

ABOUT THE ARTISTS

XOXO

JAZZ MOM LOVES YOU

@dream_weaver3030

Le'Ecia Farmer *she/they*

I am Le'Ecia Farmer. I am a Black queer artist, designer, and mother. I often explore themes of loss, violence, and trauma through a lens of hope and celebration. The beings in these pieces navigate direct obstructions to their survival. In one piece - their bodies pierce through a brick wall, in the other - they stretch their necks over bricks creating a bridge for others. There are many that abuse a frail and faulty system to keep others (specific others) down, yet our collective power cannot be contained or silenced.

@thatrebelitch • thatrebelitch@gmail.com

Marie Johnston *she/her*

My name is Marie Johnston, I am shin-issei hapa, and am based out of the Greater Seattle area. I recently began using art as a way to express my Japanese American identity and to process my experiences connecting to my Japanese American Community through the Minidoka Pilgrimage to the former Minidoka prison camp in Twin Falls, Idaho.

The art piece I contributed features a crying Daruma doll, with the wish of "Never Again" on its left eye. The Daruma is a traditional Japanese wishing doll, where a goal, wish, or promise is painted in its right eye. When the goal, wish, or promise comes true, its left eye

is painted in. The crying Daruma represents the Japanese American community activists who are fighting to make "Never Again" a reality by stopping the repetition of history. At the bottom of the Daruma are children who have been incarcerated throughout U.S. history standing behind barbed wire.

@mariejohnstonart • mariejohnstonart.com

Mariska Kecskés *she/her*

My name is Mariska Kecskés. I manage community-based habitat restoration projects for an environmental non-profit in Seattle. When I first worked on a restoration crew, I was struck by the realization of how arbitrary and unnatural our society's borders and boundaries are. When I would be working in a forest but have to stop at some imaginary line that said the land was suddenly someone else's, it just felt so absurd, because it was all one forest, one community of interconnected organisms whose existence and worth transcended a border manufactured for the exclusive benefit of some privileged humans on stolen land.

I have been reflecting on this a lot in terms of the U.S- Mexico border, and so my contribution features plants that are indigenous to the landscape along both sides of the border. It is a reminder that the land does not recognize our "borders" -- plants grow where they will thrive best; organisms move and adapt in the ways they need to keep their interconnected communities sustained. In a world without borders, we recognize that we too are a part of this ecosystem and this interconnected