

Daryl Rattew

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I Am the Walrus, Alice in Wonderland

My mother recently came to visit me on my birthday. When she was there I remarked that when I was a kid, there was a painting of redwood trees that hung in our living room. I remember that I could feel the bumps and ridges of the trees painted with heavy impasto. I asked my mom who painted it and she said it was my grandpa Jay. It was 50 years ago that my mom was 14, and she came here to Jackson Prison to visit my grandpa Jay. Its here, 50 years ago that he painted it. Somehow, 50 years later, I too am in prison. I too am in Jackson, and I too, am a painter. I don't believe in coincidence. There are things that are just destined to be. Gifted and Flawed in the very same ways. Ever since I was a kid, I wanted to be an artist like my grandpa, its just too bad I had to come here to do it. I use art as an attempt to correct the mistakes of the past. I simply hope one day to make it right.