

JOSEPH SLOAN

IRISH INDEPENDENT, Dublin September 1981
“Around the Galleries” by Patrick Glendon

But Sam Herman’s group of glass, exquisite in form and colour, of which an asymmetric bowl is the chief joy and delight, and Joe Sloan’s bronzes, slender and evocative are the highlights of a show that has low lights though the intensity is never overwhelming.

HAMPSTEAD & HIGHGATE EXPRESS, London 1983

Linda Talbot

Three Ulster Artists, Camden Arts Centre

The mention of artists from Ulster implies protest and the misery of prolonged war.

One is not prepared for floral watercolours or sculptures fired by fantasy.

But this is what emerges in the show hung at short notice by Joseph Sloan, Ivor Coburn and Colum McEvoy at the Camden Arts Centre, Hampstead.

The room one enters is permeated by peace: this is not an exhibition to change the course of political blunder. Perhaps it is a respite from it. But one is positively drawn to the bronze sculptures of Joseph Sloan.

He is moved by the possibility of flight and one winged creature is a particularly persuasive embodiment of the attempt to fly, with gleaming, irregularly worked wings spread wide.

Some sculptures drop dramatically in scale as in two studies for lovers, a delicate moulding of the material extracting the essence of tenderness.

NEWSPAPER CUTTING, Dublin October 1990

Sculpture show at Solomon Gallery.

By Frances Ruane

A series of double sided helmeted heads by Joe Sloan rotate to alternately reveal a geometrically shielded face with one that protection and duplicity, the games people play with and the masks they use to obscure reality.

NEWSPAPER CUTTING, London September 1991



Sculpture Appreciation
Robert Harris

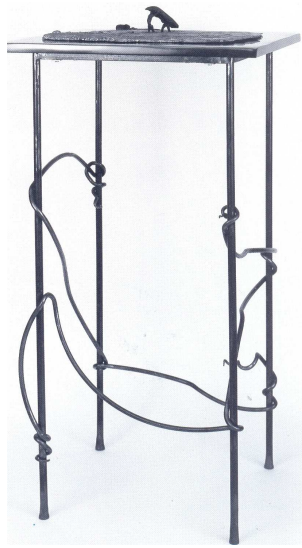
Missing from my review of the Piano Nobile Exhibition (September 27th) was an appreciation of the sculpture by Joseph Sloan which, in its vitality was in complete harmony with the paintings of Liz Knutt.

Joseph's small studies of birds in bronze caught their essential nature; the life size herons poised to take wing, wagtails twitter on twigs. His imaginative works besides being of great visual beauty, have a powerful eloquence. The voice of Bard can almost be heard, the Sower scatters his seed with a sweeping movement. More static are his Cheeseboards, a subject which he has something of an obsession about and to which he imparts a curious dignity.

THE SUNDAY TRIBUNE Dublin 29th May 1994

A Sloan Figure in a Landscape
Aidan Dunne

Tucked away in School Street, the Kilcock Art Gallery has built up an honourable track record over the years, and its current show, a two-hander combining Joseph Sloan's sculpture and Tracy Quinn's paintings, is particularly strong. In outline, Sloan's Journey Series sounds dauntingly difficult to



achieve. He sets out to evoke individuals against comparatively vast backgrounds in sculptures of modest enough scale. He was originally inspired by a trip to the West during which he'd glimpse lone figures negotiating roads across vast landscapes, people adrift in worlds of their own. It is but a short step to read such images as allegories of life journeys.

He has done so very successfully. The pieces adopt one of two basic formats; square, table-top images like microcosm of larger worlds and audaciously elongated square, table-top images like microcosm of larger worlds and audaciously elongated linear pieces that brilliantly conjure up images of unfolding ribbons of lonely road, supported by elegant arcs of metal. To effect such happy marriage between the demands of narrative on the one hand and abstract design on the other is no mean feat, and

the echoes of Beckett-like atmosphere ring absolutely true.