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## **Artist Statement**

As a mother, I have come to terms with having two living bodies develop inside me, feed off my nutrients, and be surgically cut out of my stomach. I know a bit graphic. Don't get me wrong. The best two events in my entire life, hands down. But what was once the essence of myself is now two beautiful life forms, staring at me for answers, while I was still collecting what remained. It may be easy for some to hide behind their physical form, but as a BIPOC woman (and mother) today there is no hiding, or anyone labeled "different"; In my case, culturally different being Black/ Native: Blackfoot & Cherokee/ Italian. There's an often subconscious process of social navigation tied to certain events, conversations, work meetings, etc. Growing up in a small town didn't make it any easier. But I got used to being one of the only brownskinned girls/ persons in the class. And, I found my people eventually who had my back. So what can you do? You find your sanctuary. Your sense of self, and places/ things that bring you to that environment, mental or physical. Me, I escape into nature any chance I can get. Bringing my family and friends into these natural spaces is healing and grounding for me, even when reality sets in shortly after. I feel connected in numerous ways, in which most all leave me with a new seed of clarity, good or bad. In my work, I investigate themes such as our relationship with our subconscious, generational relationships, culture, motherhood, self healing, anatomy, and nature. Using photography, drawing, beadwork, and film to create narratives of the self, omache to nature, and explore various quarrels that are found in the human condition.