

# PATRICIA BARROWMAN

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Patricia Barrowman est née en 1953 à Montréal. Elle a passé son enfance dans un petit village minier du Nord québécois. Toute jeune, Barrowman est influencée par sa grand-mère, elle-même artiste; elle l'initie au dessin, à la peinture et lui fait découvrir les musées. Elle peindra des chevaux vers l'adolescence, sujets qui la suivront jusqu'à nos jours. Après plusieurs cours et ateliers suivis aux États-Unis et au Canada, elle obtient, en 1977, un baccalauréat en arts visuels du Nova Scotia College of Art and Design, à Halifax.

Whatever I write about my artwork is going to be wrong a second down the road. As far as I can see the work changes and is constantly changing. I remain, possibly, constant to a desire to work with my hands and visual imagery. I have always loved the artist materials such as paper, charcoal, paint and clay. It is quite easy to get lost and create work that does not speak to others or even to oneself. Being truly stubborn I have been able to fail and to then start over again, always on the look out for that one piece that speaks simply and clearly (and I don't know why it does but it does). I am 60 now and this is what I have done since I was....5 years old and maybe younger. It seems I have less tolerance now for going down long roads of what I consider dishonest work. It still happens but I can feel it a mile away and am learning

to make the travel down those roads, shorter.

For approximately 30 years, I painted. I loved oils. Oil on wood, oil on linen canvas, oil on paper (many landscapes with animals, people and roads). Because of allergies I switched to watercolors which I also grew to love. I tried to love acrylics but it was a struggle. During that love/ hate relationship with acrylics I rediscovered paper maché. When I look back at those first paper horse sculptures I wonder what in the world I was finding so fascinating. I couldn't stop, I couldn't wait to get up in the morning to see how the previous day's work had dried and then to begin again, a day of layering paper. This went on for a good three years, 10 hours a day, seven days a week. The horses evolved. I did make a conscious decision to work only with the horse (and human) form.

There were a dozen or so cows, dogs and turtles but I would quickly grow tired of them. My fascination for the horse seems endless. Why? Maybe I don't want to know why though maybe faithfulness to the horse, to their muscle, their skin, their bone, their movement, their stillness, their grace, their humour, all parts of the same form, gave me a freedom to allow my hands and mind to dance.