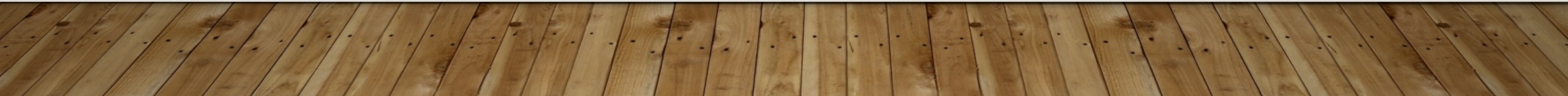


DarRen Morris' Art Show

MARCH-APRIL 2020



ANIMAL IN A CAGE



It's reflective of my struggles to deal with segregation in Waupun prison. At times I didn't act like a human because I was not being treated like one. After one of many beatings (by the very people who were supposed to help me), I sat in that moment, gas still clinging to my body and burning. Cold and hungry, I sat on that concrete slab and wondered, would it ever end? Why had my life been a constant struggle since day one. See camera in upper left-hand corner. This is a silent witness to the erosion of humanity. Theirs, not mine.

DREAD SISTA



DESPAIR



WOMAN IN RED



THE LION OF JUDAH IS RISING



My only surrender is the Most-High Jah Rastafari. Each day I seek out the spirit of the conquering lion. HIM Spirit fills my lungs, starting a fire in my soul. Its smoke comes from my center, through the pores of my flesh seeping from my high-tension wires. This is a self-portrait. (There is darkness around my eyes. There is sullen sadness in my eyes. I was deeply sad when I painted it but wishing brightness would be in my future to remove me from the darkness. My arms out like that of a crying child wanting to be picked up and held. Peace was not a part of that painting.)

JACARR, FULLY BELLY, SLEEPIN'



GEISHA GIRL



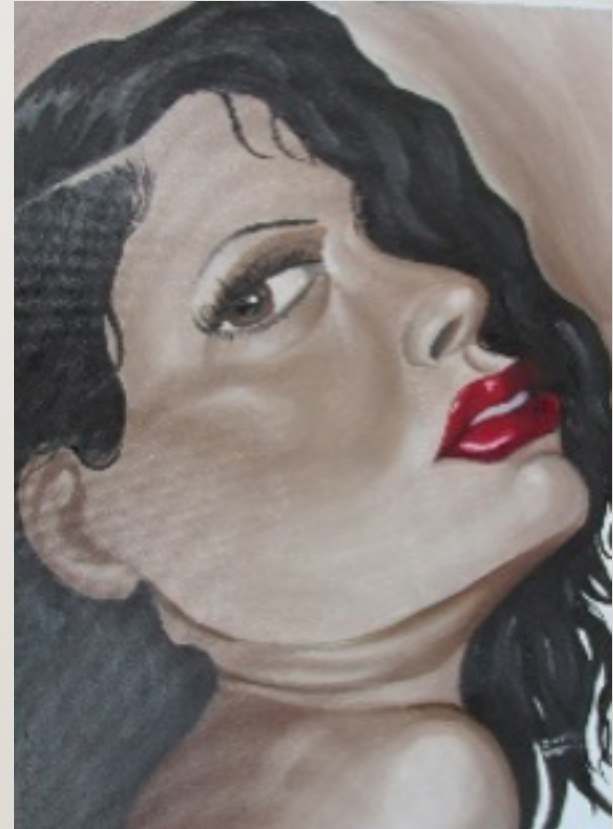
TRAPPED BY FREEDOM



Since I first created this painting, my insight into the basic concept of it has grown as I have grown. The man emerging from (being pulled into) the heart. The bittersweet feeling of loving and being loved is tainted by the limits and strains of prison. I was saying that I am trapped by love, the very thing that I claim as my freedom -- the inability to fully explore and express that love. This is the promise of a new day, a wiser (the dreads) stronger version will be born when I look up, metaphorically, placing my thoughts and emotions on a higher plane. I am placing myself in a position to watch the sun rise and find in the light what I could not find in the dark. Love sets free. Love heals. Love refreshes and love incarcerates.

DEMONIC WALLS OF DSI

UNTITLED



THE TRIBUTE PARTY TO ERNIE BARNES



When I painted this I had the sacred chalice and the imperial fiyah ablaze. I could see the music and so I added musical notes and a shapely sistah singing from her soul, like them powerful soulful sings of yesterday – the Labelles and Franklins or my girl, Millie Jackson. And it was a party to honor Ernie Barnes, the original painter of the Sugar Shack.

WHO WILL SAVE THE BOY?

CARMELLO



SUGAH SHACK



The original painting was by Ernie Barnes; Sugah Shack is my version of the original. As a kid I use to go to local galleries and museums and I never seen black artists. So for me seeing the paintings on "Good Times" -- I loved the paintings and I thought J.J. played by Jimmy Walker was the artist, but either way I was glad to see a black artist who was not doing graffiti. It always struck me how the people in the paintings were doing things that are considered fun but that they never looked happy or looked like they were having fun. That was me.

I SEE DEATH AROUND THE CORNER



RIP 2PAC



The 2PAC painting was spur of the moment. I don't have a good drawing board. The tape will not stick to it and they have very stupid rules on what we can have here [in prison]. So when I know I'll have projects to send out, I snatch up cardboard being discarded and make me a box which then becomes my drawing board. As you'll notice there are a lot of outlined rectangles or squares made by pieces I taped to it and painted and the colors spilled off creating the outline. I had a bunch of paint left over from a picture that I didn't want to go to waste so I took them colors and painted the picture as best I could from a magazine my cell mate at the time had on the desk.

THE SCREAM



As a starving artist nothing is wasted, so even pieces I messed up are given new life. Jah Bless

GRAFFITI ON THE WALL



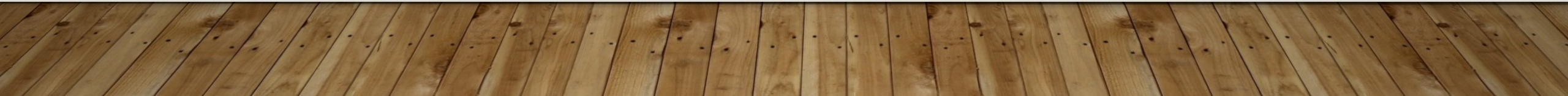
We all want to influence the world around us and leave our mark in it.

TRAYVON MARTIN (PORTRAIT OF)



I am Trayvon Martin. He was Trayvon Martin. All my “Ninja’s”. All my “Nephews” WE ARE Trayvon Martin. The suns and moons, gods and goddesses, children of Africa. We are no longer slaves. We too have a voice. We too have power. We too have guns. Unite and be heard, be it legally or lawfully. I feel threatened and will stand my ground. It is the law. When we don’t vote we are victims of their laws.

RASTA INNA LION'S DEN



HOTBOX 3 (PART OF THE ABUSE PAINTING SERIES)



We all have our crosses to bear; mine seem really heavy.

BLACK JESUS



Sister Mo is a Sinsinawa Dominican nun. She is a very sweet person with a history of being a rebel. She asked me for a painting and I, of course, sent her a painting of what I believed Jesus looked like. She loved the painting. And it has a great story of how she had misplaced the painting, losing Jesus, and then finding Him again. What I love about the story is that she did not call him Black Jesus. He was simply Jesus.

UNTITLED



I'm trying to figure this painting out. I have no clue why I painted it. So I was looking at this art book I got from Phil and this scene with different people and a badly...drifted into a day dream and I painted this picture of you, your sister and mother. Don't know why the robe. In my mind your mother is the white lady...Miss Daisy from that movie Driving Miss...Before the softer ending. But I seen it clear as day and so now you can tell me what it is because the ...for Nancy book talks, or the cover for second editions or promotions or just put it in the closet with the others.

ON THE INSIDE LOOKING OUT



In seg, nearly every time you see another person, it is when looking through a glass that is usually scratched up, or peering through some sort of gate/trap. Once a week the officer comes down the hall and opens all of the traps for a sheet exchange. We are to toss out our dirty sheets and get “clean” ones in exchange. It is one of the few times to see the person you are or have been talking to without some sort of obstruction so nearly everyone bends down to peer out at another human face.

BEAUTIFUL BLACK WOMAN



The sensuous lips of the dark skinned sista...I was thinking she had been at the beach in her bathing suit and had her yellow towel over her shoulder and I wanted to have some bright color next to her dark skin to make her look even darker. There is so much beauty in contrast.

UNKNOWN ASIAN BEAUTY



“Finally!” This painting was poetically perfect. I’ve long sought a way to simplify the process yet demonstrate exquisite beauty.

REN



To be and be loved. To experience love as a verb. To feel its warmth and shine in its glow. It makes the eyes sparkle and puts a smile in the heart that's mirrored on the face.

YELLOW OCHRE CURTAINS (PART OF THE ABUSE PAINTING SERIES)



I can't remember what my room in this apartment looked like. I don't recall the bathroom. But with accurate clear detail I can remember this living room. This was such a sad space for me. It was this apartment that my mom was shot in.

QUEEN OF THE SOUTH



Inspired by the Gospel of Matthew 12:42
The queen of the south shall rise up in the judgment with this generation, and shall condemn it: for she came from the uttermost parts of the earth to hear the wisdom of Solomon; and, behold, a greater than Solomon is here. The Queen of the South refers to an African queen from Ethiopia who will rise up on the day of judgment and will have the power to condemn this generation. Most miss this. A woman with such power. A Black woman who has the power to condemn... Rasta see women as equals in different roles.

SISTERS



Your sister. Your words. My picture.

37TH AND 48TH - THE CORNER



I sat on our front stoop in the summer. We lived there and I witnessed life. I'd love to hear the sound of that ice cream truck. The blues playing for the old men under the tree. The cheers from the drill team. Just to hear life.

CONTEMPLATION



What would a new life look like...feel like. What will the same life feel like?

JUMPIN ROPE



JUMPIN ROPE

What is good about the hood in the midst of all the bull shit? One word, well two. It's ours. It is the only place where we are accepted as we are for who we are. Outside, when we go to school, we are told the way we talk is wrong. We go to the store, we are suspected of something. We get pulled over when driving. When we do get a job, we have to be other than who and what we are usually so not to offend white folks. In the hood, you can drink sweet Koolaid from recycled mayo jars. We can eat greasy fried chicken without fear of being judged for some stereotype (some of which are true). We can be loud. We can dance, sing, rap, make fun of or rough house without people panicking and thinking a gang fight is about to happen. Outside the hood, we cannot easily spot the dangerous people. In the hood we know who and what to stay away from. In the summertime, girls playing jump rope and, when I was younger, they had drill and dance teams or stomp contest. Girls would work out these steps and songs (sonnets) and they would get together and they would pop, giggle and wiggle. Boys playing basketball or football. Music pumpin' from here and there. The smell of a grill and usually every hood had at least one grill master. When I smelled it, I usually knew who it was. There was family reunions. The hood was full of life everywhere you went. Old heads sittin' around, some playing dominos and talkin' shit. Some standing around over the open hood of a car engine. Within them blocks we were able to do as we please because, for the most part, we knew we were covered. The hood was like that. *In Warm Blood*, pp. 20-21

