

9 FACES



PAINTED BY

Lillian Moats

A young Kenyan boy with his family's camel.

Partner and Friend



A student in Eritrea brings her infant daughter to her adult literacy class.

My baby's insistent lips and tongue remind me why I'm here

As if she could drink in everything I am learning.

But she will remember none of this.

I will have to tell her the bedtime story of her beginnings.

L.M.

For Both of Us



In London, a protestor against the excesses of capitalism sees he is being advanced upon by four police in riot gear.

It's Always the Same



A Yazidi woman, driven by ISIS from her home near Sinjar City in Iraq, now lives in an abandoned house with other family members in the Sinjar Mountains, without sufficient food or water.

Yet She Smiles



A fourteen-year-old in Freetown, Sierra Leone has just received a three year sentence for possession of Marijuana.

Will Anything Ever Be the Same?



A wounded prisoner in South Sudan, caught in the twenty-year civil war between the Muslim North and Christian/Animist South.

No Words



At the age of thirteen, during World War II in Indonesia, Painsi was forced by the Japanese military to become one of tens of thousands of 'Comfort Women'. As such, she performed forced labor during the day, and was repeatedly raped at night.

After the war, two arranged marriages failed. Her third was to a man who loved her for herself. "I told him that I had been 'used,' but he liked me anyway. We experienced a lot of joy together. That's why I have a lot of children now and grandchildren."

At Last



A little boy is caught in chaos, unable to understand why his family no longer has a home.

Hungary has built a 175 km long, 4 meter high fence along its southern border with Serbia to control the influx of refugees. As of September, 2015, anyone crossing illegally into Hungary is arrested and put in prison rather than taken to a refugee camp.

No Refuge



In Kabul, a little girl waits outside the Iman Hassan mosque for her mother to vote in the 2009 Afghan elections.

How Long Have I Been Waiting?



In drawing or painting faces I nearly always start with the eyes, and by the time I feel I've begun to catch their expression I've simultaneously begun to fall in love with my subjects, no matter how distracted or angry or joyful their expressions.

My hope is that the few paintings herein might encourage the viewer to look deeply enough into these faces I've loved to allow them to convey something personal and singular.

—Lillian Moats

