

Personal Journal

5/29/68

I signed an organ donation in had it put in my file, I'm not signing no do not resuscitate ☺ These people will let you go just to free up your bed for the next soul. I've been sick for like 3 or 4 days - a cold or flu or something. I couldn't do anything, not paint, not write, no even read my nose was running so much that tissue became an issue ☺. Feel better today - hope to get something done - looking forward to going outside. August 22nd, 1963, best day of my life ☺

5/30/68

I guess I'm not going outside, not yesterday, not today, not tomorrow, not the rest of this week. They had a riot on A yard last week so all the guards are going over there to search. They do one cell block a day, there is five cell blocks ☺ I hope to make good use of the time, got me a painting going yesterday, started reading the Texas Monthly, it has been in my locker for two weeks, and I'm doing a crossword puzzle in the San Quentin News. I'm trying to keep my mind active. A lot of older prisoners suffer from some form of dementia. What I tell people when I forget something or forget someone's name is hey I'm old and I have a lot of knowledge from many

Personal Journal

2

5/30/18

years of learning and sometimes things get lost in my brain & what I can remember are things from my youth - those I remember the way I want to remember.

6/1/18

A new day, a new month, the weather is warm the rains behind us. I'm trying to cross back over old bridges most of them have a lot of damage. This lockdown has only been for a few days and they have a ways to go. It seems like forever - I do enjoy my walks - sometimes I talk to people sometimes I just get lost. This is just a hint of what's to come. I stopped for only a moment to rest my hands lost my train of thought - the sun is high in the sky now - what was I saying? what do I want to say.

6/3/18

I can remember the house I lived in on Stockton Bl. when I was in kindergarten, 4+5 years old. I remember my grandpa's house and my Aunt Truce's house. This was 1950 + 51. I remember waking up one ~~morning~~ ^{afternoon} I was asleep on a couch or bed on the back porch. It was hot, I was sweating, I walked up the driveway to my grandpa's house - my Uncle Rubin was there - he made me a sandwich and something cold to drink. I think he was 14 then. The cops come to the front

Personal Journal

(3)

4/3/18

door and I went out the back door, or window, across the field to my Aunt Tracie's. I don't remember what the cops were there for or what happened but I've been afraid and running from the cops ever since. Still on lockdown this morning. Jimmy gets up and goes to breakfast then come back and sleeps all day I can't do that. I picked up a college book "The Humanities Through the Arts". I thumbed through it yesterday from painting to literature (Poetry), theater, music, to television & video art - today I will begin reading it. I did paint some but my fingers locked up after about 30 minutes and it took me a while just to clean the brushes.

4/5/18

It's early summer and the weather has already turned hot. It has been hot enough the last few days that they're letting A+C sections keep their doors open in the evening (and we're still on lockdown). The cell I moved to a few months ago is cool - little Jimmy rarely even has his fan on - me I keep mine on 24/7 even in the dead of winter. I need the air circulation. Someone just came by and said we're off lockdown this morning. Reading from The Humanities Through the Arts. Humanities covers

Personal Journal

6/5/18

a broad area of human creativity, such as philosophy, history, social sciences, art, poetry, and literature. All the fun stuff most of us enjoy. There are paintings in the book such as Da Vinci's Mona Lisa. I know he had a five year affair with her. Jimmy just got up he wants to remind me that he has under 100 days left - 96 days 😊

6/6/18

I look at Edward Hopper, 'Early Sunday Morning' and I want to reproduce it. But, I know I can't, I don't know the streets, I don't know the buildings - in my mind's eye I can still see every building from front street to 54th - these are the buildings I want to paint - memories. Here early in the morning, locked behind doors, I have no real worries. Most of my days are spent day-dreaming I really need to get something done a little painting - write a poem. I read Gabriel Okara's 'Piano and Drums' yesterday "When at break of day at riverside / I hear jungle drums telegraphing" It could have been one of mine except I've never been to Africa nor have I ever been up close to a panther or leopard. Life is good today and I'm going to hold you in my arms.