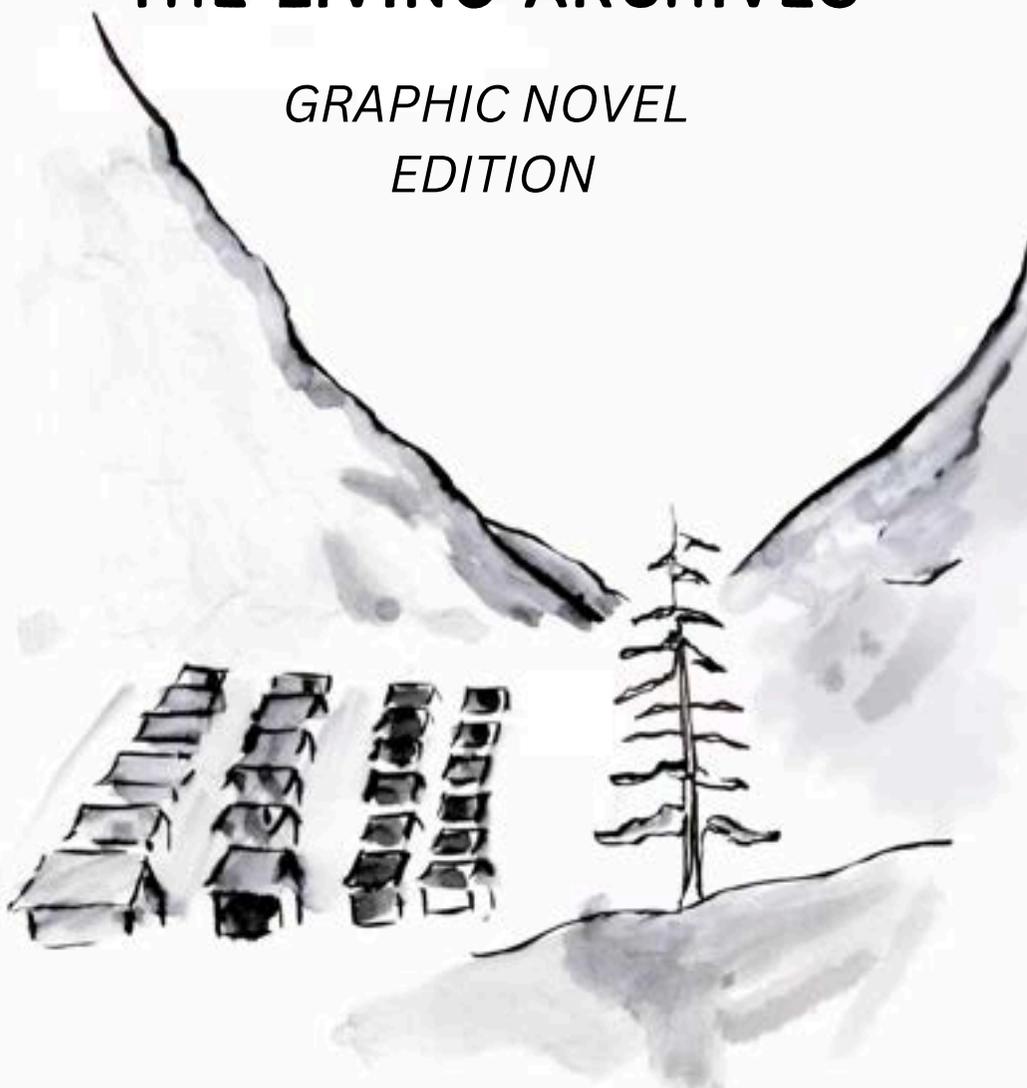


THE TASHME PROJECT: THE LIVING ARCHIVES

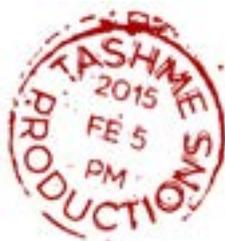
*GRAPHIC NOVEL
EDITION*



ILLUSTRATED BY KAORI IZUMIYA, SANDRA TATSUKO
KADOWAKI, MATT MIWA, CINDY MOCHIZUKI + PJ MURASHIGE
ADAPTED BY JULIE TAMIKO MANNING

THE TASHME PROJECT: THE LIVING ARCHIVES

*GRAPHIC NOVEL
EDITION*



ADAPTED FROM THE PLAY
“THE TASHME PROJECT: THE LIVING ARCHIVES”
CREATED BY MATT MIWA + JULIE TAMIKO MANNING
GRAPHIC NOVEL LAYOUT BY SORCHA GIBSON



**JAPANESE
CANADIAN
LEGACIES**

For:

Jean Fujimoto, Harold Miwa,
Molly Morita, Kunio + Teiko
Takeda , Jane Uyesugi, May +
Terry Yasunaka. May you live
forever through your stories.

our families and the Japanese
Canadian community for teaching
us about resilience, kindness and
love.

CONTENTS

INTRODUCTION	1
CHAPTER 1 PRE-WAR, BRITISH COLUMBIA. 1930S-1942	3
CHAPTER 2 CURFEW, FEBRUARY 1942	16
CHAPTER 3 HASTINGS PARK, VANCOUVER 1942	29
CHAPTER 4 TASHME INTERNMENT CAMP, BRITISH COLUMBIA 1942-1946	46
CHAPTER 5 POST-WAR 1945-46	73
CHAPTER 6 RESETTLEMENT EAST OF THE ROCKIES 1946-PRESENT	88

INTRODUCTION

In 2009, when Matt Miwa and I began thinking about how we wanted to acknowledge and remember the lives of our elders, we had no idea what form it was going to take. After hundreds of hours of interviews with many members of our community- Nisei, Sansei and Yonsei- we found ourselves taken with the idea that the wartime generation should tell their experiences in their own voices instead of us trying to re-write them. With both of us being from a theatre background, we decided to turn our conversations with them into a one-act verbatim play, where we could keep the playful nature and layered spirit of their words and language. Matt and I took on the challenge of embodying our elders to tell the story of the Japanese Canadian wartime experience on stage.

The play traced the oral histories of 20 Nisei who were at Tashme internment camp as children, but who had at the time of creation, become our community's elders. Stories of internment had rarely been discussed in our families and in the community, and younger generations of Japanese Canadians remained largely ignorant of their elders' personal experience. It was because of this silence, and the sense of shame that encompassed it, that we embarked upon this journey to ask for, receive and retell these amazing and profound histories. It was our honour to hold these stories in trust and to infuse them with the spirit and personalities of their original tellers, many of whom have now passed away.

THE TASHME PROJECT: THE LIVING ARCHIVES

They will, however, live on in the re-telling of these stories, which is why I am so proud of this new work which retells their stories in a different and hopefully, more accessible way. I have wanted to see The Tashme Project: The Living Archives adapted into a graphic novel for many years, and to finally witness the amazing work that these 5 artists have put into this project over the last year, I am moved to tears. This online version is a first iteration of the graphic novel, with the final goal being an expansion to include the other stories in the play, and a publication of a hard copy book.

As its creators, we remain deeply committed to this project and to proliferating the stories it contains, not only for their historical value, but because each story offers deep and useful lessons in perseverance, humility, and powerful compassion. Thank you to the artists who took on these stories with love and care. Collaborating with Kaori, Sandra, Matt, Cindy and PJ has been a dream. Thank you to our elders for sharing your lives, to our ancestors who fought to give us a better life than they had and to our families and Japanese Canadian community for teaching us about resilience, kindness and love.

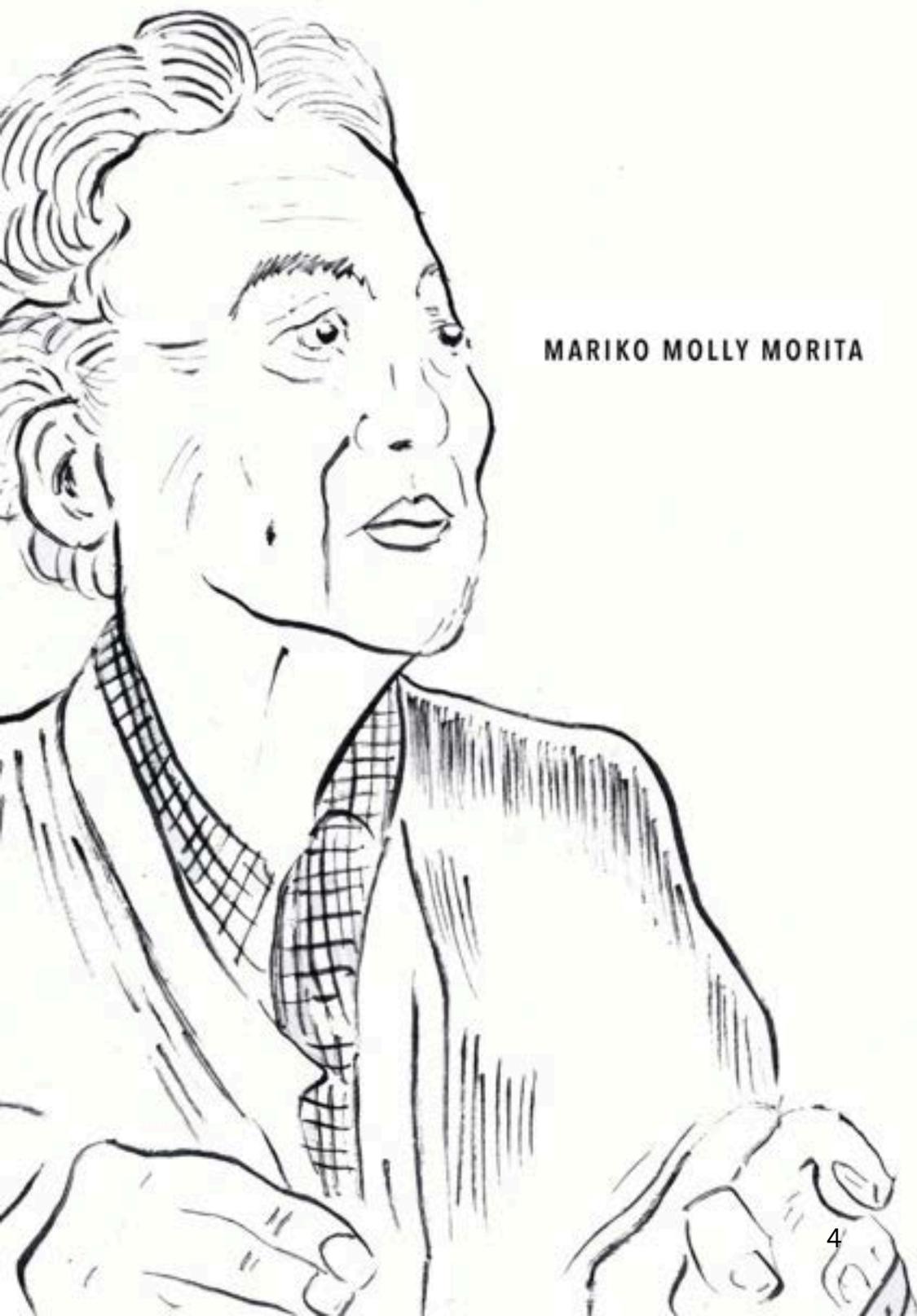
This is how you build a community. A little bit at a time.

We gratefully acknowledge support from the Community Fund of the Japanese Canadian Legacies Society.

-Julie Tamiko Manning

"It was a good life."

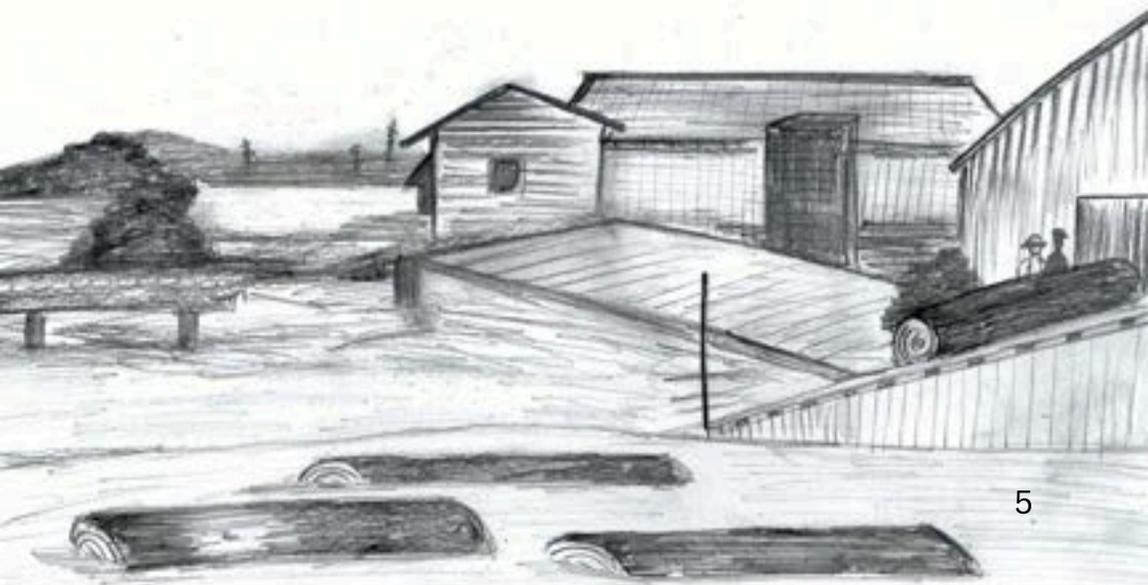
**PRE-WAR
BRITISH COLUMBIA, CANADA
1930s-1942**

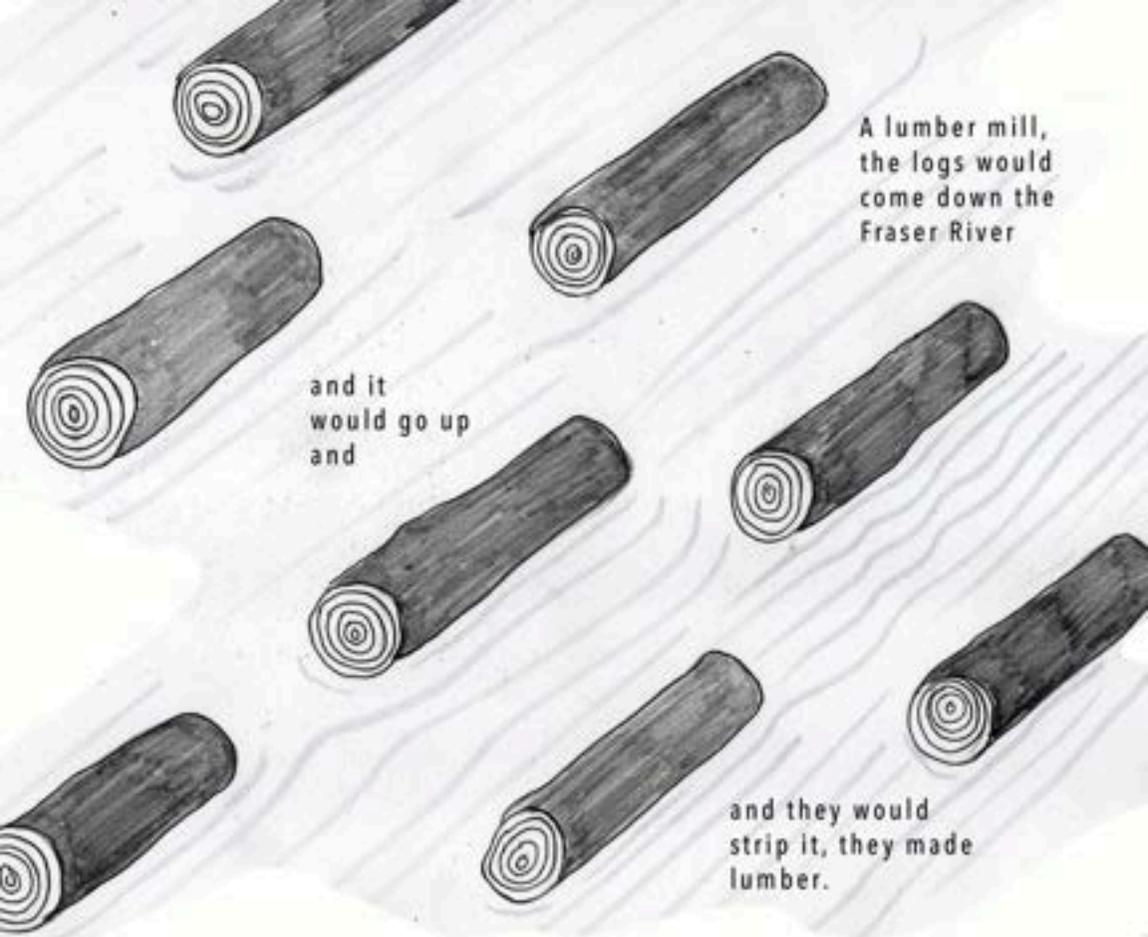


MARIKO MOLLY MORITA



Oh! Ah, I was born in Fraser Mills, BC.
That's outside of New Westminister, Sapperton.
It was a lumber mill, very well known at that time.



A black and white illustration showing several logs floating in a river. The water is represented by wavy lines. The logs are cut at various angles, showing their circular cross-sections with concentric growth rings. The scene is set in a river, likely the Fraser River as mentioned in the text.

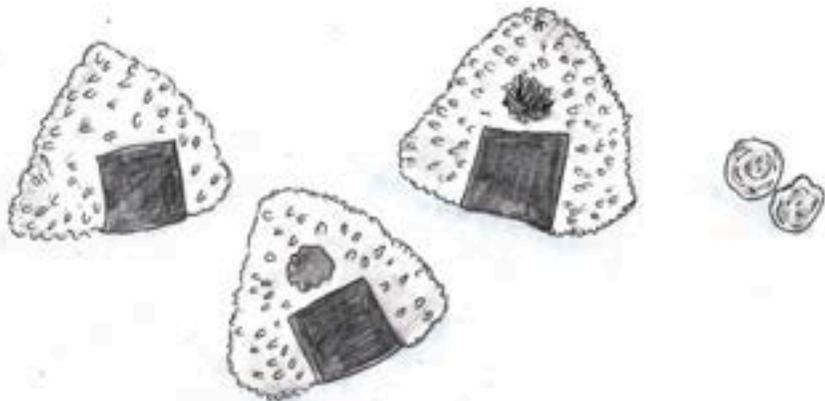
A lumber mill,
the logs would
come down the
Fraser River

and it
would go up
and

and they would
strip it, they made
lumber.

And so we would play on the lumber piles like Tarzan, you know, we would swing on it and then we would leap into the grass, and "youppie!" and that was our playground and ah, it was a good life because at Fraser Mills maybe we had eight families . . . that's all. That's all.





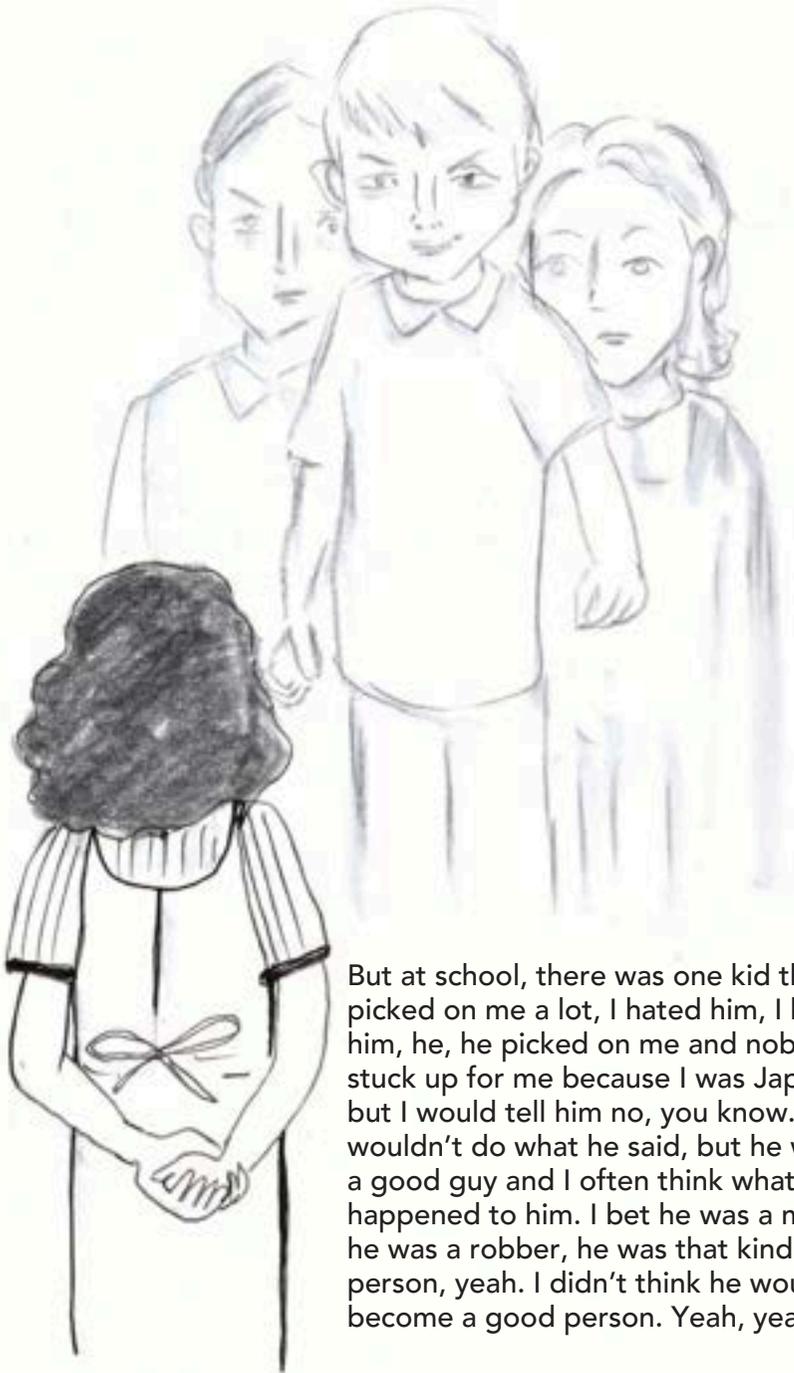
Uh, we would not take rice balls to school or anything like that because we were the odd ONES.

We ate sandwiches, sandwiches!

We did not dare do rice balls, because, because they would always say, you know, you know,

"What are you Eating!" Yeah.





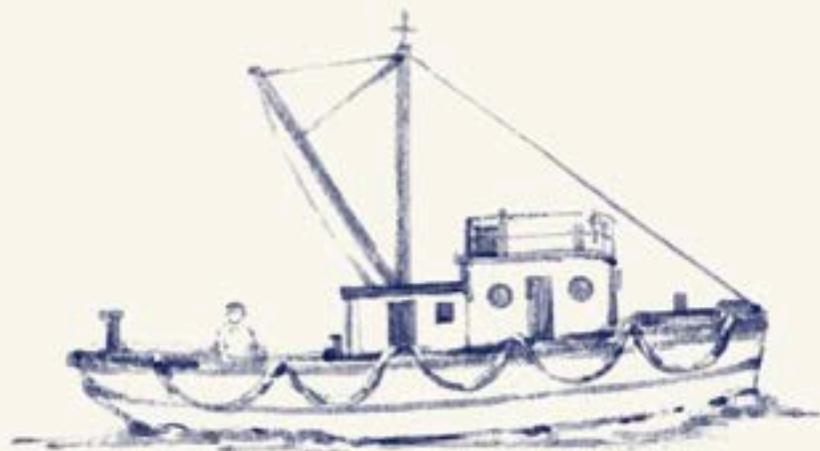
But at school, there was one kid that picked on me a lot, I hated him, I hated him, he, he picked on me and nobody stuck up for me because I was Japanese, but I would tell him no, you know. I wouldn't do what he said, but he was not a good guy and I often think what happened to him. I bet he was a meanie or he was a robber, he was that kind of a person, yeah. I didn't think he would become a good person. Yeah, yeah.

TEIKO & KUNIO



KUNIO:

I GOT INTO TROUBLE ONCE.
I WAS 9 OR 10, I GUESS.
I USED TO GO FISHING AND
THE JAPANESE SHIPS USED TO DOCK
AT PORT ALBERNI AND I BEFRIENDED
ONE OF THE PEOPLE FROM THE SHIP.
HE SHOWED ME ALL AROUND THE SHIP,
AND HE SAID THAT HE'S GOING TO
COME VISIT OUR HOUSE AFTER...



AND INSTEAD HE WENT TO
SOMEONE ELSE'S PLACE AND
I WENT WITH HIM AND
I ASKED HIM...



ARE YOU GOING
TO COME TO
MY PLACE?

YEAH



IT WAS PAST MIDNIGHT. FINALLY, HE TOLD ME...



HEY, KUNO
YOU BETTER GO
HOME, BECAUSE
IT'S TOO LATE NOW.





WHEN I GOT HOME THERE WAS A WHOLE LINE OF PEOPLE WITH FLASHLIGHTS. MY PARENTS THOUGHT I WAS DROWNED BECAUSE I WENT FISHING THAT DAY AND BOY, MY DAD WAS MAD!! I NEVER EVEN REALIZED TIME, THOUGH. I JUST WANTED TO TAKE HIM HOME AND SHOW HIM TO MY PARENTS.

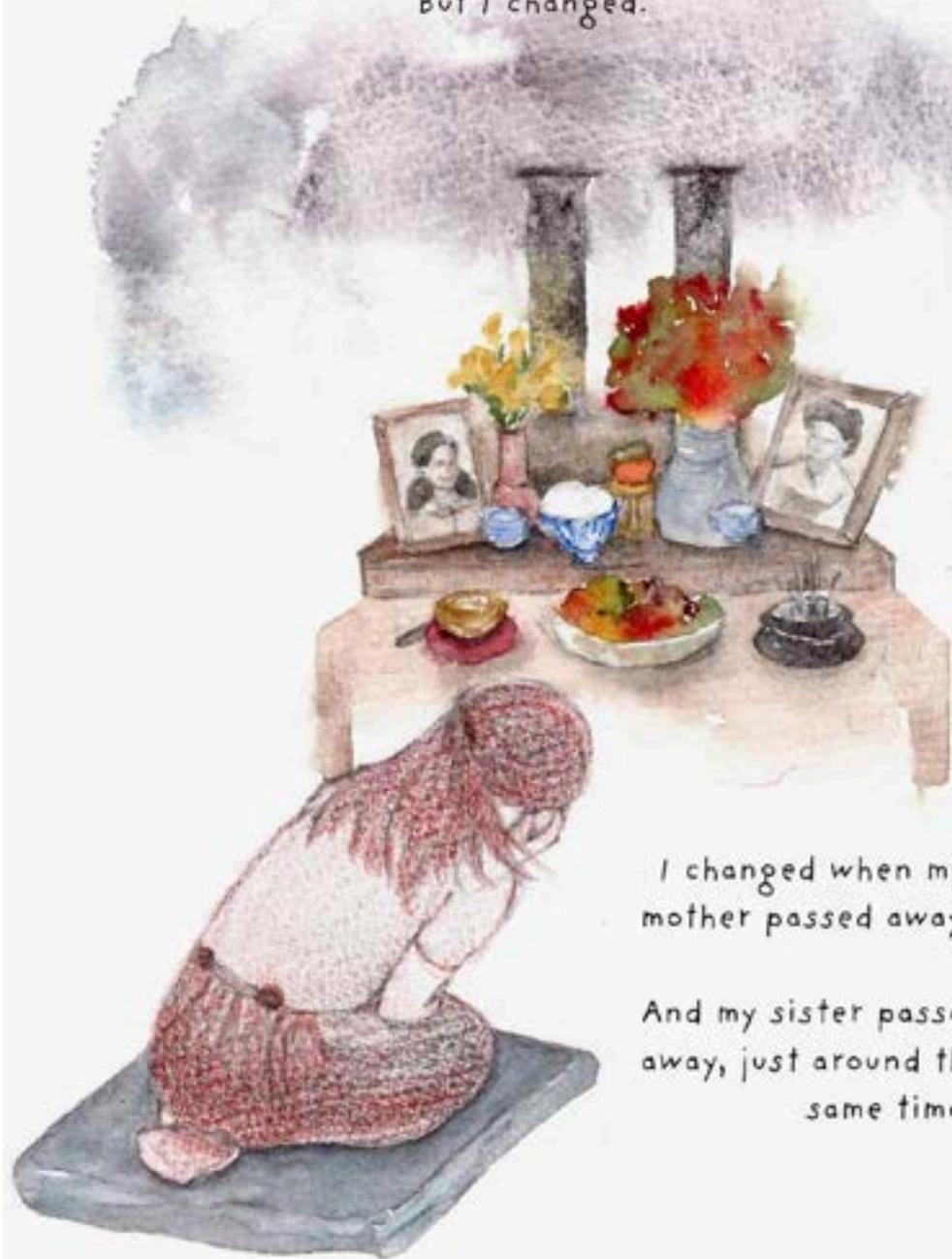
KUNIOOOOOO
WHAT TIME DO YOU THINK *iiiiT iiis!!*



AND THE BRANCH I USED FOR FISHING - MY DAD TOOK THAT AND HE WHACKED, WHACKED THE HELL OUT OF ME. I'LL NEVER FORGET THAT.

JANE

I was a rebel, I hear, when I was very, very young.
But I changed.



I changed when my
mother passed away.

And my sister passed
away, just around the
same time.

Oh, I just couldn't take it. I just felt I was all alone that.
I was very cautious after that.



"After 9 o'clock, the Japanese weren't allowed on the street."

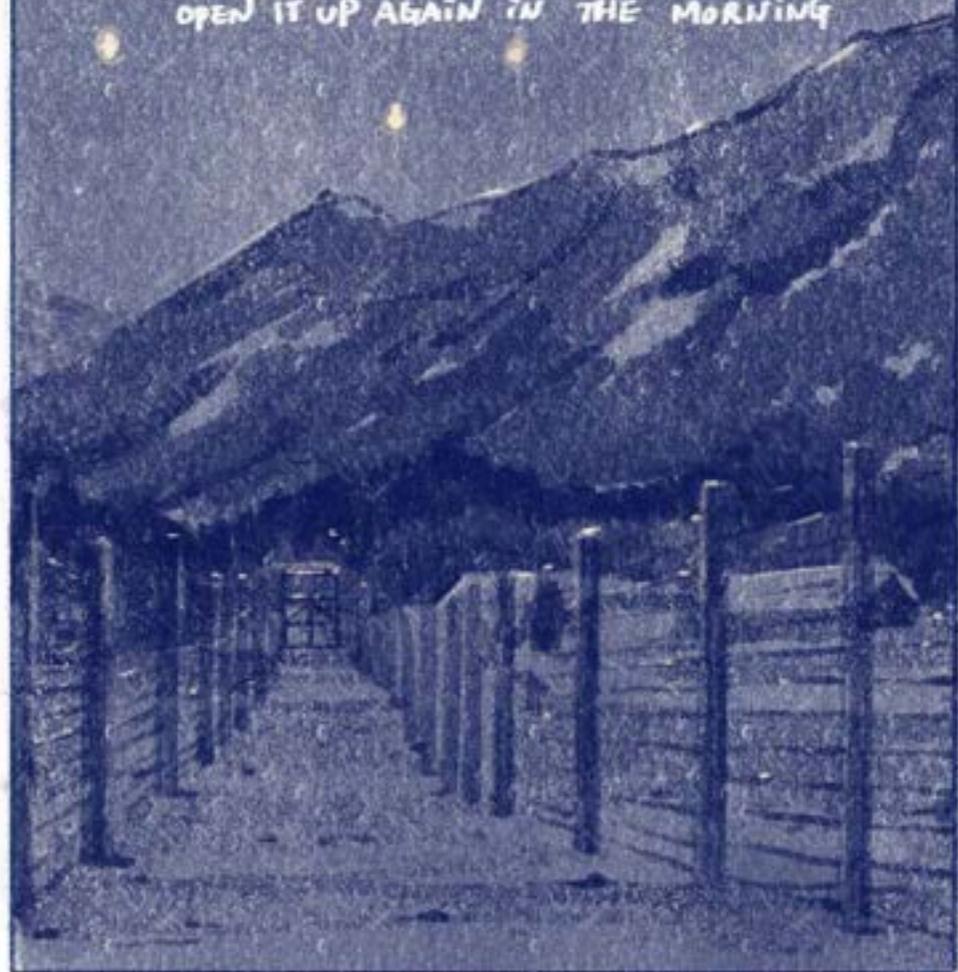
CURFEW
FEBRUARY 1942

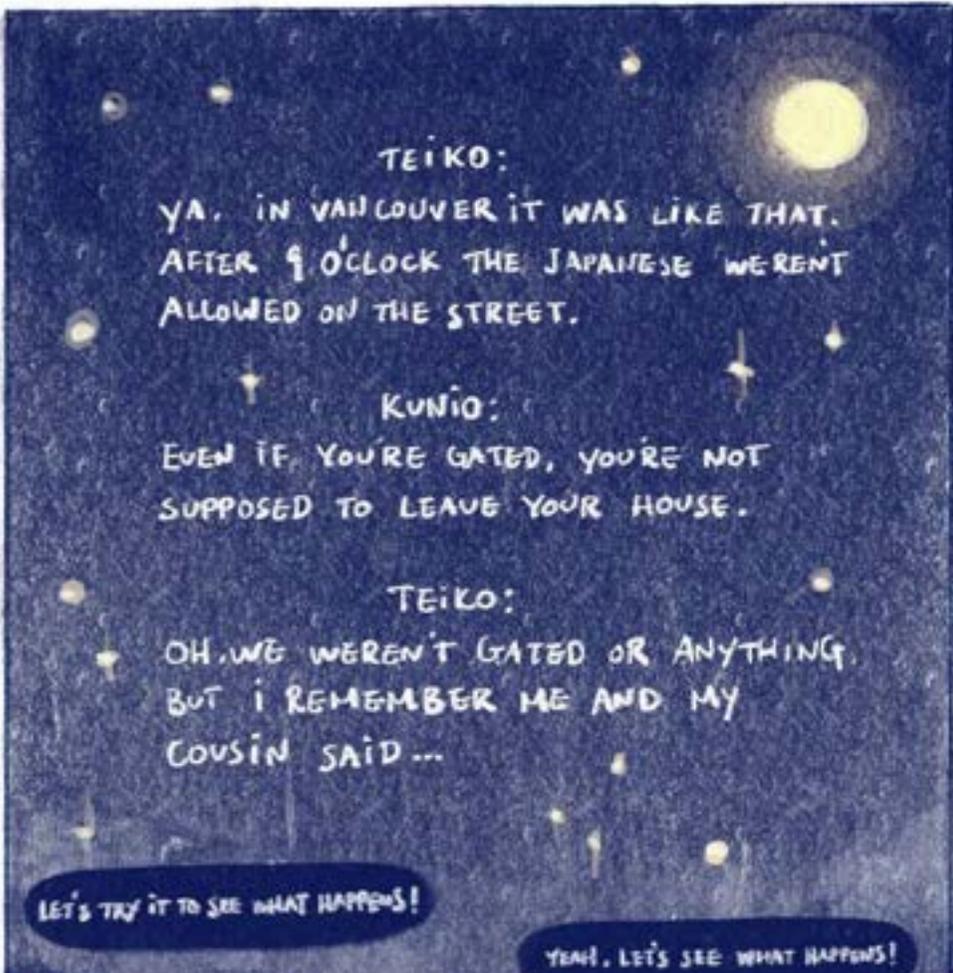
KUNIO + TEIKO

KUNIO:
IN PORT ALBERNI, THEY BUILT A 6-FOOT HIGH
FENCE AROUND THE WHOLE COMMUNITY

TEIKO:
SO THAT THEY CAN'T GET OUT.

KUNIO
THEY CLOSE IT UP AT NIGHT TIME AND
OPEN IT UP AGAIN IN THE MORNING





TEIKO:

YA. IN VANCOUVER IT WAS LIKE THAT.
AFTER 9 O'CLOCK THE JAPANESE WEREN'T
ALLOWED ON THE STREET.

KUNIO:

EVEN IF YOU'RE GATED, YOU'RE NOT
SUPPOSED TO LEAVE YOUR HOUSE.

TEIKO:

OH WE WEREN'T GATED OR ANYTHING,
BUT I REMEMBER ME AND MY
COUSIN SAID ...

LET'S TRY IT TO SEE WHAT HAPPENS!

YEAH. LET'S SEE WHAT HAPPENS!



SO WE STAYED OUT AFTER 9 O'CLOCK
AND A POLICE CAR CAME ROUND AND
SHONE A HUGE LIGHT IN OUR FACE...

HEY!!

AAAAAH

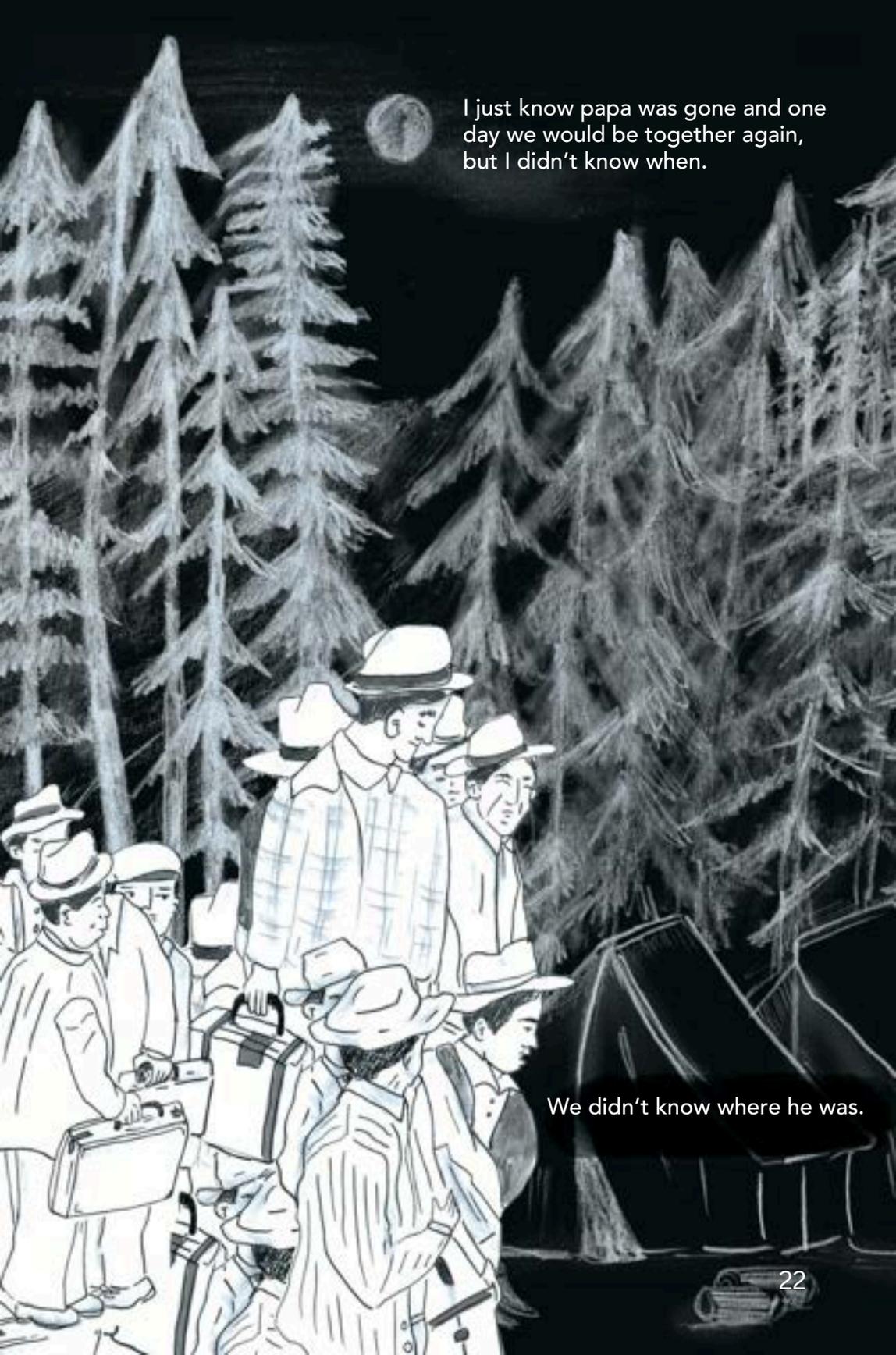
TEIKO! RUVVUN

ピコ-リキ



WE JUST WANTED TO TRY IT TO SEE WHAT HAPPENED!

MOLLY



I just know papa was gone and one day we would be together again, but I didn't know when.

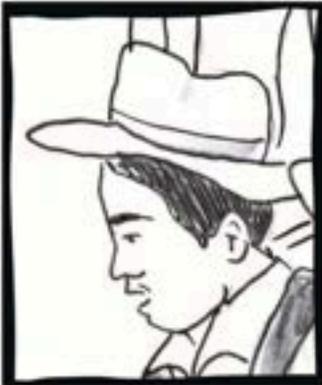
We didn't know where he was.

You just took it as
"She said" that "he
will come back."



Didn't think it was strange.

At that time there was so much
upheav- al, you just didn't think,
you just—what- ever was told to
you, you know?



Mama had to do all the gathering of what we could take. We had the Japanese, uh . . . Kori, yeah, straw, straw—soft basket—has a top and a bottom.



We tied it up!

We had the kori, and then we had a suitcase each—





It would be beautiful Japanese old vases that you see in these collector things, beautiful things and dishes that . . . were beautiful.

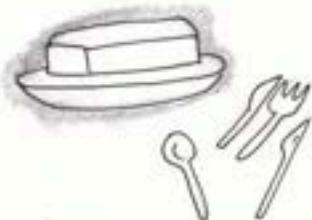
But you couldn't take them with you, and it was more clothing you took. Kimono?

Those were luxury, neh.



Those kind of things, you know, you didn't know where to give it—you just put it outside because you couldn't pack it, no.





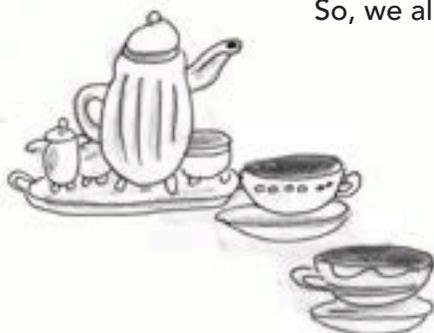
You didn't do kimono or anything that you had for odori. No, no, those were luxury, they were not necessity, and this was necessity time.

It was sad because the mothers at that time, they were young mothers, eh?

—and here they had to just gather up things that they could take, and no pots and pans, no kitchens knives, nothing like that.



So, we all had to start over again, didn't we?



But it's wonderful in the way that everybody looked after each other, cuz in our way, families with little children, you would look after the little children, for mommy, you know, for the mom.



I always think that the mothers had it so hard.



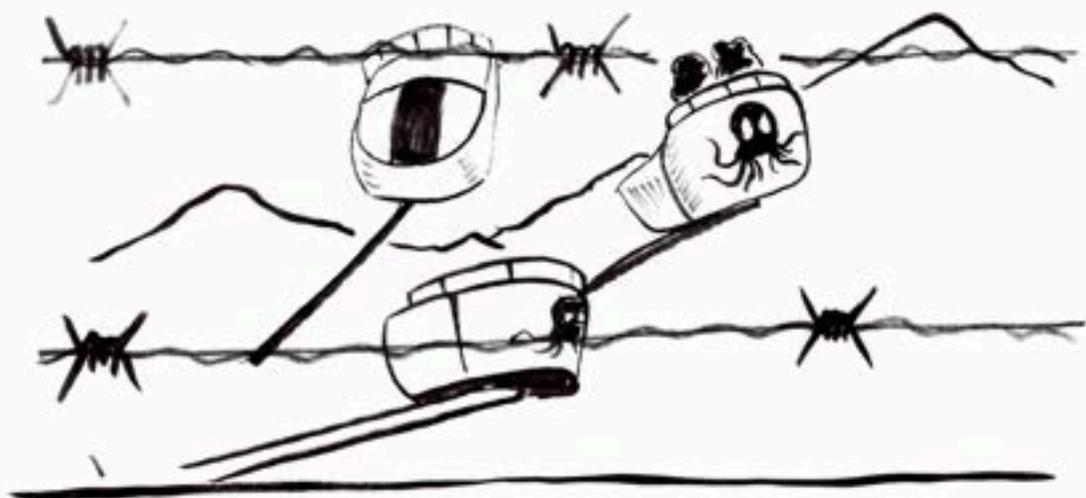
"I felt like something in a zoo."

**HASTINGS PARK, VANCOUVER.
1942**

JEAN



Barbed wire.

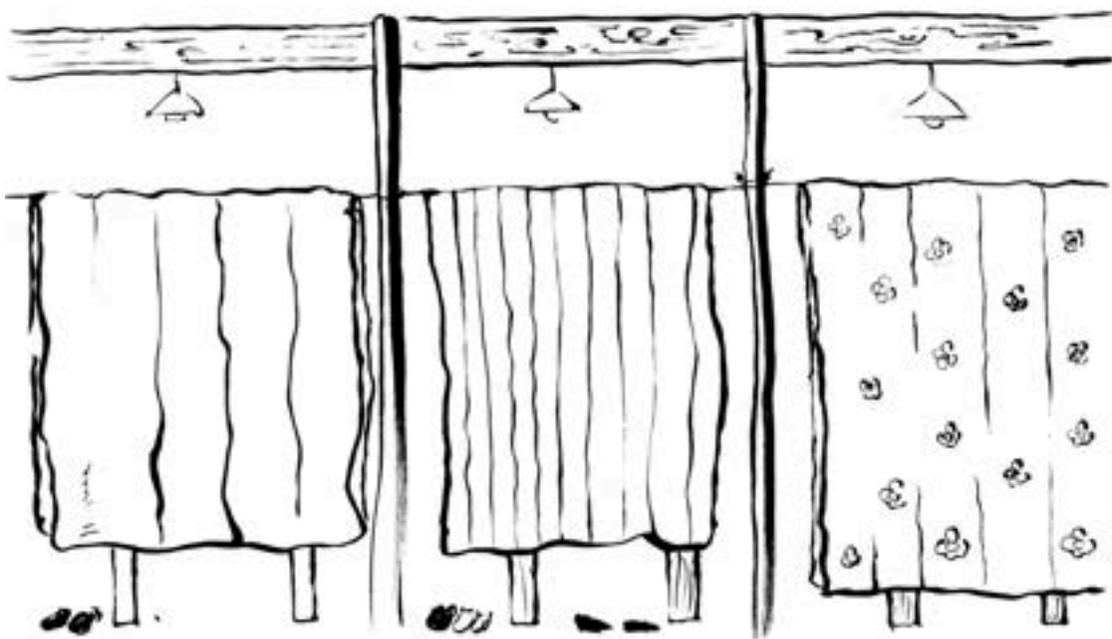


Barbed wire. Barbed wire,
they were all,
oh yeah, it was all barbed wire.



And another thing was...

...We were in a horse stall, right?
But a family is just
closed in with blankets.
I mean how much privacy
can you get,
like, you know?



The men couldn't stay in our
building.
They had the men's building



the older folks
and then my brother.
Y'know at 13



My dad was gone,
they sent
them to them to the road camp.





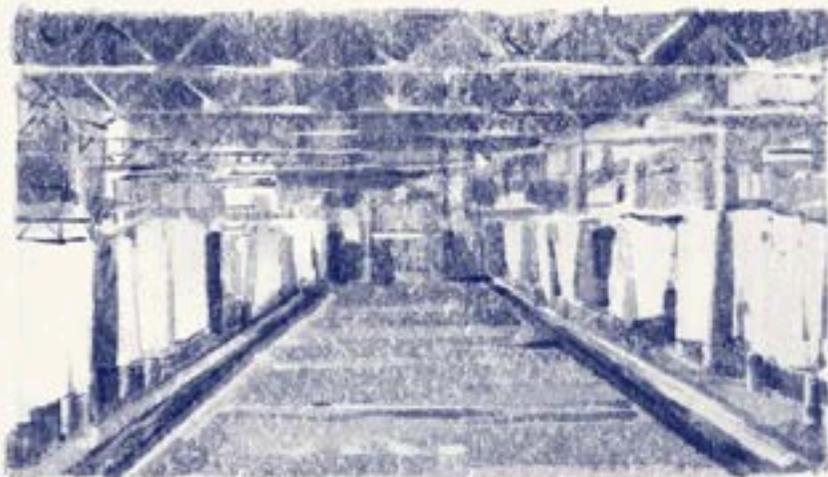
So there'd be kids
from 12 to 17
that would have to stay
in the mens building





TEIKO

HASTING PARK



IT SMELLED LIKE A BARN FOR SURE.
WE HAD THESE LITTE QUARTERS WITH
CURTAINS HANGING AND THAT WAS
YOUR PLACE TO LIVE. BUT THEY ALL
HAD BUNK BEDS, SO THE CHILDREN
ALL SLEPT ON THE TOP
SO YOU COULD SEE LIKE, EVERYBODY...



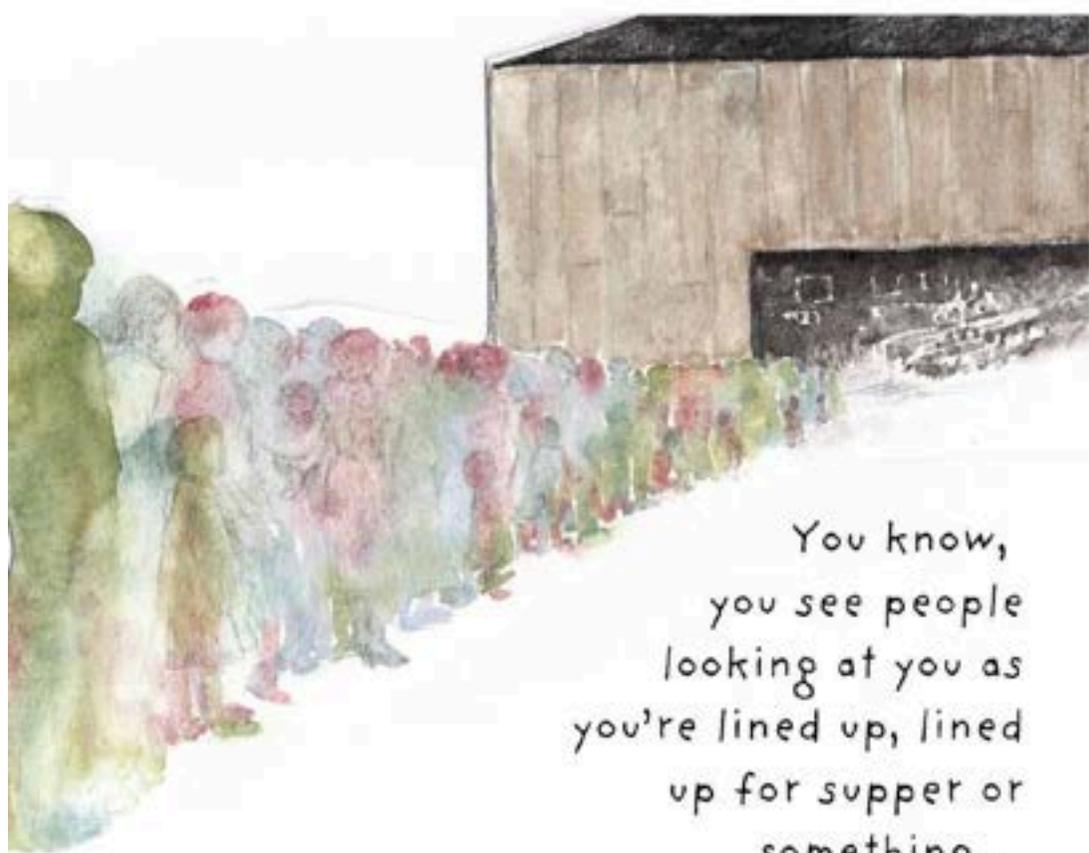
YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN?
YOU COULD SEE EVERYONE SLEEPING. THEN
IN THE MORNING YOU SEE ALL THE HEADS POP UP.



AND I REMEMBER THE BATHROOM, EH?
JUST LIKE THE HORSES WHEN THEY DRINK FROM -
IT WAS ONE LONG THING. A TROUGH WITH A
PARTITION BUT NO DOOR AND THE WATER
WAS CONSTANTLY RUNNING...

JANE

I certainly knew when we
went to Hastings Park that
we were different...



You know,
you see people
looking at you as
you're lined up, lined
up for supper or
something...

In Hastings Park,
there's sort of a fence
with wire.



Well, they would go to
the racetracks and they
would sort of look down
and I thought...

Gee whiz, I sure KNEW I was different
at that time.



I mean, you know,
there was no barriers between
Japanese and other nationalities
back in Mayo. but when it came to
Hastings Park there, well,
they would look at us like this...

I felt like something in a zoo.

We were quite young
but, but I didn't
like it at all

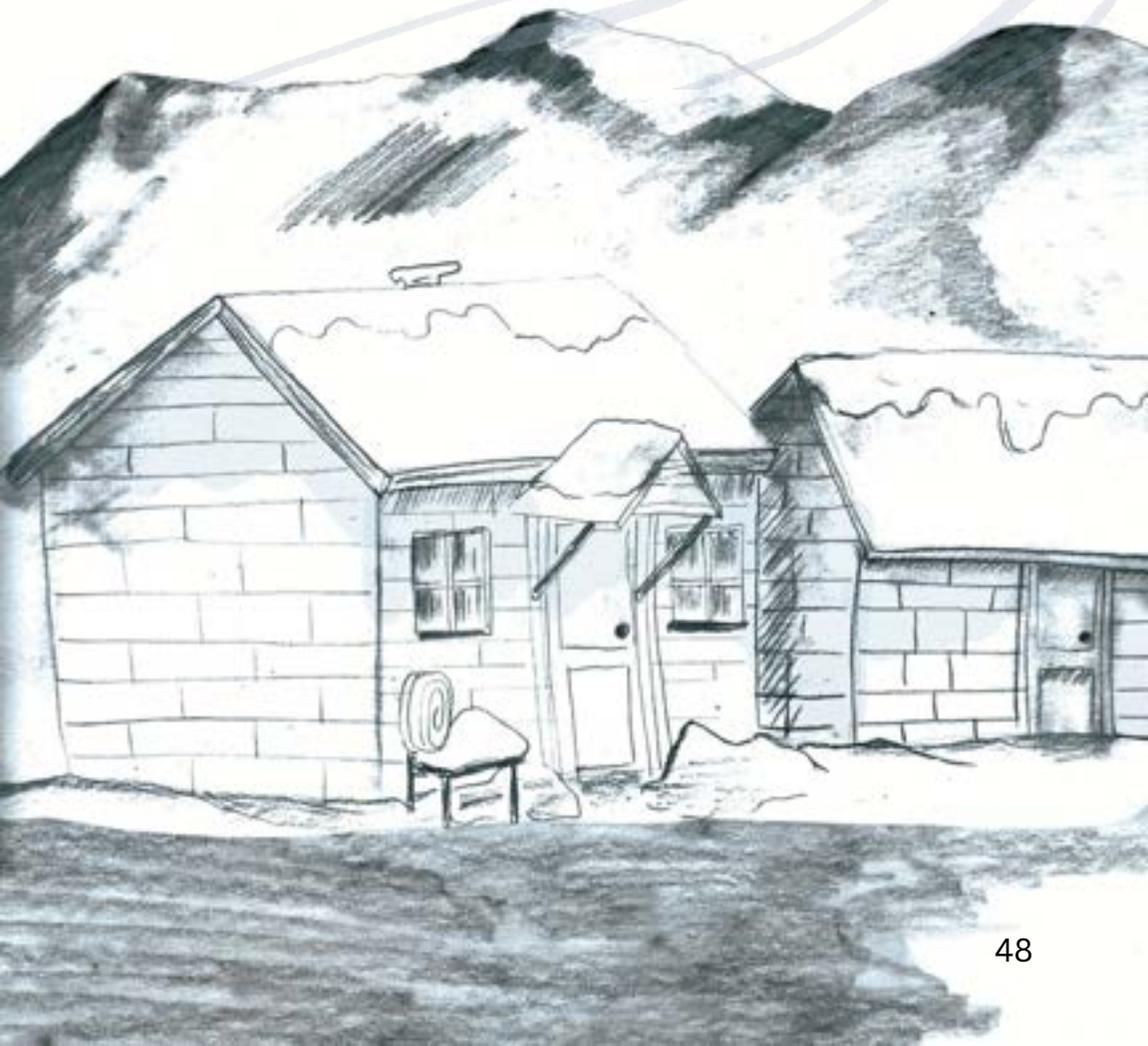


*"You saw all these Japanese people
and you made friends!"*

**TASHME INTERNMENT CAMP,
BRITISH COLUMBIA
1942-1946**

MOLLY

Tashme was beautiful place. All surrounded by mountains and two rivers, one on either side—one a fast, fast flowing river and the other a quiet stream. It was a very picturesque place, actually. It was wonderful!





We never seen so many Japanese, we made friends with oodles, eh, wasn't it? That's the way it was, I think, for you, too! You know, you saw all these Japanese people and you made friends.



KUNIO

KUNIO:

WHEN WE FIRST GOT THERE, THE PLACE WAS SO MUDDY, LIKE, EH. IT WAS ALL FIELD-



NO ROAD OR ANYTHING. IT WAS ALL JUST GROUND AND THEY HAD BUILT A WOODEN SIDEWALK SO WHEN PEOPLE WENT TO THE BATHTUB - THEY USED TO HAVE THE GETA - AND YOU COULD HEAR



THE CLIP CLOP ALL WAY DOWN STREET, YA...

THE BATHHOUSE WAS -
IT'S A COMMUNITY, COMMUNITY BATH.
IT'S A LONG BUILDING -
ONE SIDE WAS FOR MEN AND
THE OTHER SIDE WAS FOR WOMEN.



IT WAS A JAPANESE BATH AND, UH, YOU WASH
YOURSELF AND YOU GO IN THE TUB AFTER.



MAY

I-I-I was a tomboy,



I was really a tomboy,
but, ah, we used to
throw a ball,
over a barn.

Over the Barn, and there's another guy on the other side. And there's a team. We have a team, three on each side, you know. And you have to catch it when it comes over,



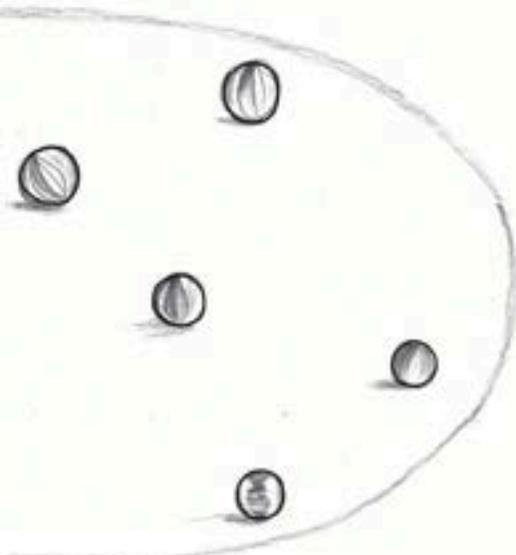
so you don't know where it's coming from, right?



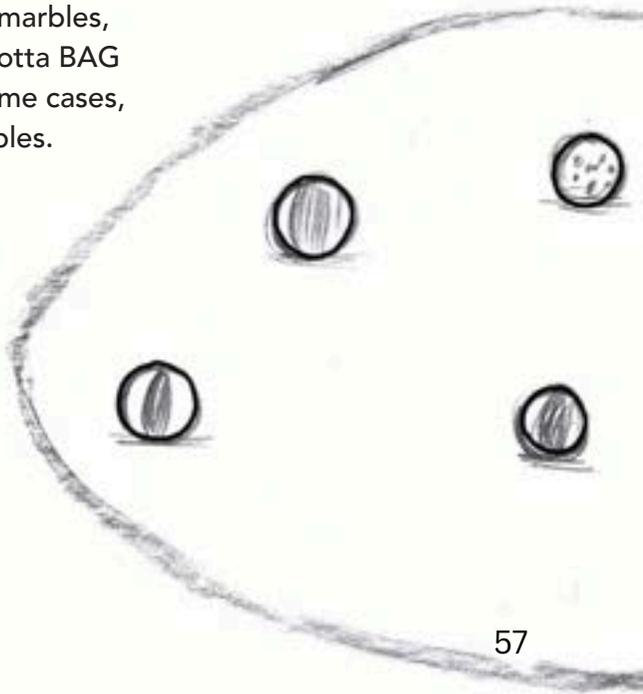
From the right, or, or the left. So, you know, like, uh, it's coming and it's just dribbling, dribbling, so we have to run.

It was a tall barn. Well maybe, I was small, I was very—I'm still short. But it was a barn, I still remember a barn. Did you play that?

MOLLY

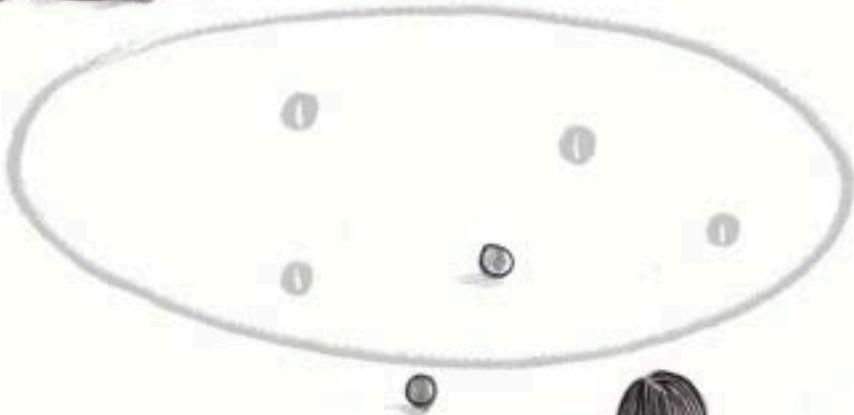


We used to play Marbles.
We got them from Woolworth,
WOOLworth, WOOLworth! WOoolworth,
F.W.WOOLWORTH!
You have what they call keepers, eh?
Then you can win all kinds of marbles,
so if you're really good you gotta BAG
full of marbles, but then in some cases,
some guy's got no more marbles.

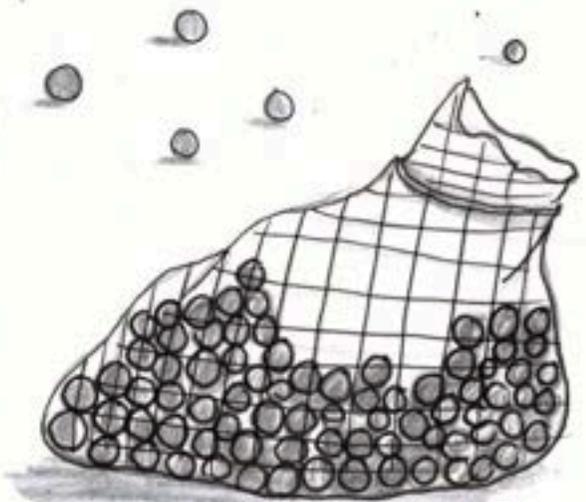


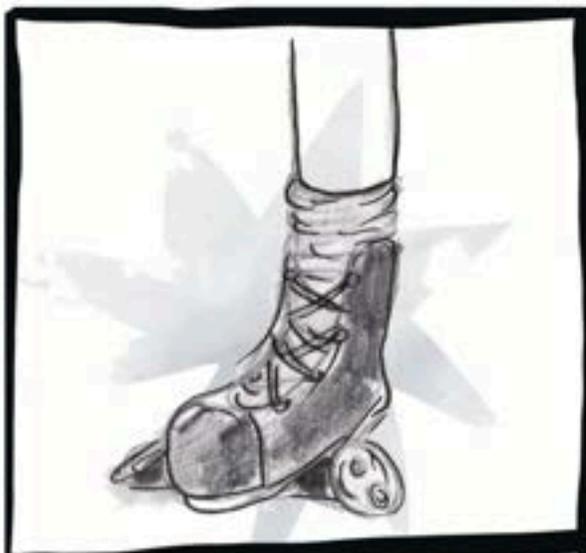


And my sister, Toyo, was good at marbles and she had little hands.
And she was good with those steelies and all. She played with the boys!



And she would get bags of marbles.
And when you win it, it's yours to keep!





And then, to be in high heels we would crush a can, put a heel in,

CLANK!

you know, crush a can and then
CLUNK CLUNK CLUNK

—you know that was our high heels, wasn't it? That was fun! Wasn't it fun?

CLANK!



Crushing that thing and
CLUNK CLUNK CLUNK!

CLANK!



CLANK!



Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah.
That was fun, yeah!



It's good, those games, neh?

CLANK!

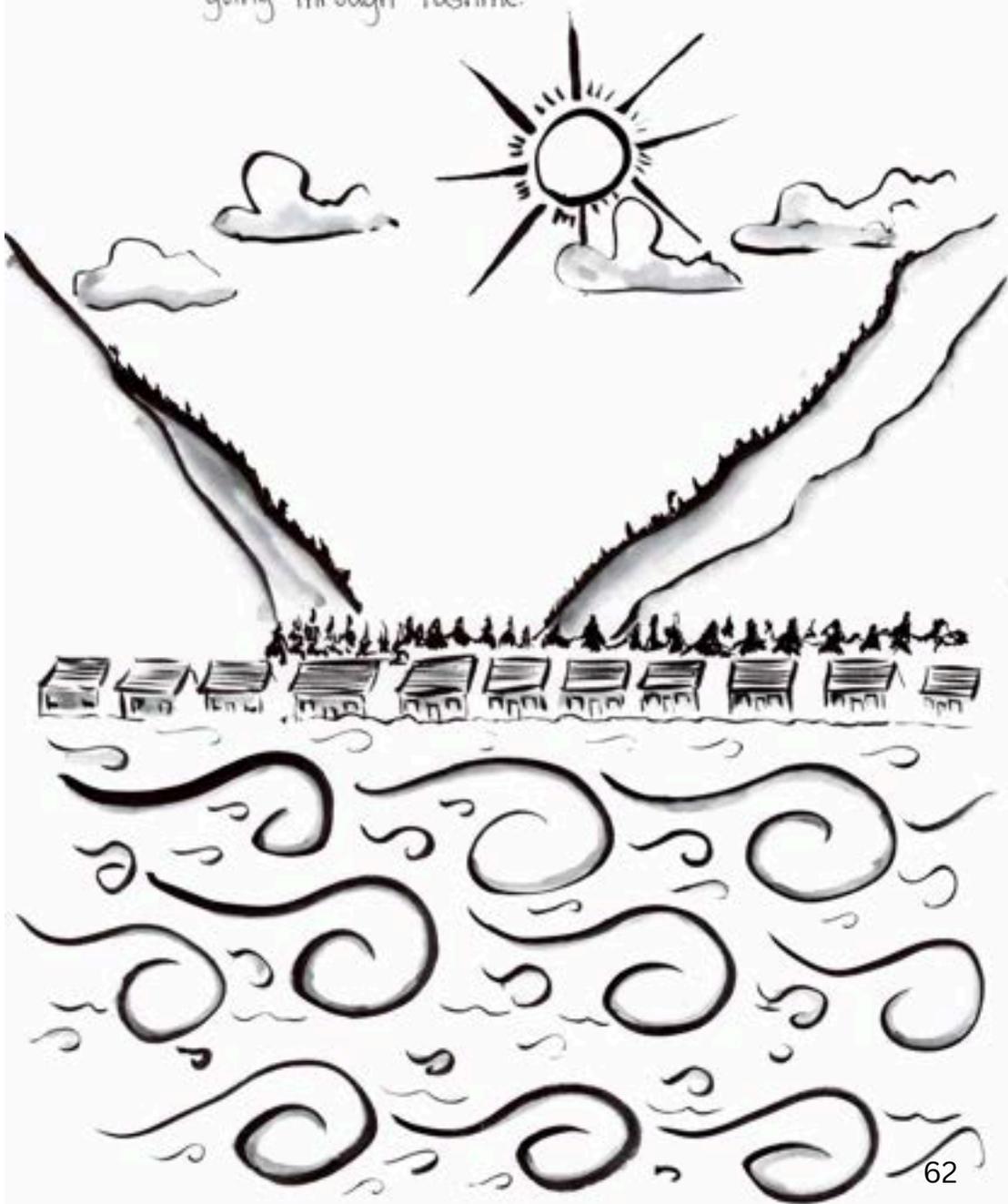
CLANK!



You don't see them no more.

JEAN

And so they had this river,
quite a big river-Fast Creek
going through Tashme.



and I think there's
one or two children that died.
Yeah.
You know got drowned in the
river?

'Cause the river that
was running in Tashme was
very fast, really.

...y'know, and if they were playing..





One was, there was one girl for sure
and I think- there was one boy for sure-
got drowned.



The girl lived on 5th avenue



and the boy
lived on 2nd avenue.

It was a tragedy Really



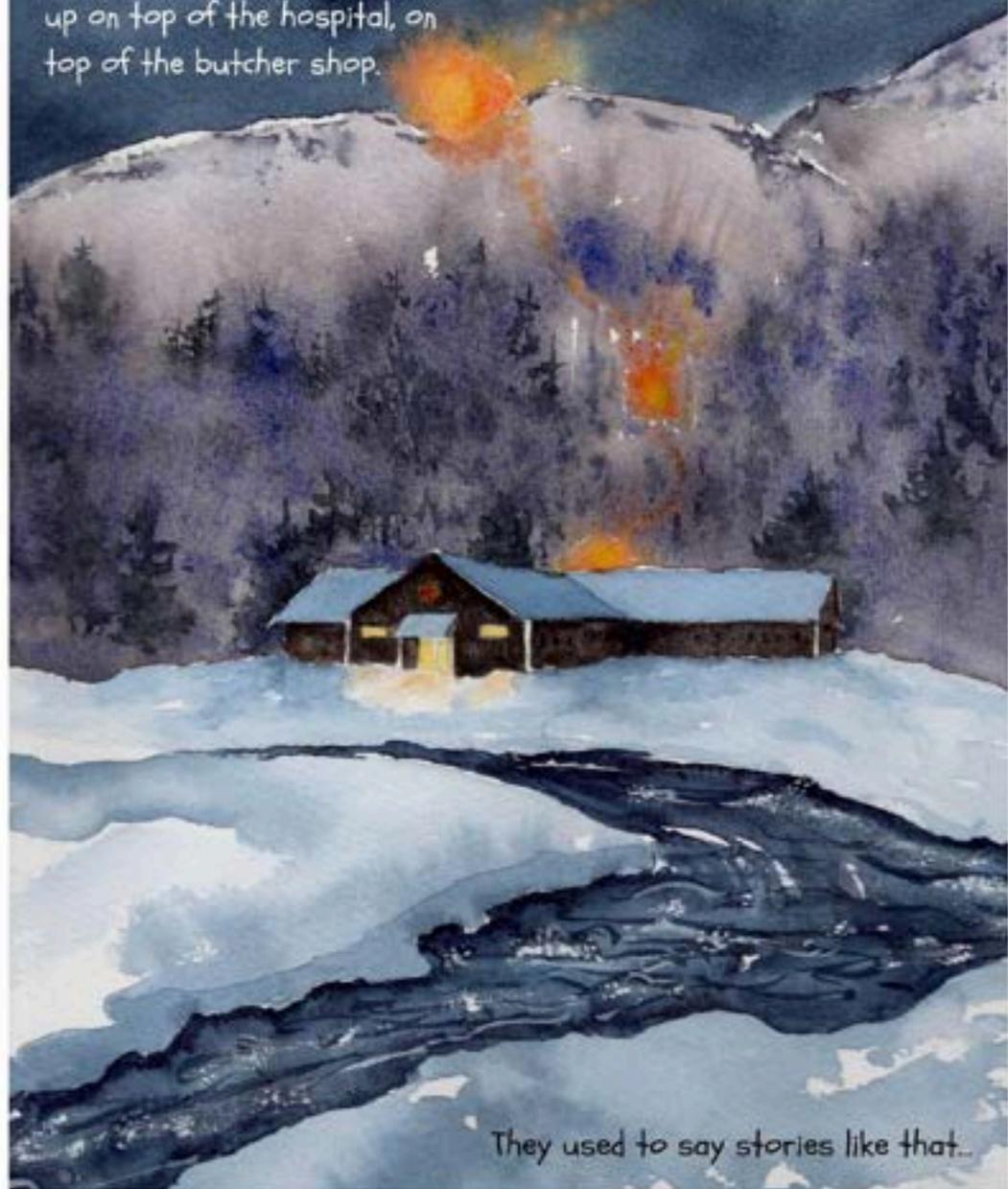
Two kids at separate times.

MAY



Have you ever heard of hinotama? The old ones, the
older people used to talk about hinotama.

Whenever there's a burial, or
somebody dies at the hospital,
that's near the butcher shop,
well, you could see like ah, the
people's soul, body's soul rises
up on top of the hospital, on
top of the butcher shop.



They used to say stories like that...

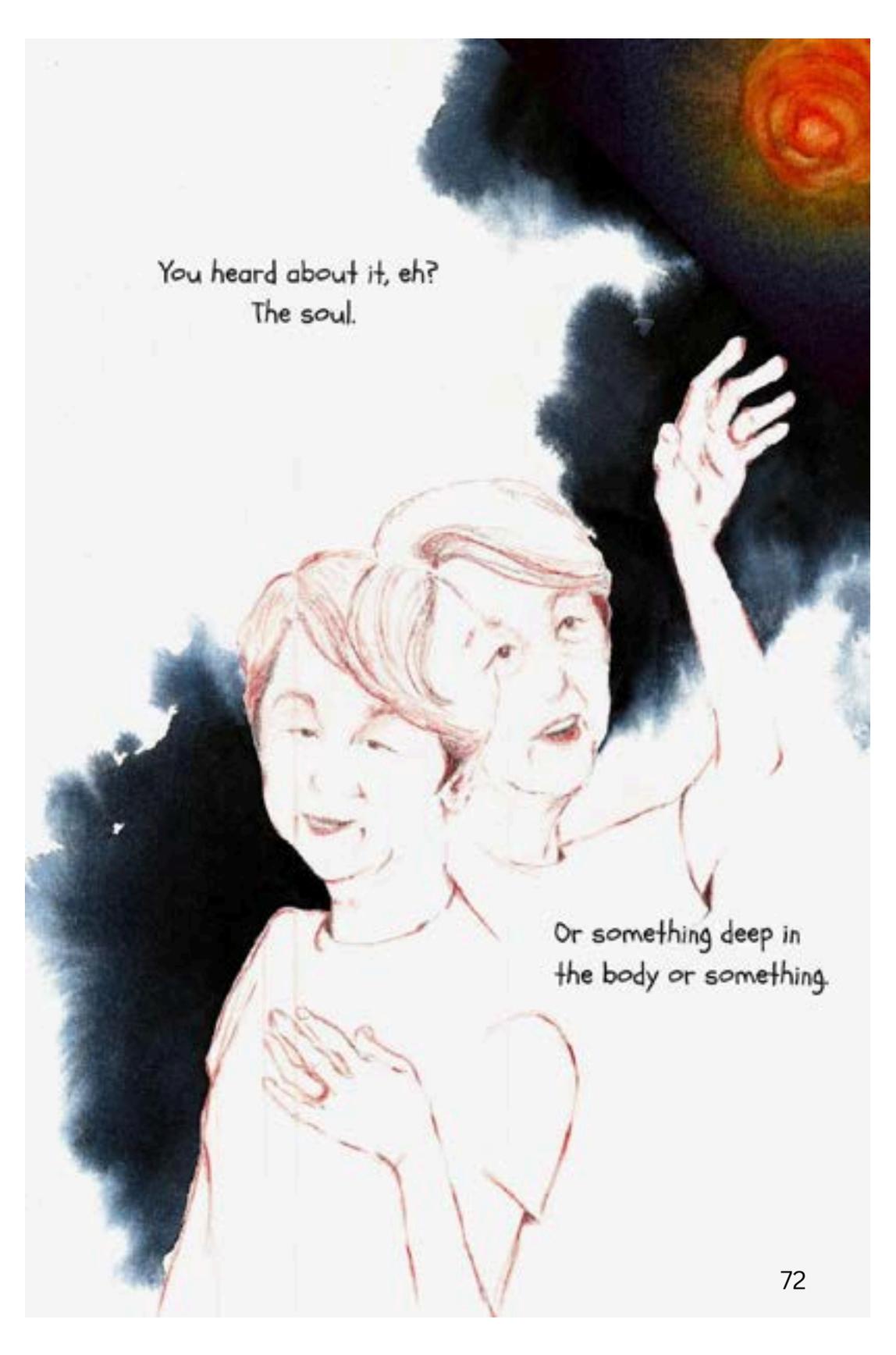


They used to SEE it!
I'm not scared, no, not really.



I'm fearless.
Really, I AM fearless!





You heard about it, eh?
The soul.

Or something deep in
the body or something.

*"That must have been hard, eh? To
leave your child behind."*

**POST-WAR
1945-46**

KUNIO + TEIKO

KUNIO:



TOWARD THE END

YOU HAD TO MAKE A DECISION -
REPATRIATE TO JAPAN OR TO STAY -
GO EAST - AND ONE OF MY FRIENDS
HIS PARENTS WENT BACK TO JAPAN
BUT HE DIDN'T WANT TO GO BACK.
HE WAS ABOUT 15, I GUESS -

HE STUDIED AND HE'S A PHD NOW.

I KNOW THAT WHEN HIS PARENTS
WERE LEAVING ON THE BUS
THAT HE WAS RUNNING AFTER THE BUS...



TEIKO: CRYING.



CAN YOU IMAGINE?
THAT MUST'VE BEEN HARD EH?
TO LEAVE YOUR CHILD BEHIND?

JEAN



My sister got married in Tashme
The wedding was just in the kitchen.
She didn't have to go to Japan.



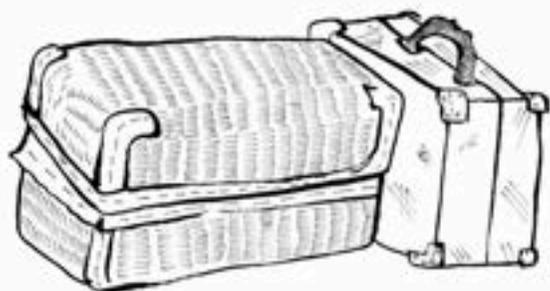


I had no choice
because
it was my
dad's choice.

We wouldn't say, "Dad, we want to stay here
and you can go to Japan."
We couldn't do that
cuz we were underage.

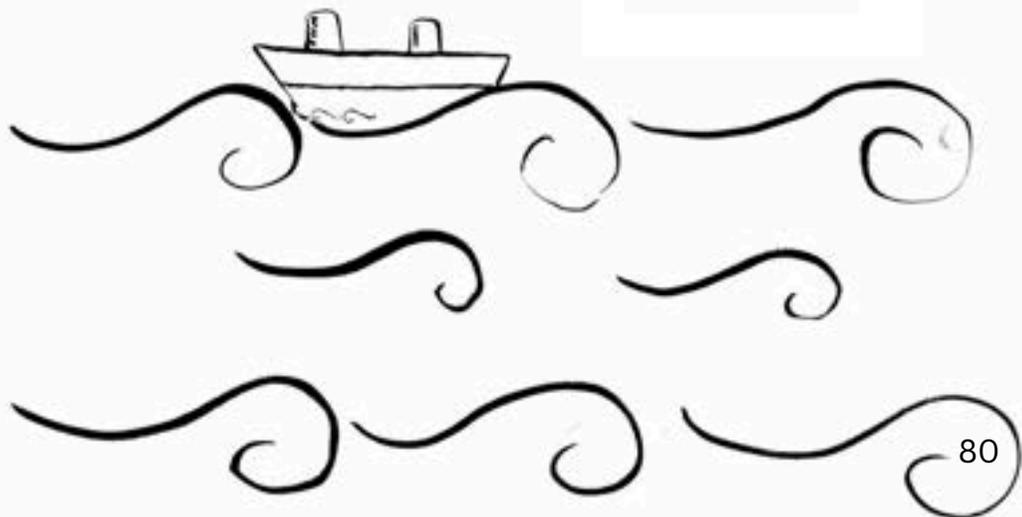


But dad didn't know what
was going to happen when we
uh, left Tashme -
what's he gonna do with 10 kids
and how's he gonna feed them?



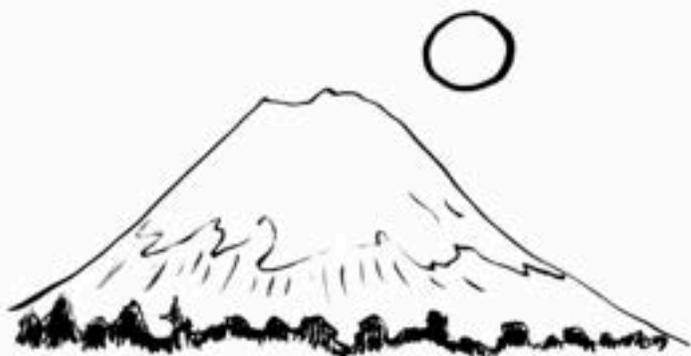
So he says, "oh well
we'll go to Japan,"
'cause he had his sister there

and uh, he figured
maybe they will
help out-



... which was a big mistake.

When we got to Japan
we went to their place
and uh-



-I mean,
what are they going to do
with all OUR kids,
you know us kids too?



we were discriminated.

They said we weren't
Japanese. we didn't dress like them,



you know,
we didn't know
the language, right?



Our first language was English anyways-
so when we went to Japan
we didn't even know how to
say 'chair' in Japanese.



Table was 'tay-bah-ru' and
Chair was "cheya,"
you know?
We thought that
was Japanese when
we were small-
whenever the 1st
generation talked.

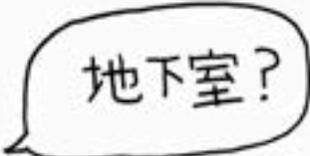
椅子



テーブル



The cellar, the cellar
they used to call it the
down below.
They said it 'danburo



地下室?



danburo?

I thought, well, that's Japanese.
But when we went to Japan
we found out that it's NOT
Japanese-
That's English!

We went to Japan and
we said "danburo"
and they didn't know
what we were talking about!

TEIKO

TEIKO:

WE WENT TO THAT HORRIBLE CAMP ON THE WAY TO FARNHAM, WAY, WAY OUT IN THE STICKS. IT WAS CALLED ANGLER, ONTARIO. THEY SENT US THERE ON A TRAIN. COMING FROM BC, WE DIDN'T HAVE ANY BOOTS OR ANYTHING. THEY JUST DUMP US OFF IN THE DEEP SNOW.

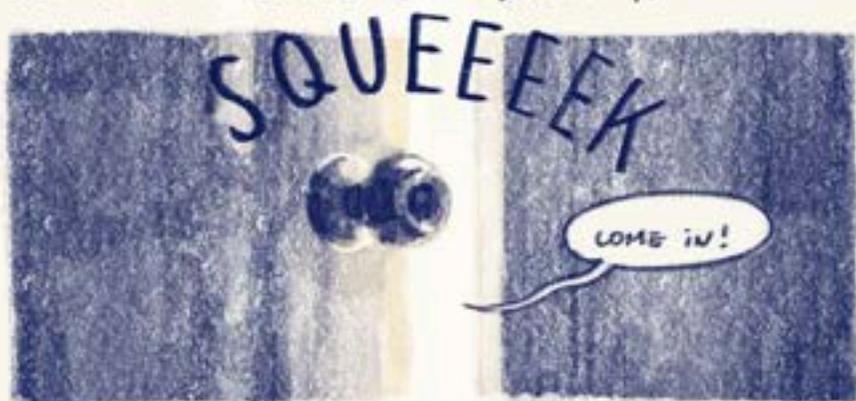


NOBODY THERE TO GREET US SO WE JUST SHIVERED AND STOOD THERE IN THE FREEZING COLD.

SAMUI...



THEN IN THE WEE HOURS OF THE MORNING
WE SAW A LIGHT COME ON IN THE MESS HALL.
WE WERE FROZEN, NO BOOTS, NOTHING,



AND THEY MADE US HOT BREAKFAST.

*"Nobody there
but the trees were still growing."*

**RESETTLEMENT
EAST OF THE ROCKIES
1946-PRESENT**

TERRY

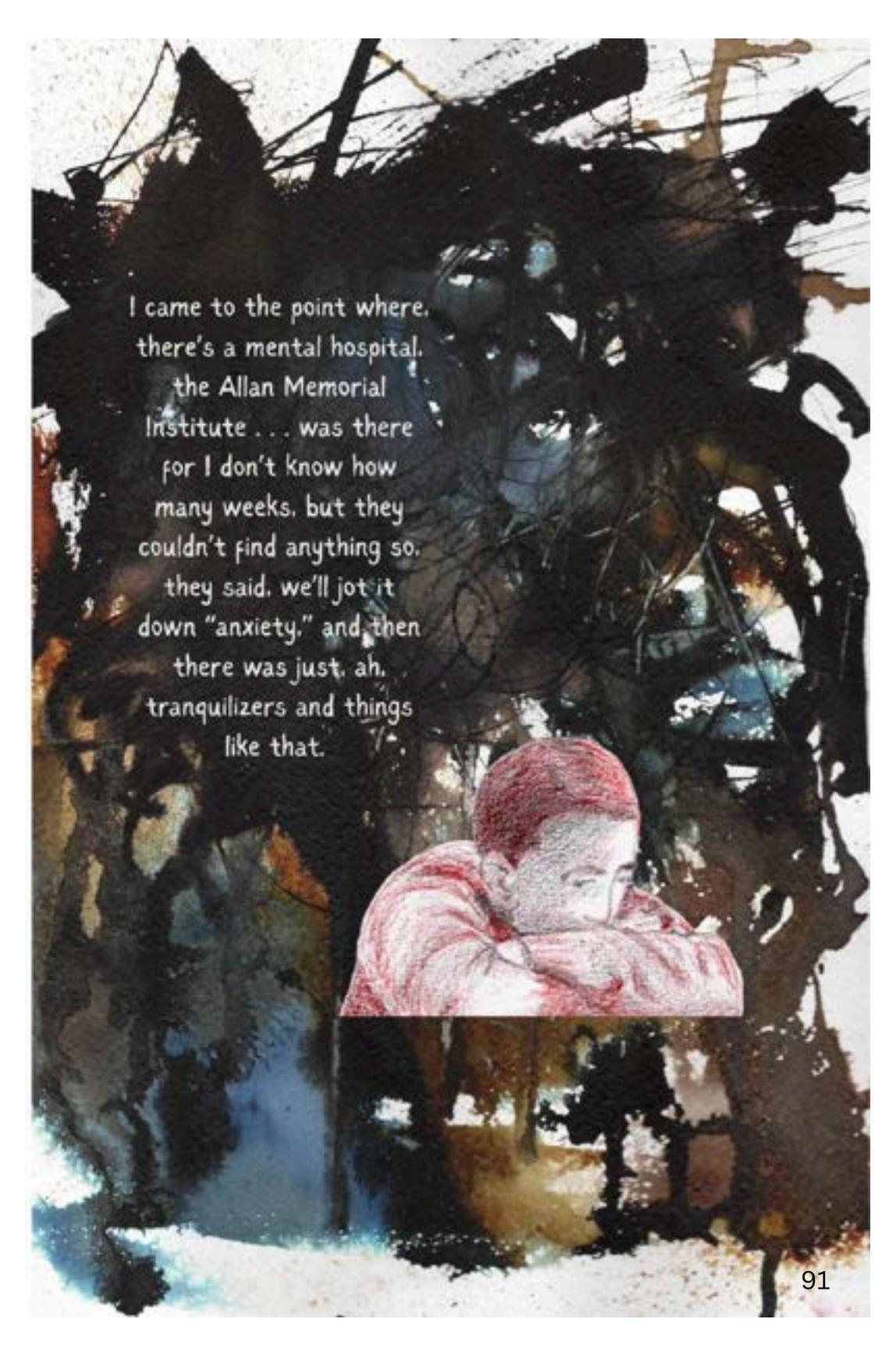
In most Japanese families, I think, the eldest son is supposed to be the main breadwinner, or look after the family, so I think they're more pressured to go to university. In that sense, it sort of worked like that in our family.

Although, when I was going to school in Montreal, I was a very self-conscious kind of person, or personality, so I wasn't really ah, aggressive.

So it affected me in a negative way, like the pressure, you know, so.

Actually, I was quite sick and after, ah, the second-year university, I think for one year, I never left the house. I was afraid to go out.





I came to the point where
there's a mental hospital.
the Allan Memorial
Institute . . . was there
for I don't know how
many weeks, but they
couldn't find anything so
they said, we'll jot it
down "anxiety," and then
there was just, ah,
tranquilizers and things
like that.

My sister had come from Toronto and said.



"You know there's a new book out, so why don't you just read it?" It was, ah, *The Power of Positive Thinking*. So one day, later on, decided, I started to read it.

I guess my thinking changed, and also I said, "If I continue like this, I'm going to deteriorate and also become dependent on my family, my elder sisters."

I don't want it to happen like that.



So from that point on, I guess, I sort of mentally changed my thinking and, ah, sort of forced myself to go out. So, ah... yeah there were bad times around that time, until, ah, 1954 until, ah, 1960, there was a very slow process.



KUNIO + TEIKO

TEIKO:
WHEN WE WENT BACK TO VISIT SLOCAN
WE STOPPED AT A RESTAURANT AND THIS LADY
THERE CAME OUT WITH A HUGE, HUGE ALBUM
AND THEY HAD ALL OF THE PICTURES OF THE
JAPANESE THAT USED TO LIVE IN THAT AREA



AND THEY REFERRED TO THE JAPANESE AS "JAPS"



KUNIO:
JUST A SHORT-SHORT FORM

i guess...

TEIKO:
AND SHE WAS POINTING OUTSIDE, SHE SAID



SEE THAT BEAUTIFUL TREE THERE?
SEE THAT TREE THERE?
ALL THE JAPS PLANTED THAT
WHEN THEY WERE LIVING HERE.



NOBODY THERE BUT THE TREES WERE STILL GROWING.

AND I WAS TALKING TO SOME PEOPLE WHO
WERE WORKING IN A GARDEN
AND THEY WERE TELLING ME,



"SEE MY HOME THERE!
I BOUGHT THAT FROM THE JAPS
I GOT IT FOR NEXT TO NOTHING
BEAUTIFUL HOME AND A LOTTA NICE WORK INSIDE."

" THE JAPS DID ALL THAT "

SHE SAID

KUNIO :
THEY WERE ALL FRIENDLY.

TEIKO :
YA, THEY WERE ALL FRIENDLY.

TEIKO :
WE NEVER KNEW WHAT ELSE EXISTED.

KUNIO :
SO WE CAN'T COMPARE.
CAN'T BE BITTER...

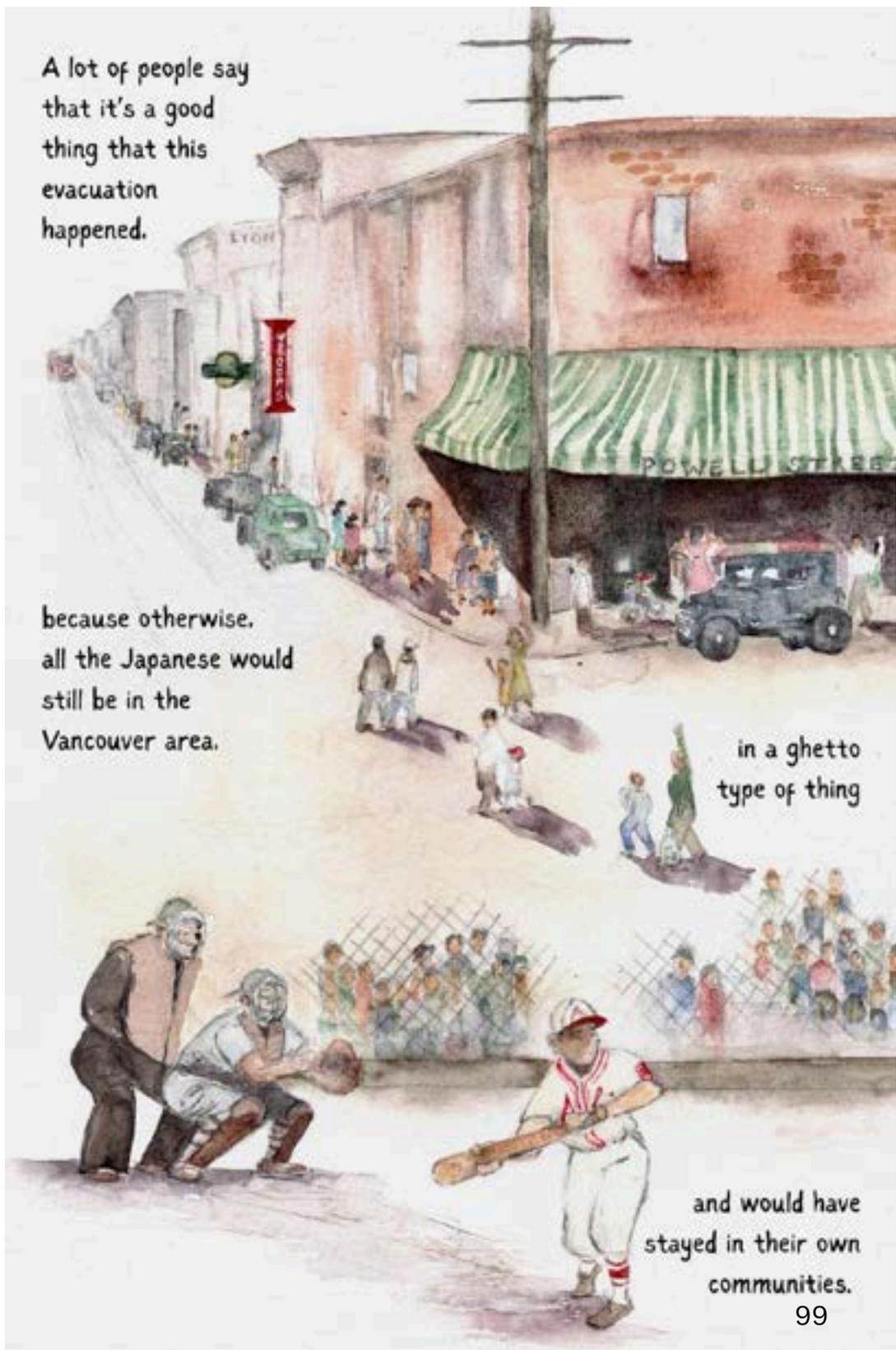
TERRY

A lot of people say
that it's a good
thing that this
evacuation
happened.

because otherwise,
all the Japanese would
still be in the
Vancouver area.

in a ghetto
type of thing

and would have
stayed in their own
communities.



Whereas now they were forced to disperse into all different cities and everywhere, instead of spending their whole lives together and not going outside their communities.



You know, they're more accepted, I think, by the outside community 'cause they're more exposed... everybody's more exposed to the Japanese. So, in one sense it was a good thing, but I'm sure for the parents it was not a good thing, 'cause they lost everything.

Start from scratch again.

MOLLY



*“Well I haven’t spoken one-on-one
with any of our kids about our past.
This is why I am trying to keep my
family history going. I started and I
gotta pick it up again.*

*But all I have is this
family album.”*

-SHOJI NISHIHATA



Kaori Izumiya is a Japanese-born and raised artist based in Montreal, Quebec. Trained in oil painting at Tokyo University of the Arts, she works across disciplines as a painter, muralist, and illustrator. Her work has been presented in exhibitions across Japan, New Zealand, and Canada. Bridging the personal and the collective, her practice often reflects on cultural heritage, nature, and interconnectedness.

[@kaori_izumiya_art +](#)
[@kaori_izumiya_illustration](#)

[kaoriizumiya.com](#)



Sandra Tatsuko Kadowaki is a sansei Montrealer who picked up a paintbrush when she put down her taiko bachi in 2018, and has been obsessively experimenting with watercolour ever since. Although watercolour may now be her favourite medium, she also loves working in ink, graphite, coloured pencil and sometimes gouache. Weekends are often spent painting and drawing in her home studio cubicle, or sketching outdoors in a good shady spot.

[@santatkad](#)



Matt Miwa is only a recent illustrator, submitting daily to his pencil and pen (and consistent erasures) through-out the pandemic. Finding peace and joy in this process, Matt now dedicates his art practice to illustration, while still dabbling in installation work. Most recently, Matt joined forces with curator Machiko Townson and shodo artist Yukari Snyder to form the art collective "Asobu." Their recent show "Bonfire" was on display at Scrim's Florist in Ottawa in August 2025 and explored the theme of Obon, as it is celebrated in Canada, and interpreted by Japanese Canadian culture.

[@miwa.light.house](#)



Cindy Mochizuki creates multi-media installation, animation, drawing, audio fiction, performance, public artworks, films and community-engaged projects. She has exhibited her work in Canada, US, Australia, and Japan. Recent exhibitions include the Marianne and Edward Gibson Art Museum, The ACT Gallery, Art Gallery at Evergreen, Kamloops Art Gallery, Prince Takamado Gallery, and Nanaimo Art Gallery. She is the recipient of Vancouver's Mayor's Arts Award in New Media and Film (2015) and the Jack and Doris Shadbolt Foundation for the Visual Arts VIVA Award (2020).

@cindy_mochizuki
cindymochizuki.com



PJ Murashige is an artist living and working on the stolen lands of the Tsawwassen First Nation in British Columbia. Born in Japan and raised in Southern California, Influenced by his Japanese grandparents, Murashige's work often follows the haiga format, combining image and text through a minimalist and emotionally resonant lens. Stark, pared-down compositions invite the viewer to slow down and actively participate in the story being told. For this project, Murashige worked with his banchan's brush and ink stone, grounding the work in lineage, memory, and continuity. His first graphic novel *Tower25* is a graphic novel memoir about homelessness, addiction, and recovery.

@mr.pjpatten
www.pjpattenart.com