

Visual Journey Into the Abstract: Note on painting...Linda Bigness

Sometimes, not often, a scene along the highway catches my imagination. Usually it is when I am the passenger and not the driver as I tend to pay attention to the road when traveling. My father, a lifelong truck driver, who passed away many years ago, used to pay attention to the road but also looked beyond the dashboard and the yellow lines, to take in the beauty of our countryside. I used to ride with him and remember how he would point and holler, over the vibrating diesel motor straining against its load, look "over yonder sister"; I did and took in the thousands of vistas that would appear over the horizon from my viewpoint, in the passenger seat, of the towering cab of our rig.

Through the years these scenes of barns, cityscapes, horizons after a storm, sunsets, mountain views and more have stayed with me and reappeared through my abstracted memories into the paintings I have created over the past 35 years. Recently I revisited yet another vista that appeared over the horizon as I rode passenger style in a rented van. We were delivering work to a new gallery, in the finger lakes region of western New York state, and I sat dreaming and looking out over the beautiful country side, going back in my memory, remembering the many, many trips I took with my dad, when suddenly I heard a familiar voice, look over yonder sister, and I did.

Funny, how our memory can have such total recall. Taking us back using all our senses to remind us or recall us to the present. Here I was alone in my thoughts, drifting along the highway and I hear my father's voice. At the moment his voice became present in my thoughts I saw what he may have seen. A yellow barn floated on a hilltop over the highway. Can we pullover I asked? I need to get out and take a picture of this yellow barn.

Getting out of the van I felt the presence of my father and visualized his smile as I crossed the highway to get a better look at this amazing barn. I felt something extremely familiar about the place and knew that I must photograph this magnificent barn that overlooked the Seneca Lake. Later back at my studio, I took the picture, printed it out, and studied it for a very long time. It was unbelievable how many memories this simple photograph of an ancient and cared for barn brought to surface. I decided that I would paint it in all its glory and I would use color and abstraction to meld the memories with the beauty of the barn, the highway, and the water. Elements of my memories that have always been there but for some reason have been surfacing more often as I grow older with my art.



Yellow Barn Seneca oil 50 X 62” at Studio 245



Yellow Barn, Photograph, route 14 Seneca Lake, Finger Lakes



Artist with painting Yellow Barn Seneca at the Quintus Gallery, Watkins Glenn, NY