Mercer Hanau

Seattle, WA

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About the Artist

Mercer Hanau is a Seattle-based artist and designer specializing in printmaking, cyanotype, video, and digital art. She grew up in Portland, OR and graduated from Whitman College in 2018 with a major in Studio Art and a minor in



Film and Media Studies. Her work draws inspiration from intersections of science and culture, often featuring animals and plants with a sense of reverence and surreality.

During her two-month "Garden Ghosts" residency at the Shoreline Art Cottage in 2020, Mercer used cyanotypes (AKA "sun prints") to explore the relationship between pollinators, the local Salish Sea ecosystem, and agriculture. Two of the resulting pieces are in the Shoreline Public Art collection and the ArtsWA Art in Public Places collection.

Her fine art and video work have been exhibited at shows and accompanied live orchestral performances in Washington, Oregon, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania.



About the Artwork

Sugar

Laser-etched plexiglass, string 2 x 2.7 x 0.75" 2018

This accordion book was inspired by an awareness of the effect we have on the world in our daily lives at macroscopic and microscopic scales. We leave subtle trails of detritus from things as simple as shedding skin cells to absentmindedly brushing sugar crystals onto the sidewalk. What larger patterns do we leave in our wakes?

I often get overwhelmed by humanity's collective weight on the ecosystem. I am still learning to take one step at a time and be present. Appreciating tiny, beautiful details amidst infinite complexity helps me remember to take stock of my place in the universe. I want my impact—environmental and interpersonal—to be subtle, sweet, and far-reaching.

Laser-engraved acrylic mimics the translucent form of a sugar crystal. Expanding the book stretches a single moment into a multi-panel exploration of ways of seeing the world.

Poem text:

Journey bound for the luster of the sea, of the horizon

Unsettled by the warm palm of Here and Now

I like to picture crystal trails fanning out around me

Every time I take my hand from my pocket scatter without looking

Sweetening the Earth this gentle mark is mine

Footsteps melting into pavement —sand dune grassland salt flat—

Thumbing the mundane until it splits open, fraying at the edges

I can almost see starlight when I let myself look up