

To my First Teacher, my Father, Richard Partridge.

My father was my first art teacher. My earliest memories are of the smell of oil paint as I crawled on the floors of his various studio spaces. We lived a somewhat itinerant life, filled with a constant parade of bohemian characters, usually artists, always eccentric and larger than life. He frequented circles that at the time were called “beatniks”, a sequence of coffee shops, early folk music and jazz venues in Montreal in the late fifties and early sixties. I tagged along to much of it.

At around the age of thirteen I tried to reproduce using his art materials a copy of the Mona Lisa from an old black and white art magazine photo... of course it was a dismal failure, but it caught his attention. Thus began my instruction.

Many years later as I entered art school I realized that he had laid down basic skills that propelled my formal art education with an insight and skill that likely would not have been there otherwise.

The self portrait on display that he did when he was an art student in Montreal during the 1930s before the war attests to his extraordinary talent.

The other two works are the last plein air paintings that we did together before he passed away at the age of 63. He died on February 19, 1977, fifty days after the birth of my daughter. I will always remember him holding my infant daughter, his granddaughter as he laid on his death bed. I know he would be incredibly proud of what his granddaughter has accomplished in her life as an academic; so pops, if somewhere in this existential and fathomless universe you are in some way listening, just know that my gratitude and love for you is eternal for all of your gifts and encouragement in my life struggles to fill the blank canvas each time I lift up my brush.