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*Happy
Mother's
Day!*



*"innocence and knowing"
by Deborah Cavanaugh*



"bound in our hearts, we fear not the future," a painting by Deborah Cavenaugh.

On the Cover

Our cover this week, in keeping with Mother's Day, features the artwork of local artist Deborah Cavenaugh. The work is entitled *Innocence and Knowing*, part of a collective of paintings called the *Mazursky Madonnas*. For Deborah, Mother's Day has a special meaning, because in addition to being the mother of two children, she began her career as an artist on Mother's Day, five years ago, in 1992. Here, in her own words, is her story:

I began painting in 1992 after my children, Hunter and Lani, gave me a set of paints for Mother's Day. It was a gift that I had asked them for. Although I have no training in the visual arts, like many people, I had a desire to try and create, to paint. I even knew what I wanted to paint, the *Mazursky Madonnas*.

The *Mazursky Madonnas* came from a book I had read in 1982. In the book, the death of a minor character, Edith Mazursky, triggers the discovery of paintings she had made and stored in her laundry room—beautiful, simple paintings of women doing the ordinary work of mothers. In my head, I could see clearly the images of the madonnas that Mazursky had created. Ten years later, however, when I first opened a box of paints, it was immediately apparent to me that I did not have an inkling of how to bring my visions into the world. It is only now that I can begin to attempt it.

In preparing for this show, I painted the first four women living in conventional home settings—cooking in the kitchen, reading in the living room, resting in bed, and gardening. The paintings were successful in most ways, but the

women seemed tired, overburdened, and trapped by their responsibilities (which is perhaps a reflection of a mother's life that many people experience). I did not like how I felt about these women, and so I put aside the idea of painting *Mazursky* and worked on another piece instead. It was a beach scene that I filled with regular indoor furniture and at the last moment, a woman off to the side. I titled the piece "I'm living in my own world." As soon as I wrote this, I knew this was the feeling missing from *Mazursky*—the feeling of choice, the job of being a mother in this world that you have chosen.

I have realized a lot from *Mazursky*. No matter how difficult the day-to-day tasks of this life are for a mother, there is nothing in the world that could ever tempt me to give up what I would have to give up to relieve myself from these responsibilities. It is my own clear choice, my gift, my joy, my own true dream to be the mother of Hunter and Lani. If it were not my dream, I would not be here living in it, on this day that I do not ever want to forget.

I have a new phrase for myself. I call it the *Mazursky moment*, which means to me changing my perception of the endless tasks required by my dream and opening to the consciousness that each moment of work is clearly an opportunity for realizing the joy and privilege it brings. And is it also this—the remembering that although I could list all the things going wrong on any given day, I could never, ever stay awake long enough to get to the end of the list of all the blessings.