

Buffy Cribbs Art Statement

2014

I have often felt that some of the work of several nineteenth and twentieth century art movements was left undone in fashion's haste to reinvent and move ahead.

So, like a prospector returning to an abandoned mine –with a mind to scavenge golden slivers from the tossed off tailings– I tend to wander in the movements of surrealism and impressionism, believing that my paintings have the potential to release creative impulses in the minds of those who pause for a moment before a picture.

Like the impressionists of the late 19th century, I strive to imply feelings and experience, not fussing too much about the precision of my depiction and, like the later surrealists, I tend to insert unexpected or perhaps unlikely juxtapositions in my compositions, lifting the final mixture with strong color and line, as a chef would make a plate “just so”.

I draw from pictures that form in my head, sometimes referring to photographs for points of accuracy, and I have a very large reference library of art books. I play my guitar and sing in the mornings, and let the kindergarten of my mind out to play.

Recently I have confronted ideas of pattern and repetition with the more rotund renderings of creatures and objects, so a dog, or a couple planting peppers together are propelled to the front of a picture by a background of floral wallpaper. A highly patterned skate glides through the water with a delivery of two red bell peppers–intended for whom?

In some of the paintings my anecdotal self appears. As a mournful witness, a conceited author, a small child, a planter of peppers. In others fancy takes over and creates a garden nymph, or a man whose fish-scaled shirt is “The Morning Catch”.

So far these new paintings have enjoyed a strong and positive response. I hope you enjoy them too.