

WILLIAM DEAN KILPATRICK

American Sculptor

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WILLIAM DEAN KILPATRICK
American Sculptor

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

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WILLIAM DEAN
KILPATRICK

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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...

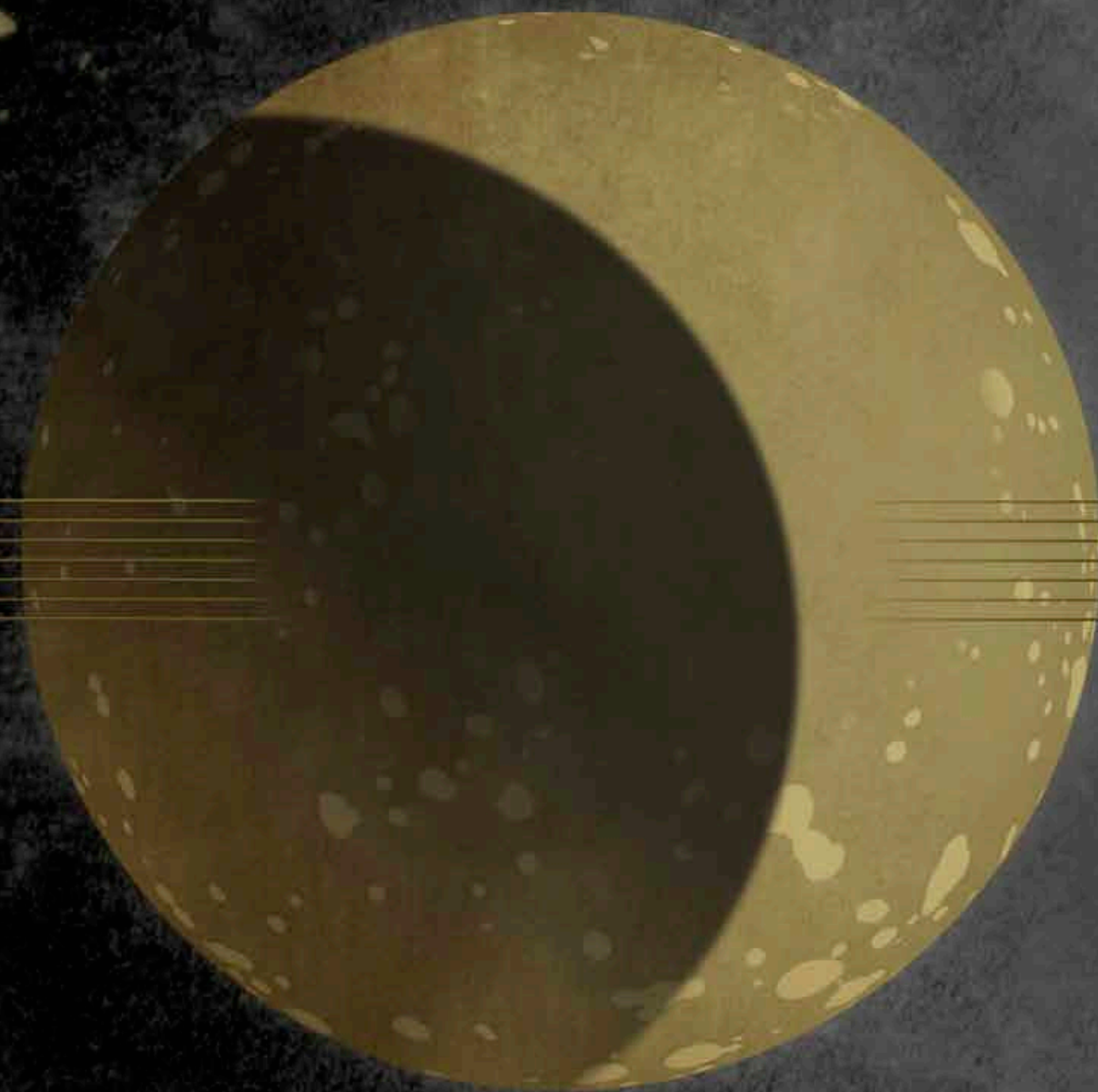
... I was in a similar situation several years ago when it was brought to my attention that technology may provide a resolution... I am a techno novice so the process that was elucidated was in the most part unrecognizable... through the use of advanced imaging it is possible to scan the three dimensional 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...*

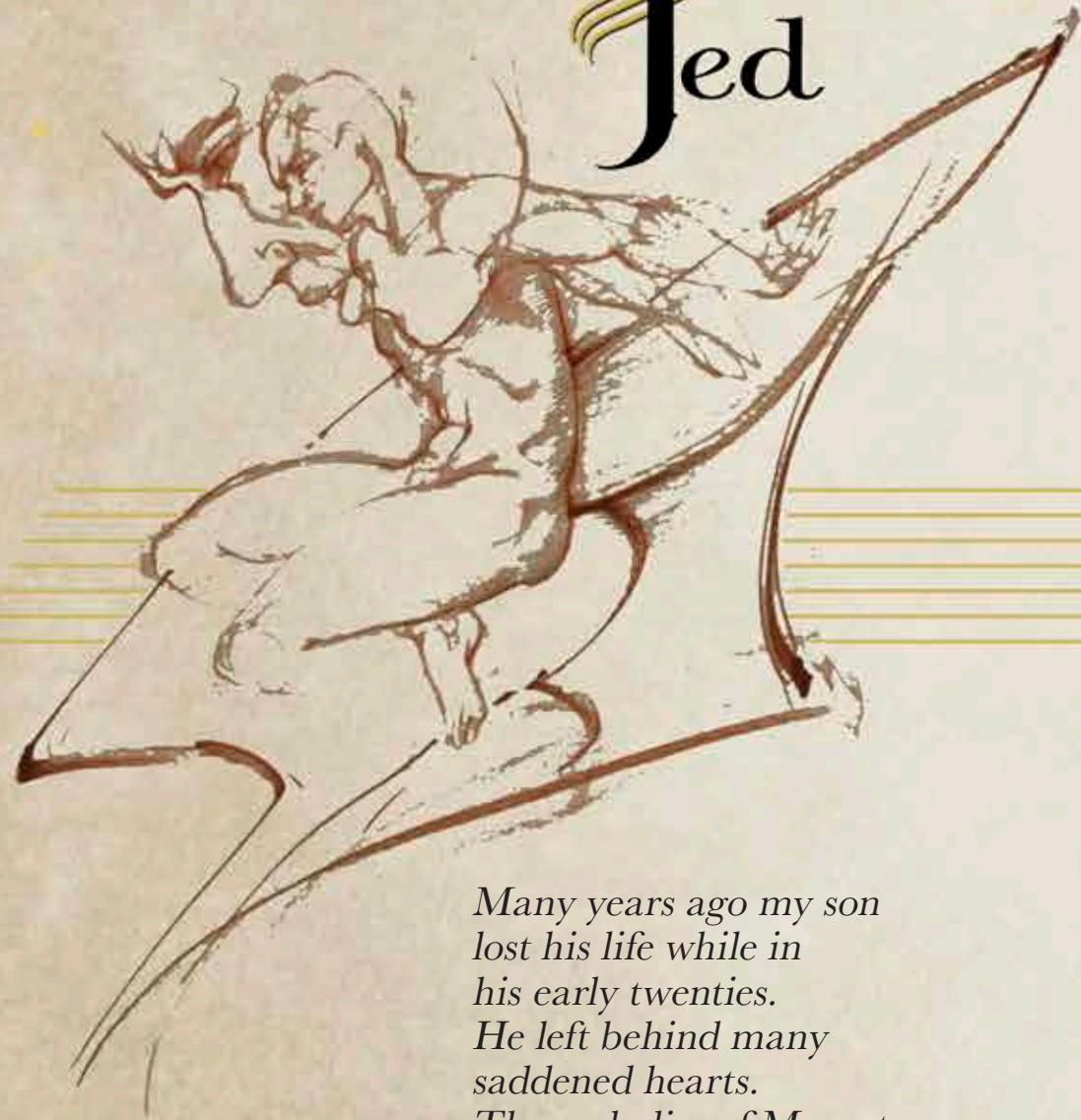


CHIRON

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



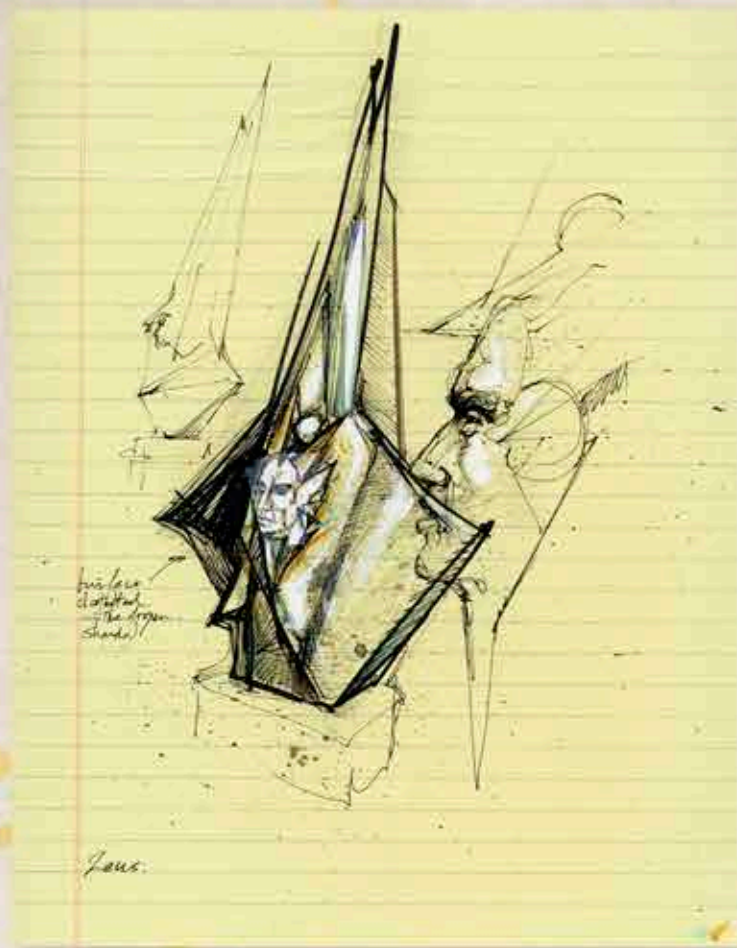
ALCHEMIST

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.

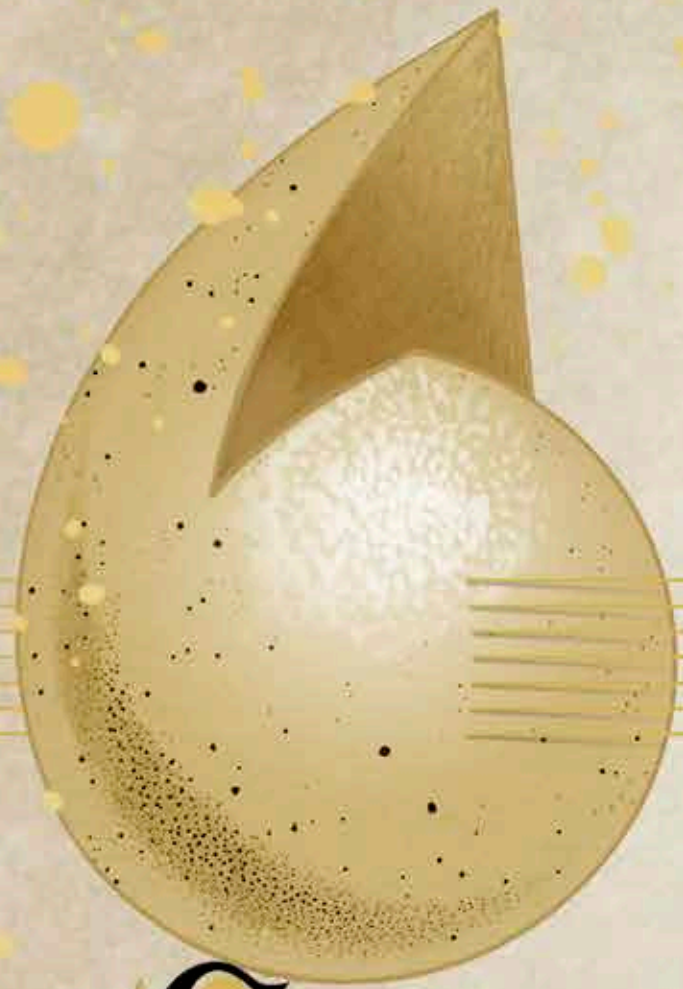




KALON

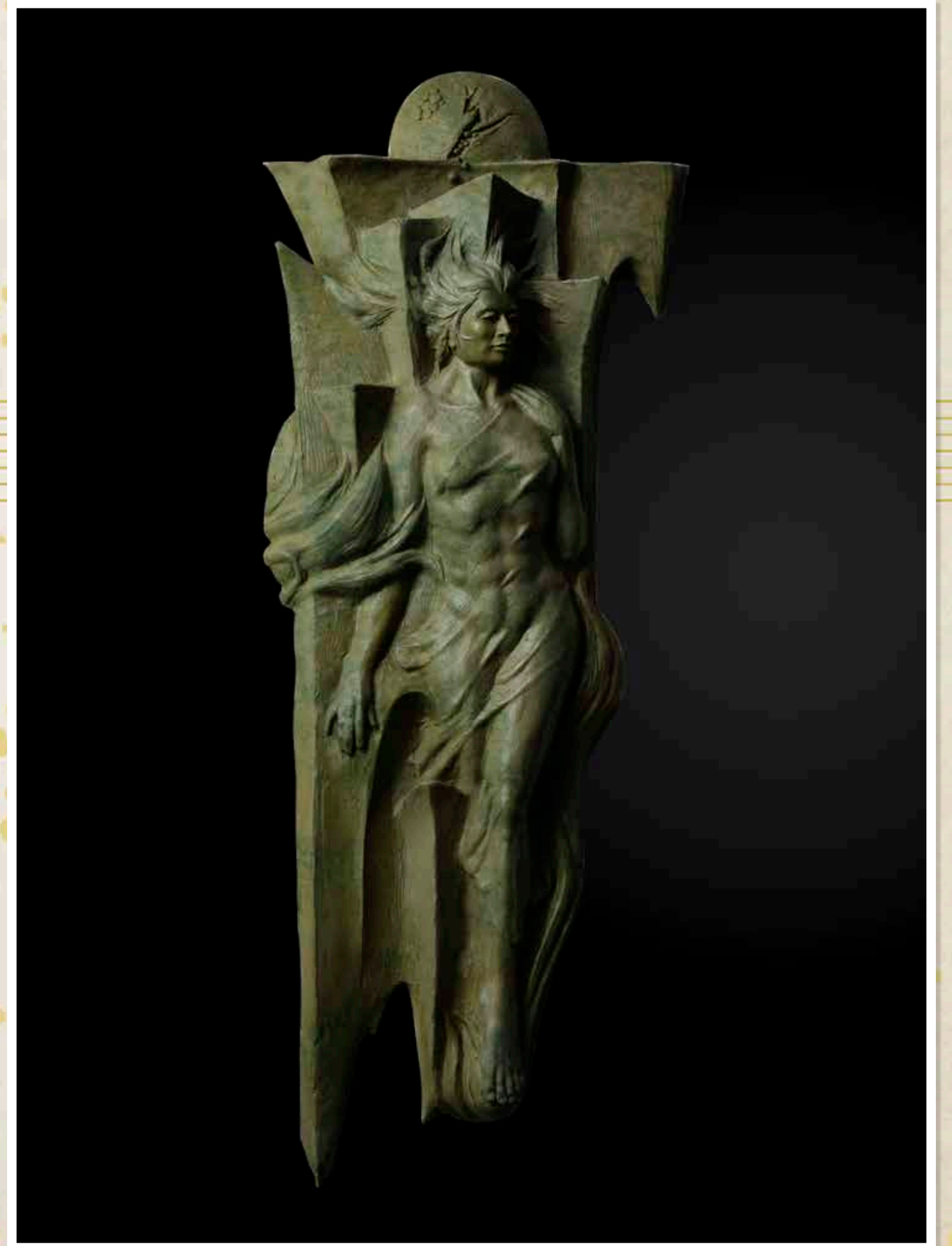
*From what
mysterious
nomenclature
was her name
derived...
Is it a place
beyond the
places that we
know...
Etched in her
gaze is the
orbit of
eternity.*

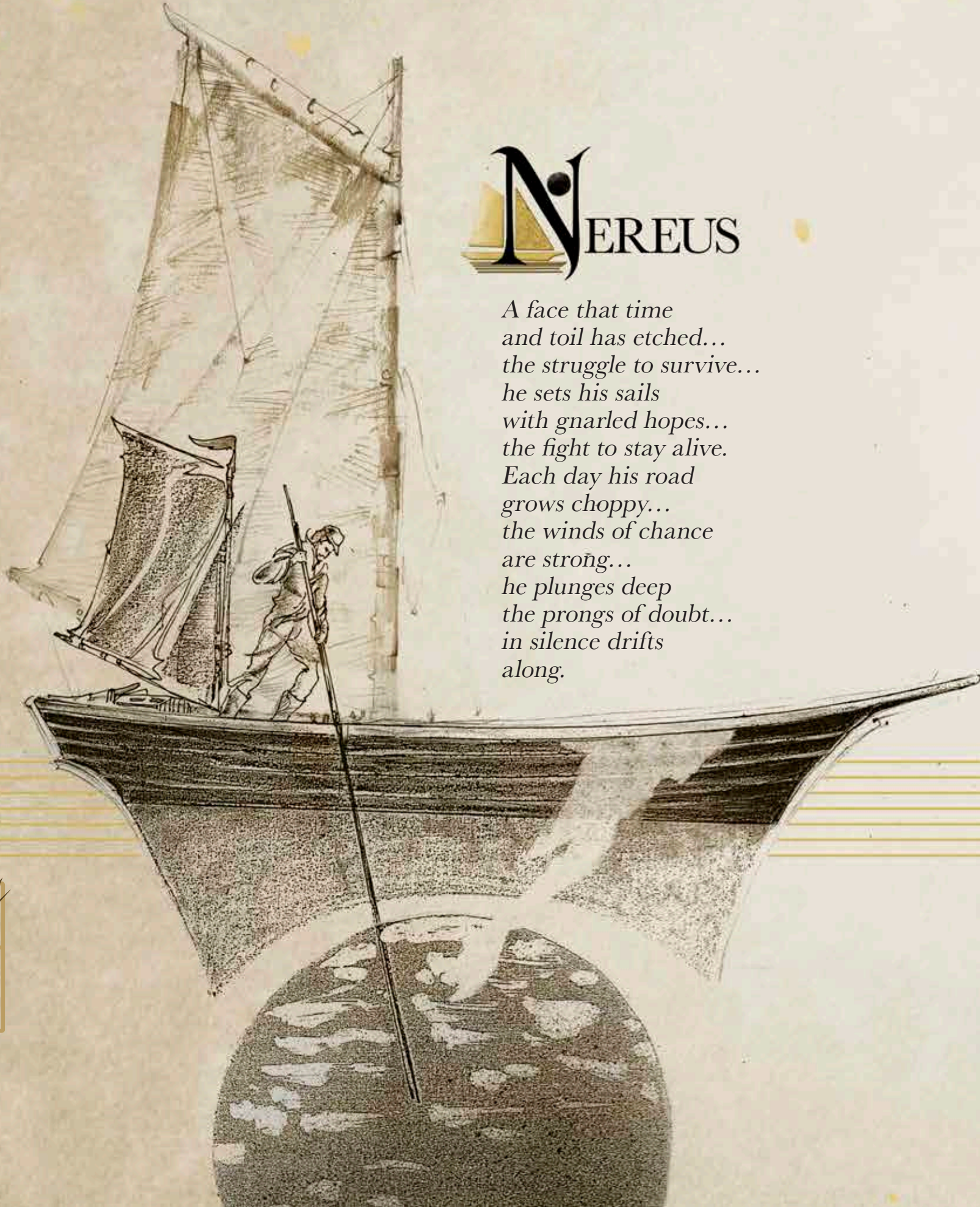




SHARONE

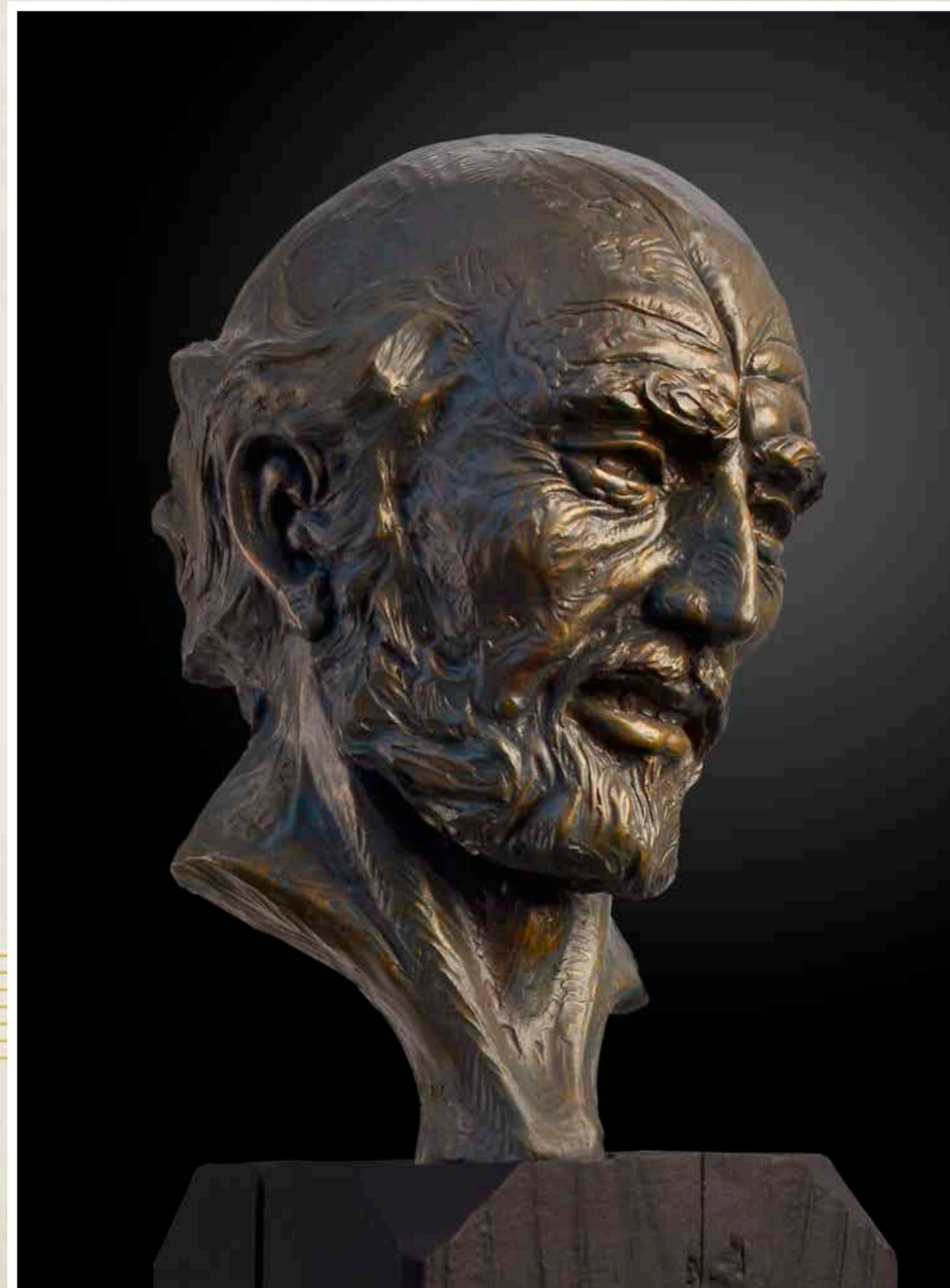
*Casting aside the
conventional symbols
of organized
religion... there seems
to be a need to invent
icons of our own.
Without anchor-images
our psyche
drifts in the aether
of uncertainty...
and thus invents a
totem of its own.*





NEREUS

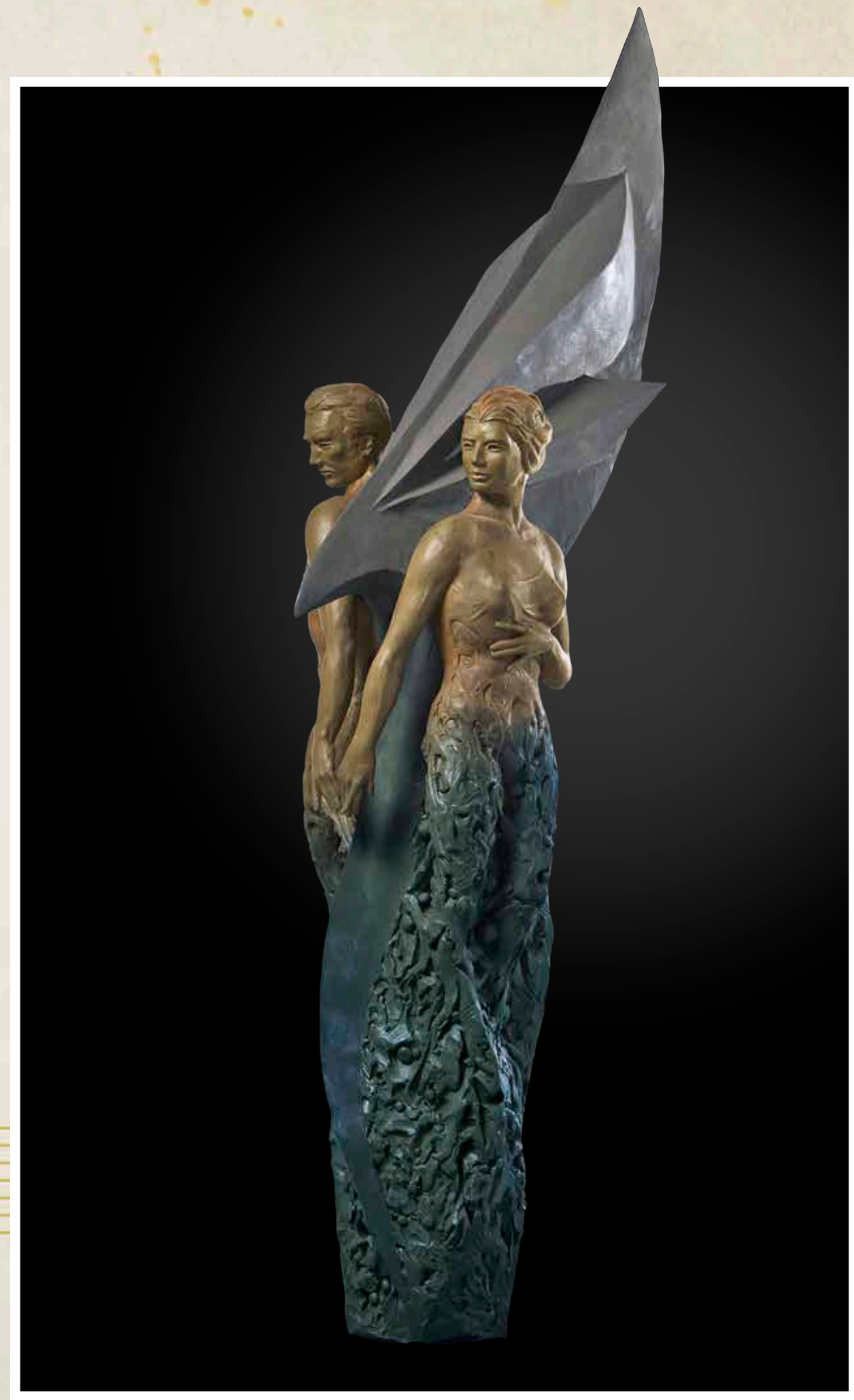
*A face that time
and toil has etched...
the struggle to survive...
he sets his sails
with gnarled hopes...
the fight to stay alive.
Each day his road
grows choppy...
the winds of chance
are strong...
he plunges deep
the prongs of doubt...
in silence drifts
along.*





PSYCHE

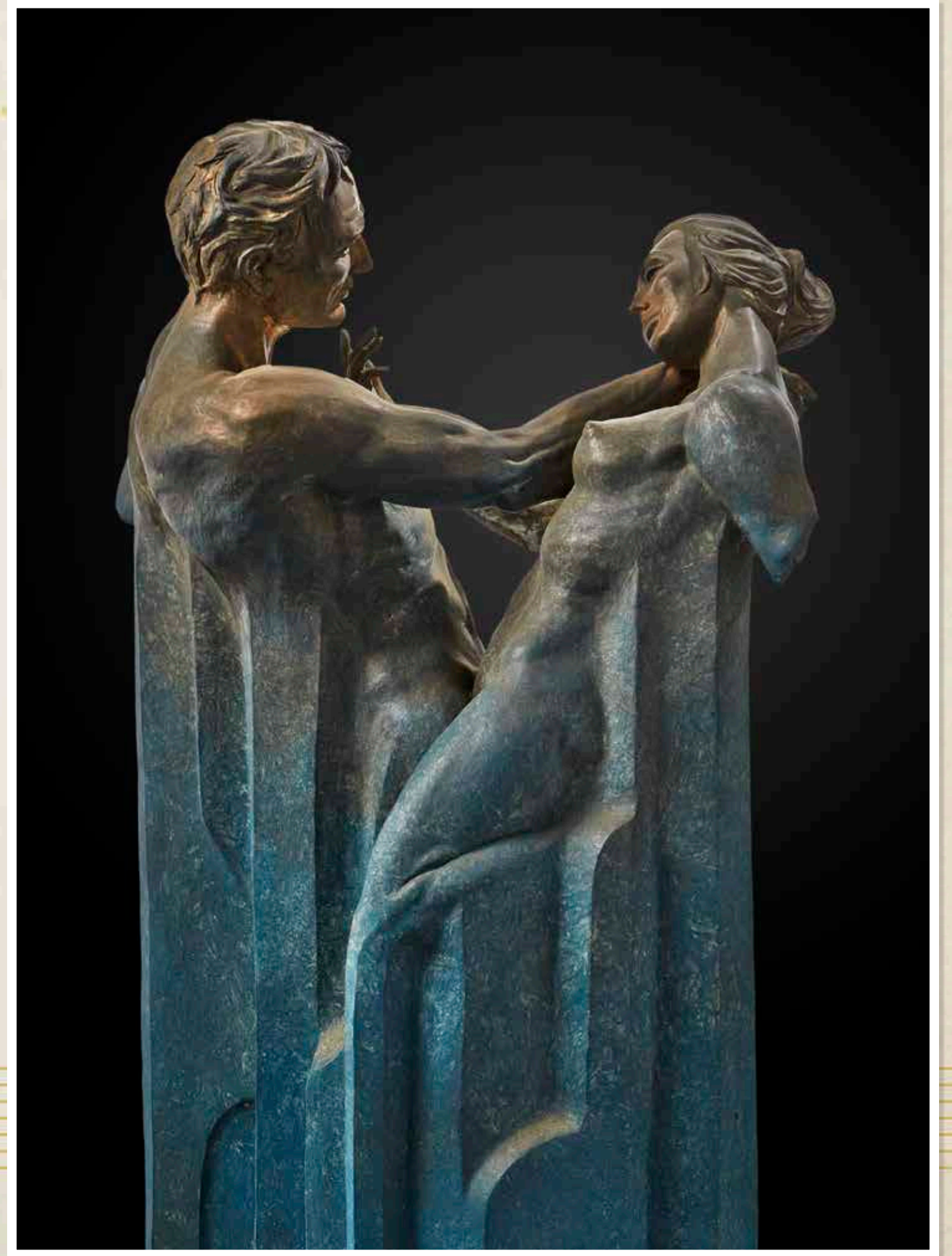
*Those treasures
hidden in the
marshlands of
the mind...
the golden apple's
bite that takes us
through the rind...
standing at the core
where matter forms
its mass...
we twist and turn
elusive shapes
whose time has
come to pass.*





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.*





A MORATA

*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.*

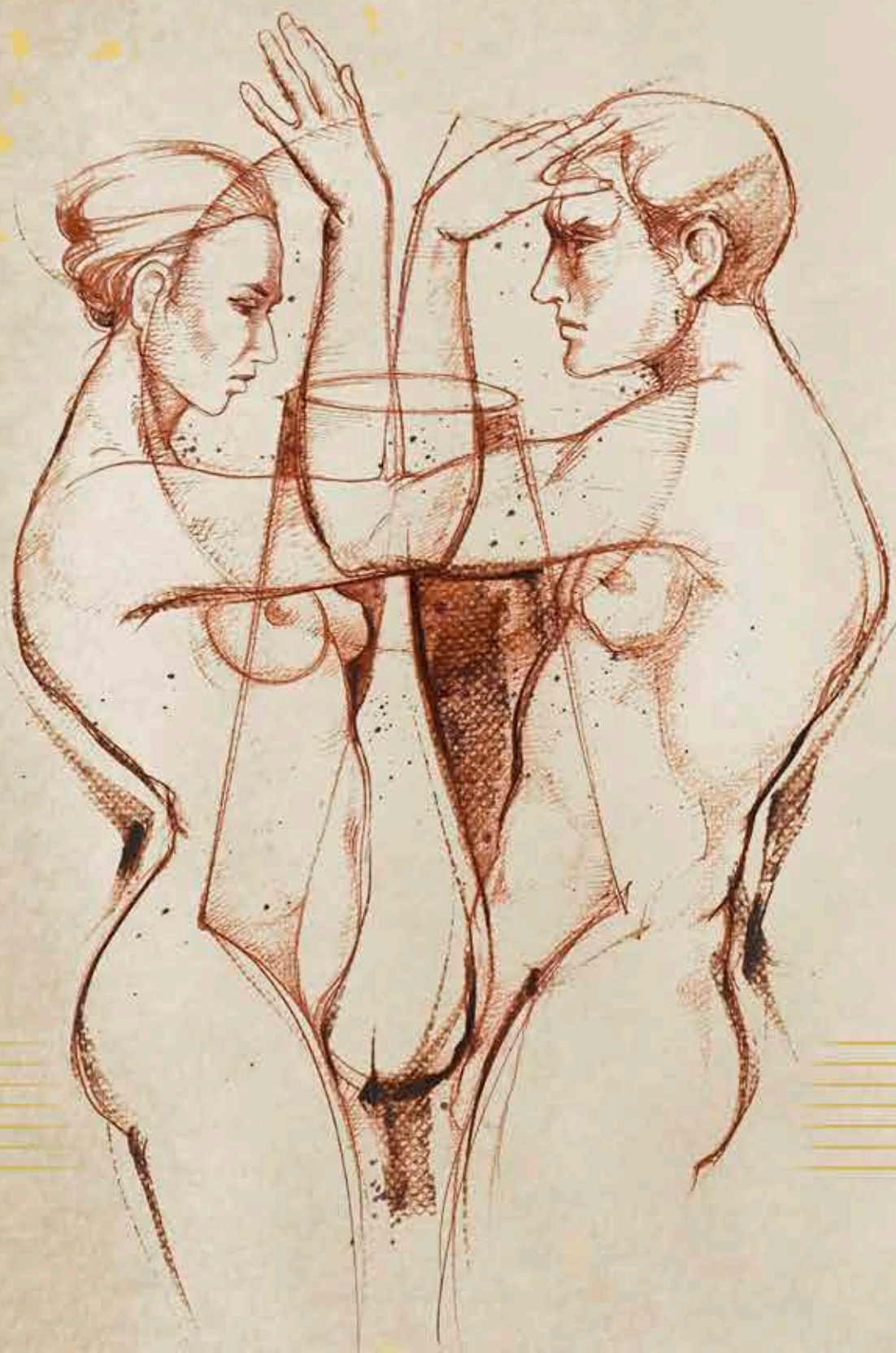




A MESHA

*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.*





W. D. 24

E XTASIS



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



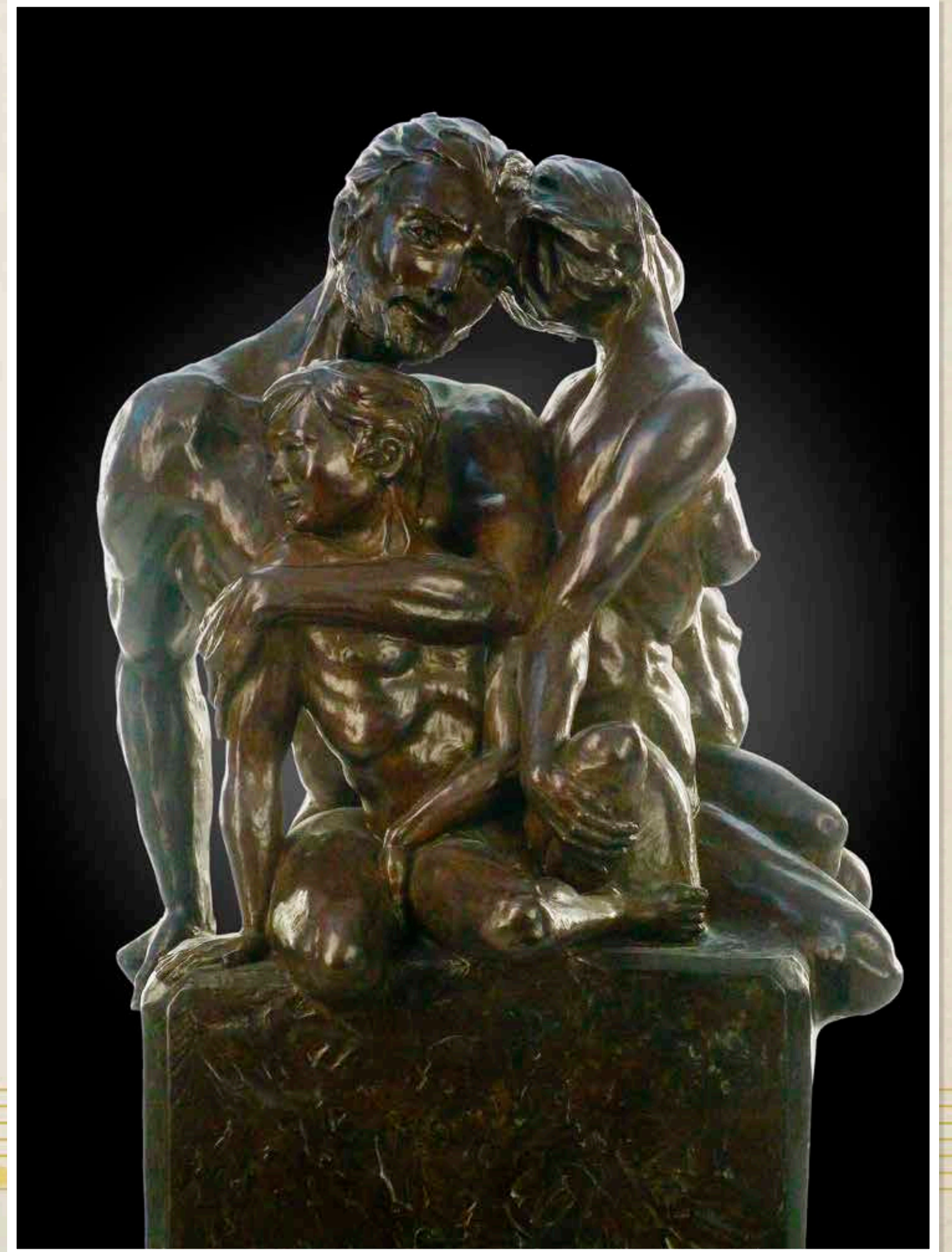


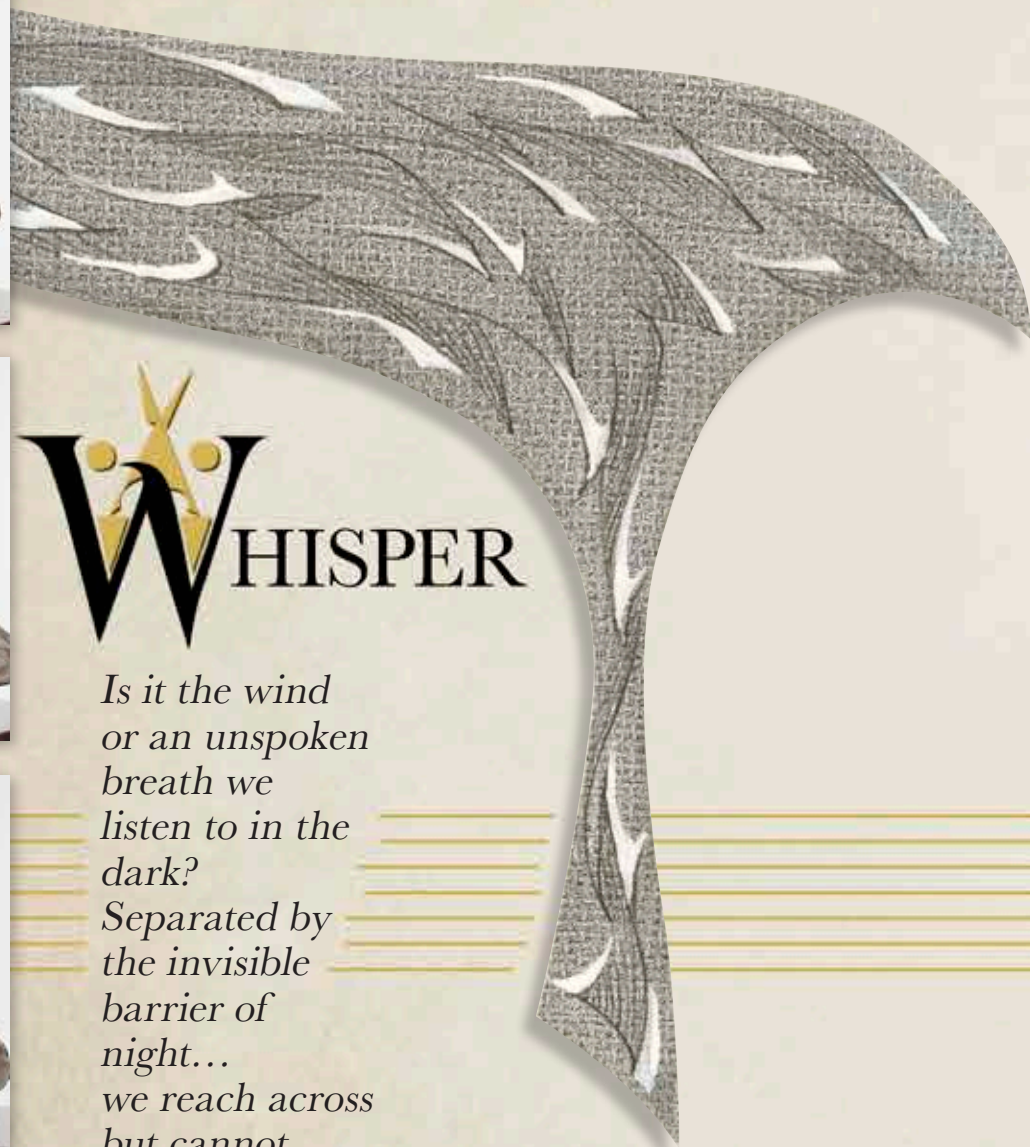
VANISHING

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

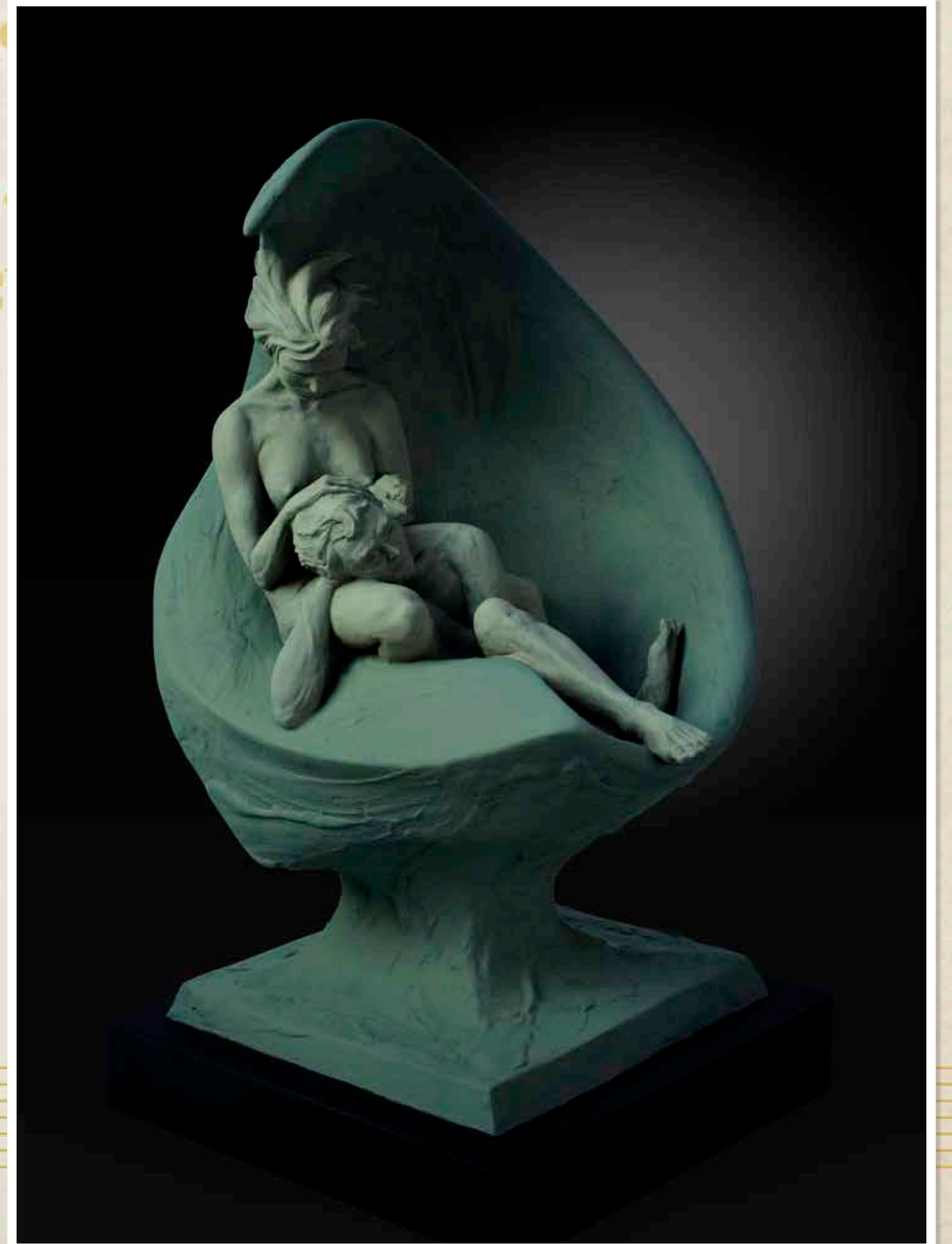
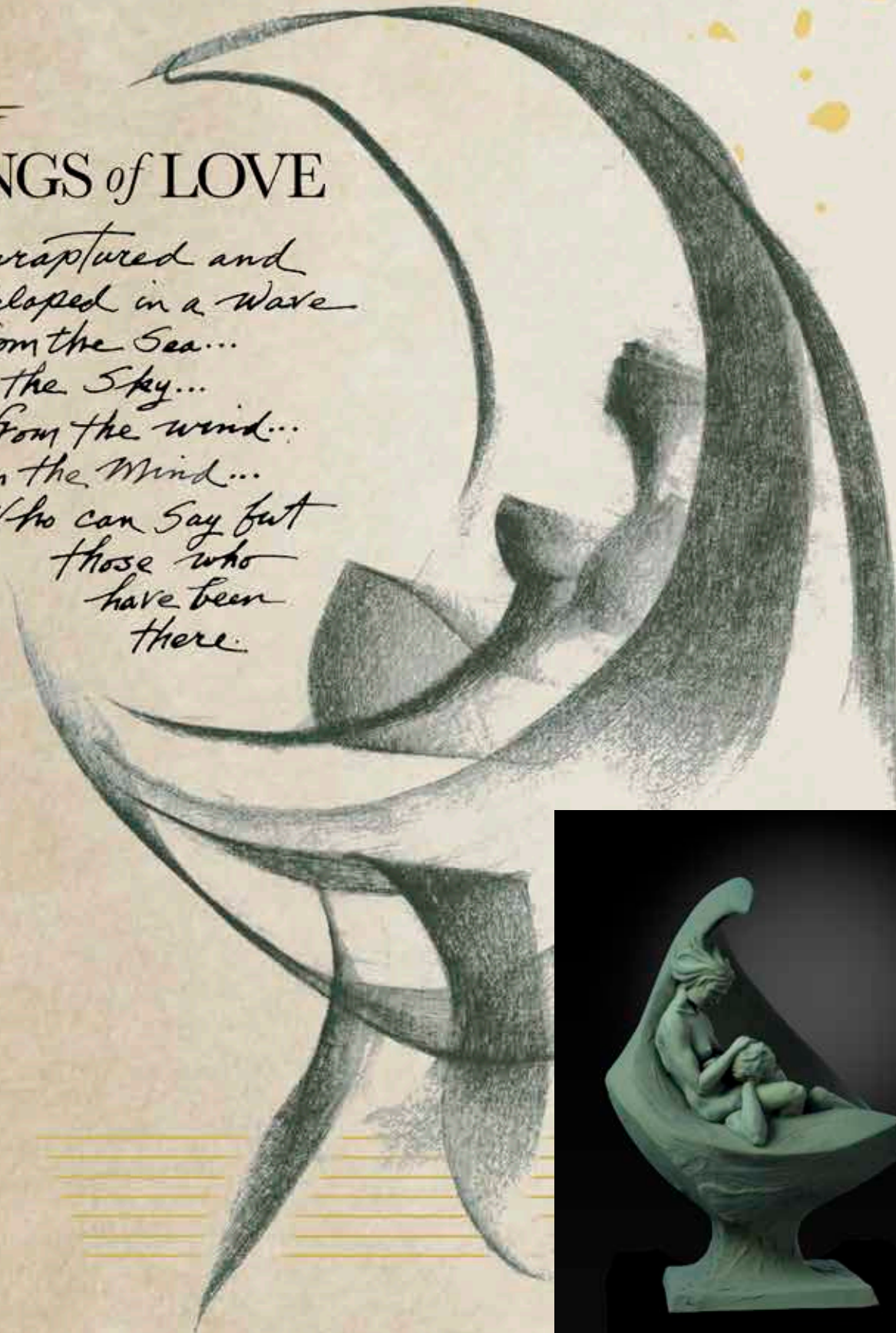
*Is it the wind
or an unspoken
breath we
listen to in the
dark?
Separated by
the invisible
barrier of
night...
we reach across
but cannot
touch...
the only hope
a dream of
flight*





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.*



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...*

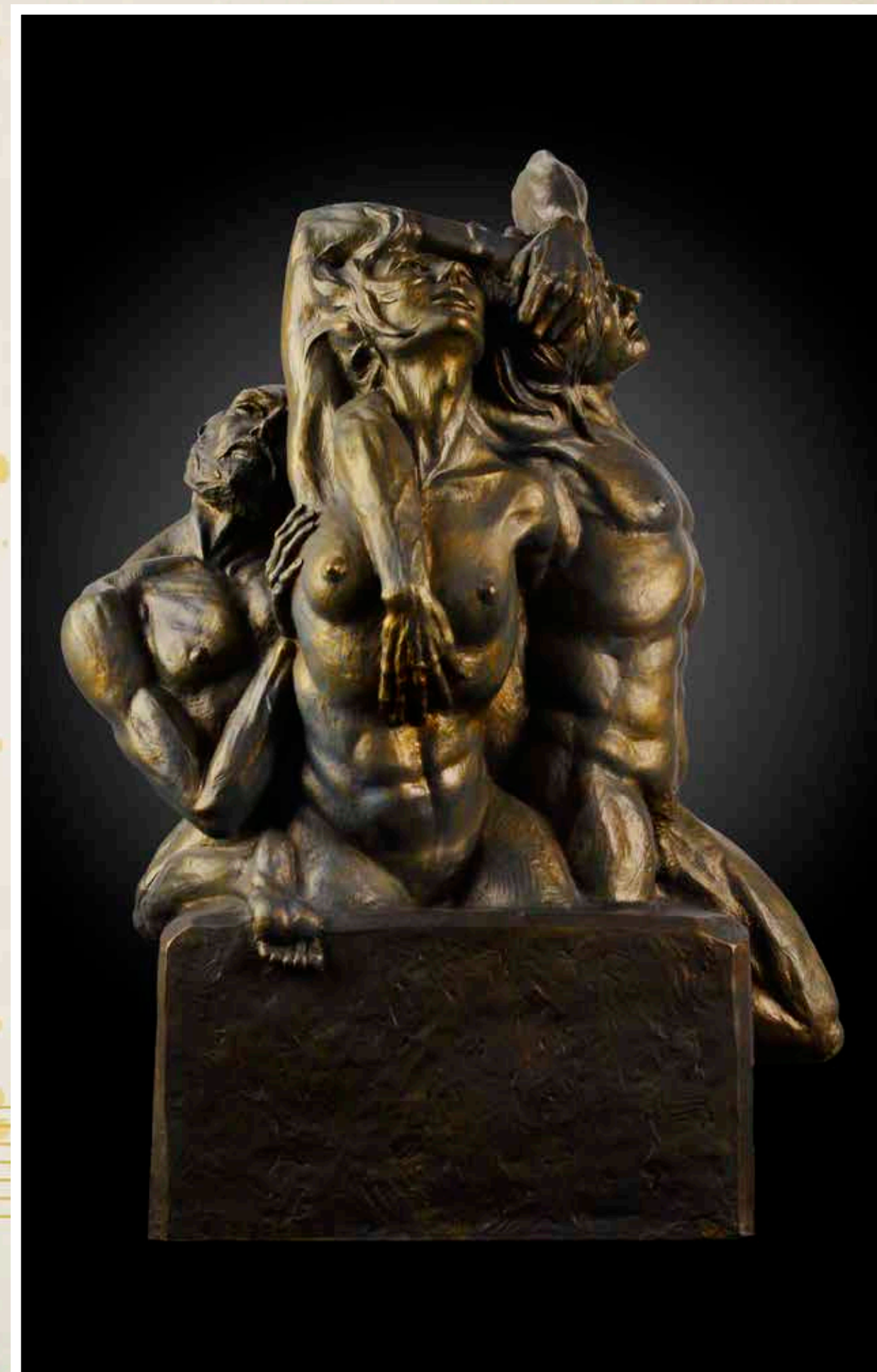


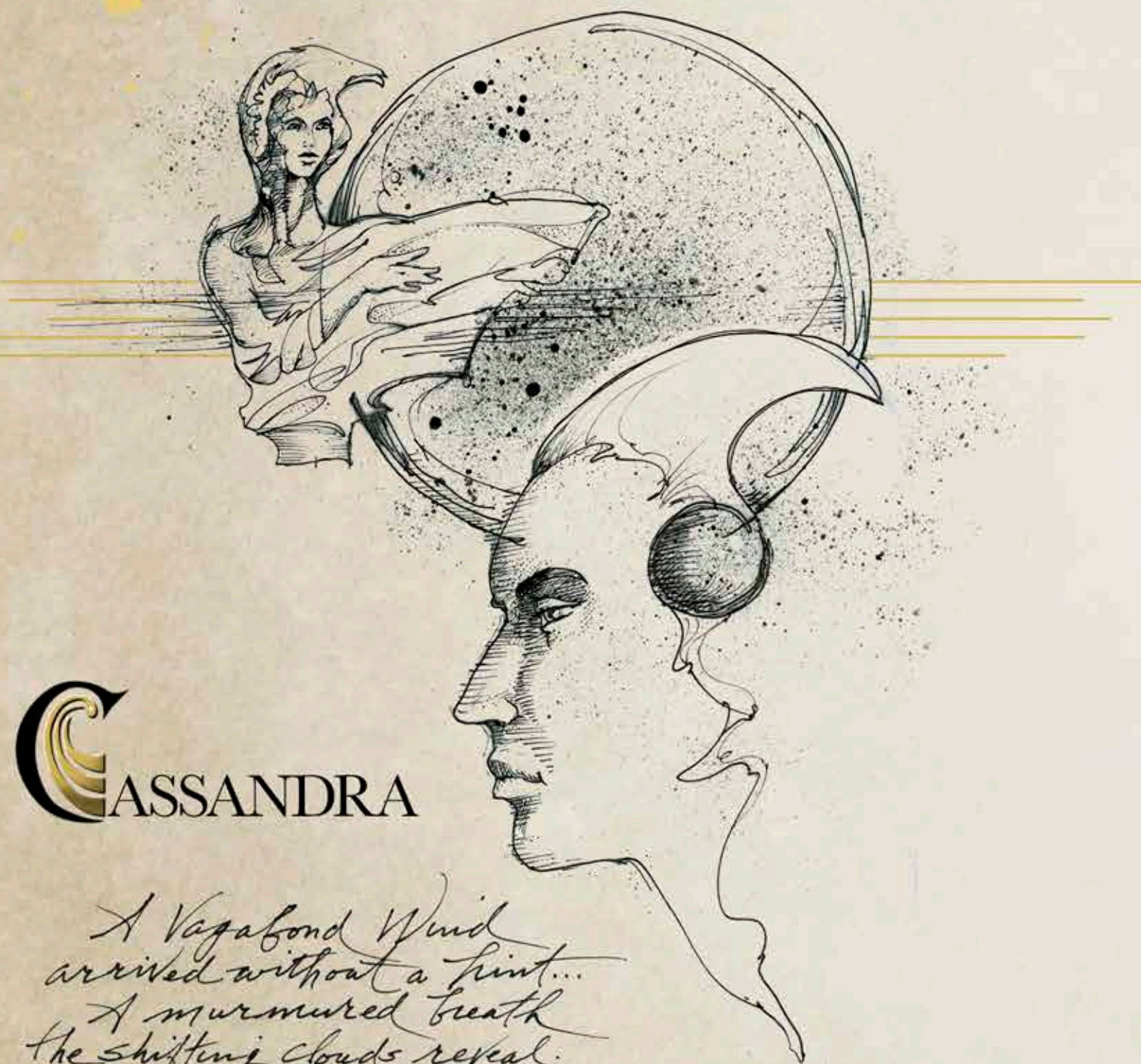


WOVEN

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

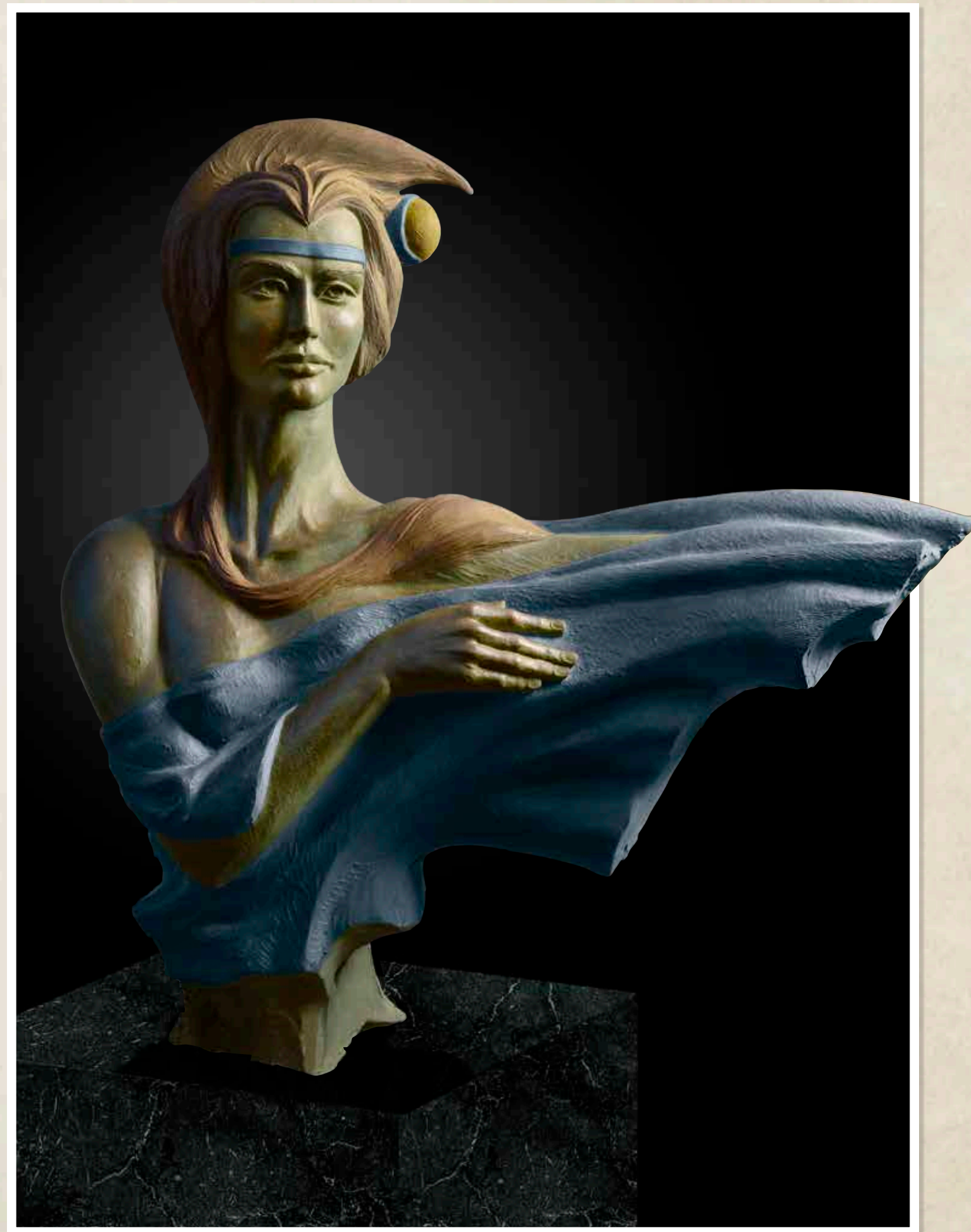
You decide.

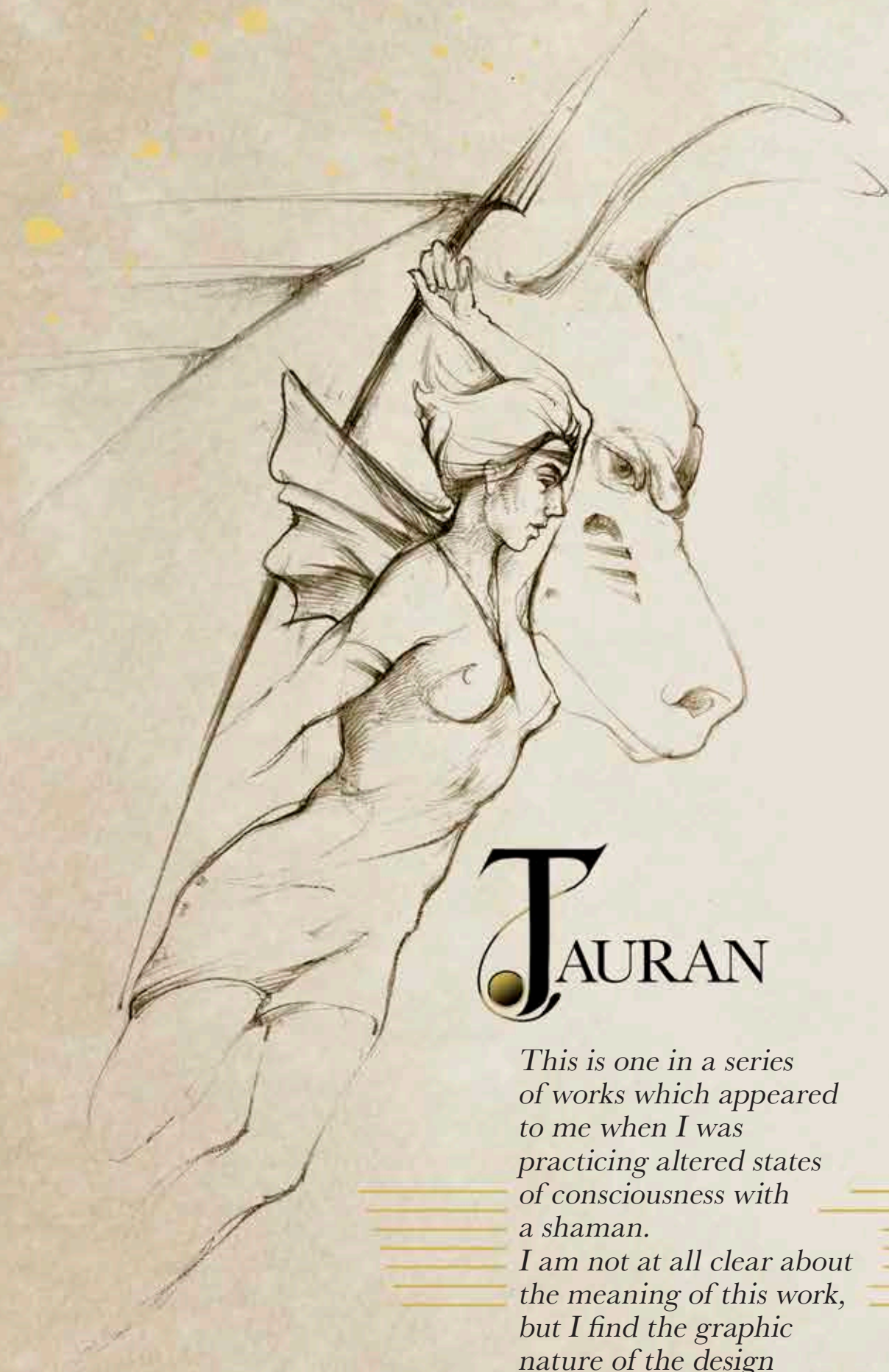




CASSANDRA

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

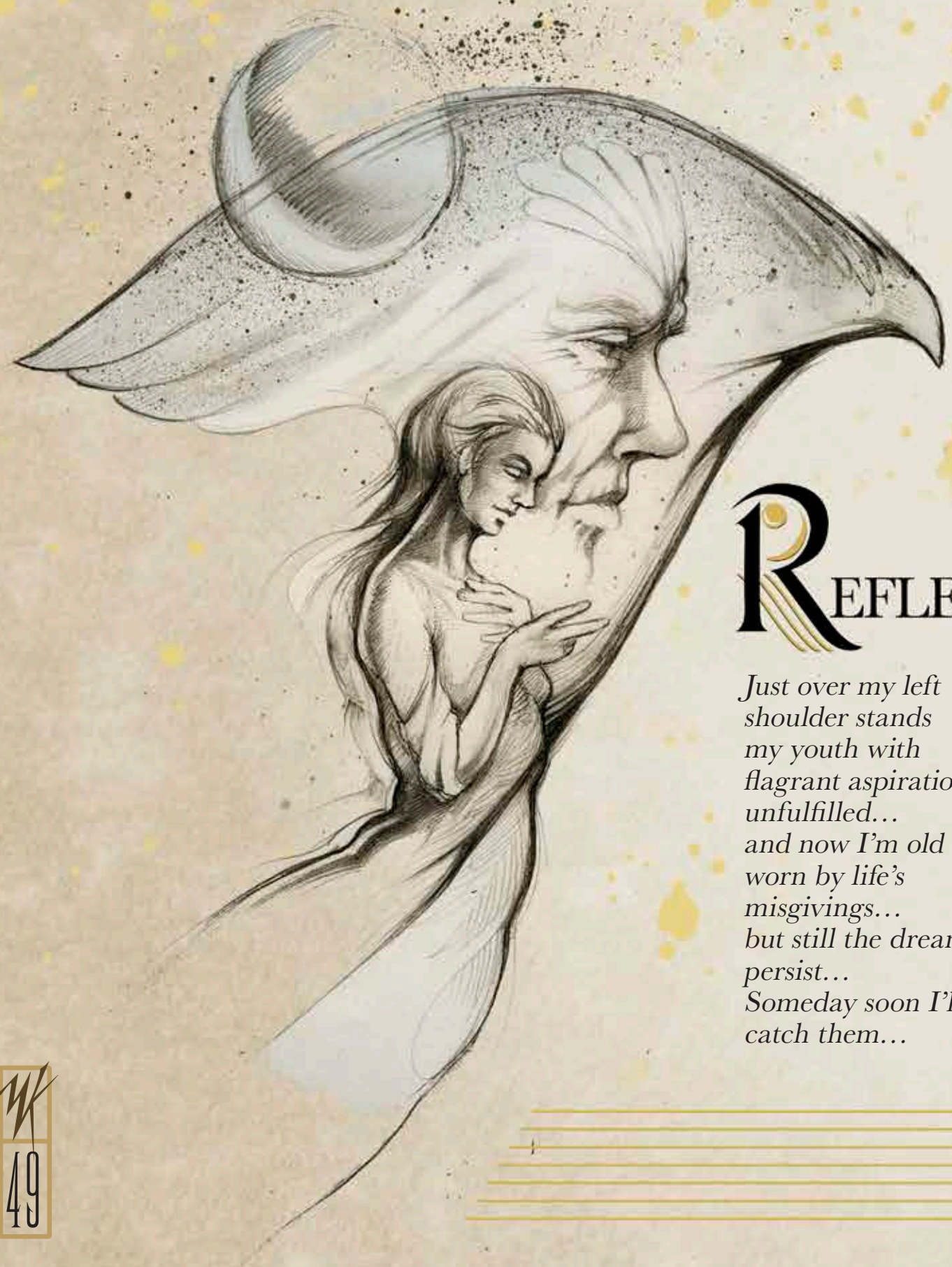




J AURAN

*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.*





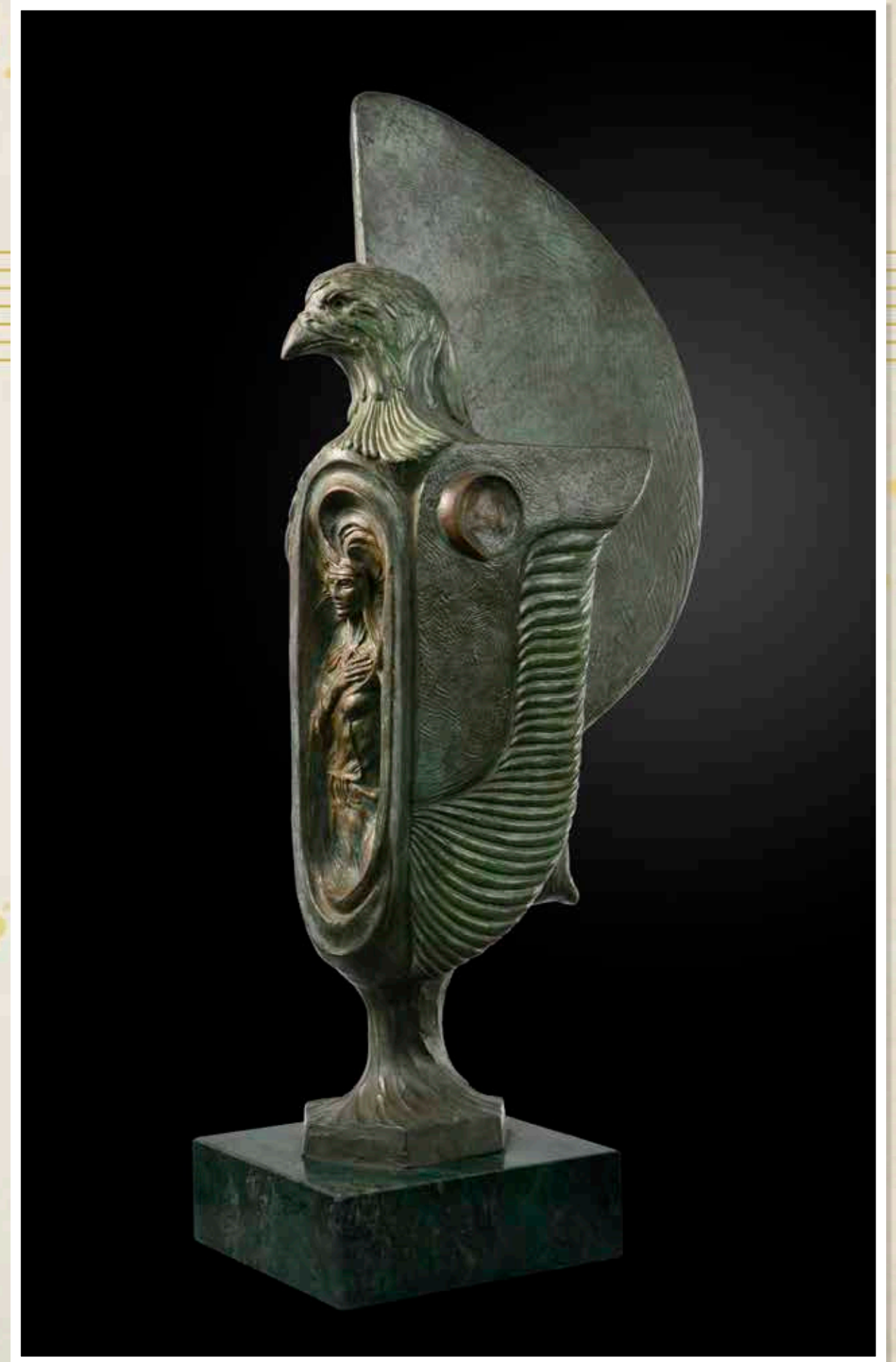
REFLECTION

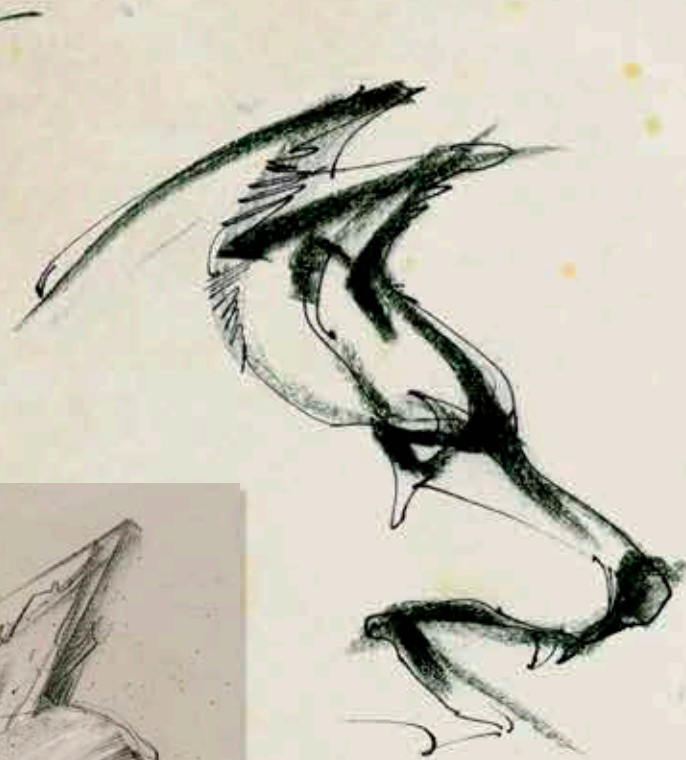
*Just over my left
shoulder stands
my youth with
flagrant aspirations
unfulfilled...
and now I'm old and
worn by life's
misgivings...
but still the dreams
persist...
Someday soon I'll
catch them...*



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...*

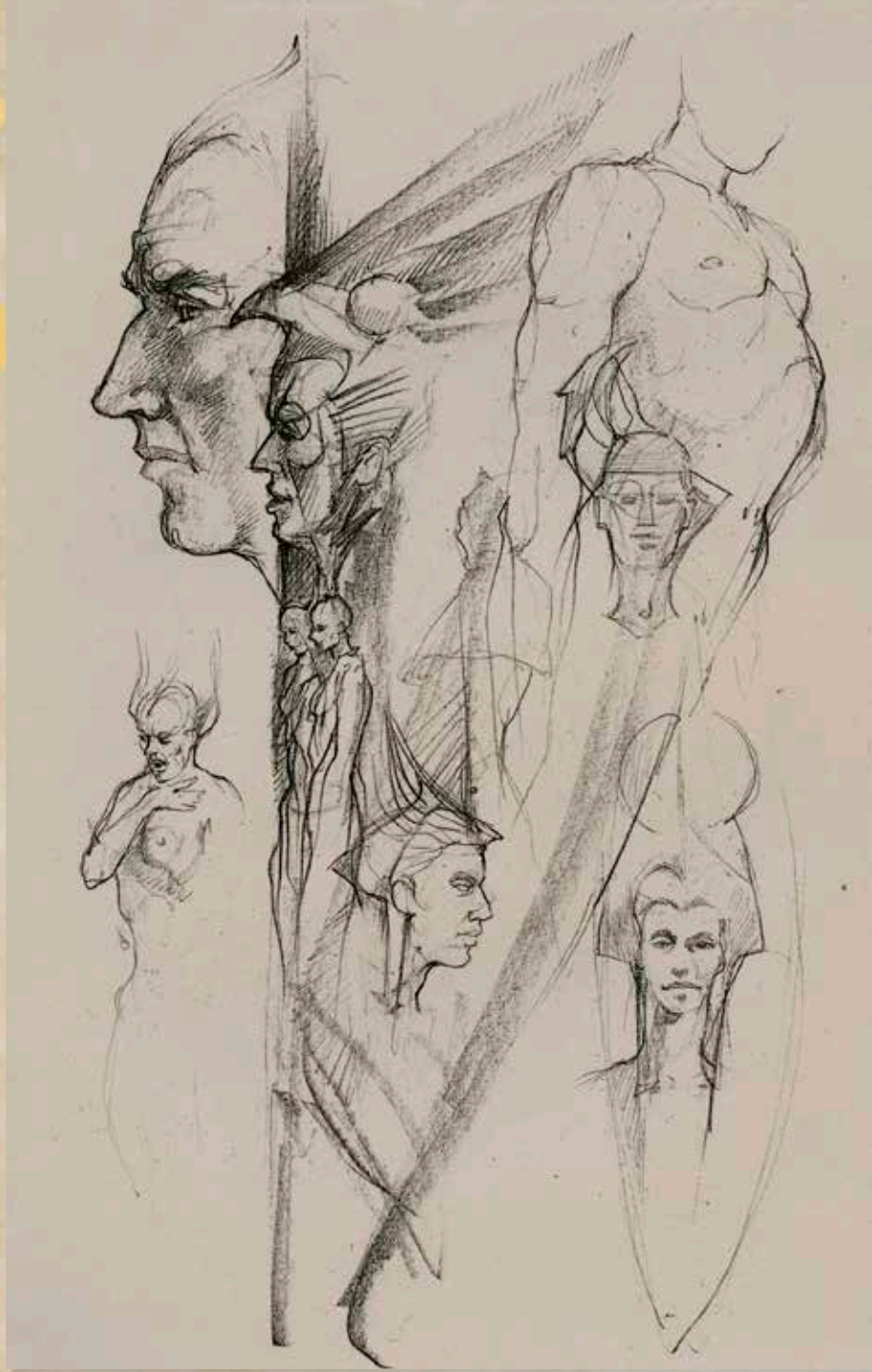




ELECTRUM

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.



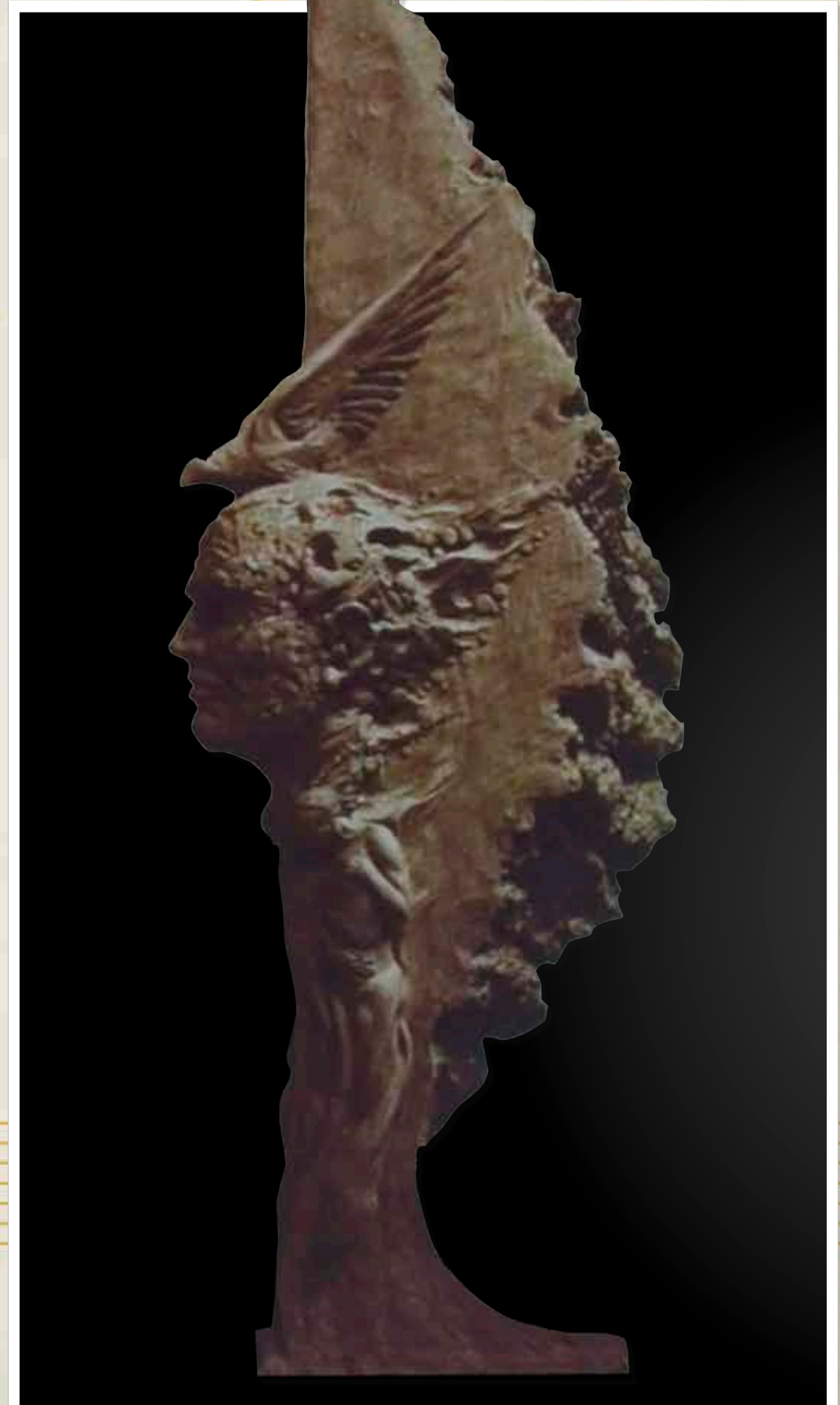


S HALAKO

*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*





KASMIRA

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



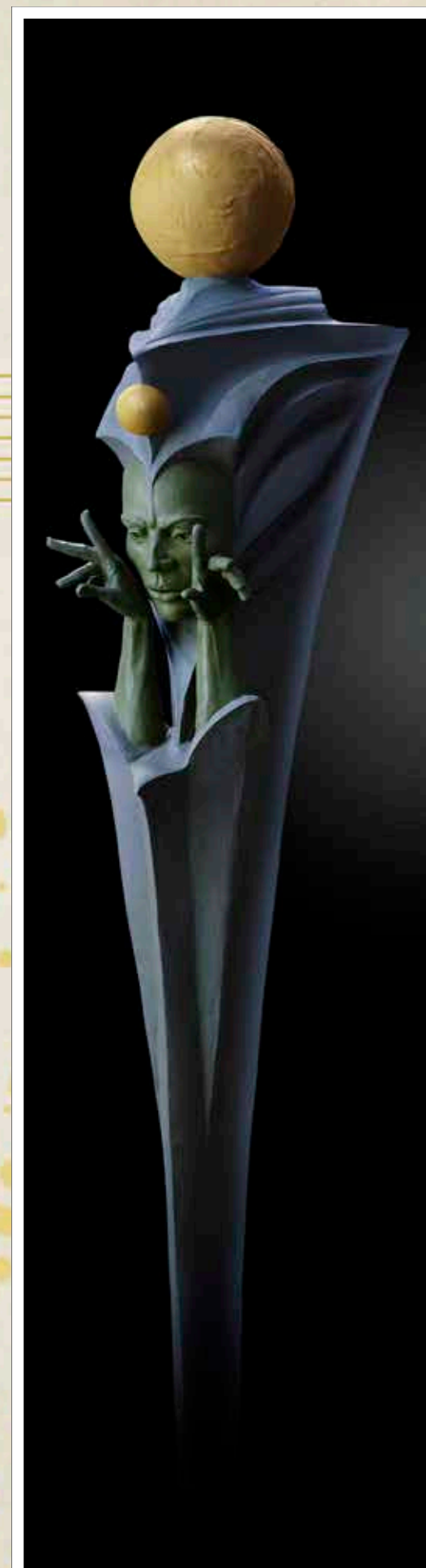
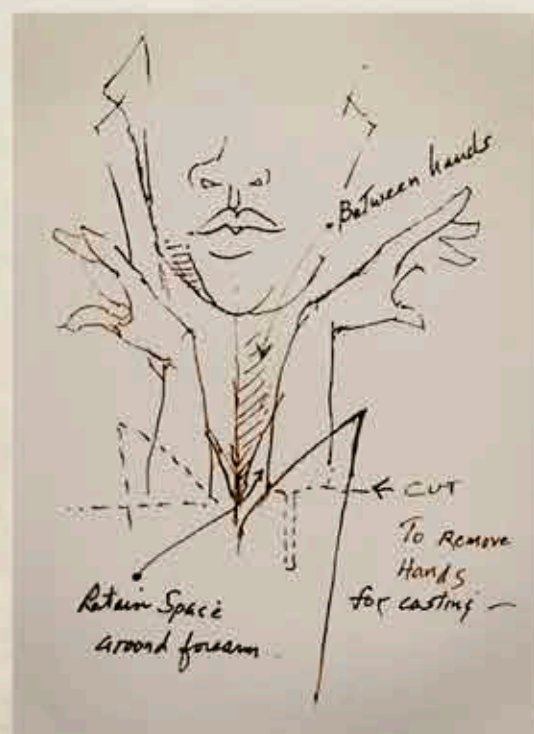
CERES

*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

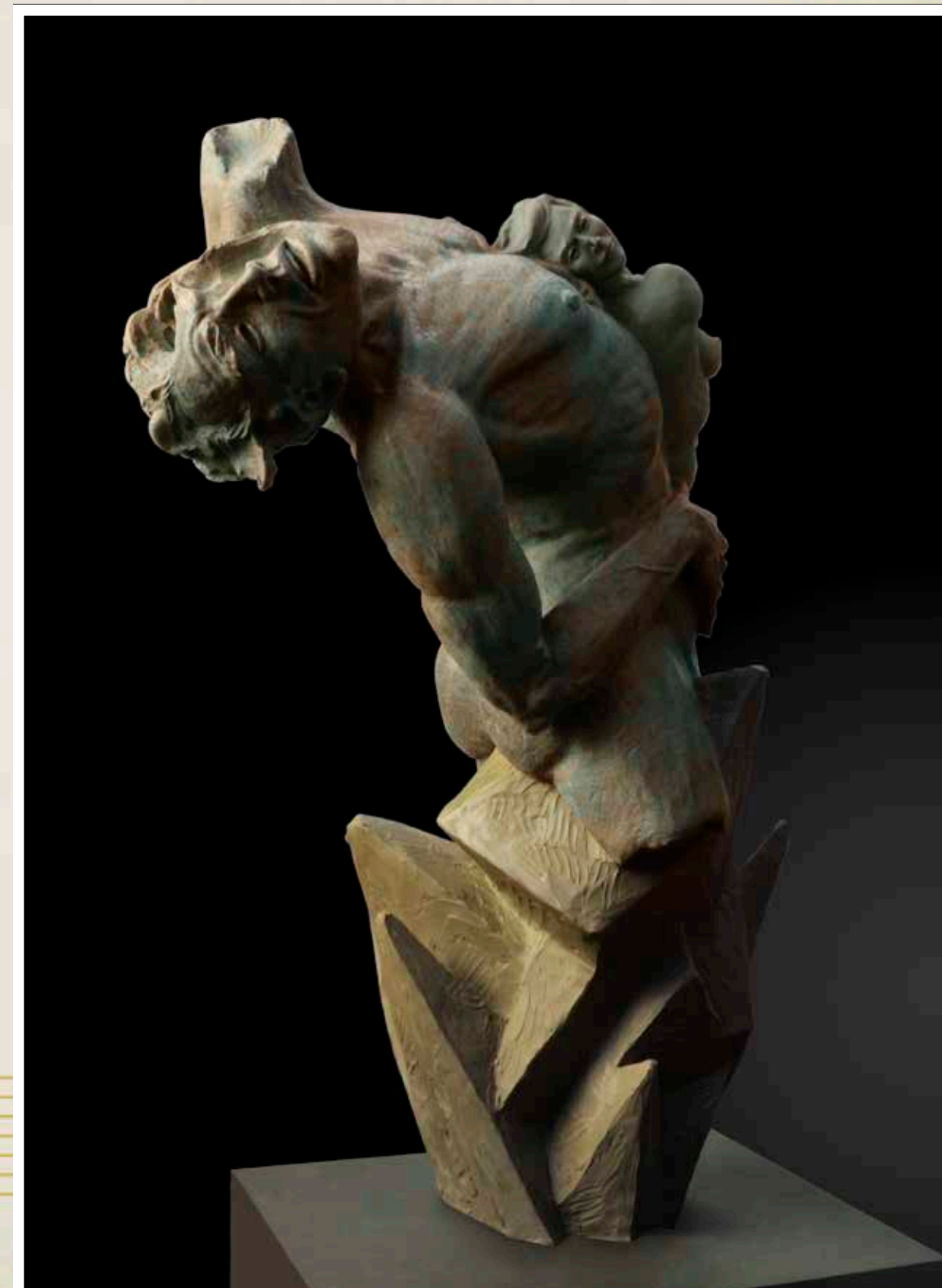
Often the most difficult aspect of exposing my sculpture is attempting to explain it. My work hints at many things but is not necessarily any of them. Is this haunted quality an attempt to give substance to a distant remembrance... or is this the residual effect from some unresolved experience...





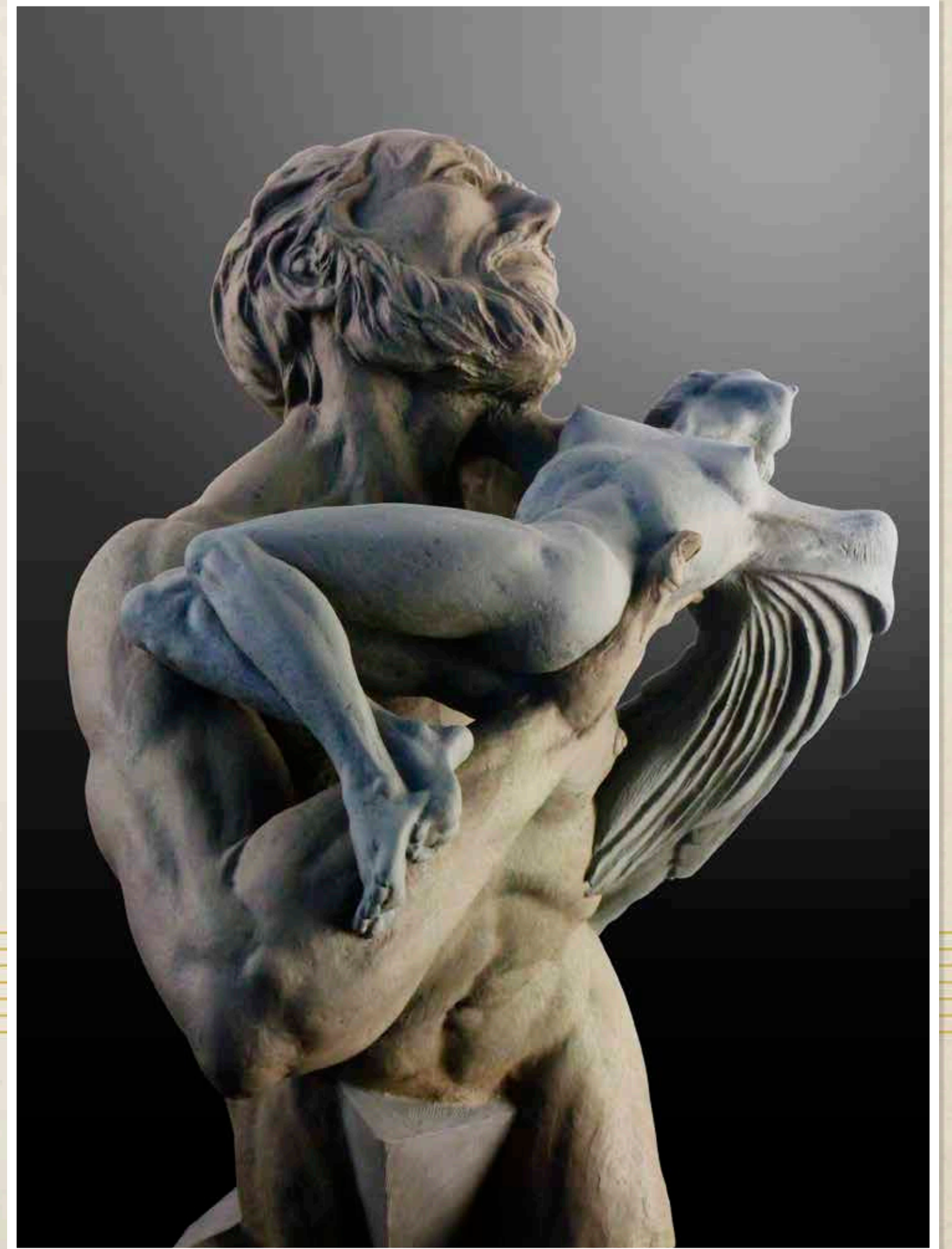
Night Scream

*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...*



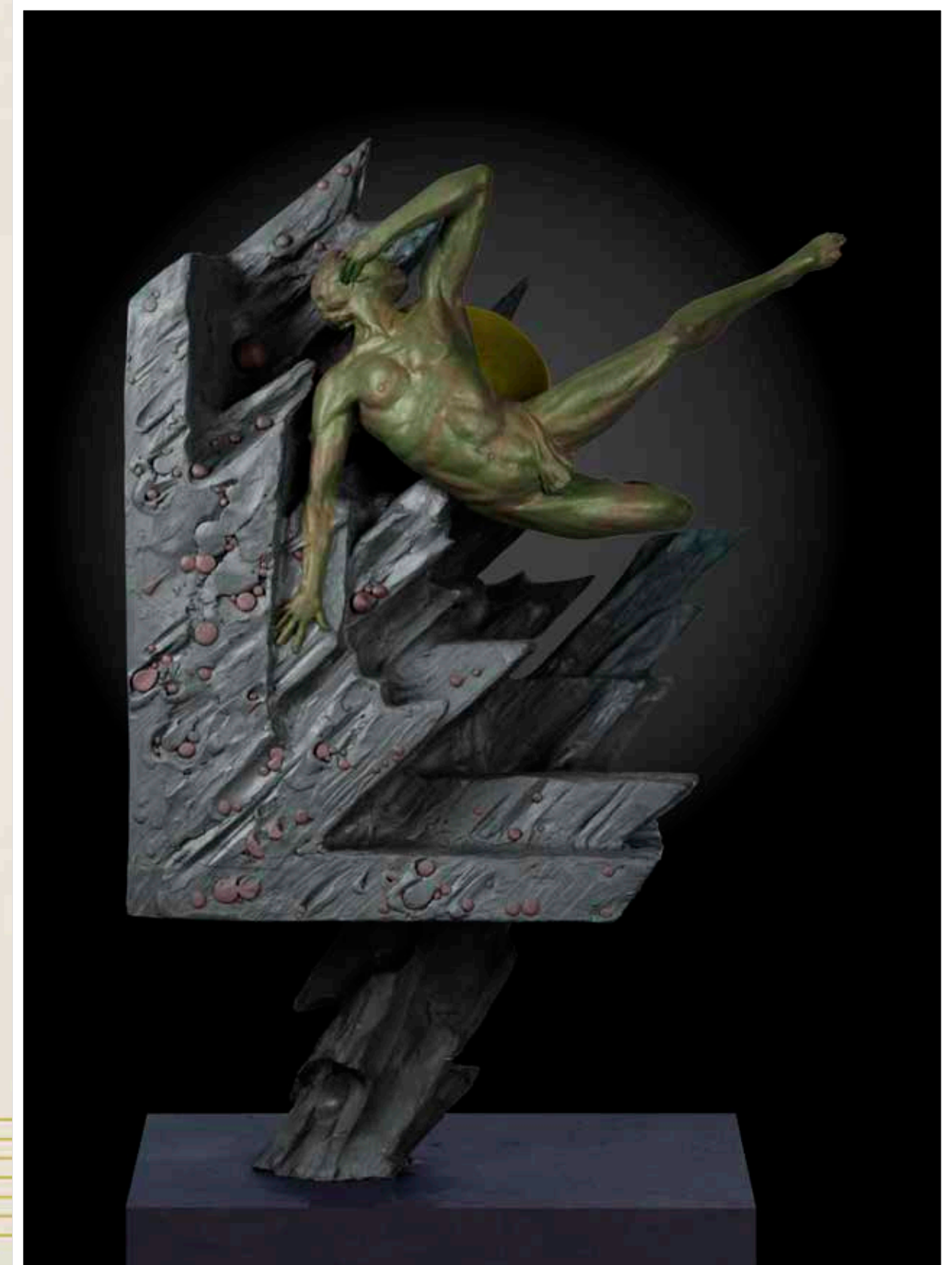
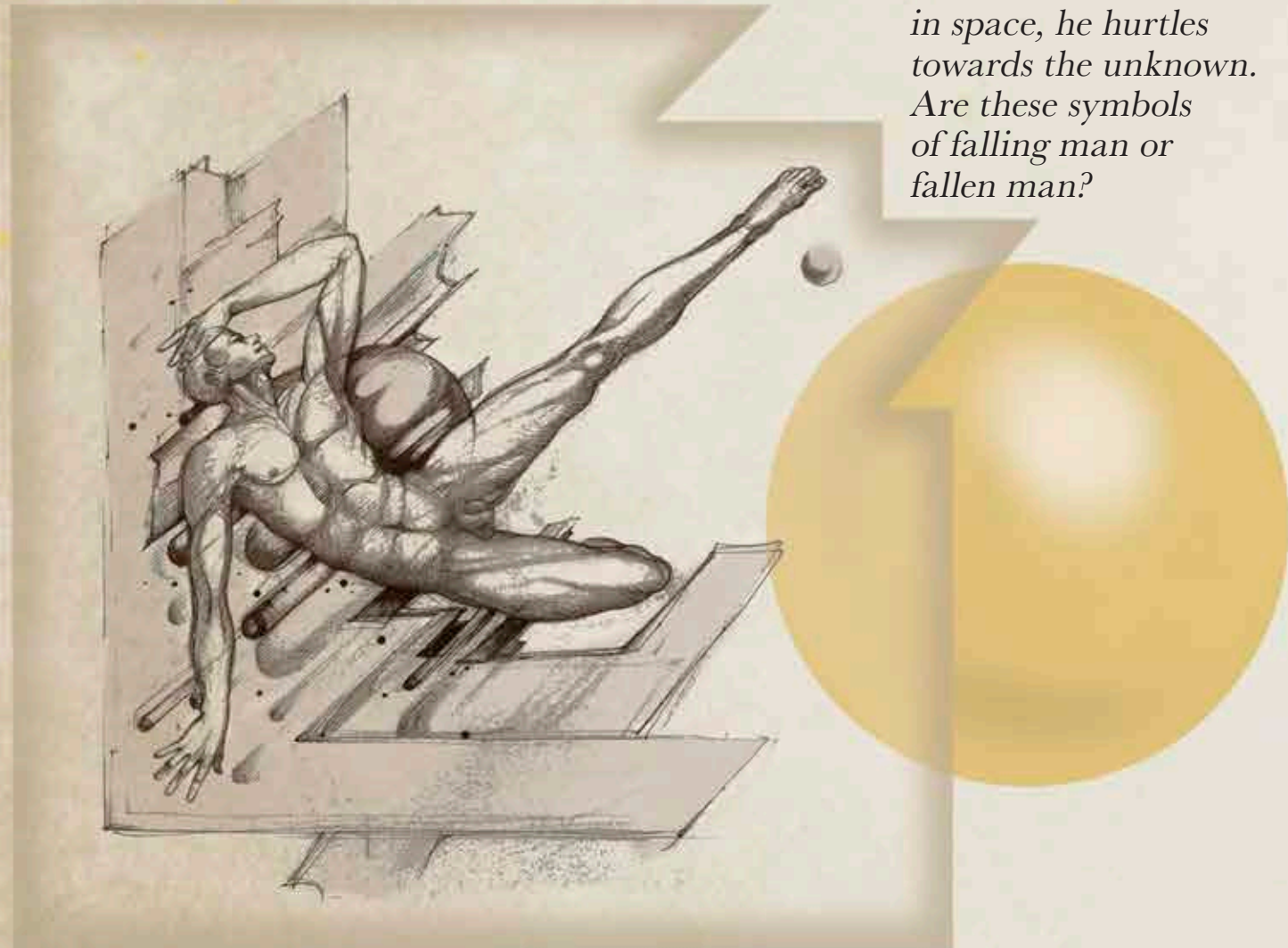
Surrogata

*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...*



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?*





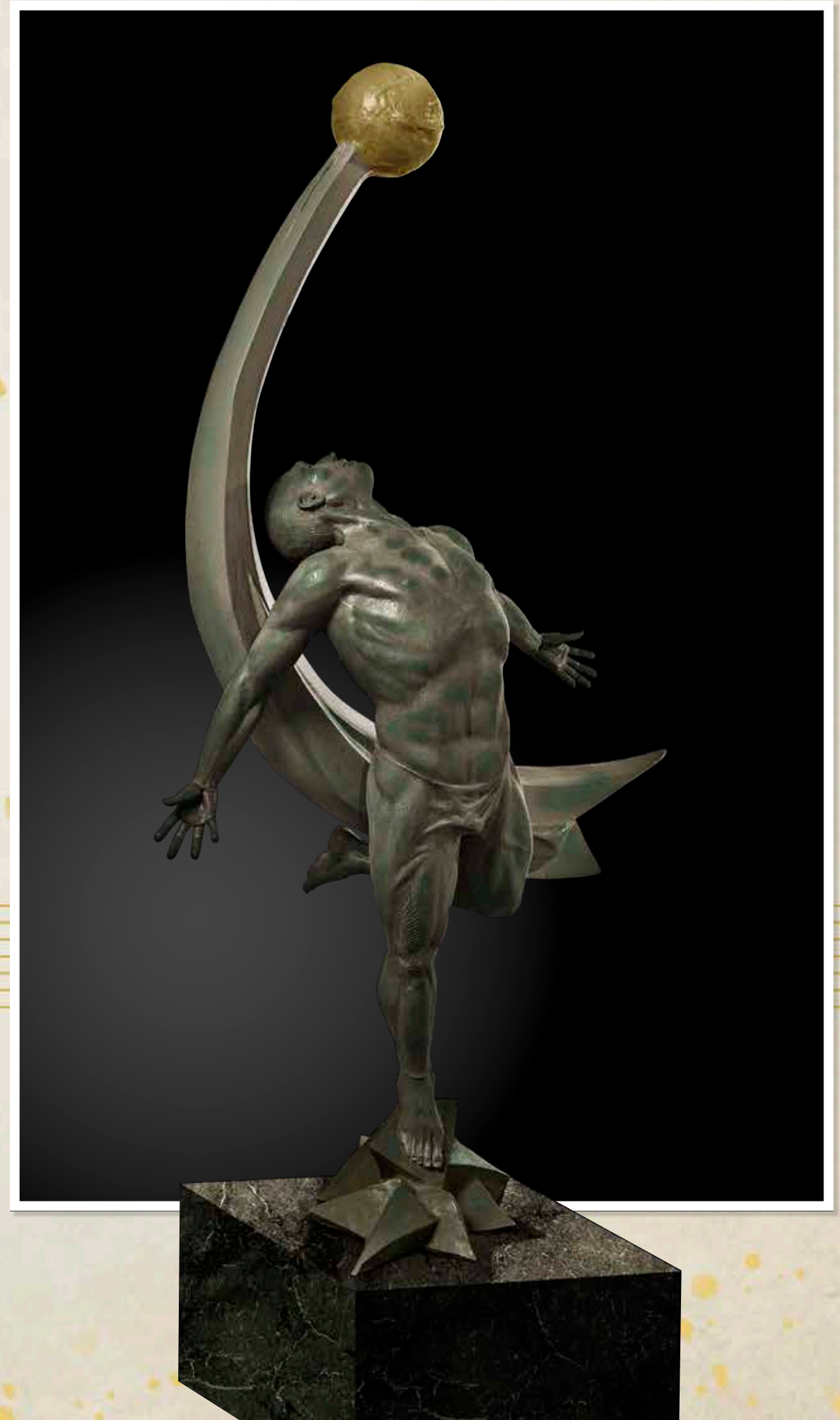
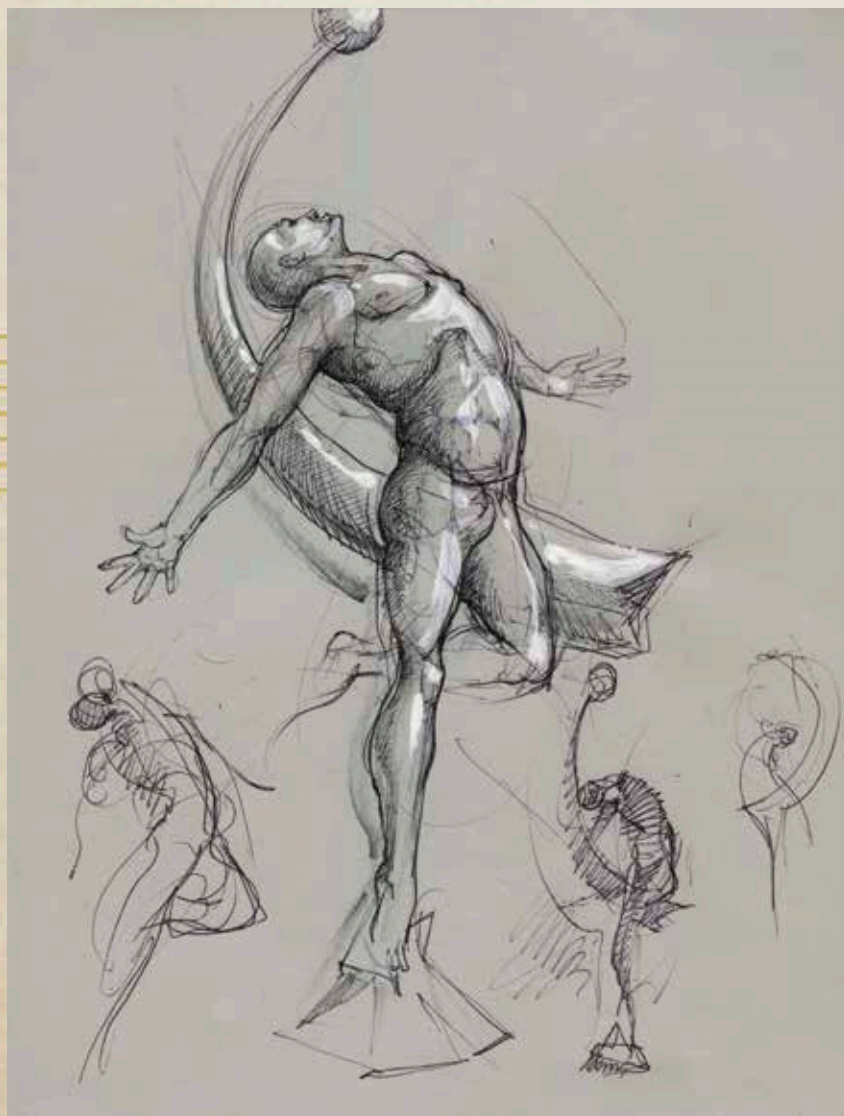
Icarus

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

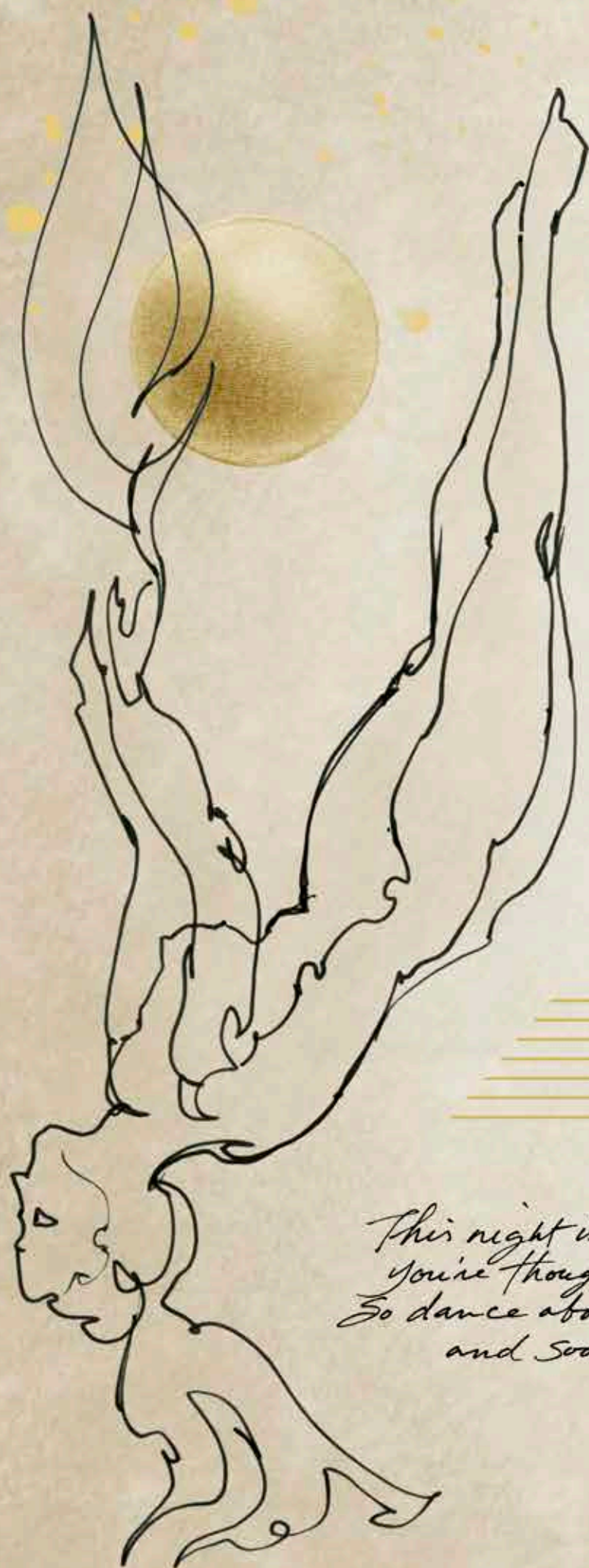
*At dawn... the mist aglow...
vapor from the night
dissipating like a bad dream...
he toes the line.
arched back in the
realization of the unattainable,
he watches the orb of light
evade his grasp...
his vigilant gaze clouds
into the ethos.*



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.*

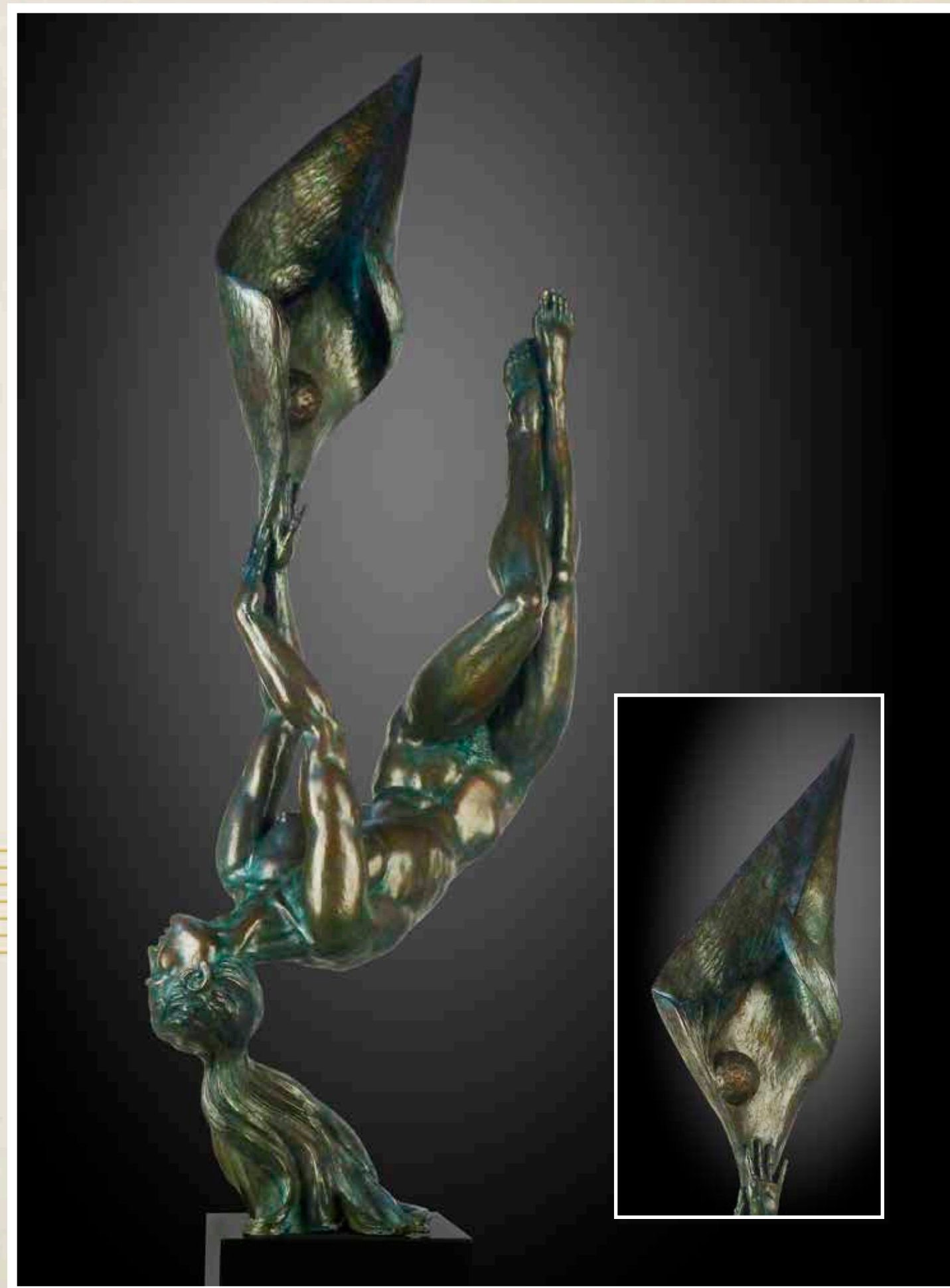


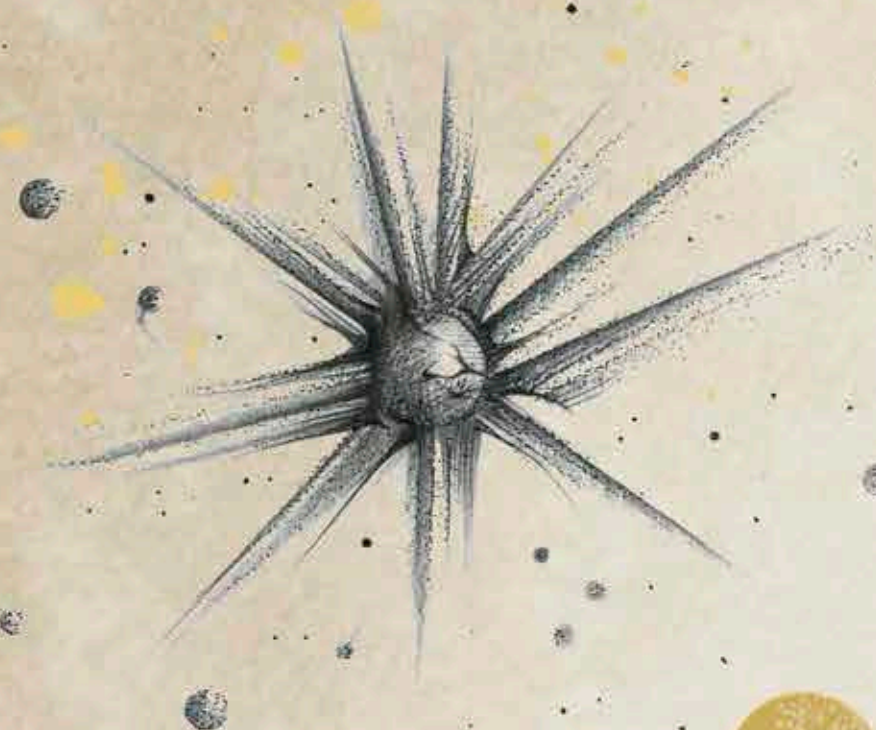


CYBELE

*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*





INCEPTION

*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*

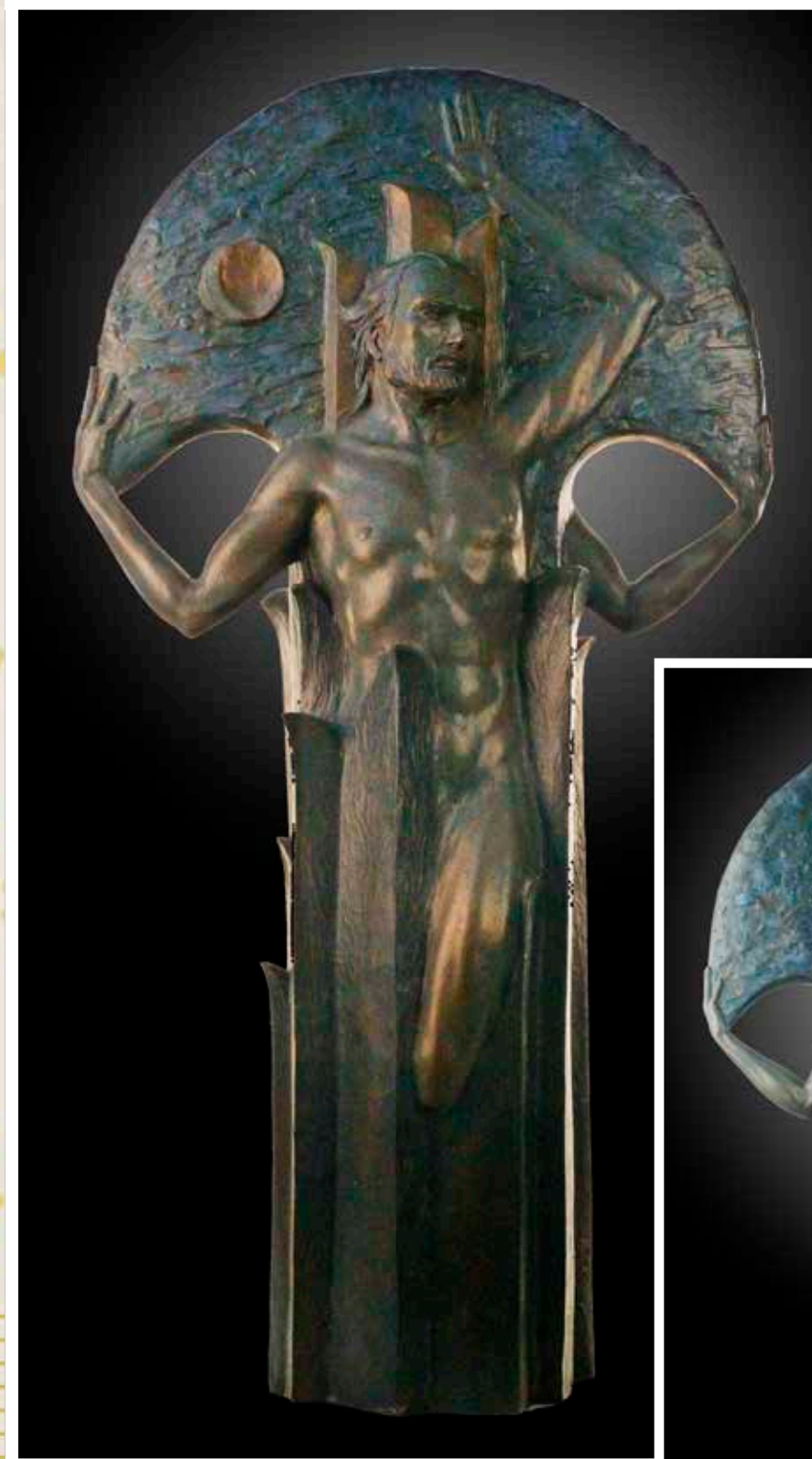


MONDIAL

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...*

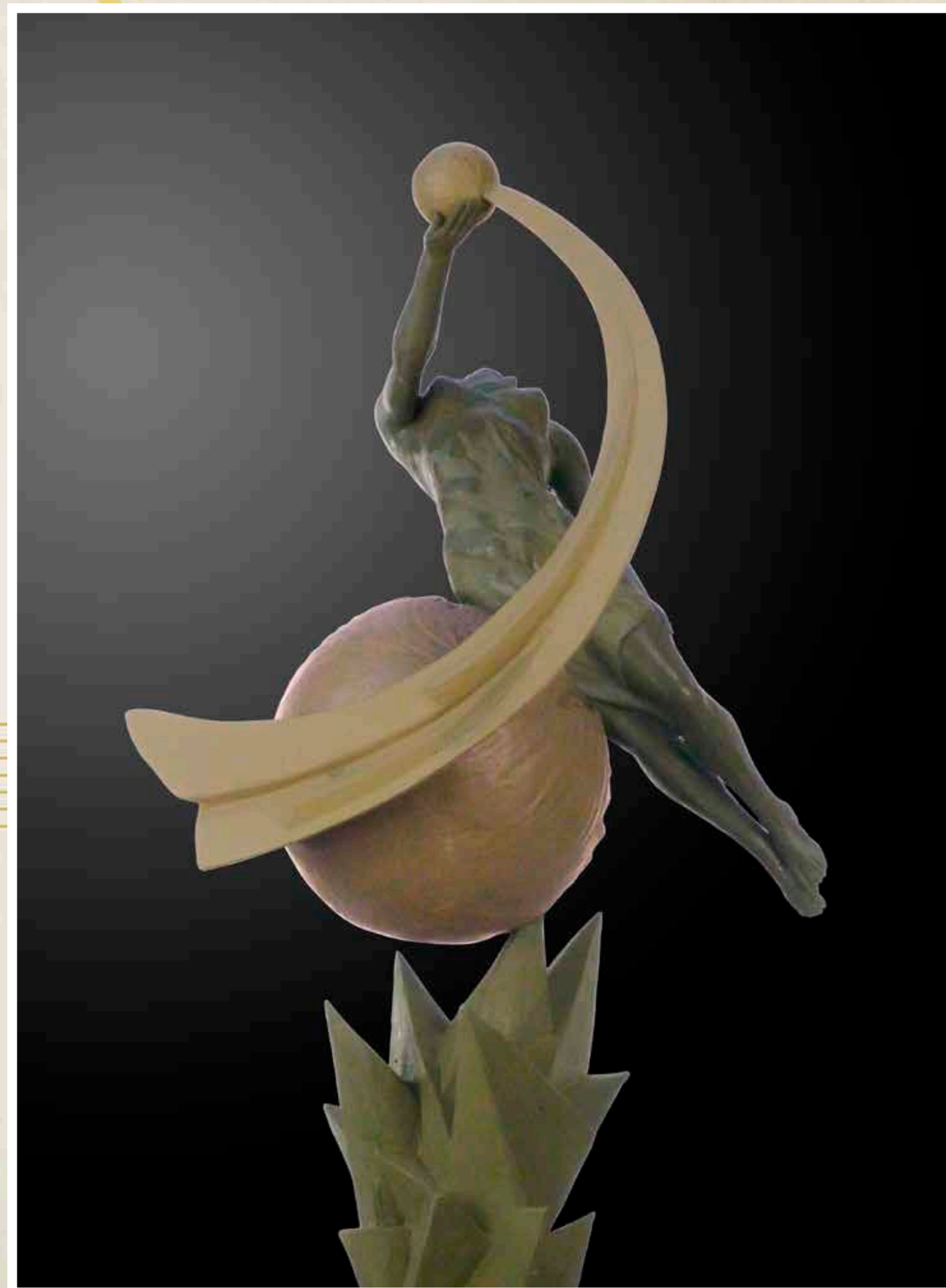
Is he throwing or riding a thunderbolt?





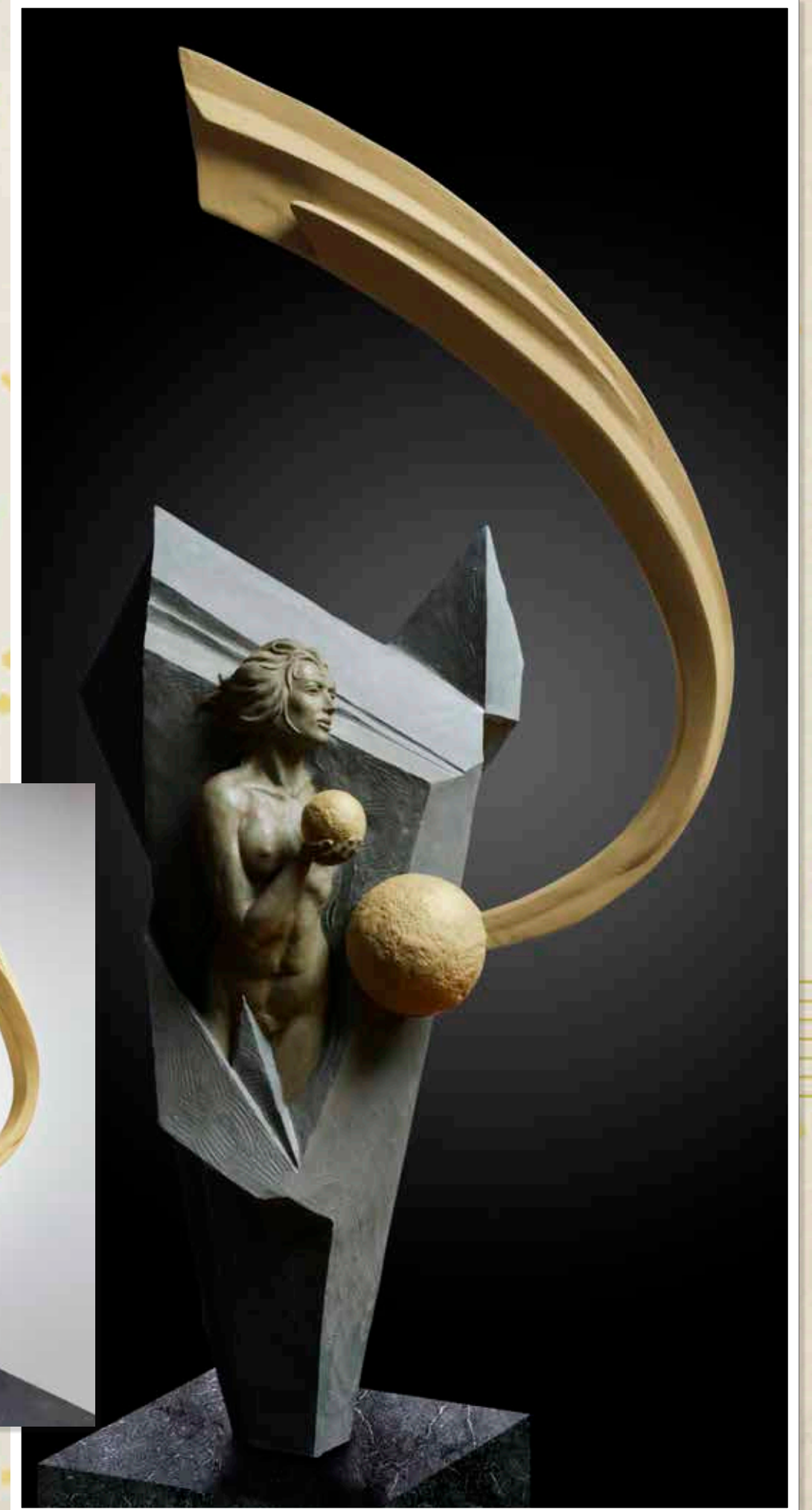
ENTROPHY

*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.*



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...*

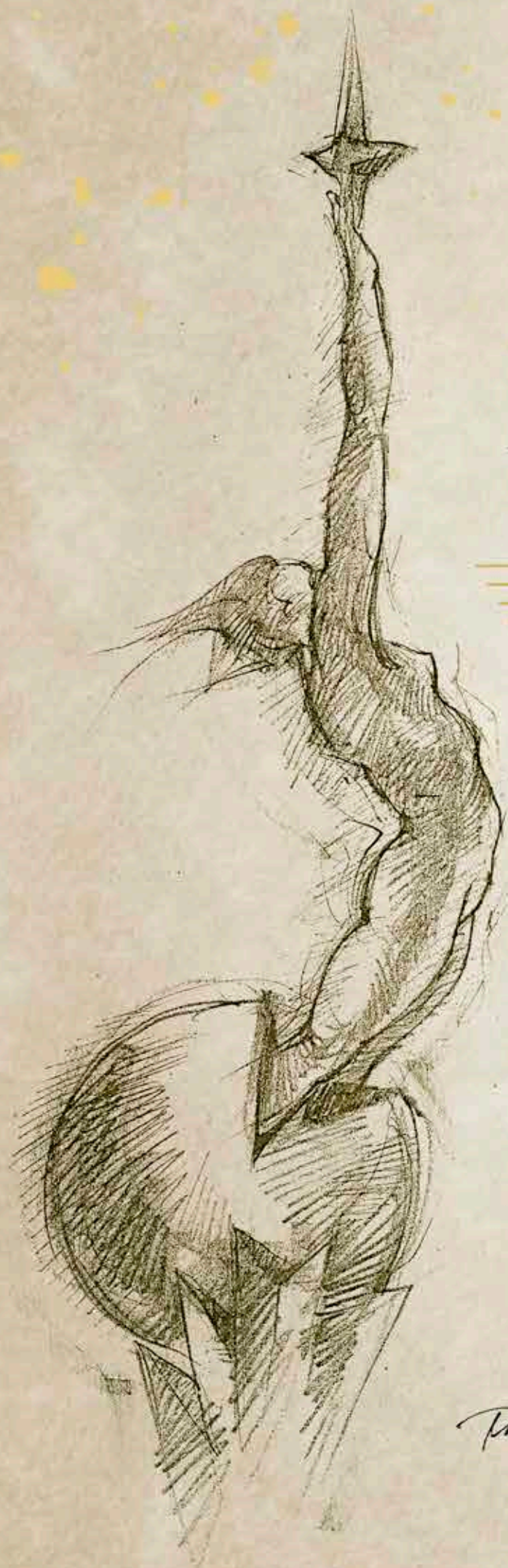




RADIANT

*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.*

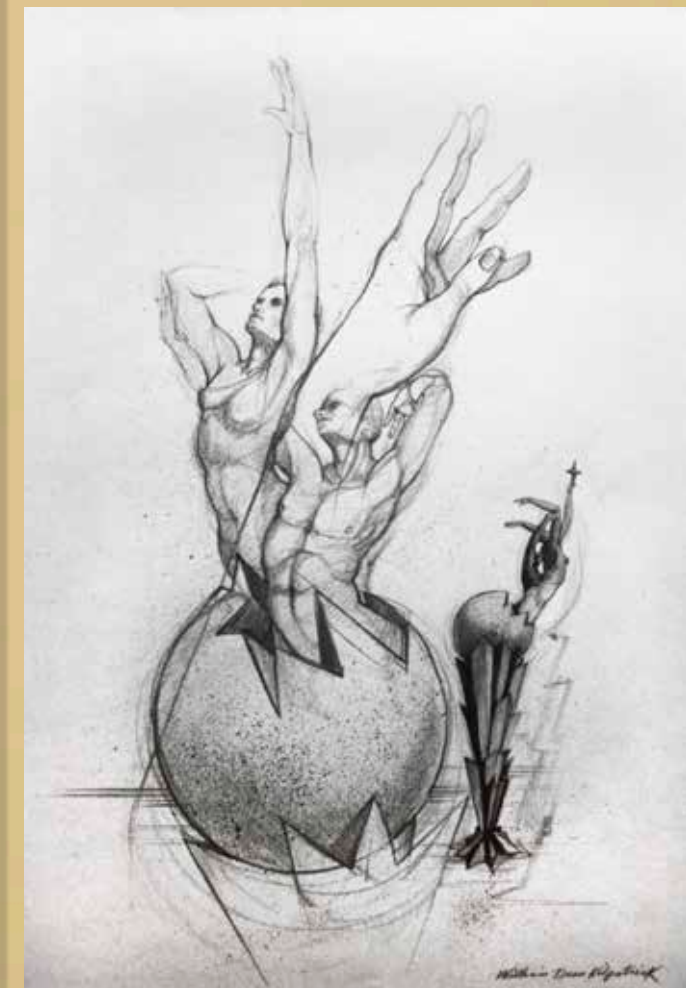




E MERGENCE

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?





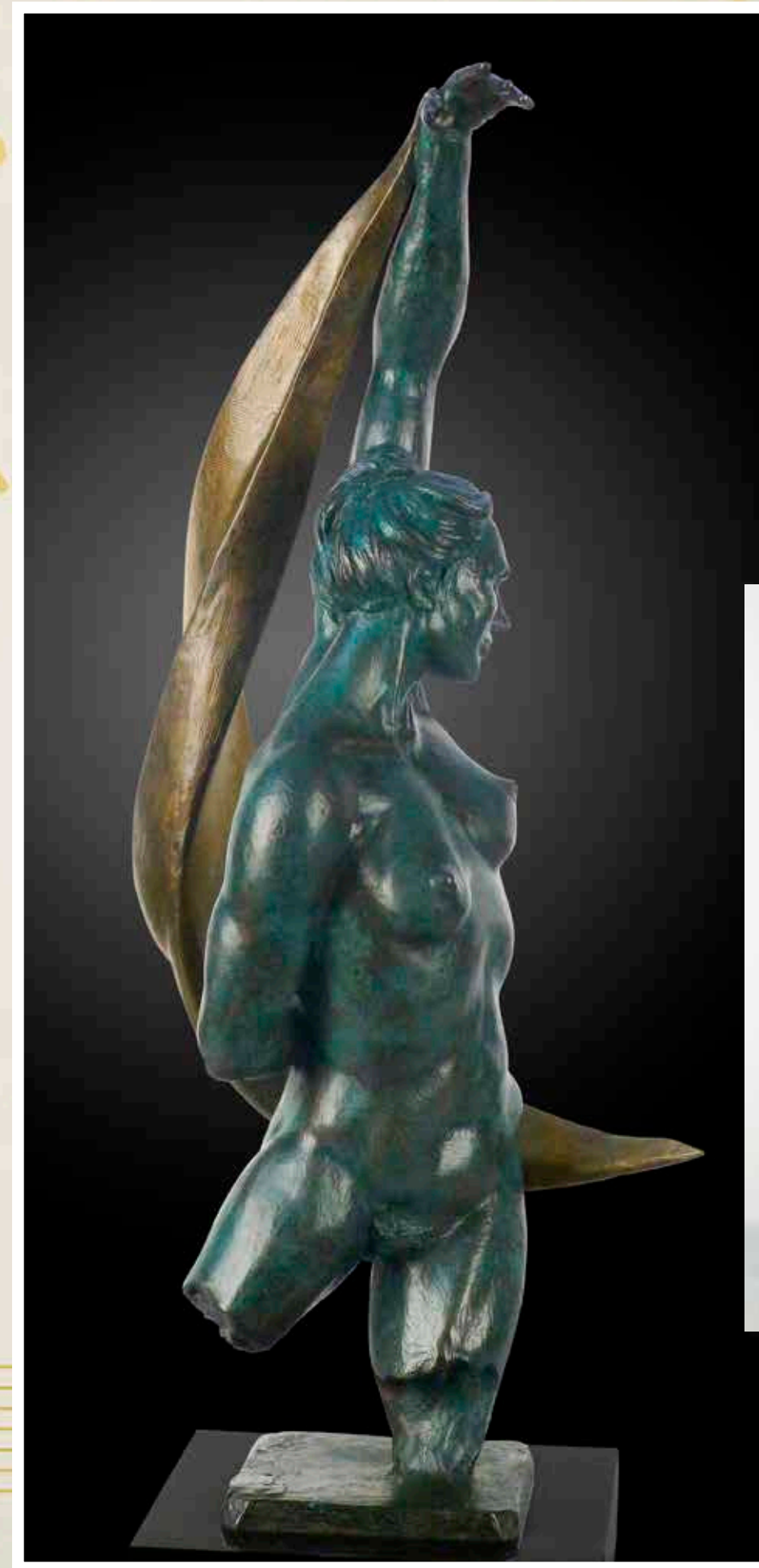
T EMPEST

*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.*

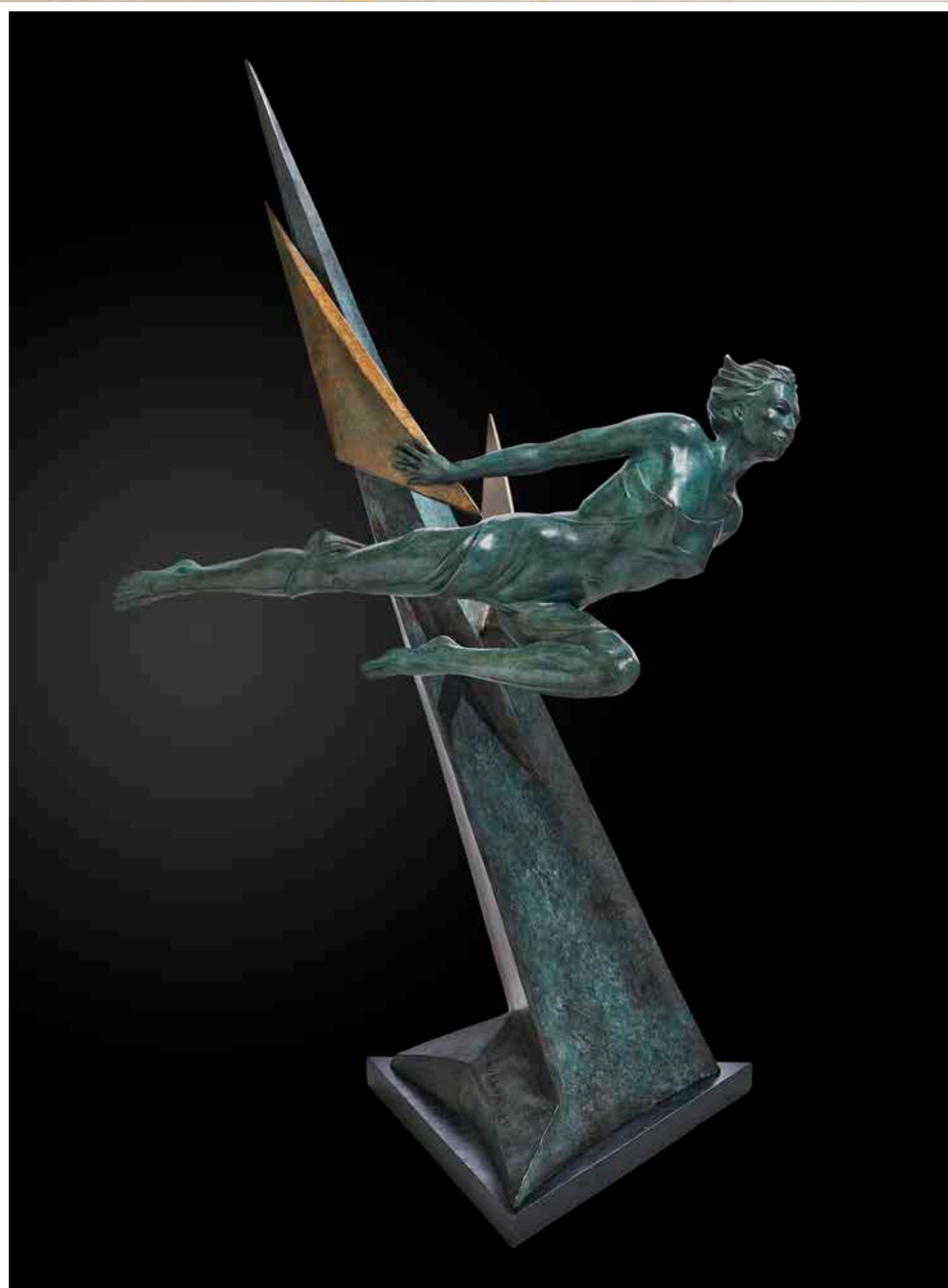


NEBULAE

*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.*



The sheer joy of wading into the pool of uncertainty



AURORAE

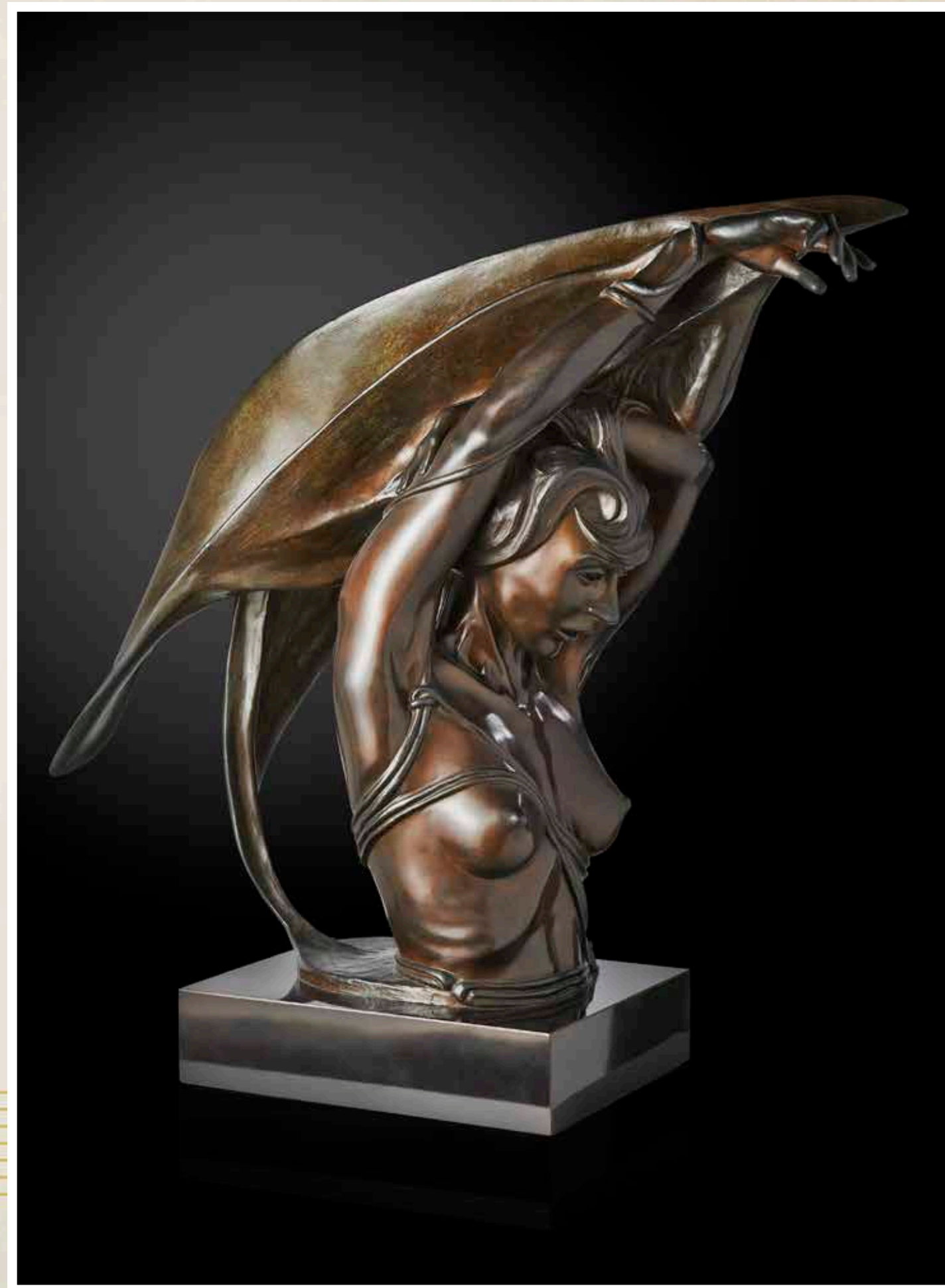
*It's been
a tough winter.
Each night the winds
plaintive wail beckons.
should I travel
on such a night?
Sudden,
shards of ice
pierce the stormy sky...
as wings that ride
the howling winds...
she rides the currents
of the Northern Lights
in her endless search.*



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*

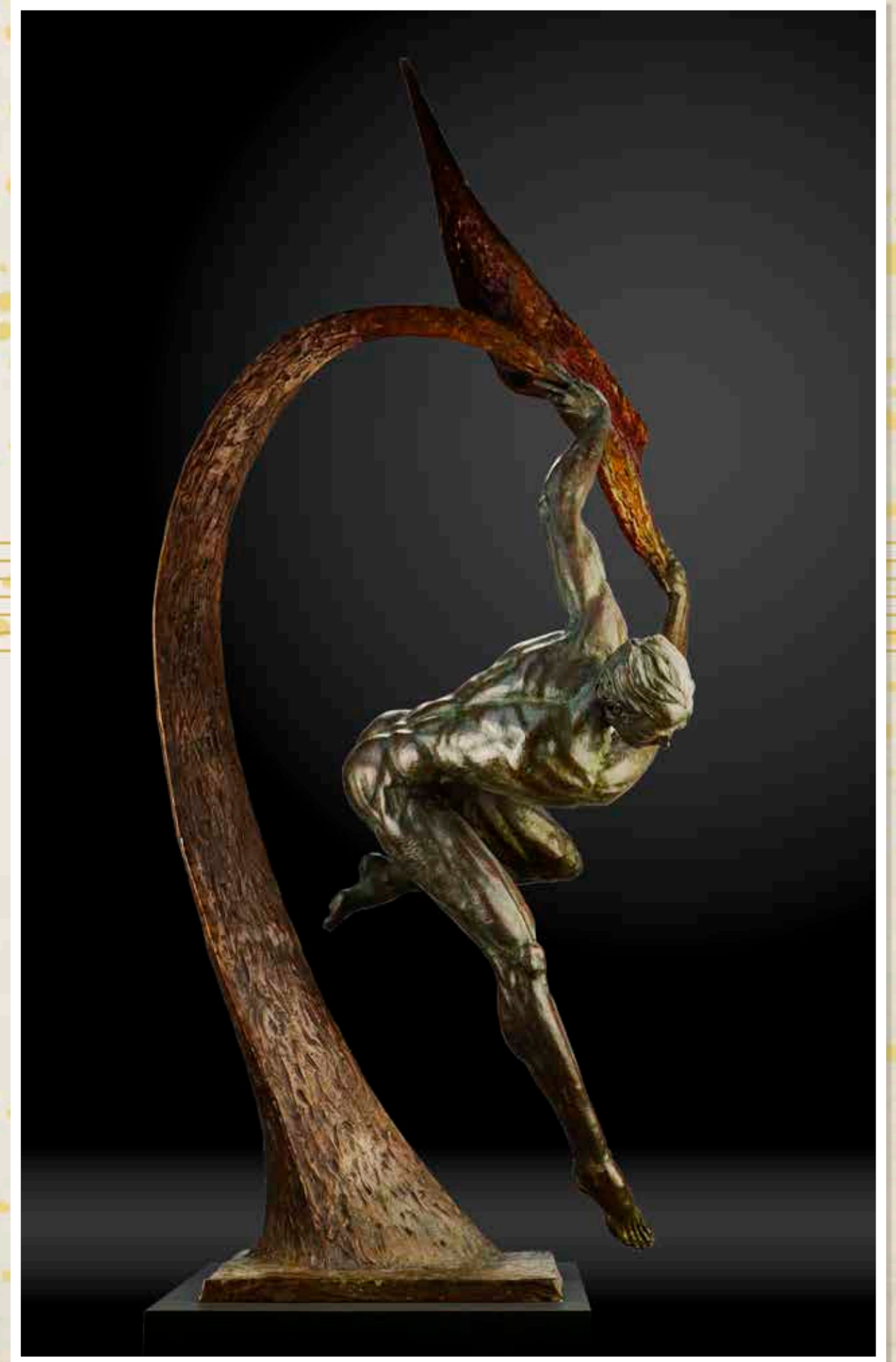
 LIBERTAS





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

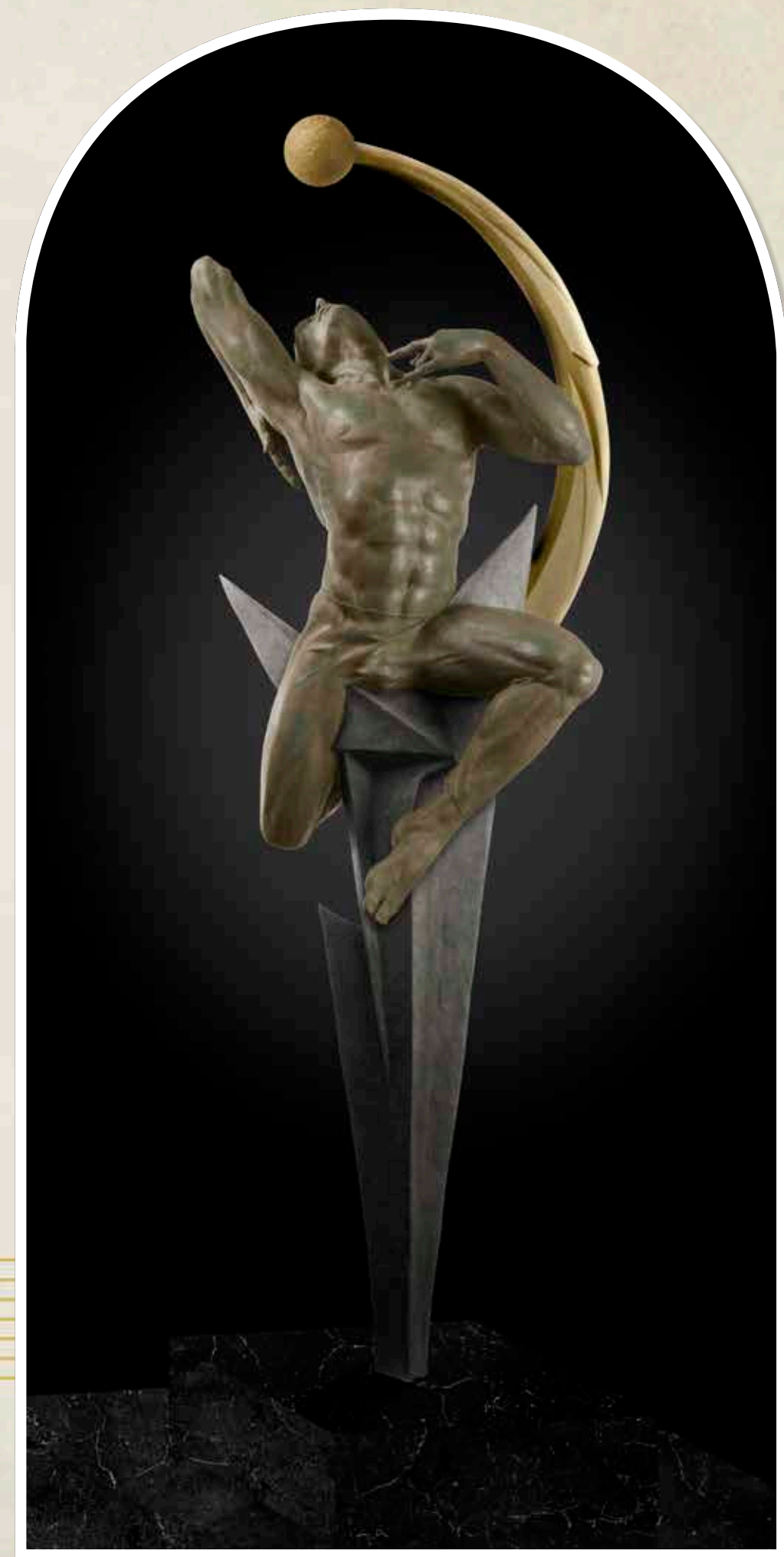
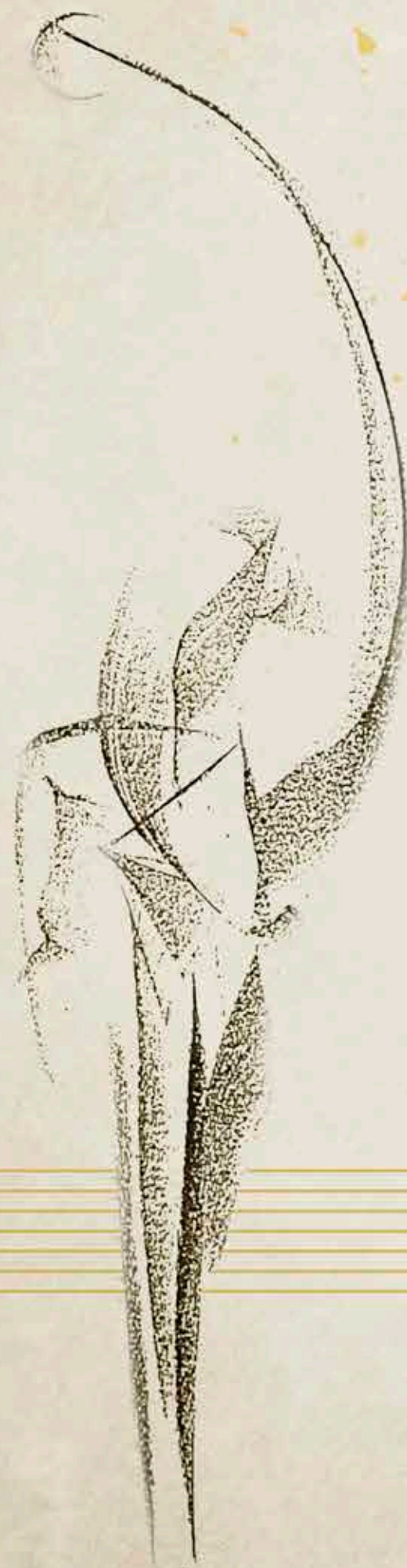
In Greek mythology there is a story about an ivory statue of a maiden who is brought to life by Aphrodite. This was in answer to the plea of the sculptor Pygmalion, who had fallen in love with his own creation.





MELERON

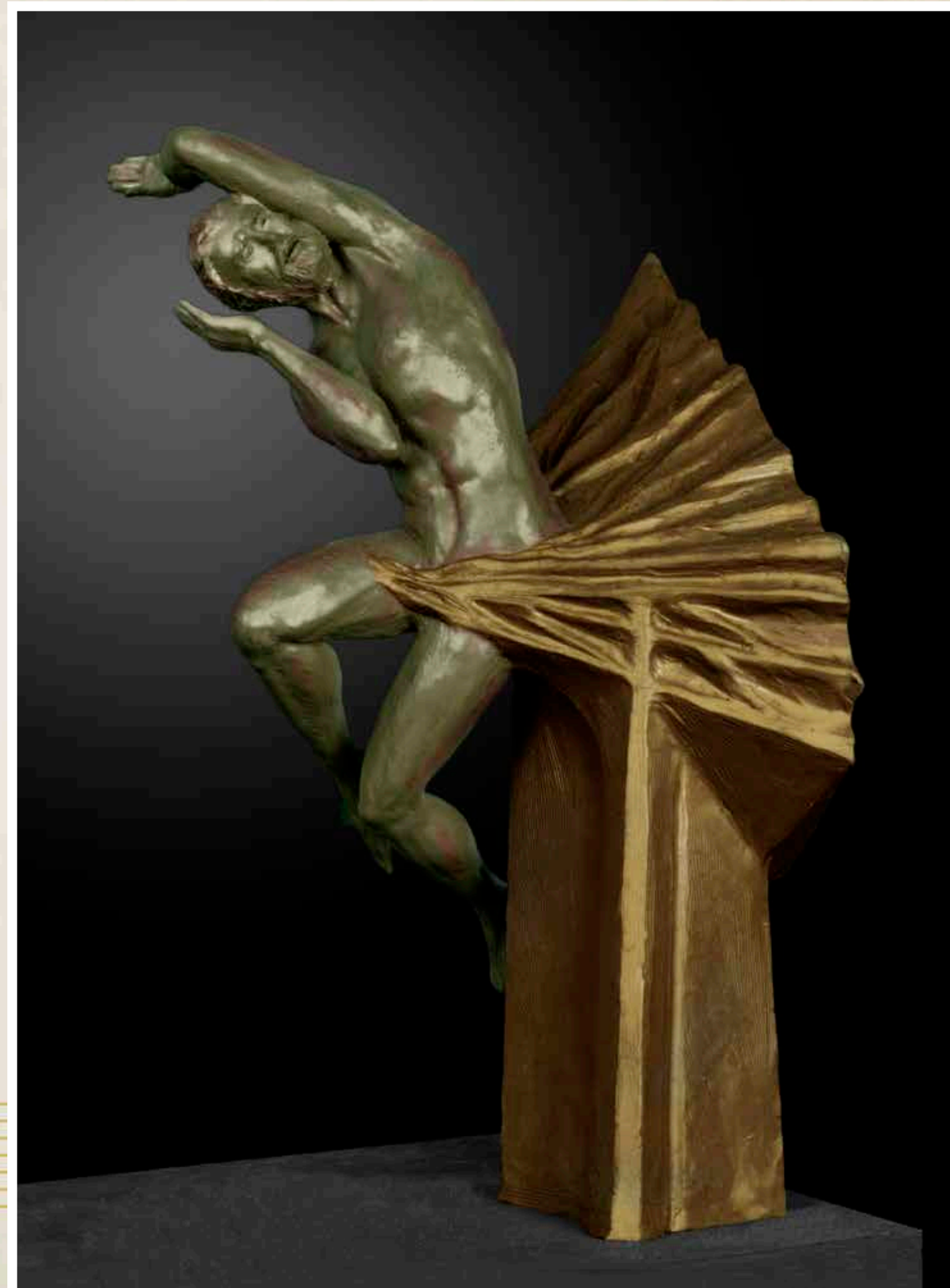
*Back in the void...
that iridescent blue
dome with specks
of light that tug at
my psyche...
who is this figure
grasping for the
streak of light...
could these ancient
meteoric tails
signal a pathway
to an unexplored
universe?*





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...*





I

NVOCATION

*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.*





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.

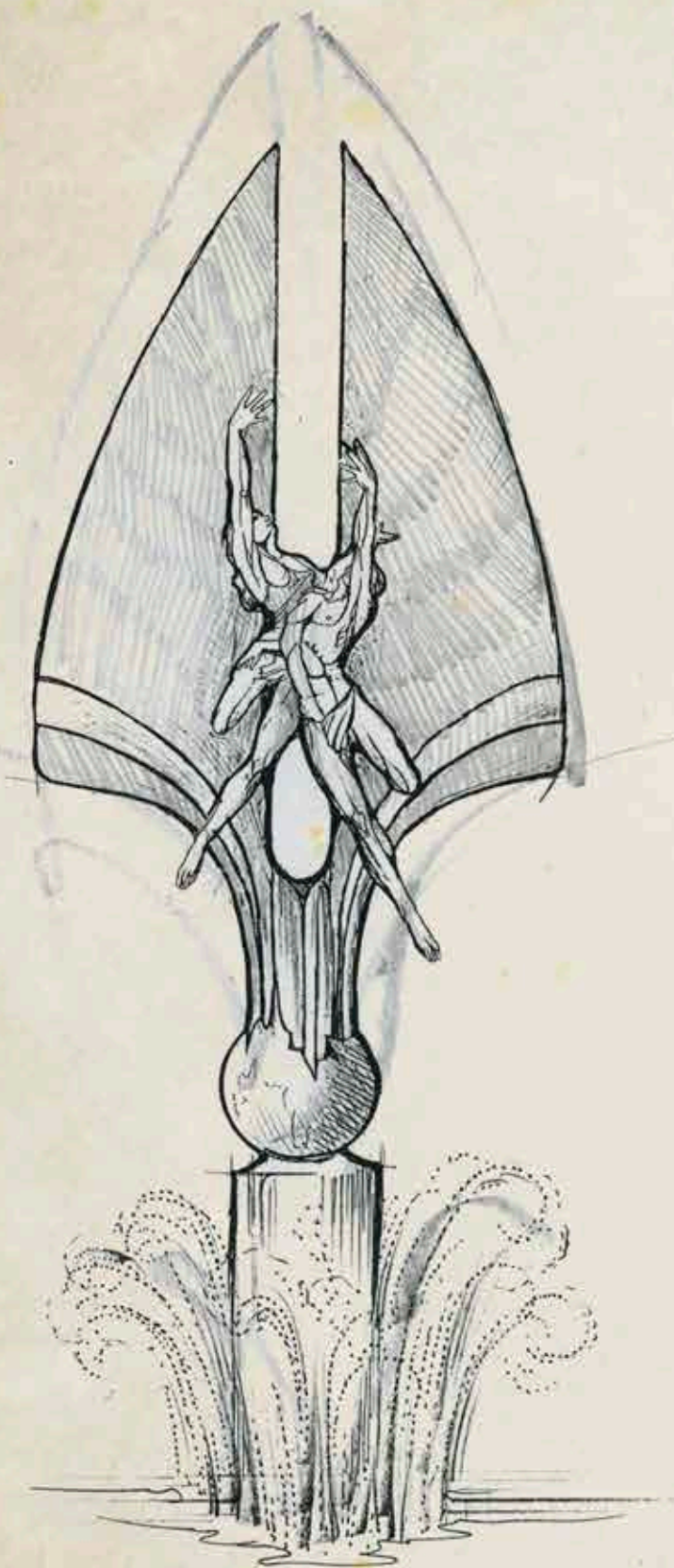


GALACTIC FUSION

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

*Negative and positive
energy pulsates
throughout.*

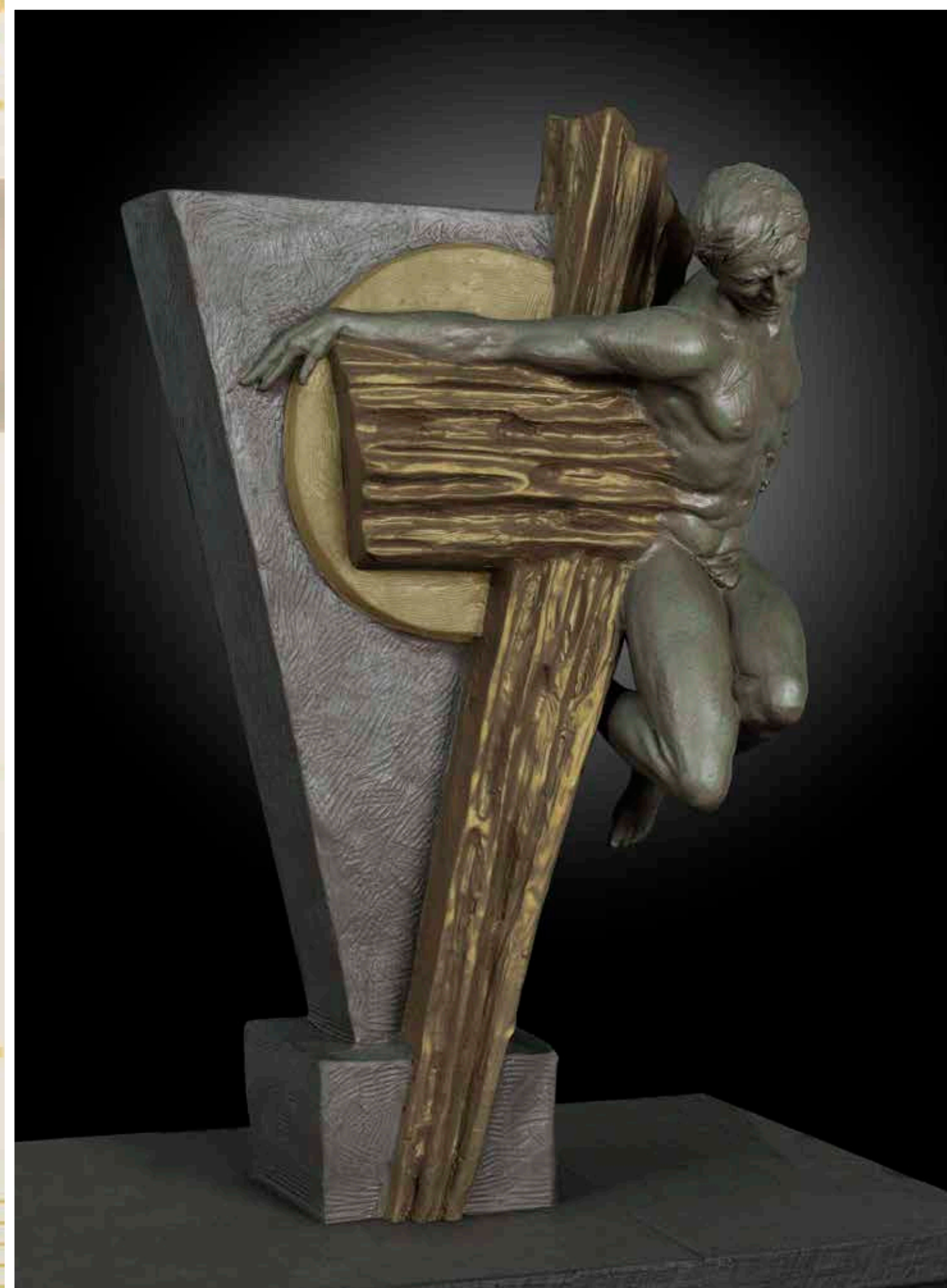
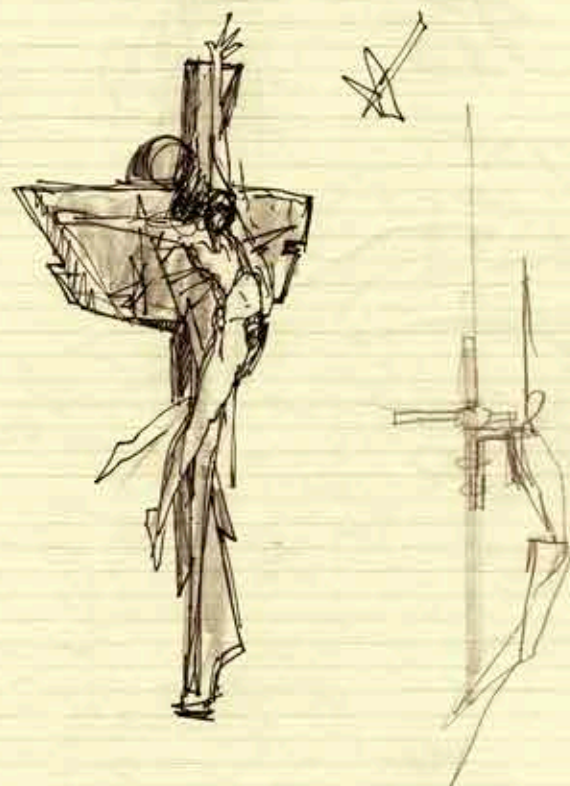
*The fusion required
to propagate exists
not only on earth,
but also on the
billions of nameless
planets.*



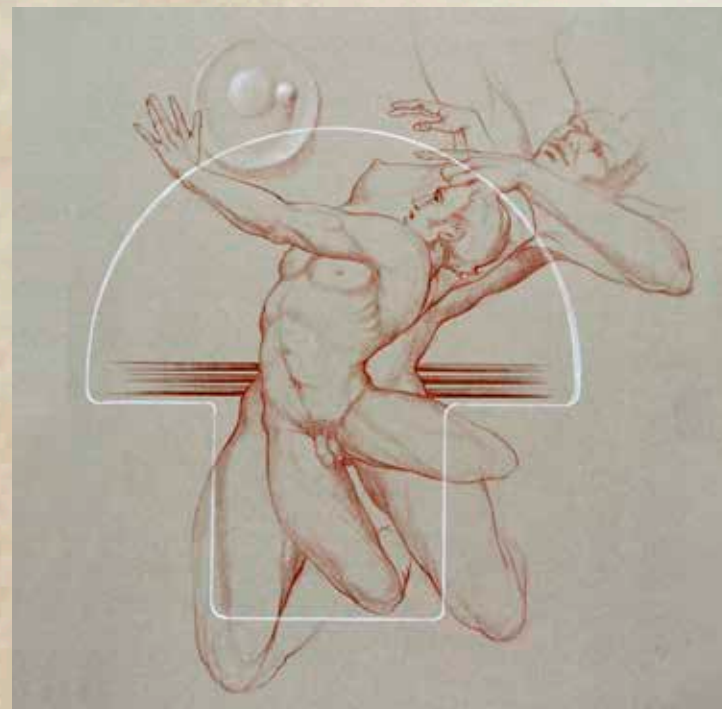
CRUCIFORM

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...*

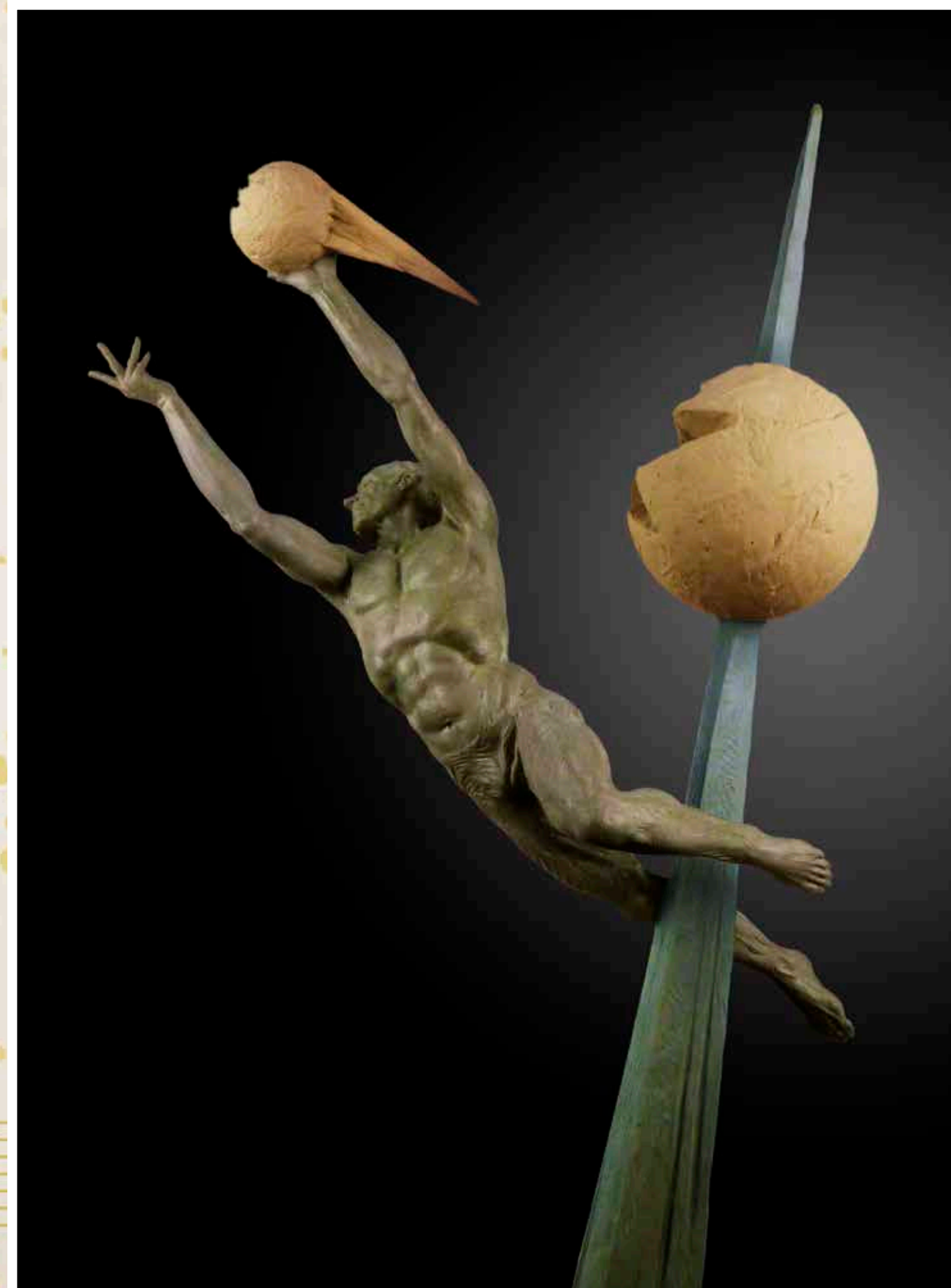
*both from the
touted historical
events... and from
the mythic
proportions they
have assumed.
The iconic image
of the Maiden of
Lorraine with her
horse and the
burning stake has
floated about in my
subconscious on
many occasions.*

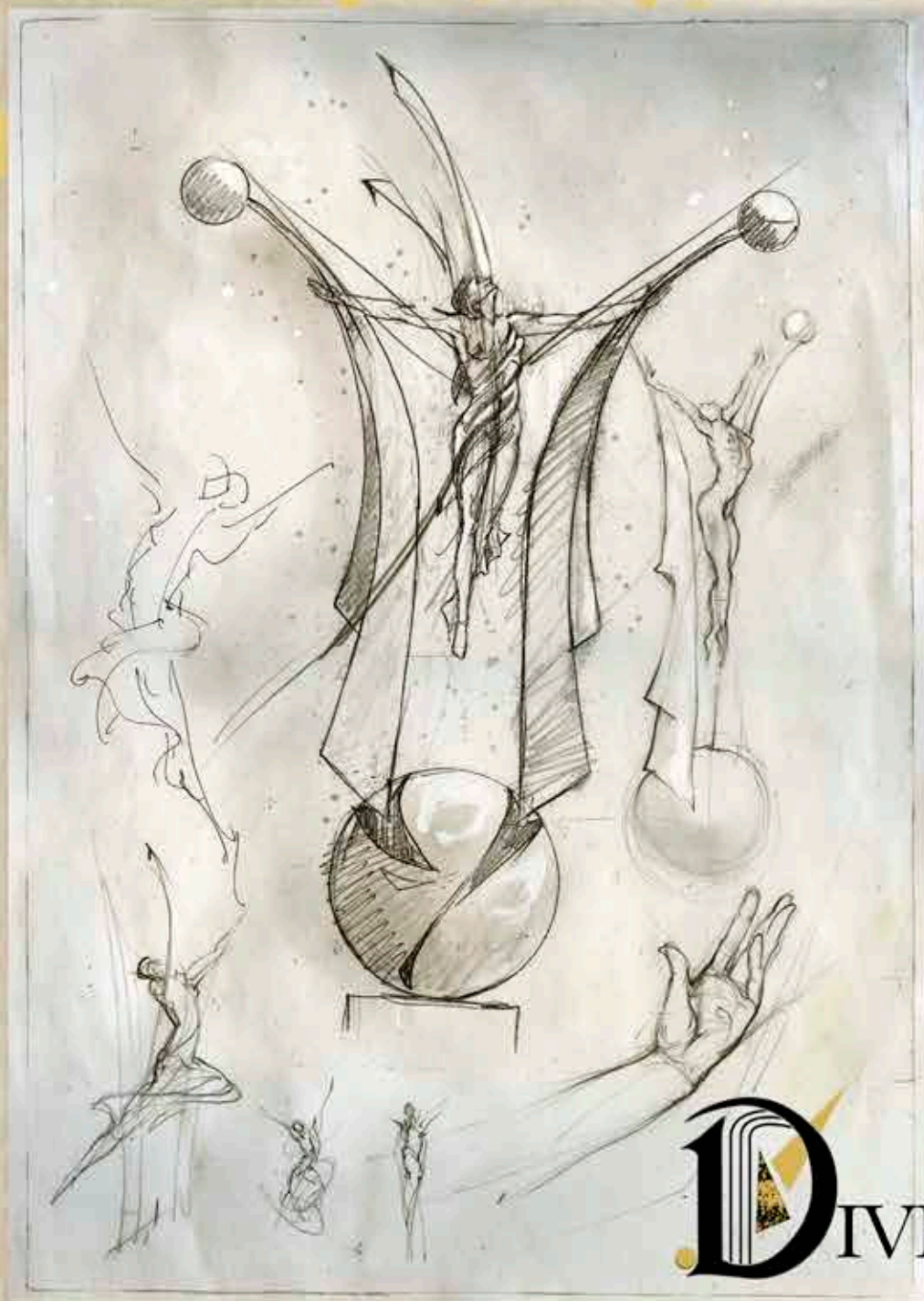




APOGEE

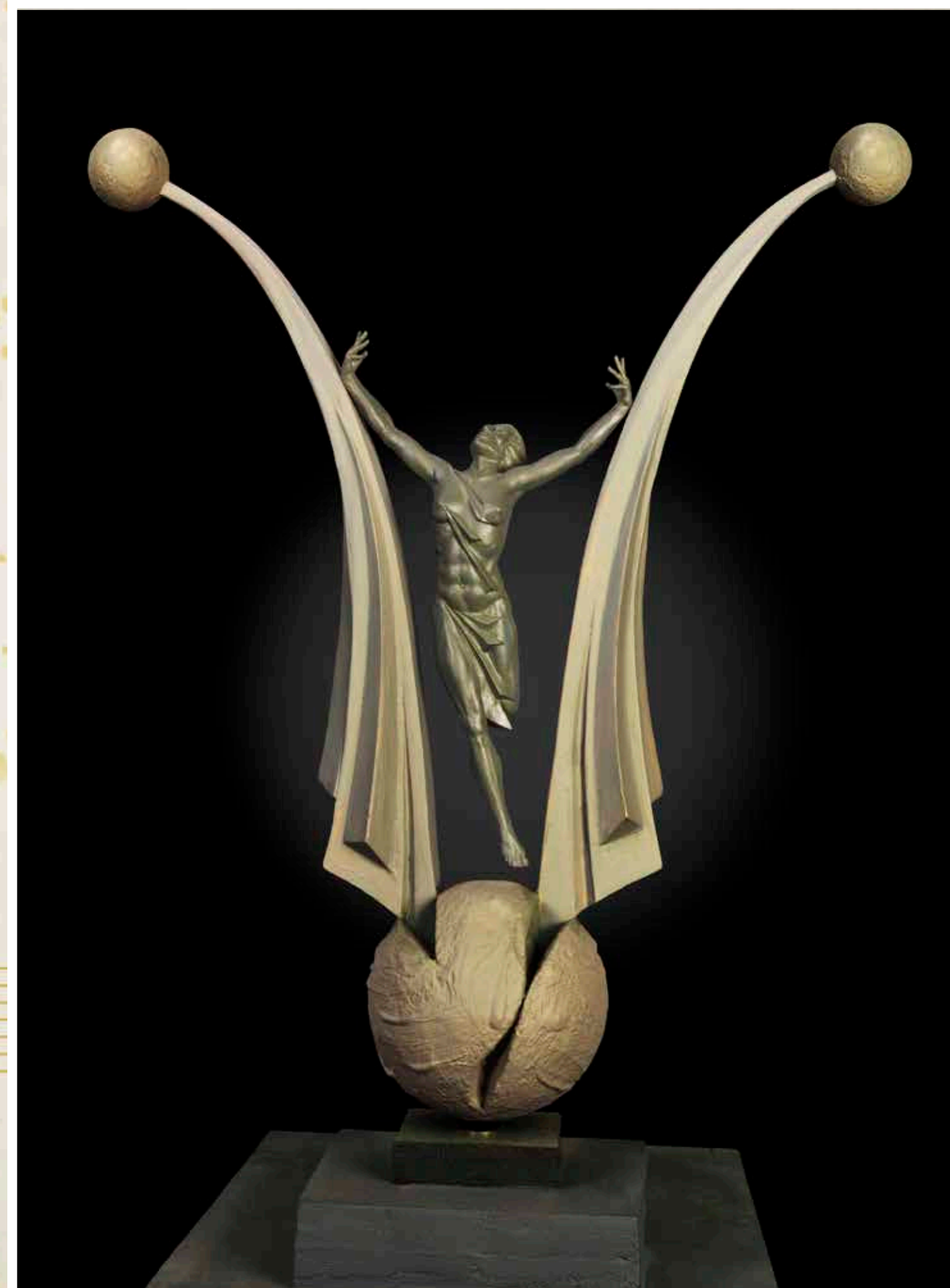
Although merely a metaphor for new beginnings... man in his desire to create order out of chaos looks towards the heavens... In the universe it appears that something is always formed from something else... liberated yet dwarfed in the vastness of space, he spirits the comet into the unknown...





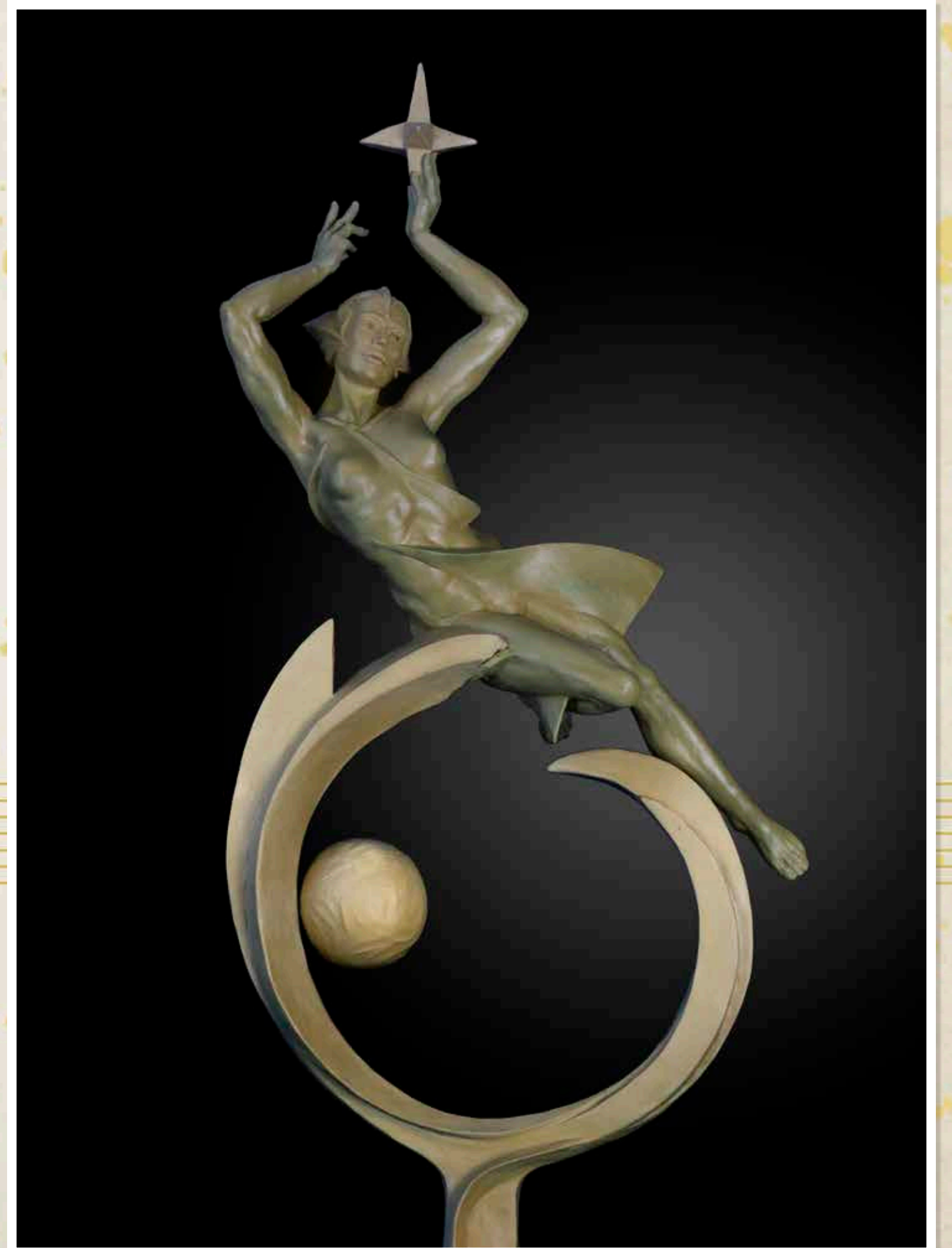
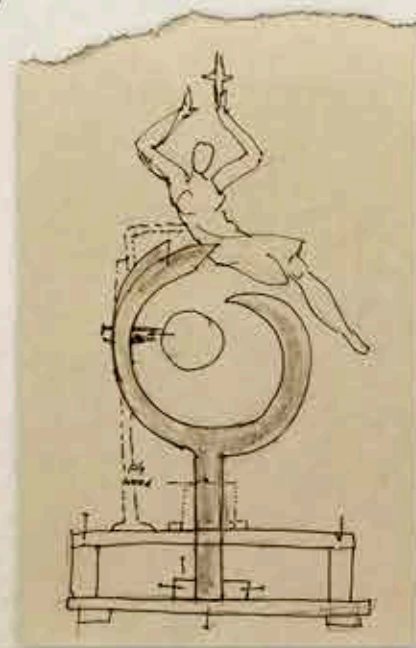
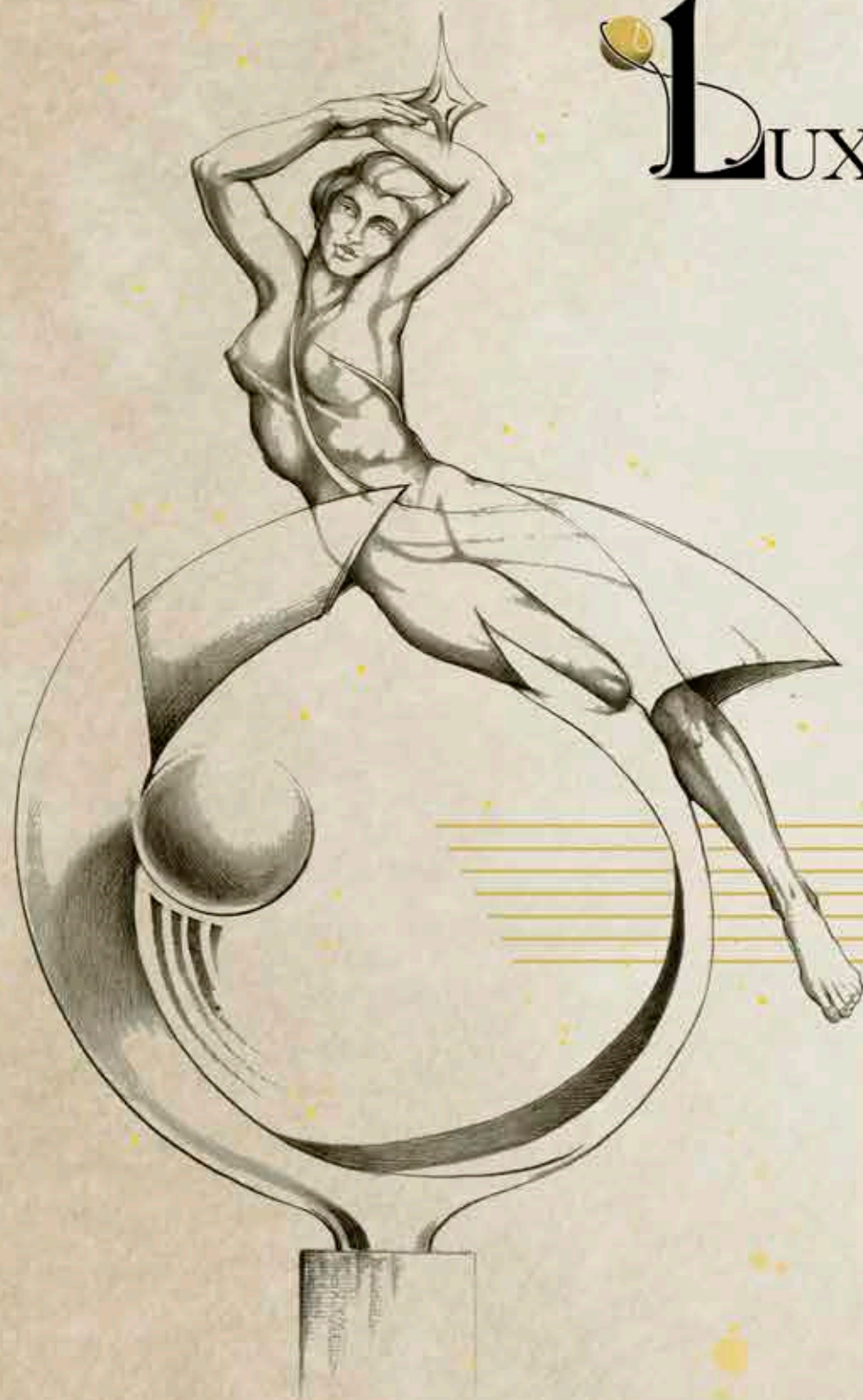
D DIVERGENCE

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.*





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 commuted 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

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