

DENTAL TRIBUNE

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Dos grandes expertos estadounidenses explican la técnica

Análisis y diseño de la sonrisa con Photoshop

Retenedores linguales fabricados por CAD/CAM

«*Elements Dissolving into the Elements 2*»

Las bandas de vibrantes colores son elementos distintivos en la obra del pintor Willy Bo Richardson, entrevistado en este número por Eric Kroll.

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El arte de Willy Bo Richardson
Laberintos de líneas y colores
Por Eric Kroll

1. Where are you in the art world?

I get VIP passes to the art fairs in Miami. I get free tickets to the Whitney. I have a lifetime membership to SITE Santa Fe. I can get into pretty much any major museum in New York for free. That's when I want to look at art.

As for when I want to show my art... I'm a couch surfer. My art is not in any museums. Most people who see my paintings at an exhibition are seeing them for the first time. There is very little history on me. I am often encountered with the question, "what is it you're doing?"

I've done a little bit of public speaking; was on local radio; and New Mexico PBS television. My paintings have a broad appeal, and they hang in a number of public and private settings. I work with dealers nationally, and am able to support my family through my art.

2. I know you are a practicing Buddhist. How do you balance the seeking of such wisdom with the aggression of the art world.

The other day I tried to capture a black widow in our house. It curled up in fright as I tried to get it into a container. Black widows are venomous but not aggressive. I killed it by accident. I felt terrible. Here's this spider, who was kind of like a neighbor just minding her own business and I killed it. I could have been more careful.

We live in a bureaucratic, thieving, macho culture. There is very little room for introverts and poets. Our art is a whisper. It is an act of listening. It is easily overlooked.

Eric, you have taken a pure stance on this. In the 80's and 90's your work was iconic. It was glossy and sexy, and I'm not talking about the leather. The vision was distinctly yours, but maybe people were too attracted to the production value. Gandalf Gavan, a dear friend who passed away a year ago used this word. Production value is what looks professional and finished. It's a Las Vegas magic show, and blockbuster films and pop music. Our job as fine artists is to not be taunted by production value.

I have a lot of respect for your current work, which is anti-production. It is low tech, and the subject matter is approachable and familiar. You are one step away from the

ethereal. You seek a truth that is close, rather than promote a fantasy that is dangling in view, but never really in our grasp.

You teach. Where what?

I've been teaching an introduction to painting class at Santa Fe University for five years. It keeps me connected and I continue to learn. I didn't realize I painted in a traditional way until I started teaching. I teach what I love, which is color theory, glaze techniques, and then this certain mad scientist ingredient, which I call the creative process.

I rely on my muses to show up. This is an act of receiving and openness. I do my best to play in this space with my students. I look for those moments when a happy accident comes on its own accord. I try to open my students to the possibility of not knowing what they're doing. How can we let go? How can we listen to the materials?

What is your painting regiment...having a daughter and a wife and a turtle.

Don't forget the hamster, the bird, and the dog. There are so many things that make me a home-maker. I have been meaning to tear out the drop-ceiling in the family room for a few months now.

My first priority is to be a good dad and husband. I take inspiration from moments in nature, and lines of poetry, but my biggest source of inspiration is taking part in my daughter's growth. The impermanent and precious moments pass through me in my studio later. I am a better artist for it.

6. Both your parents were practicing artists. Did that push you into the art?

Strangely, nobody saw it coming. Growing up, my parents and teachers said I could be and do anything. They never pushed me to take a career path. My parents were hippies and entrepreneurial and they trusted I would find my way. I can't say it was easy though. I am 41 years old and last year was the first year I started saying "no" to website, construction and gallery jobs. I have learned to live a frugal lifestyle. I eat well. I travel. I do what I love, but I also drive a car with close to 200,000 miles on it. I would not exchange a newer car for everything I have, and I'm sure I will be able to buy a newer car soon anyway. It's a path of delayed gratification.

What are you seeing when you stand in front of a blank canvas?

I don't face a blank canvas. After priming, I put down ground layers of color before the painting starts. The ground colors are based on the current series. I work within a continuum. I am bouncing off previously instated conditions. At the same time, Heraclitus said you can't step in the same river twice. Every brush-stroke, whether it's the first, middle or last, is a unique expression within a moving body, and each brush-stroke can have the daunting affect of "the blank canvas".

What do you see three days later.

The moment I finish a painting is very precious. I will never be in that state of concentration again while looking at that particular painting. When it's finished, I do a victory dance. I absorb all of what was put into it in a condensed time. Three days later, I'm just a passerby. I can appreciate the painting, but not like at the moment of completion. It's meaning is no longer pure. It's meaning will intermix with whatever I'm thinking about or who I'm with at the time.

Where is the struggle for you to create? Is there a struggle?

I do not struggle existentially. I do not struggle with emotions. I struggle against my own sluggishness and preconceived ideas. I have to relax and trust my abilities, while at the same time be ready to catch what the materials are saying. I do my best to be effortless, but that can be very contrived. I can spend a lot of time painting, waiting for things to flow and for something to happen. Other times, it comes right away. It's up to the muses.

Do you agree- an artist who finds himself is lost?

Absolutely. The worst paintings I do, are the ones where know too much what the outcome should be. Truly lost is a delicate moment. Running around wildly, looking for the way is not lost. Lost is when I even give up the search; and start to look around. Another way of saying this is my best paintings come with as little deliberation as possible. This doesn't mean I'm not making esthetic and empirical decisions. It simply means I'm aspiring to the essence.

Once you asked me if it was wrong that you keep painting in the manner you do and people want you to change your style. Comment please?

I have gone through different phases where I am praised or frowned on for my steadfast commitment to painting vertical strokes. You have known me through all of these. I tend to not surround myself with "yes" people because I want to continue to grow, but there have been times when I surrounded myself too much with the critics. I especially lost my way the year my mom passed away in 2012. I questioned not only my paintings, but everything I hold close.

"There was a large rectangular studio room. The light of the perpetual California sunshine came in pearly through a wall of windows which he (Man Ray) had never allowed anyone to wash. He said it gave him a diffused light he preferred. We assumed it reminded him of the grey of Paris. Everything was shabby-tidy and crowded. Much seemed made, invented, or just discovered by him, oddities pertaining to him acquired maybe through years of wanderings in second-hand shops. An impressive collection of

only his own painting jostled for available wall space. A lot had to do with chess-sets and boards of his own design were on tables everywhere or affixed magically to the walls. His "objects" were everywhere too, some hanging from a balcony."

I've been to this apartment in LA. Sounds a bit like me. Why is order rather than chaos important in your life?

Sounds a bit like your place and your life indeed. I think there are many layers to my attraction to order. On a personal note, my parents had a dramatic and wild relationship to the world and each other. I found safety in keeping things neat. I swung the other way as a rebellious teen-ager, and my parents were relieved that I could let it all hang out. I later found balance, but I still crave outer and inner order. Death will tear me apart in the dirtiest way, but until then, I would like to keep things in front of me. At the same time, I do not want to control the world. I want to absorb and relate to it. So I allow chaos in my life and my work in small batches, as much as I can handle, but not too much.

Perhaps to you, the amount I allow in is very little. You've let in so much chaos that there's really no difference between the wilderness and your studio. Both are safe and dangerous. You are either embracing your mortality and letting yourself flow into the great abyss, or you have gone too far, and need to tidy up a bit. I won't judge. Years ago you told me one day you would live in the desert in Arizona and let go of everything. I had imagined that to mean living in a sparse environment. It ended up meaning to you living in a mess.

Final words:

I'd like to thank you for being true to the creative spirit, and for playing a part in my upbringing. Every year you'd send holiday and birthday photos, and I looked forward to getting them, even when I was 5 years old. It's impressive that you could come up with photographs that a child could enjoy.

The signature release cable in the frame running to the camera was always like a "where's Waldo?" puzzle to me. The simple humor and gestalt of these images are still in my heart.

Also you were around to capture a few moments in my parents' life and my life that helped me understand what we were going through, and relationship dynamics. Some of these images I've reflected on since I was a child, and still reflect on today.

The generosity in spirit you showed will stay with me, and I share it with my daughter, students and friends.