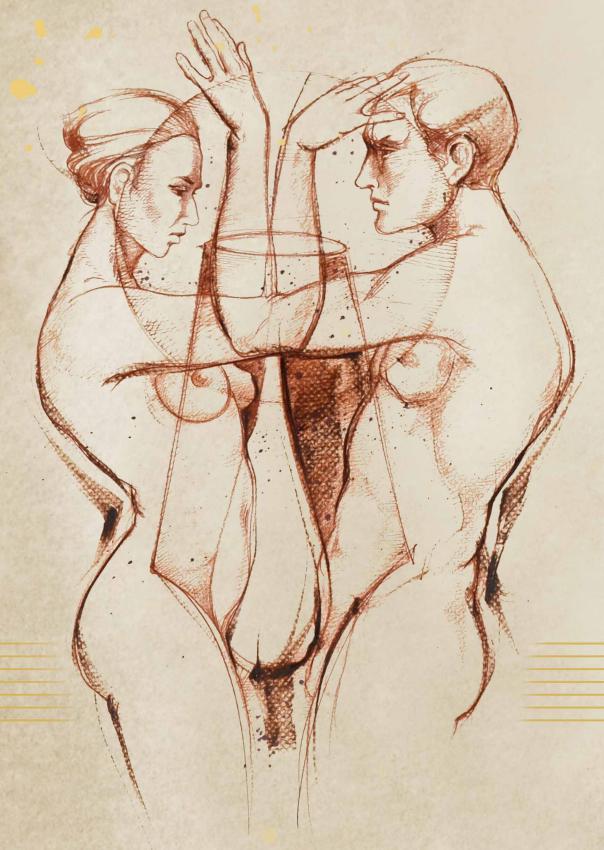
WILLIAM DEAN KILPATRICK

Missing drawings.
The layouts have poor quality xeroxes. There might be a folder someplace with the missing drawings. They a folder someplace with the missing drawings. I have able to lift are probably at a different scale. I might be able to lift are probably at a different

❖ 20-C ❖
Missing Items







William Dean Kilpatrick





XTASIS

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





Missing drawing.

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...

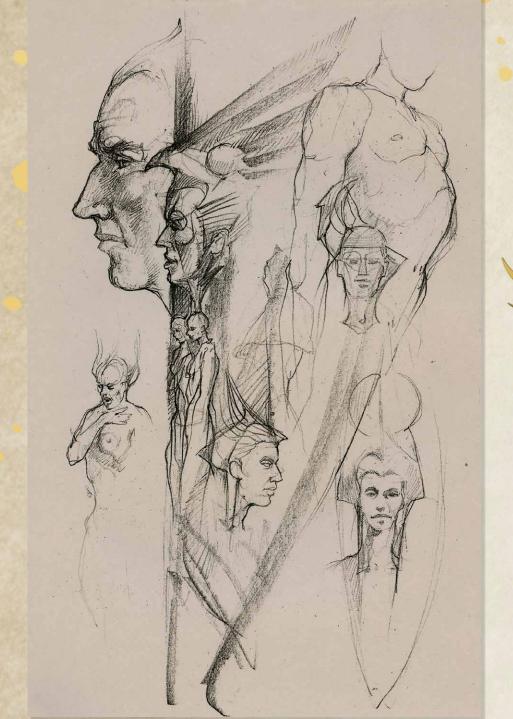








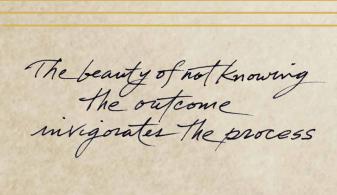
Life is like a Foem
that doesn't thyme
and that's what I like
afout it

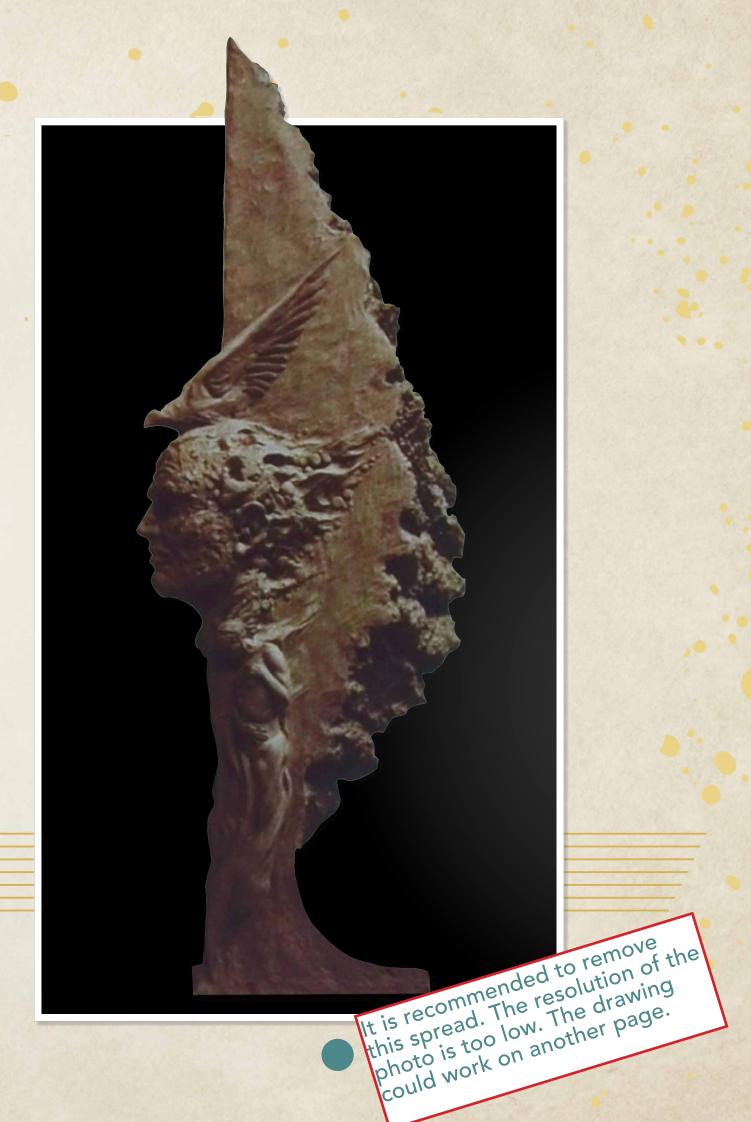




HALAKO

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.





W 52

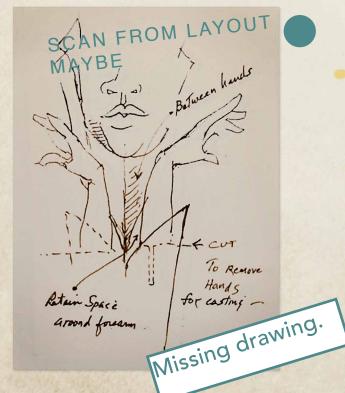








Often the most difficult aspect of exposing my sculpture is attempting to explain it. My work hints at many things but is not necessarily any of them. Is this haunted quality an attempt to give substance to a distant remembrance... or is this the residual effect from some unresolved experience...









CLAY

This and the next spread are really strong pieces, but I can see they were added toward the end. I think they should stay in, even though the photos are not the sharpest.



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...



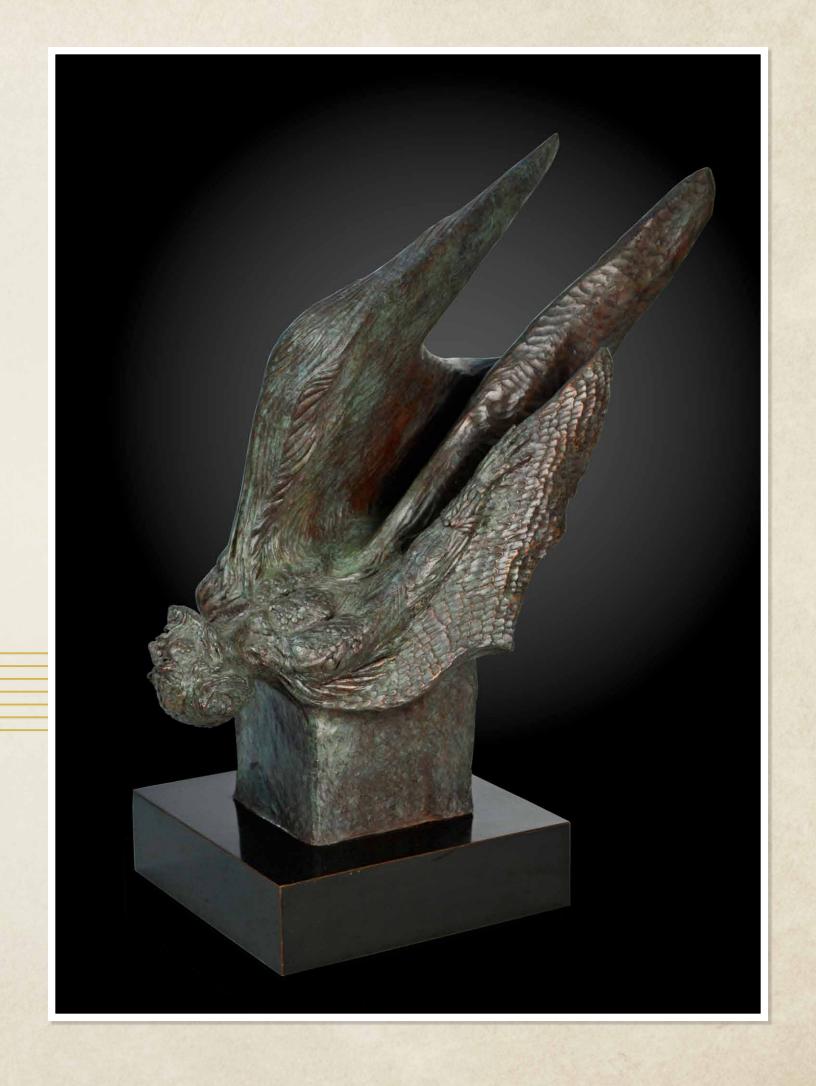


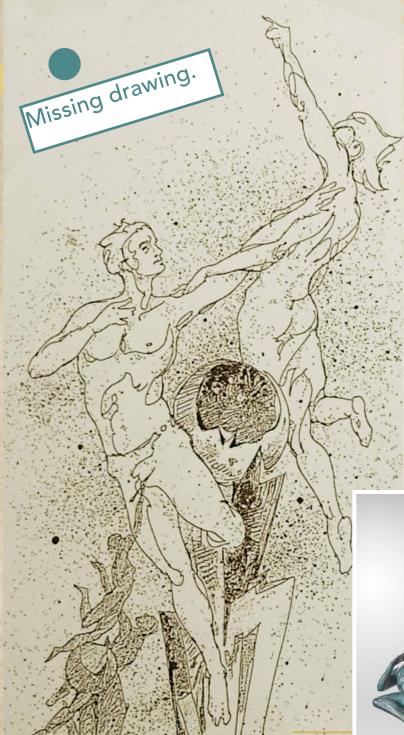
BRONZE

Missing drawing. Icarus

is subject to many interpretations—
Who has not been dashed
by unattainable aspirations?
Inflamed, yet clining to the dream
he falls to Earth.









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.

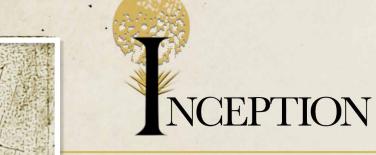


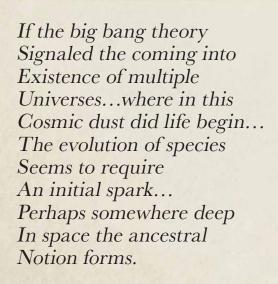












Some of my work, although figurative seems to have a biomorphic origin













Missing drawing.

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? on he by her?
Not completely.







Nancy, Should the color of these two pieces match better? I think so.







ERIGEE

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...



TOO SMALL-REMOVE OR REPLACE





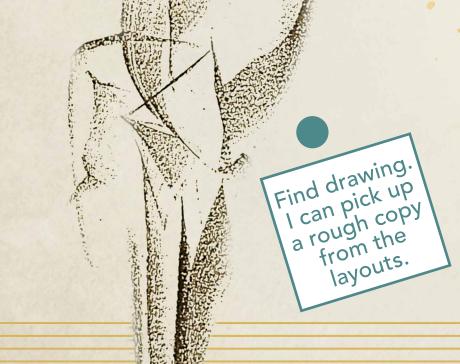


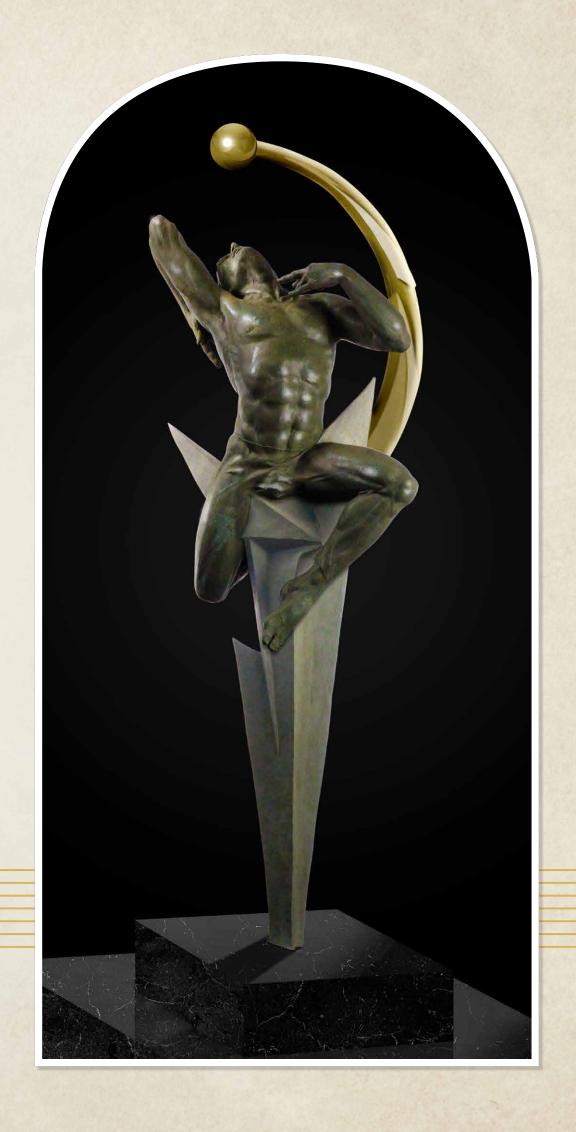


CLAY

TELERON 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?











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.











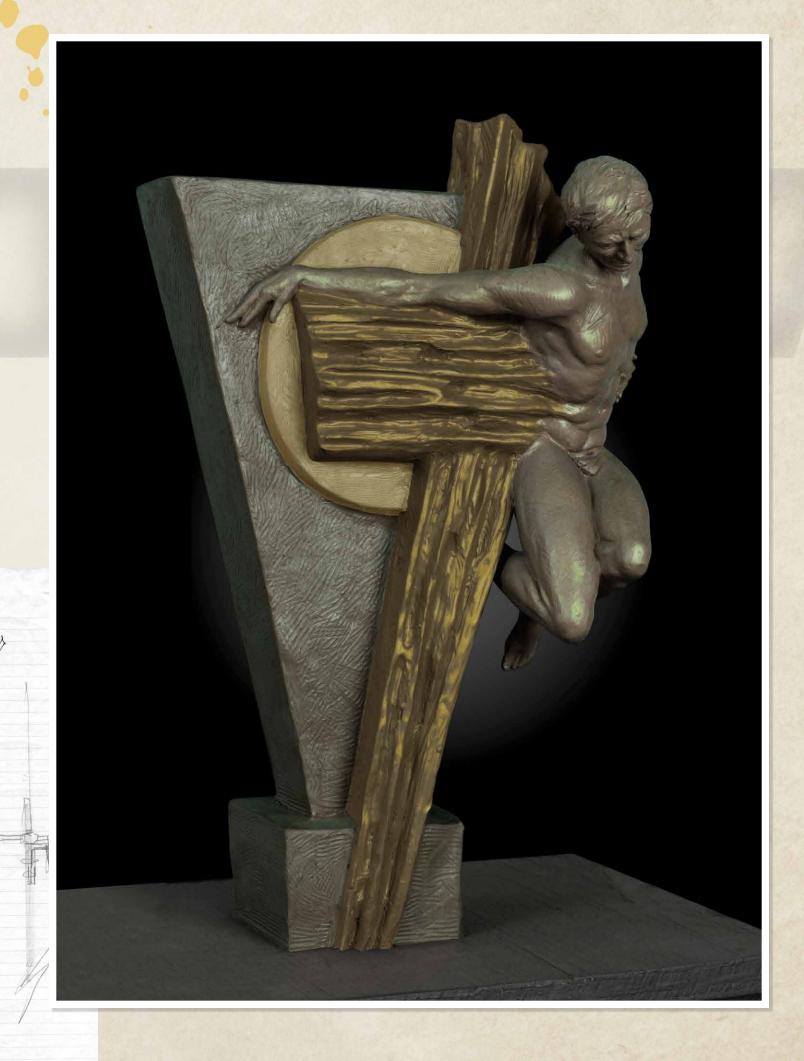
RUCIFORM

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?









CAN'T FIND. MAYBE USE OTHER DRAWING THAT WOULD BE OK





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.









NEED HIGHER RES PHOTO THIS IS @ 478%

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 was an understudy to 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 where abouts 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