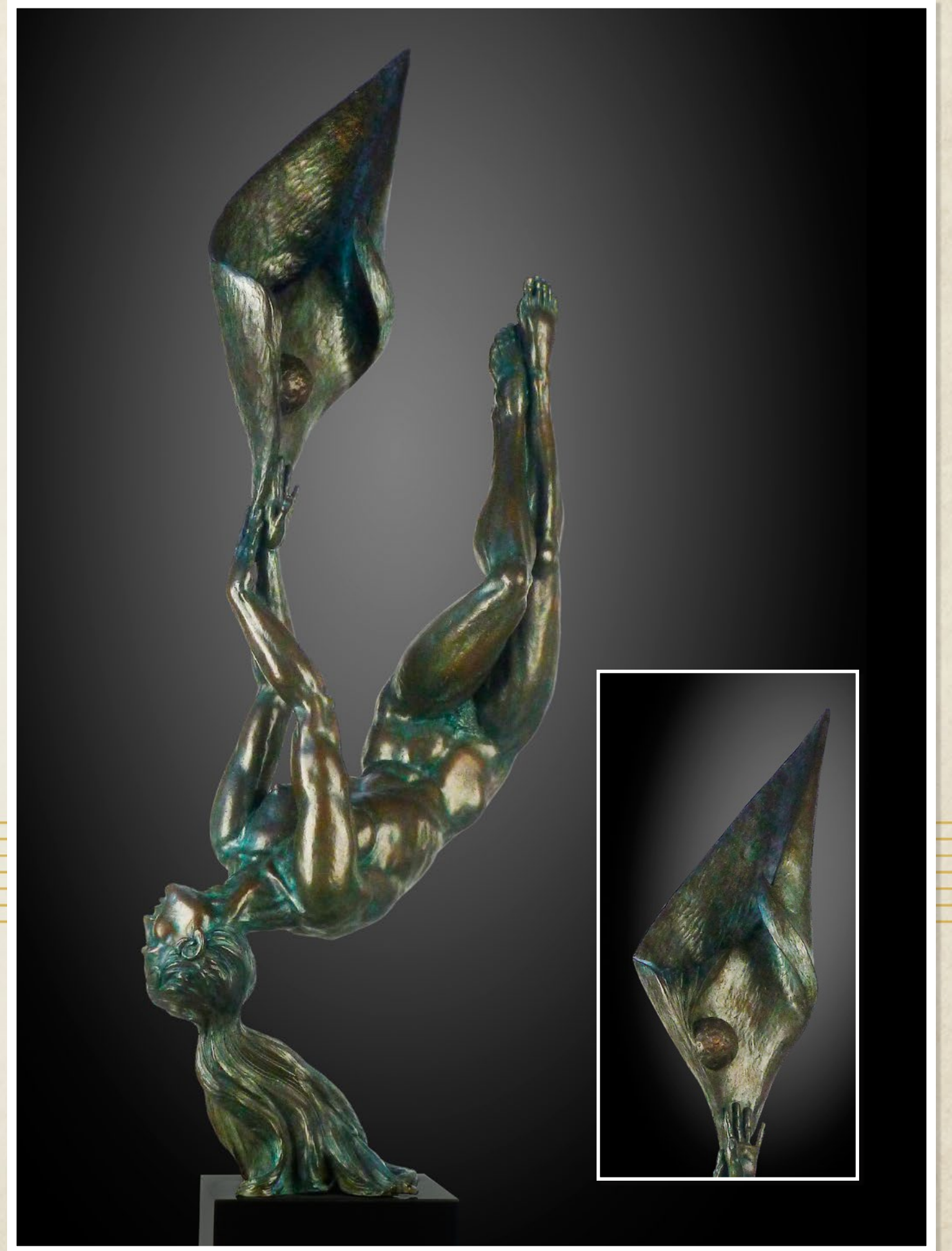




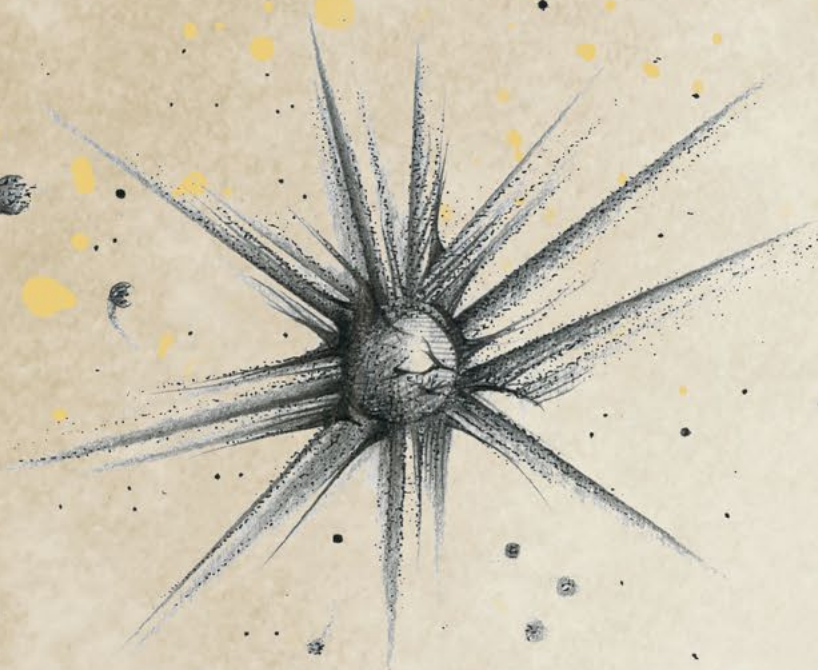
# CYBELE

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*







# 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*



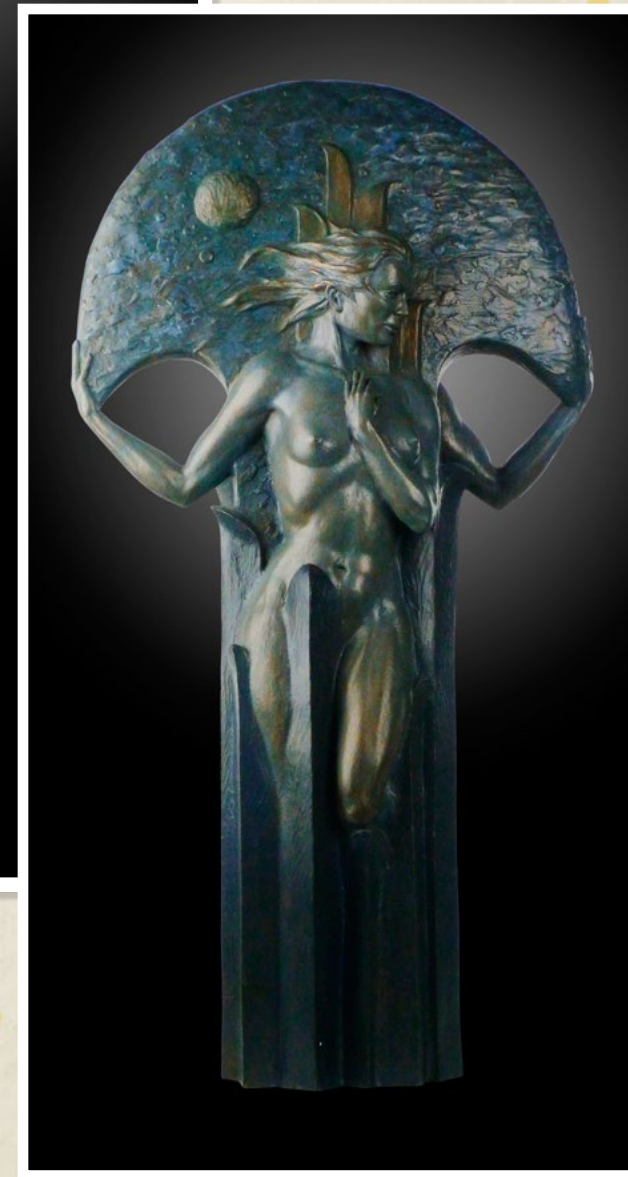
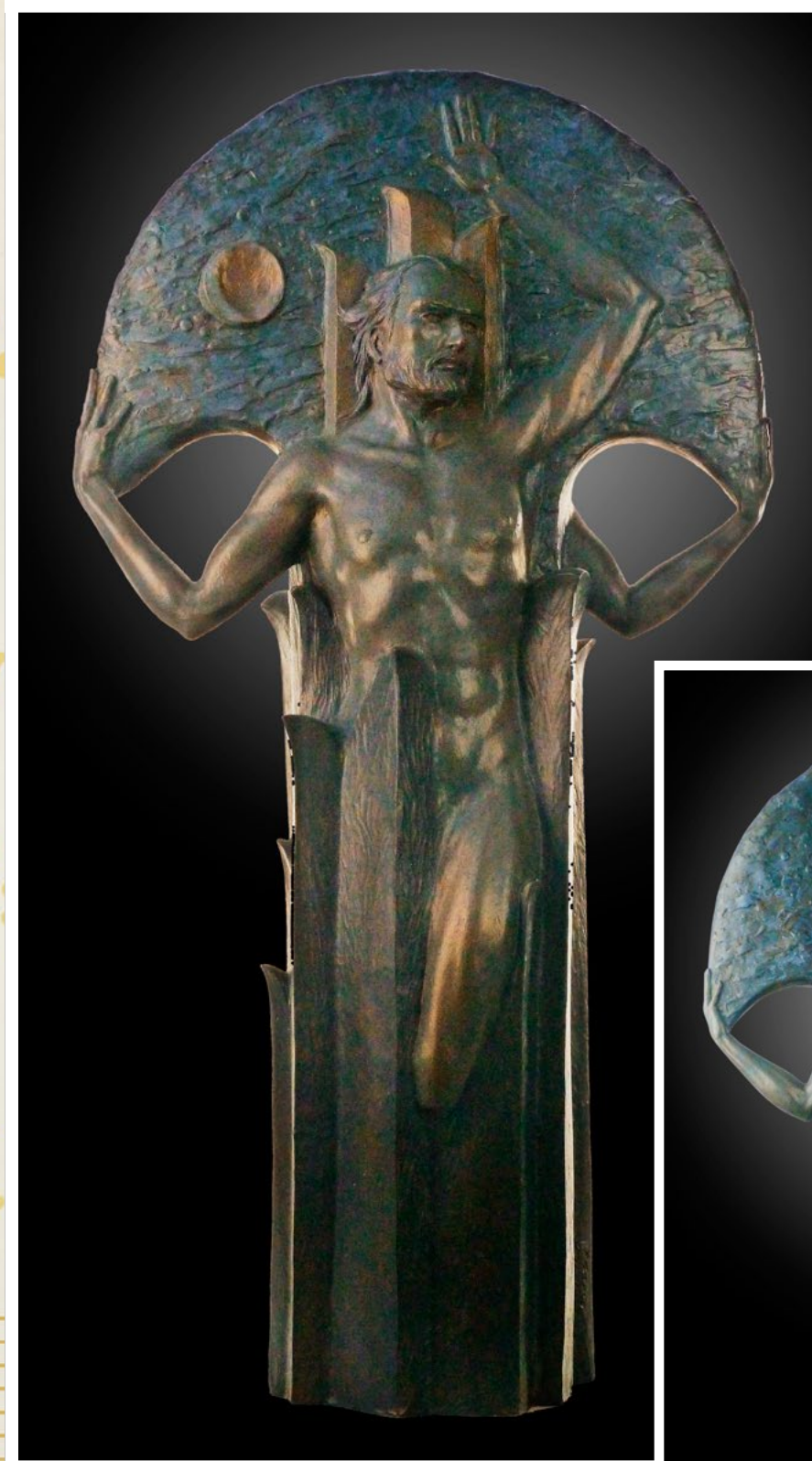


# MONDIAL

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*



FIND INSERT





## 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...

*Is he throwing or riding a thunderbolt*







# ENTROPHY

*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.*



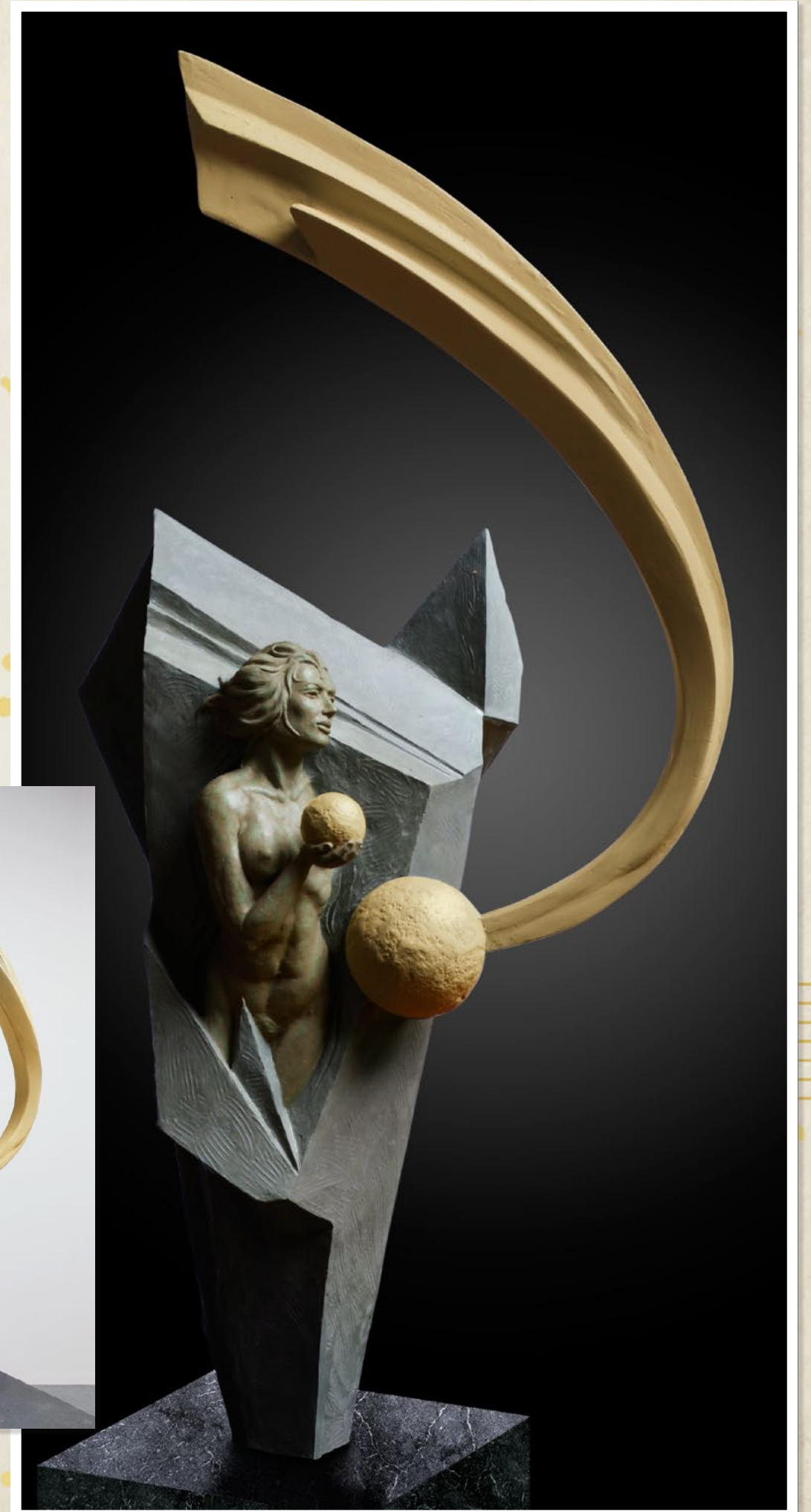
IN PROGRESS

LOOK FOR  
ANOTHER VIEW



# 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...*



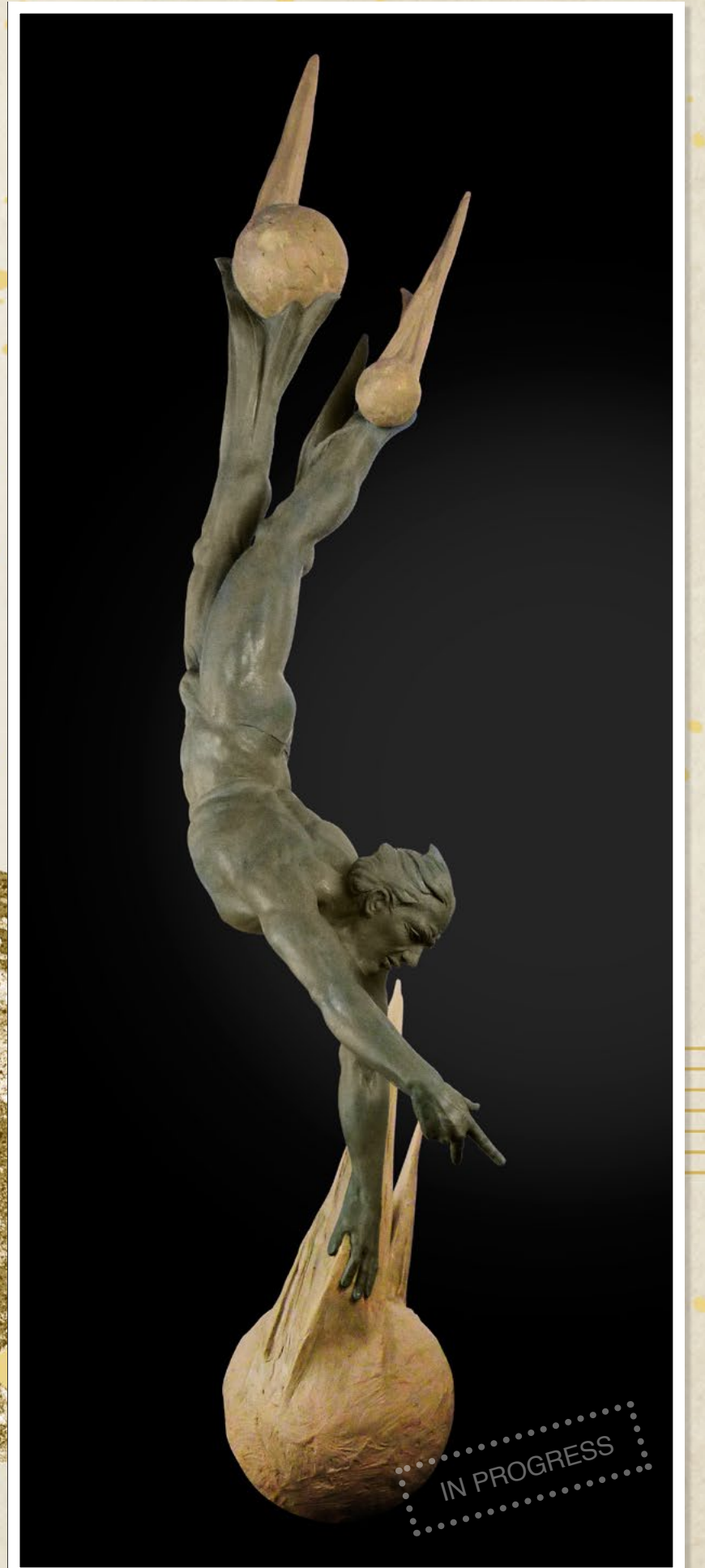
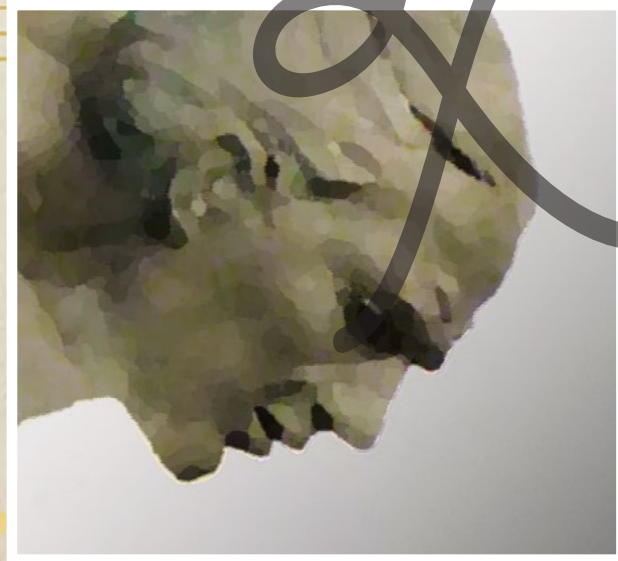
*What hidden Pearls lie between the many worlds?*





# 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...*







# 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.*



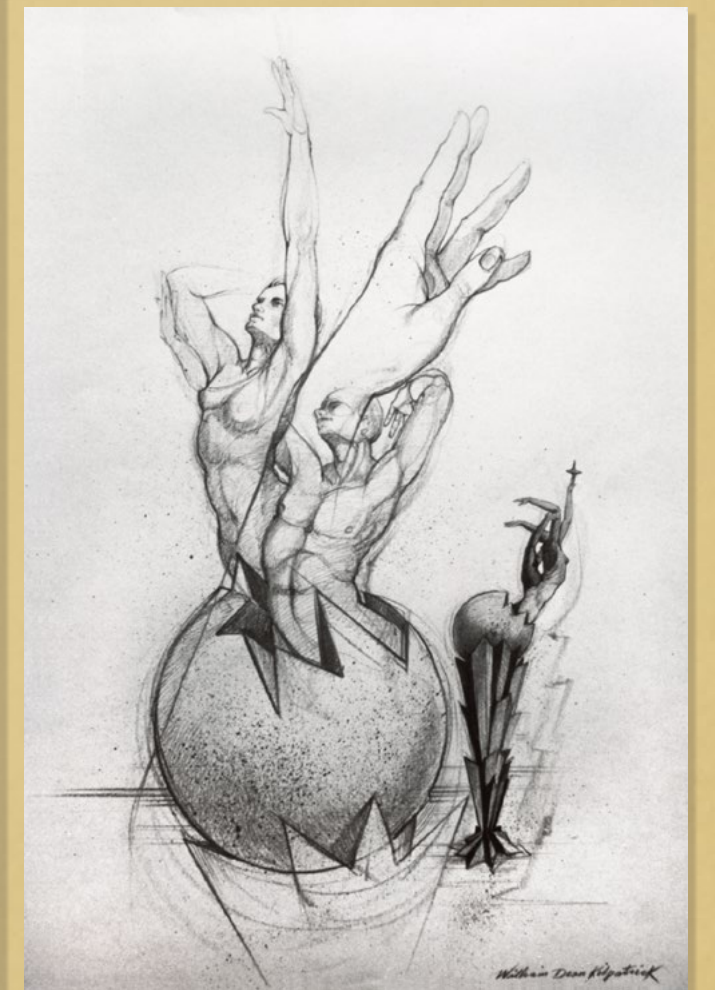




# E MERGENCE

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?*







# T EMPEST

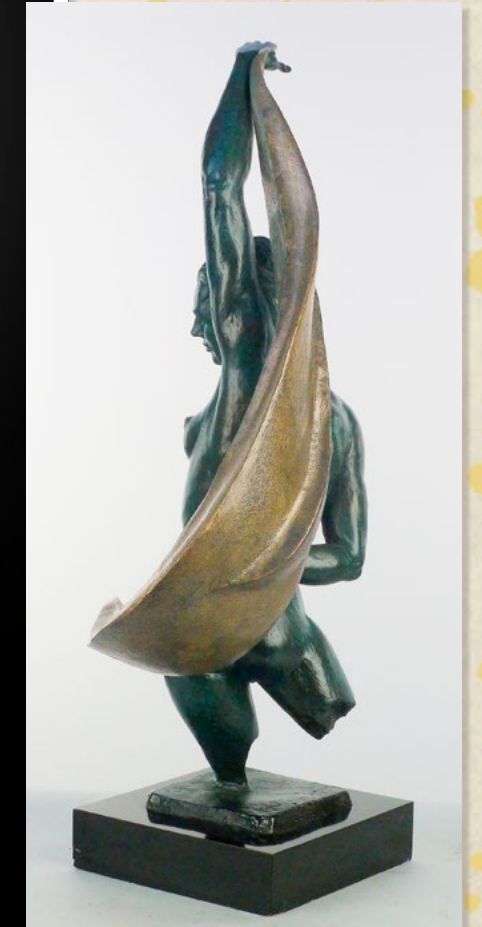
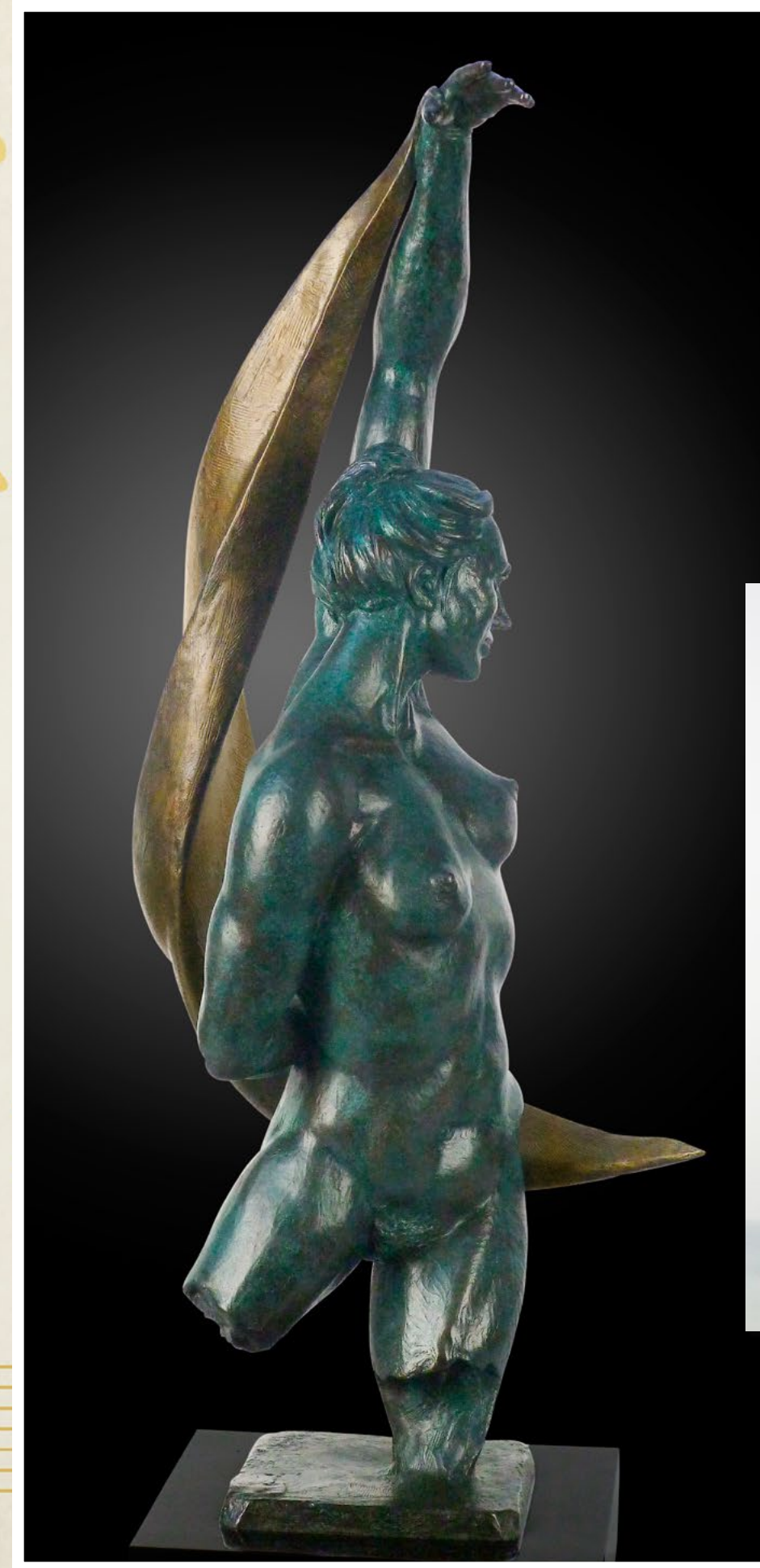
*From where he stands  
he can hear the wind  
howling through the  
canyon...  
balanced on the edge  
of this mental precipice  
the storms of life ahead,  
he vacillates in momentary fear.  
The leap of faith and  
a plunge to earth...  
or the angelic lift  
into the heavens.*



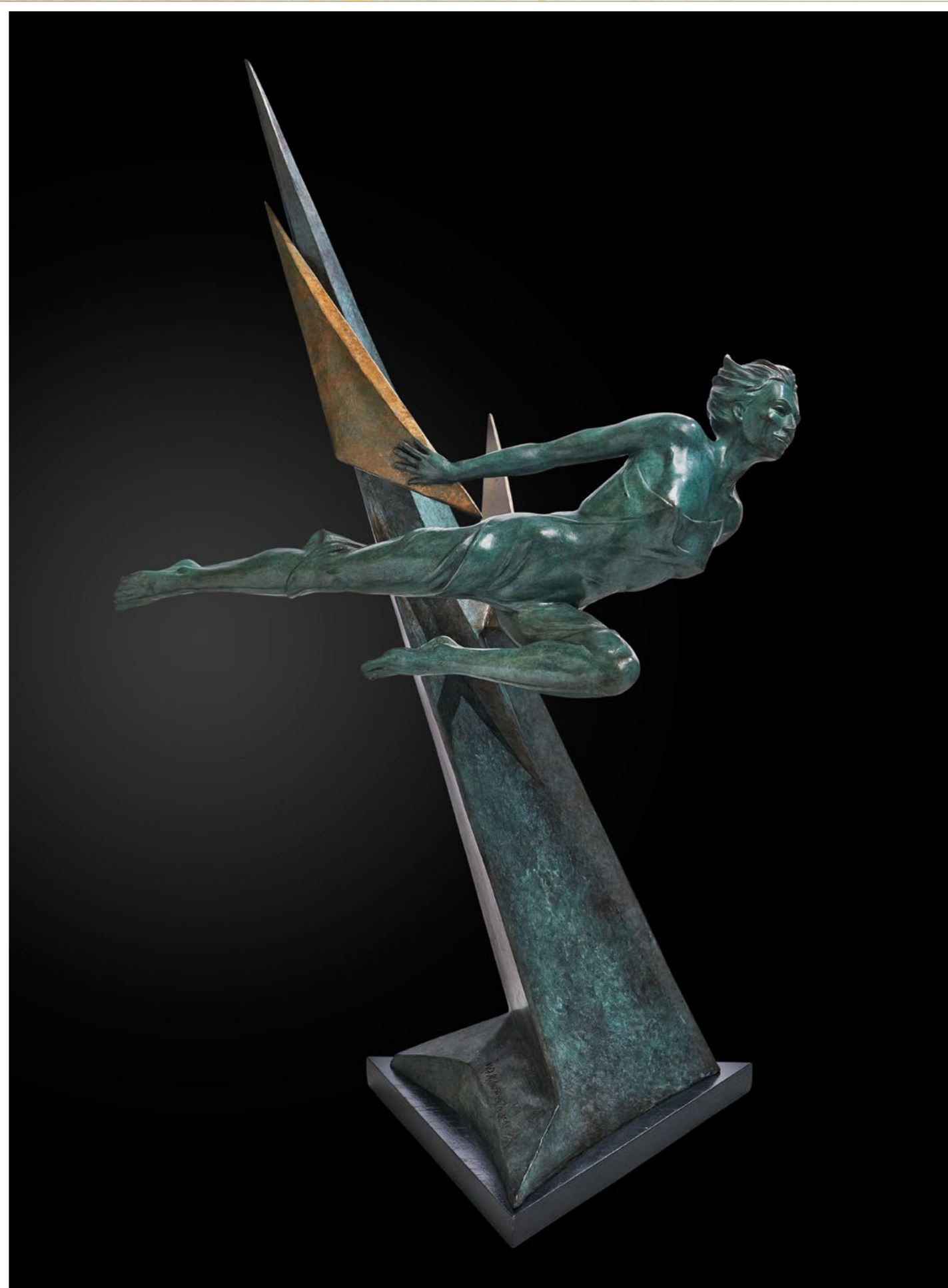


# NEBULAE

*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.*







# 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.

*No longer can you  
hold me down*

 **LIBERTAS**

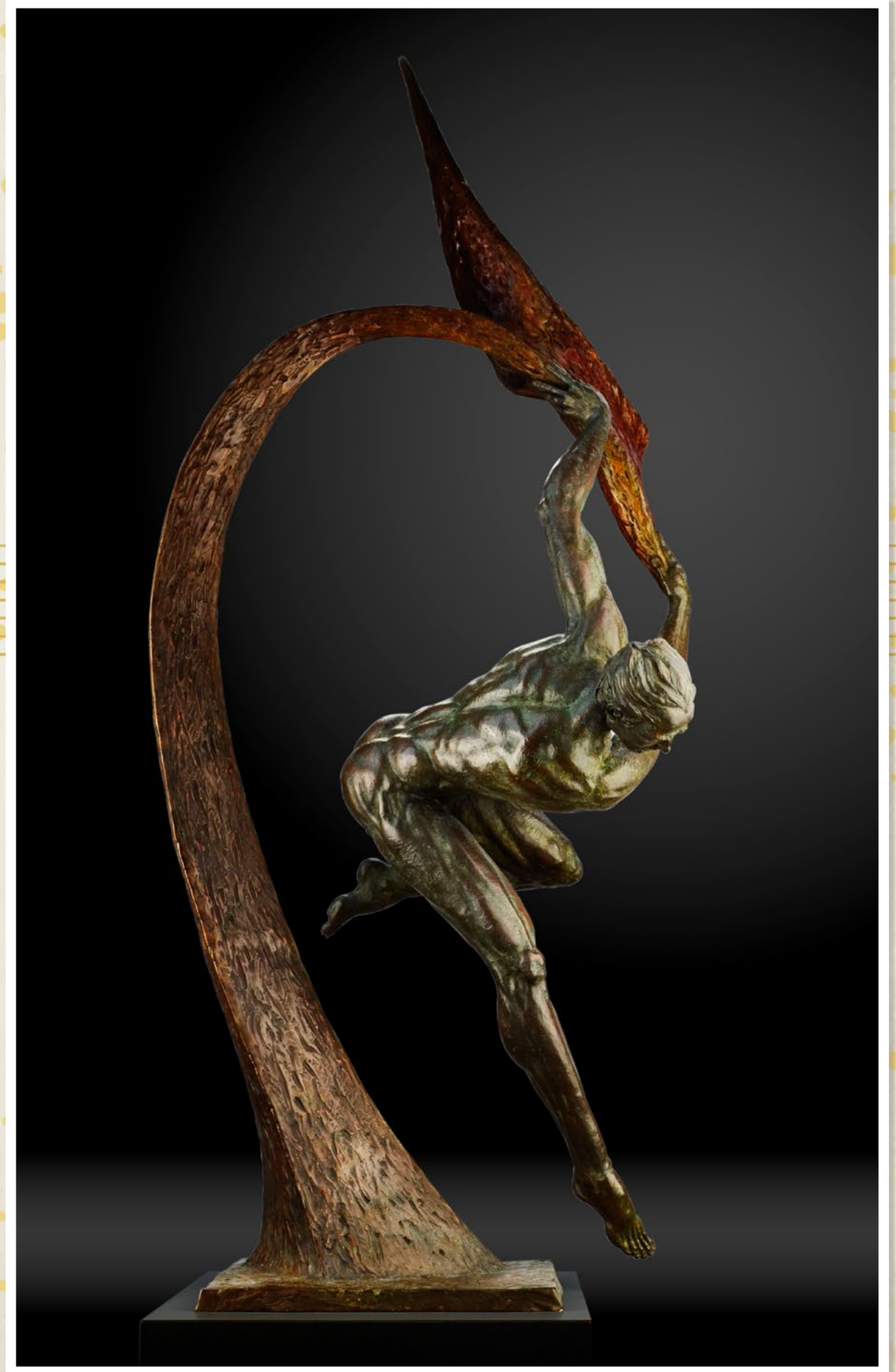






# I GNATIUS

*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.*



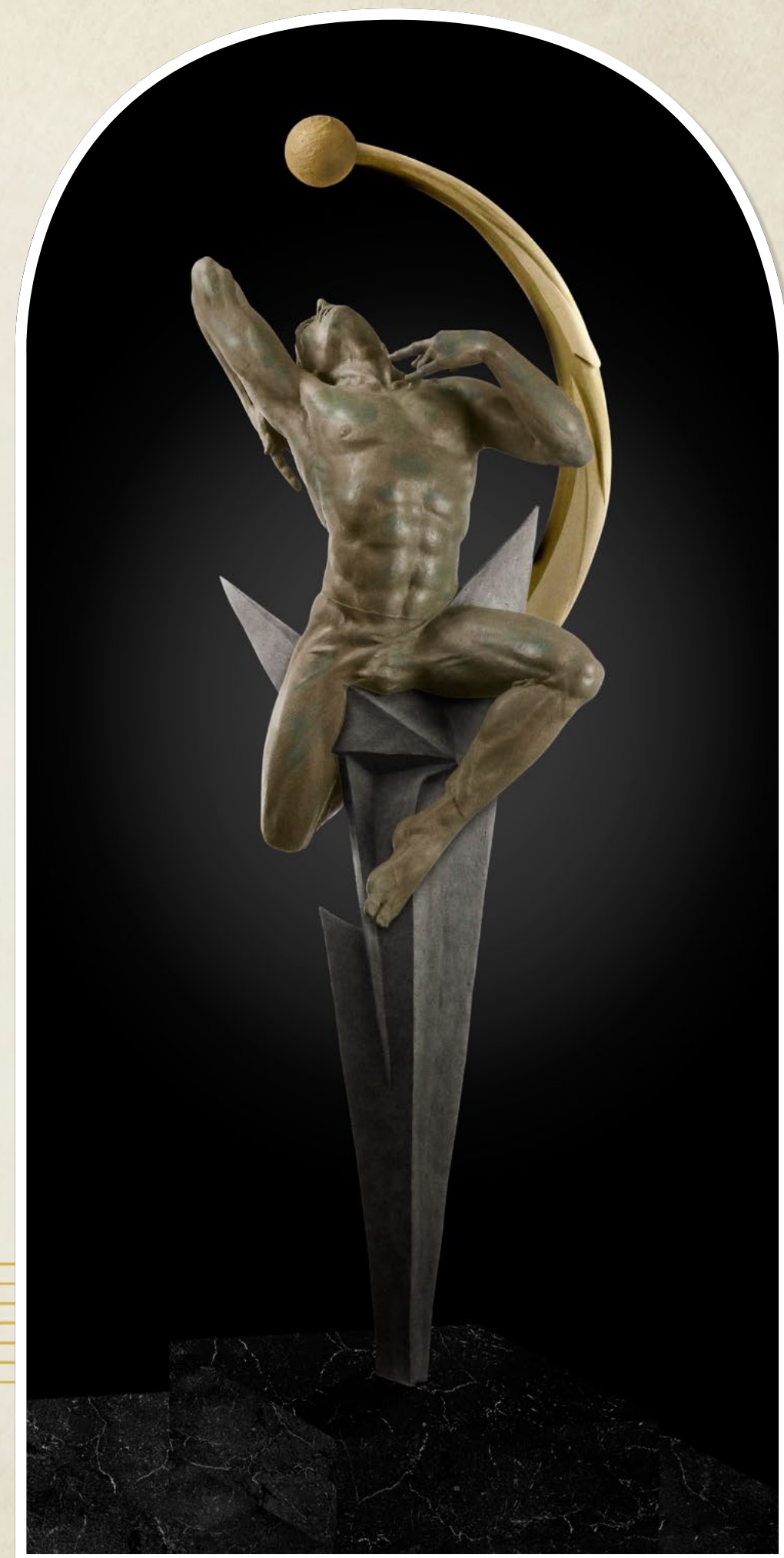




FADE COMET TAIL  
PHOTO LIGHTER

# MELERON

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?





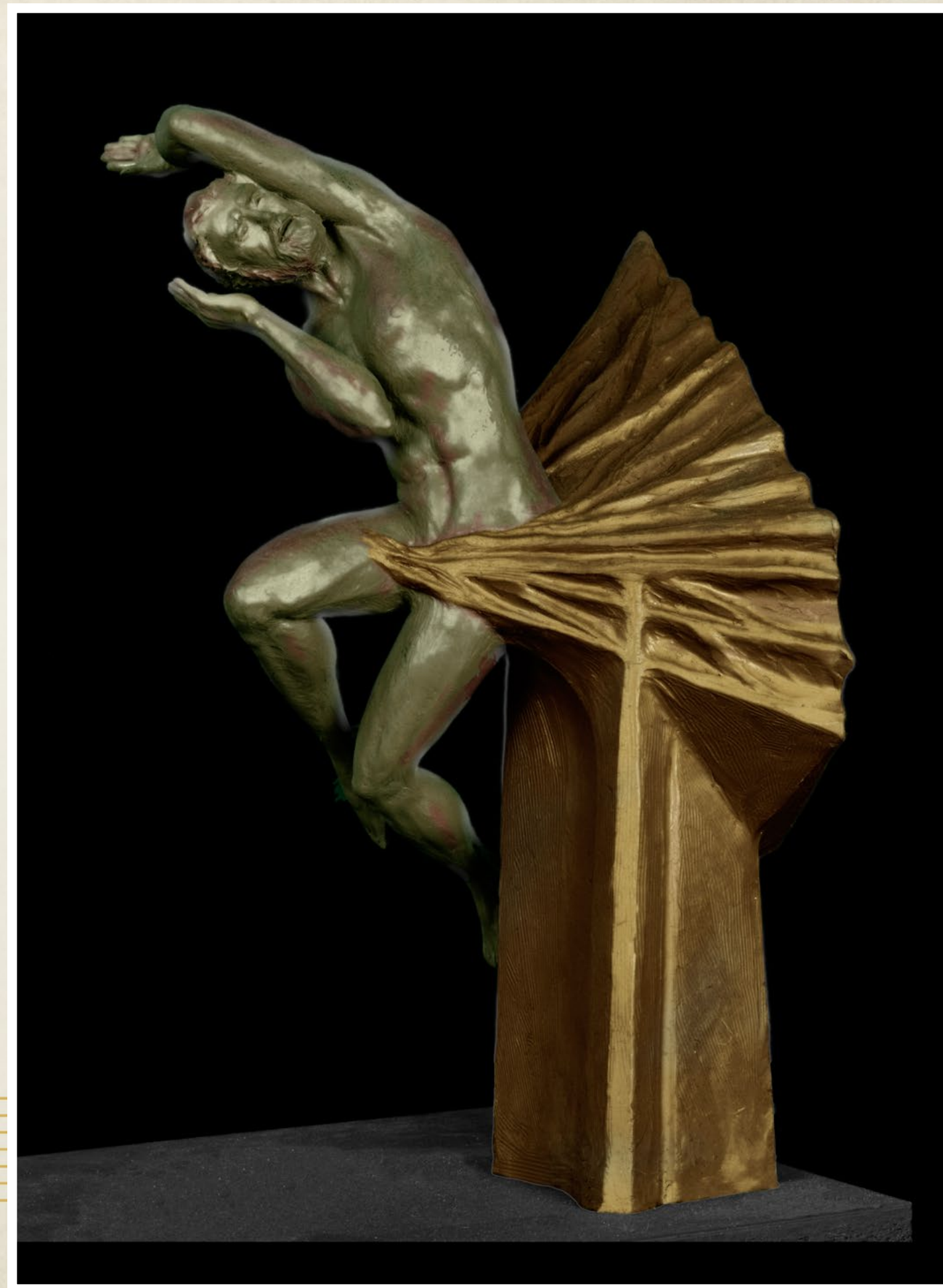


# VORTEX

*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...*



FIND NEW  
PHOTO







FIND INSERT

# 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.



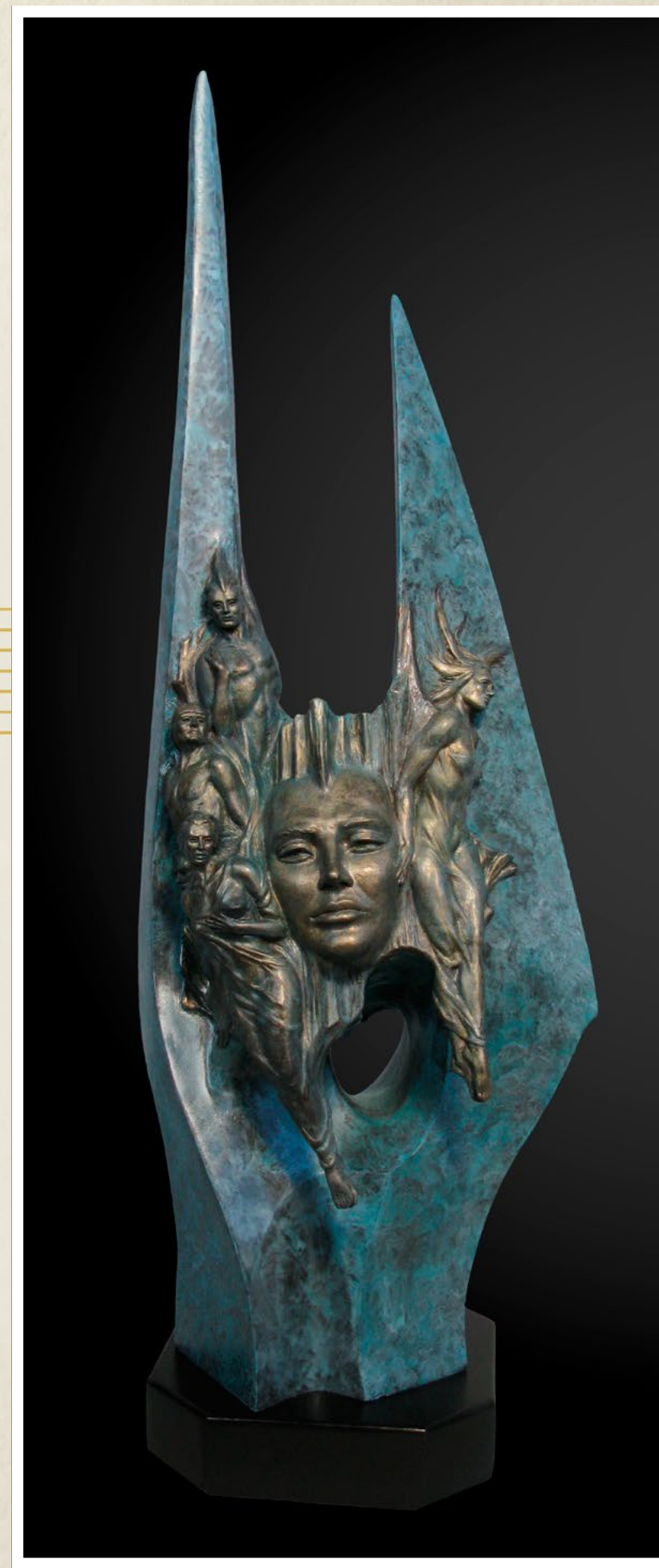
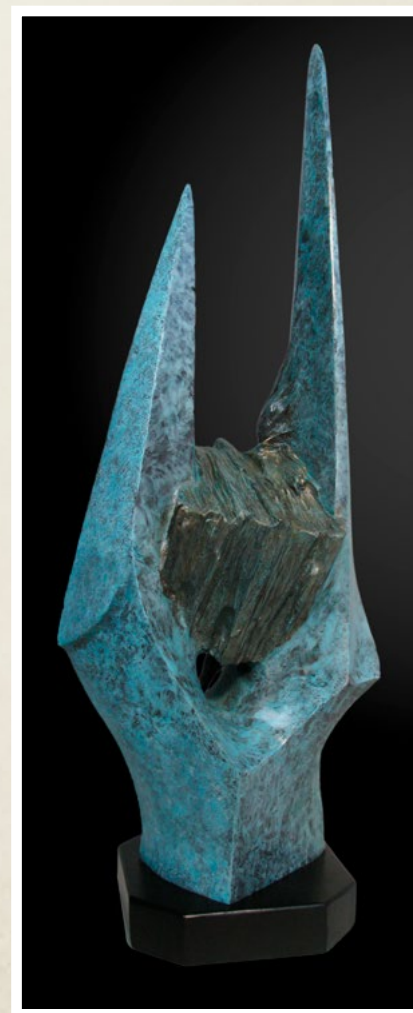
IN PROGRESS





# ASCENSION

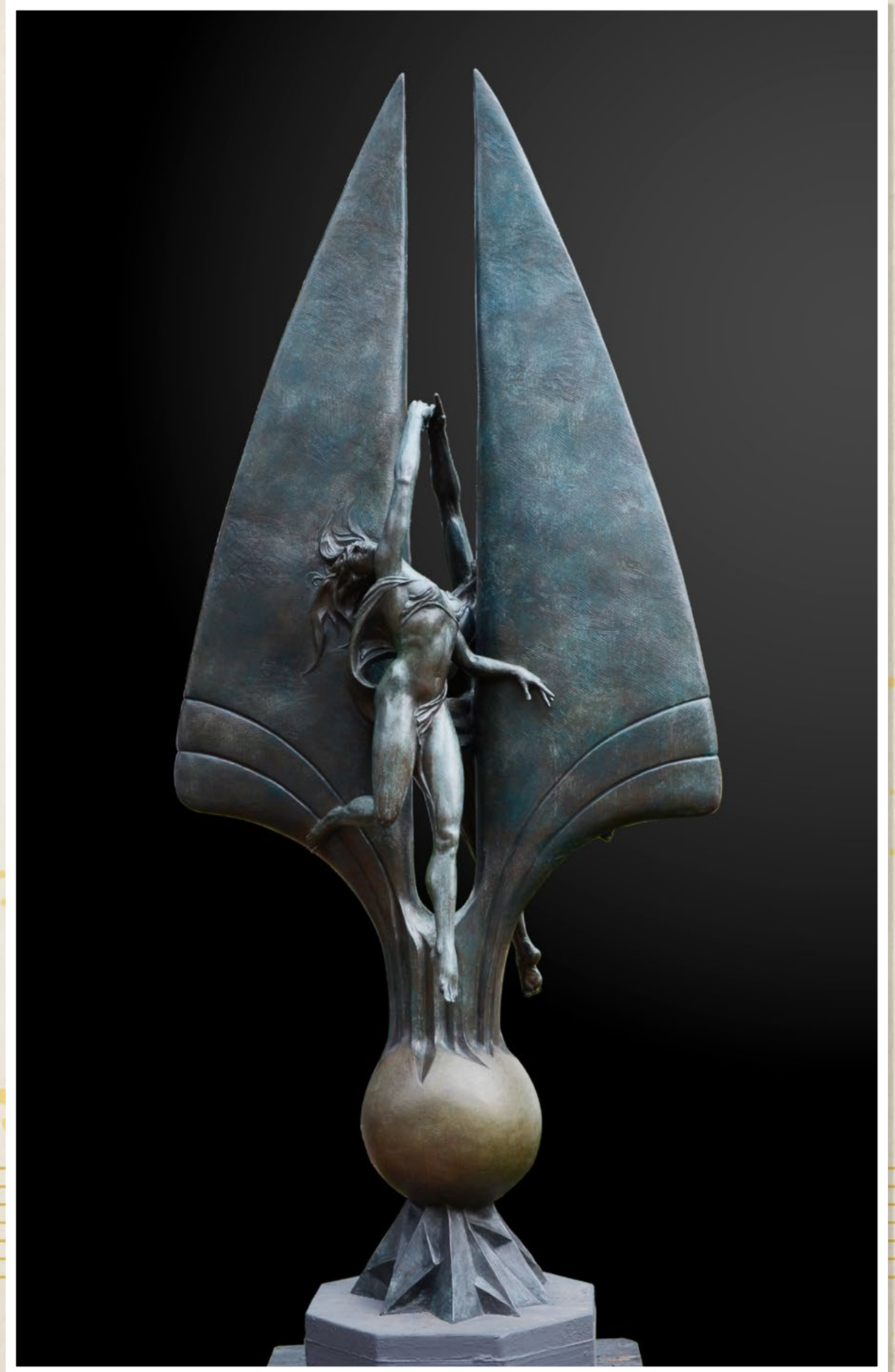
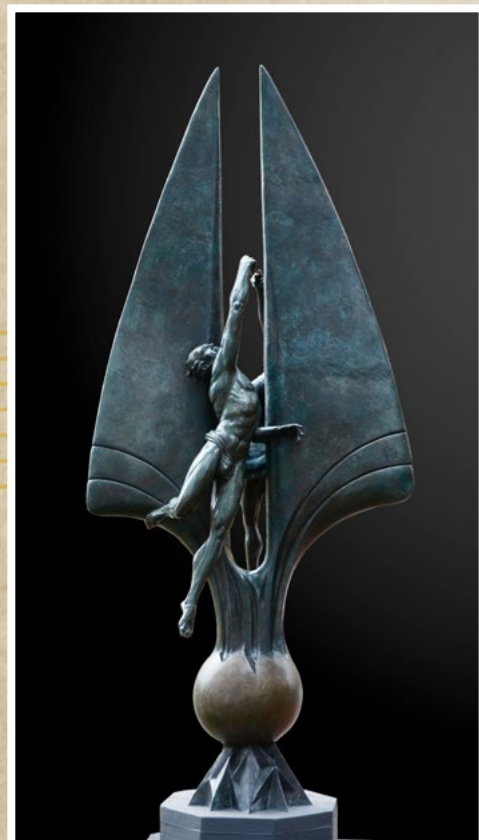
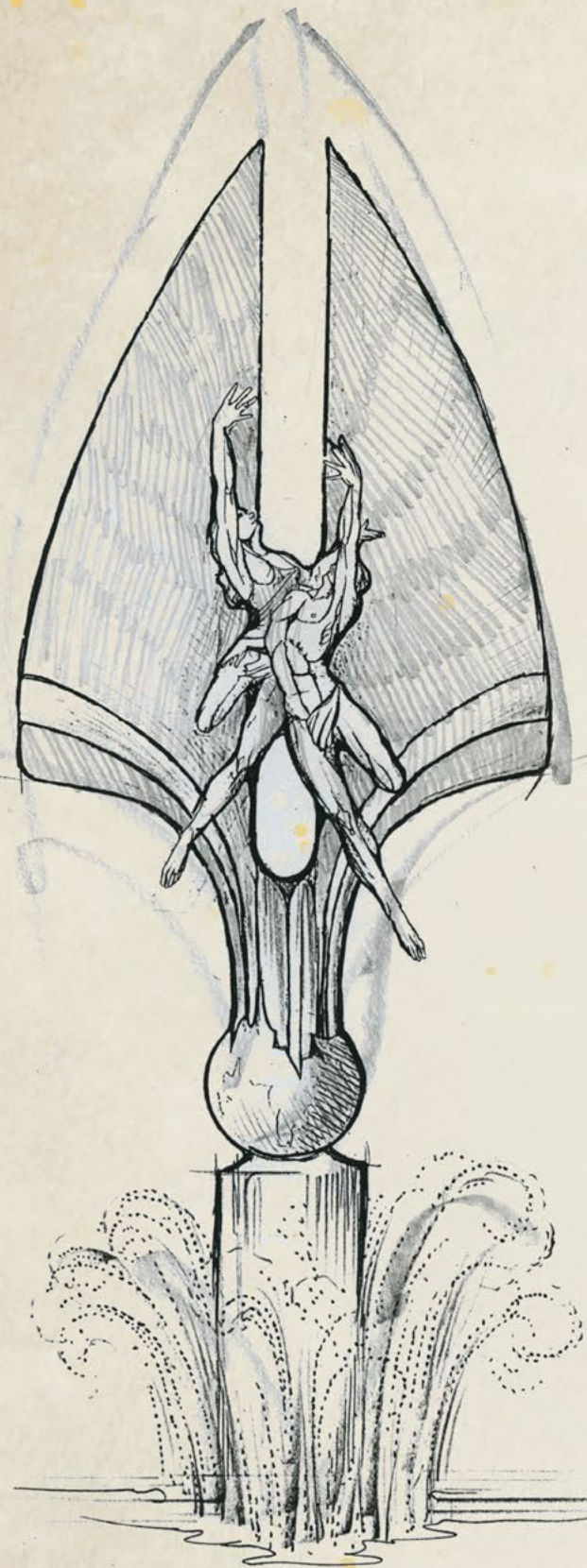
What makes us see  
what we see... feel what  
we feel...  
why do we create the  
images we create?  
Unanswered questions  
haunt our subliminal  
minds...  
we float down a path  
towards an answer...  
but it silently  
slips away.  
Is this the levitation of  
the spirit... in search  
of an unknowable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

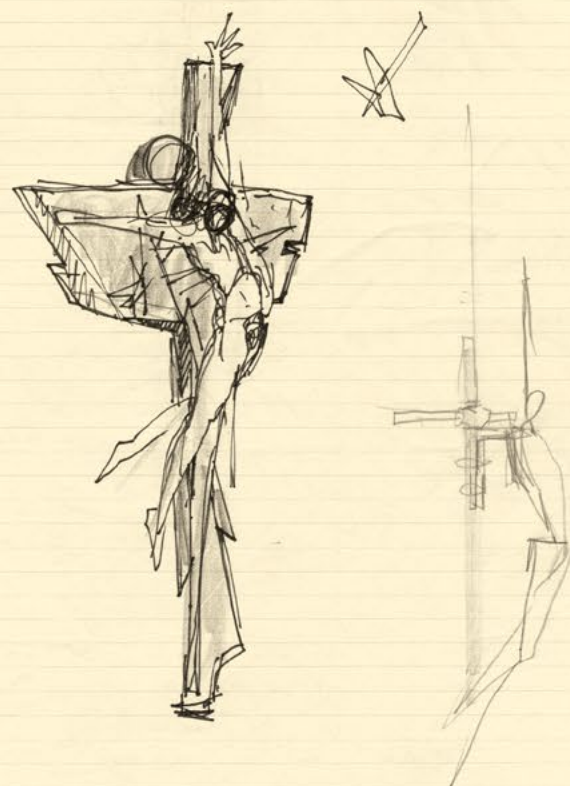




# CRUCIFORM

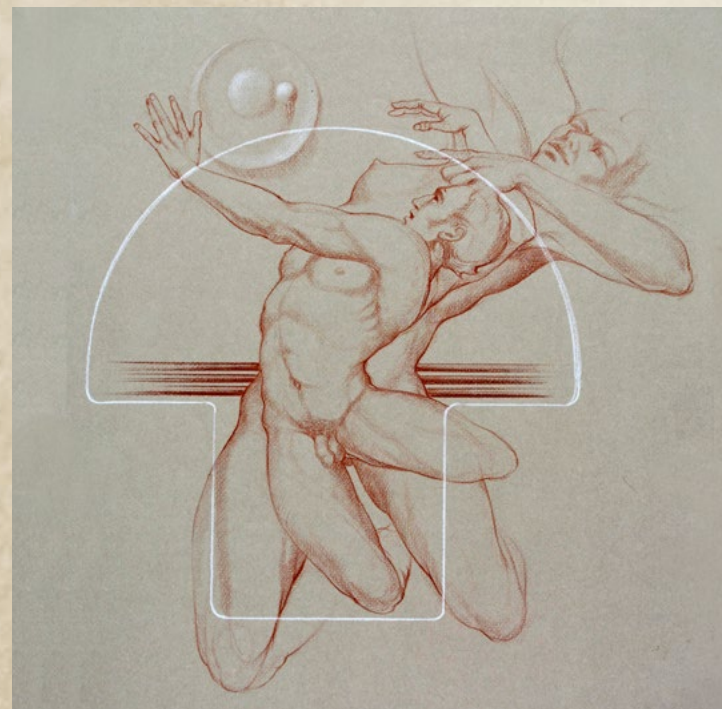
*This work is not in any way an interpretation of the crucifixion of Christ...but rather a symbolic image of the suffering of humankind.*

*Who has not been subjected on some level to the pain of loss or the sorrow of our collective inhumanity?*





# 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.*

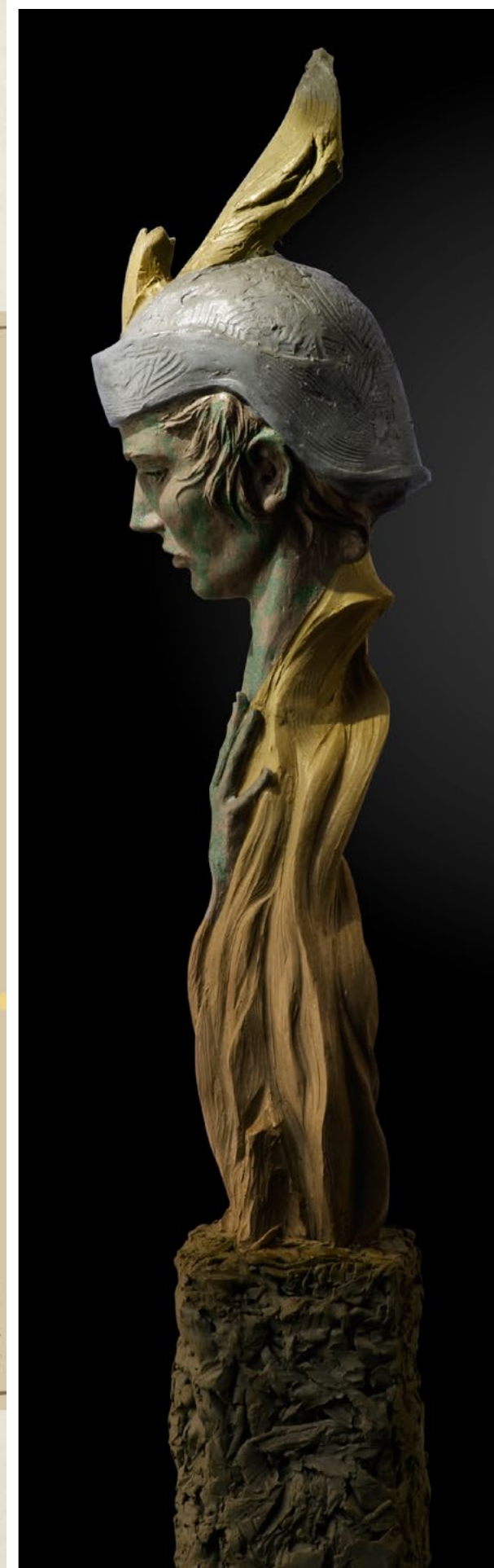




# JOAN of ARC

*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.*



Replace with original,  
might be with layouts.





# 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...

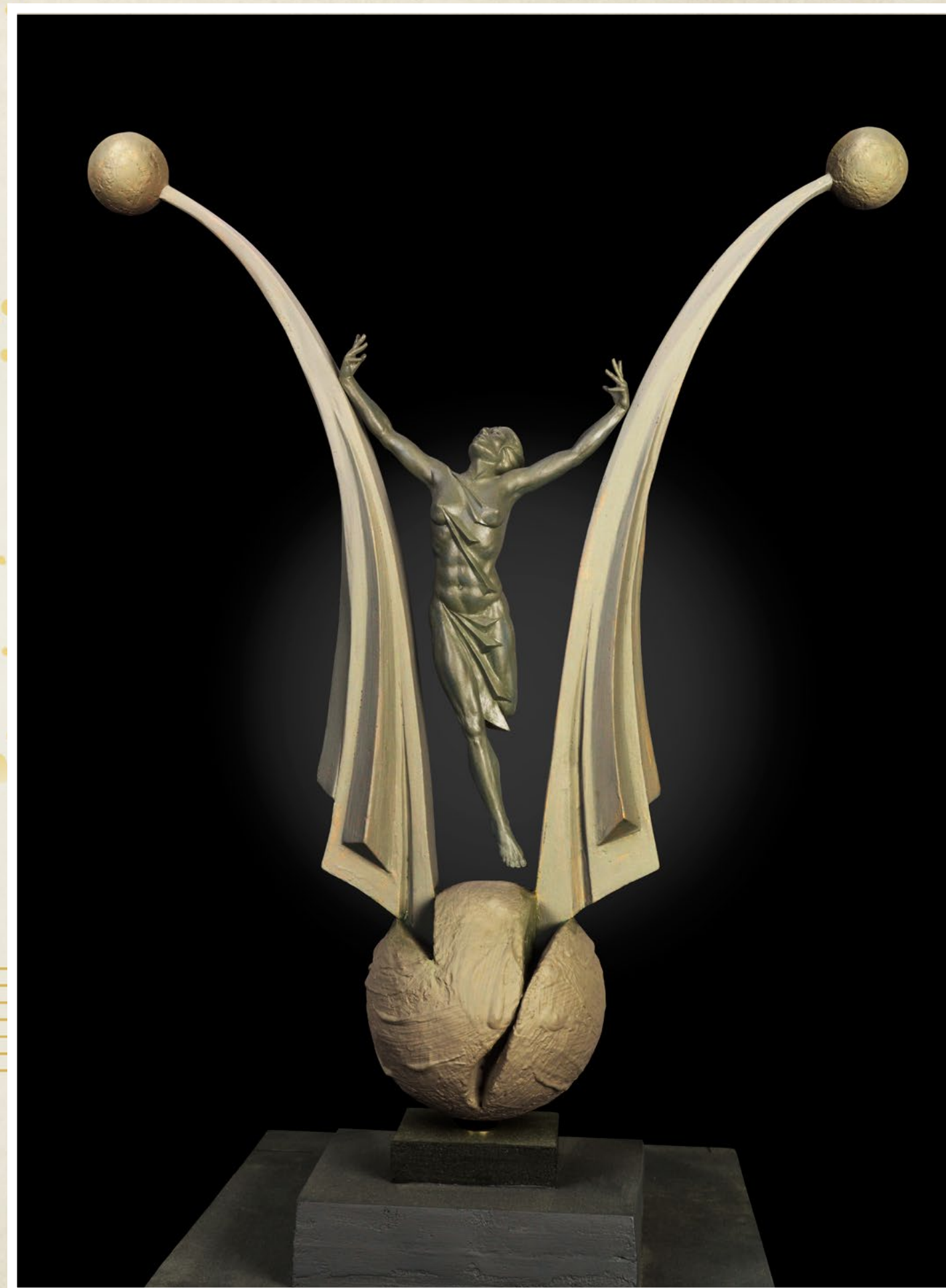






# D DIVERGENCE

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.*



CHECK FOR  
DRAWING



IN PROGRESS





# 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*







## William Dean Kilpatrick 1947-2014

William Dean Kilpatrick (Bill) was a classical figurative sculptor from Caldwell, New Jersey, USA. He studied at the Newark School of Fine and Industrial Arts, the School of Visual Arts, and the Art Students' League. He served in the US Army in the 82nd Airborne after high school.

Bill was involved in various art associations, and is represented in many personal collections. For many years he maintained a studio in the Highlands, a community just south of New York City in New Jersey, with scenic views of NYC, Long Island, the Atlantic Ocean. He lived there with his wife Nancy Gray, who communicated to New York City, working as an administrator in a law firm.

From 1980-1990 he worked with famed public sculptor Donald De Lue (1897-1988), who lived just a few towns over. De Lue is famous for the D-Day Monument at Omaha Beach, "Justice" and other bas reliefs on the Philadelphia Continental Post Office, "Rocket Thrower" for the New York World's Fair 1964-65, and the George Washington statue in Indianapolis, Indiana. Their relationship became a life long friendship, with Kilpatrick overseeing the De Lue legacy. Unfortunately a large portion of De Lue's work was stolen after his death and it's whereabouts remains a mystery even now.

During the 1960s Bill worked as an artist in the advertising business in New York City. This experience informed the layout of this book, which he organized before his death. The prose and layout of the book have not changed. The mechanics of production has of course evolved, while keeping with the spirit of Bill's intent.

Wm Kilpatrick commissions Include:

New Jersey Transit- Essex Street Station, Jersey City.

"Cycle of Life" - City of Orlando, FL

12 foot football player for the Citrus Bowl, Orlando, Florida

Award trophy for the Kimball Center, Lakewood, NJ

"Worth the Risk" for Malcom Forbes

"Celebration" Monmouth Museum, West Long Branch, NJ



Inside Back Cover



Back Cover

