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## artist's statement

I see these two works as parts of a sequence.

My first piece is a portrait of my mother's adoptive mother, guarding the root cellar. Mother's childhood was tumultuous and isolated... and she wasn't told her history. Mother told me once... "I was afraid of the root cellar... afraid it would collapse on me."

The second piece is a more universal statement.

One summer, while travelling to Anahim Lake, I saw a native cemetery along side the road. The virgin Mary was "keeping guard"... the crosses recorded mostly young lives extinguished. The scene gave me a chill.

I present the cemetery... in a lake... NOT forever hidden under a smooth surface.

I wonder... does the action of "covering up".... assuming what IS... IS NOT... always result in the re-surfacing of the past... like spectres?

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