

Artist Name: Brian Brady

I started painting in the summer of 2017 from a prison cell as a means of lifting myself out of a bad situation. I spent most of my life in the free world. I had a career, home, and family. I was never involved in crime and was a generally respected member of society. As an innocent man in prison I used to think I was wronged by just one person, but this is bigger than just one person. As a society we throw away and destroy hundreds of thousands of lives every year under the guise of security. We all hate and discriminate against each other everyday. The average human being will hate me and refuse to give me a chance for the rest of my life for something I didn't even do. And even if I did, if you have to lower yourself to the same standards of those you claim to hate, what makes you any better? For me, art was supposed to be a means to an end, but what I found instead was love. You see, the paint on my brush doesn't care who I am or what an evil person accused me of. My strokes aren't made harder because I'm an inmate. Paint will give me the same chance to be great as any free "better" person. My painting can come out just as beautiful as any in the world. What does it say about our species and our society when pigment suspended in acrylic binder loves me more than my fellow human?