

Artist Name: \_\_\_\_\_

From Dad.

~~Reimagined~~ An artist may typically use multiple layers of paint or graphite or colored pencil in ~~the~~ <sup>the creation</sup> of a piece of art. Similarly, my pieces often have many reasons, or layers, behind my motivations and inspirations for a single piece. This piece is a Diptych.

The left side is three inmates each creating something in a preferred medium, be it fine art or textile art. The atmosphere is sterile and gray and damaged — as represented by the grays and the vertical ~~lines~~ <sup>lines</sup> scratched into the surface of the watercolor board. By creating together, they each generate a warmth individually and as a group. Their collective purpose of creation for their children unites them and brings them together forming connection internally (inside the prison) while allowing them to maintain connection with external loved ones (their children). The thought bubbles merging and traveling to the giant thought bubble, which is the entire right panel. The child opening the box is representative of each of their children. The label "From Dad" gives the piece its name. The right panel is clean and pure and also warm. This is the first layer, and the most universal. It is not uncommon to see people creating something, or finding other ways to stay connected with their loved ones outside the prison fences. The piece being broken in two is a physical separation that we all feel, and experience. The system is broken and damaged, and we have

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From Dad (continued):

to fight for the connections and positive outlets, such as the arts.

The next layer is an homage to the unexpected friendship of three people who are united in unexpected ways and support each other in their creative and rehabilitative endeavors. These three can often be seen, among others, sitting around a table talking and visiting and creating, with shared purpose and commitment to leaving this place intact and connected and ready to succeed. This is the first, and last, year all three of them will be participating in the PCAP art exhibit. Within days of selection, by visiting PCAP volunteers, one of the three will be going home with his loved ones. A day of bittersweet joy; both gaining freedom and leaving others behind.

There are personal nods to each of the three littered across the table, personal representations of each of them.

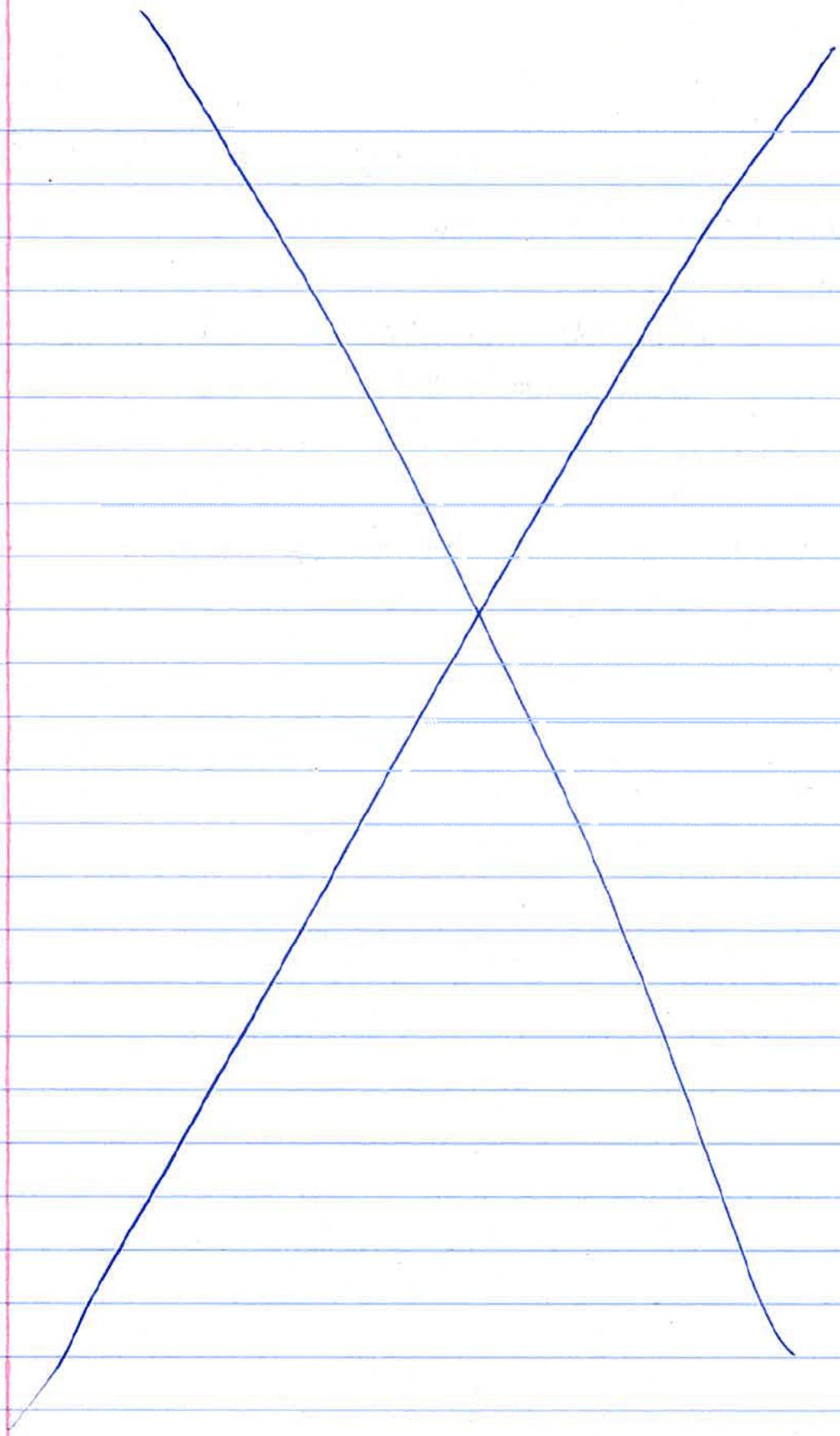
The third, and final layer, is the easter eggs and personal references and inside "jokes" of the members of the small group, who in a slightly tongue-in-cheek fashion liked to call themselves the ~~Artists~~ "Artists' Guild". In order to connect with the audience and bring you into participation of the inclusive "Artists' Guild," the artist has chosen to share those "easter eggs" with you, the audience and viewer. "The artist guild" can be seen in the puddle of spilled water color water. The painter is using a cup that says "coffee?" nodding to his enjoyment of both coffee and tea, which people sometimes confused one for the other. His

references. no drawings of his. d h  
 Her singing glasses are usually perched at the end of his nose.  
 He typically has his hair in a crew cut.  
 He has a book is a long form, or reference, called "Knitting for B.A. M.A.'s". B.A.M.A.'s is an acronym, the first word is "bad", guess what the other 3 words are. He is a very good knitter and crafter, highly skilled. He has a wide variety of tools that are not referenced here, but is highly talented a perfectionist at times. He is also a fan of Star Trek. The books in the book are also interesting. Bottom two are a Philadelphia of graphic novel, and a pool. Gabriele is a fan of Marvel comics. He is a fan of... of... not actually part of graphic novel but a detective character here made up called Iphed Oculus. It is a bit of a pun because she is a cyclops. He had sketched out some art comic book covers a couple years ago. A person was seen by him. He made a comic book for The CAP. His year and maybe it is on display. Can you find it. First member is listening to his tablet while knitting. He is also very talented in the arts, as well as textiles. "Don't worry, the mayor's not on loan to middle member. He has a skill he has been listening to is "No. C. C. the Ba Seeds". There of his favor, which he has shared with other two. It is a picture of a "Crab Apple" and a "Macho Peach" on the... of him a the cracker boxes + keeps his yarn in. The case

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The "crab apple" is referencing his PCAP drawing from the previous year when he drew a portrait of himself as a young child picking up Crab apples. It was in colored pencil and very well done. The ~~that~~ "Macho Peach-O" is in reference to a drawing he did of Macho Pichu. It was the first piece he was working on when the Artists' Guild was established.

Irene Oculus, Macho Peach-O, and Crab-Apple all point to our humor and penchant for word play.



## My Window: More Than Remorse

This piece may be the closest thing I ever do to a self portrait. It is drawn "from life", using a mirror, of my left eye, and part of my face. The drawing was inspired by an TV Commercial, for what I think was a pharmaceutical drug, that I saw a couple times. I don't remember the details of the commercial, just that there were drawings part to the actor who was portraying a person who suffered from a

melody I have forgotten, but the idea stuck with me. ~~and~~ This is a drawing within a drawing. I started a magnified hyper realistic drawing of my eye, along with an image in the pupil. The pupil is charcoal, the image inside the pupil is graphite, and so is the rest of the drawing. The charcoal was meant to ~~portray~~ portray depth as if looking through a keyhole ~~into~~ into a large open space. It is ~~dark~~ <sup>more of</sup> and cavernous. In the center is a person sitting alone in a chair, ~~with~~ in his hands, ~~feels~~ He feels isolated and destitute and alone, ~~and~~ and has for a long time he is empty and lonely.

As I was going through my legal proceedings, prior to coming to prison, many things stood out to me and were very taxing, very staggering. ~~and~~ There are a myriad, seemingly endless, number of ~~mitigating~~ aggravating factors ~~to~~ possible to be applied to any case in any criminal legal proceeding, when it comes to sentencing. In the Federal system they have an entire, voluminous book that everyone references ~~to~~ and debates over which should apply and which shouldn't.

Each aggravating factor can raise the "points" ~~at~~ <sup>several</sup> levels in the sentencing grid that can, and often does, result in adding months or years to a person's ~~a~~ sentence. It is a mercy if they choose not to add something that they could. The staggering thing isn't the quantity and quality of these aggravating factors. ~~It~~ is that there are very few mitigating factors, very few things that can be ~~applied~~ applied to bring ~~that down~~ down those points, and no real alternative to long periods of incarceration. From my experience, there are only two. Accepting responsibility, and showing remorse. And the reduction is a maximum of 3 points.

Remorse seemed like a small, weak word ~~to~~ to describe <sup>my feelings on the subject of my</sup> <sup>was</sup> ~~my~~ <sup>my</sup> criminal behavior, <sup>which</sup> ~~was~~ <sup>was</sup> by and large a result of an addiction and the bad choices that followed years and years of not receiving (or seeking) a treatment I barely knew ~~and~~ existed and was mortified to talk about how badly I needed ~~it~~. Remorse doesn't begin to describe the depth and vastness of how badly I feel about it. It also doesn't begin to describe the quantity of emotions I feel about it. I haven't been able to find any word that really describes it, or even ~~comes~~ comes close. That image inside my pupil is me, internally, all of the time. And this leaves me to the question in the title of the piece. What is more than remorse? I can't find a word for it. Can you?

## Flowers For...

As a high school, or junior high, student, I read a short story called "Flowers For Algernon" By Daniel Keyes. It stuck with me and I think more people should read it. From my understanding, it was turned into a short tv show, then a novel, and then a movie. It has many layers of interest and is a very human story of the human experience, and it is also tragic.

After I started developing the idea for this piece, based on what I remembered of the short story, I came across the actual novel on the compound. I read it and it was more powerful than I remember. It is about Charlie, a mentally handicapped ~~person~~ adult who is trying to learn to read in an adult ed. class for mentally handicapped adults in a university in the 1950's or 60's. He connected with the teacher and she recommended him for an experimental surgery developed by two researchers who were professors, or doctors, at the University. It was supposed to "fix him" by increasing his intelligence. The experiment was successful on a mouse named Algernon and they wanted to move on to human trials, or "trial" in this case. It would make him highly ~~intelligent~~ intelligent, up to ~~genius~~ genius levels, if it worked. And it did, for a time. Then it started regressing in Algernon, and eventually for ~~Charlie~~ <sup>Charlie</sup>, as well. The mouse ends up worse off than before and eventually dies. ~~Charlie~~ <sup>Charlie</sup> ~~is~~ <sup>leading</sup> Charlie to believe the same would happen to him. There are many themes ~~in~~ <sup>in</sup> the book, many layers of

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meanings. Two really spoke to me, ~~the~~

The first was the feelings of isolation and being ~~to~~ the "other", outside of society, longing for closeness, and membership in society. These things are huge motivators for Charlie. He never really fits in and laments over being thought of and ~~then~~ treated like, an object; rather than a person. The two lead scientists often seem to view Charlie as their creation and an object they own with value only as their research subject. He rails against this and resents it as he is, and always was, a person who has value by nature of his personhood.

The second theme was how they wanted to help him, and in a lot of ways, did more harm than good. People he originally thought of as friends actually picked on and mistreated him, they rejected him and conspired to get him fired from the only job he had ever known. The scientists claimed to want to help him, but were also often more concerned with their careers than his wellbeing. They dehumanized him, he was ~~not~~ ~~like~~ just another lab-rat. He is almost universally alienated by people throughout the whole book. Many do eventually come around in the end, and offend on throughout the book but he ends up less intelligent than before and barely able to function, plus has the knowledge of how much he had lost.

These are things people who are incarcerated, or who have been, relate to and identify with. ~~Myself~~

Included. The system is broken and often does more harm than good. People who leave ~~the~~ <sup>with</sup> improvements are, by and large, improving in spite of the system rather than because of it. That is not to say that there aren't those who do care and try to help help, because there are, but the system as a whole is more destructive than constructive. There is a much larger amount of dehumanization than the general society realizes. A great many inmates express feelings more like cattle than humans, or similar types of descriptions and thoughts.

The picture represents a jail cell. The flowers are flowers designed for a funeral. They were modeled after a picture my sister sent me. The card on the desk is both a nod to the book that is an inspiration "Flowers for Algernon" as well as a reflection of the inmate degrading and getting frustrated eventually writing on the desk, his spelling becoming ~~more~~ <sup>se</sup> over each attempt, followed by writing on the desk and ending in a broken pencil lying on the ground. The thought bubbles above his head represent the chaotic image of a long term incarceration. Many people cash in retirement accounts to pay for legal fees and lose their houses due to not being able to continue payments. Marriages disintegrate where they may have been able to survive if harassment were different, or other options were available, and the yellow hard hat represents hardship. Most people lose their jobs and in

a long incarceration also lose any ability to remain workforce relevant. ~~Some~~ <sup>Many</sup> may never work in their field again, and face under-employment upon release, as well as homelessness. It is a complete reset and restart, but with the added extreme disadvantages of being a felon and having years and years to degrade and learn ~~more~~ more bad habits to impede re-integration into society. Isn't there a better way? The flowers represent a metaphorical death of being incarcerated. I basically don't exist and have no value. Very little I do can increase my ability to leave sooner and ~~that is why~~ <sup>that is why</sup> the reductions available are very little. I have to fight for positive activities and guard them intensely, and instead of getting the treatment I was getting on pre-trial release (home confinement) I have to wait 8 more years to start any psychological therapy. Isn't there a better way? The last thing the inmate writes, scratches into the table is "Flourz 4 me".