

# Personal Journal

Risk is a part of creativity - something that we all do when we put something down on paper, decide want to wear or just fix something to eat - the arts are in all of us so how is everyone doing on their creativity?

7/2/18

It's Tuesday and I'm moving slow - don't get me wrong I'm still dancing, just a little slower and feel the pain a lot more. I remember when I was younger it was all about feel the burn, feel the pain you can do one more. When I was in my 20's and lifting weight - I would run in the mornings I could do a mile full out in around 4 minutes. Now it hurts so much to even think about running - I do try to walk around the track almost everyday - it takes me about 15 minutes to do a mile and I try to do some about all the exercise I get here - about all the exercise I can do. We were on lock down yesterday - the guards were searching somewhere - we've been getting a lot of that lately as some dumbass in Sacramento thinks he can mix a GP's & SNY's. They're not together for a reason changing the names of the yards to Program & Non-Program don't change who the people are. I had to stop for a bit to rest my hand - the swelling is all day and most of the time I have to make myself do things like write or paint - things I enjoy - love doing but now it's all about feel the burn. I have been working on a painting of the old World Theater on 9<sup>th</sup> st. for weeks now I'm doing it on 6"x9" canvas (I'd do almost everything on 6"x9" now) I've been detailing it a lot half inch people - a lot of small writing on the theater and building around it and my brushes are worn down so I go over it a lot almost as hard on the fingers as writing.

7/4/18

After all the friends you thought you had have forgotten your very name, and you're left as the saying goes, without even a dog to bark at you, you

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can always find the one person who has always been there in your heart.

7/5/18

This is my sons Steven's birthday - he would have been 46 today. We all miss you son and I love you. It will be a beautiful day with sunshine in the 70's and a mild wind.

7/6/18

I looked out my window this morning just before 5 and it's dark - the sky - there are black clouds keeping out the light for a moment I thought it might be the middle of the night - these could be storm clouds. I could go for a little rain like they're having in Texas and the east coast. Right now the skies are completely red like a fire. How does the saying go red skies in the morning sailor's delight. Jimmy has decided that he was going to put the emblems for the SF Giants on my desk and the 49ers on my locker top and he's doing a good job. I decided I would put on a coat of paint while he was out calling his Mama - mistake - my back hurt for hours because I had to stand up and bend down to paint it. Now I need to find him an SF Warriors to go on the end of my locker - hey I might as well get it done while there's someone willing and able. It has been so long it's hard for me to even remember when I could move around like that or stay in one position without feeling the burn. I finished up the Wald Theater painting. I'm going to start a portrait of my sister Linda now - I've done one of everyone except her and Tony - I've got some old pictures from when she got out of prison in OK I don't want to paint any of us as old.

7/8/18

There's a big fire about 10 miles from here. It's been burning for about 3 or 4 days; someone said set off by fireworks; You can see this giant

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7/8/17

smoke cloud covering the sky to the NE. I haven't been going outside because of the smoke in the air - bad air days - we can even smell it here in the cell and I'm using my inhalers a lot more

7/9/18

I don't know if it's the smoke blocking out the early sun rise or the sun rise just coming a little later. It didn't start becoming light until about 5:10 - the daylight hours getting shorter. Sometime being out in the sun walking - exercising just drains an old man - I come back to the cell exhausted both physically and emotionally and find that I am extending my after noon naps. Cutting into my painting time. I have been getting some painting done - I started a painting of a red breasted bird surrounded by apples - I'm using water colored pencils on 4"x6" silk canvas - It's almost done in one day. I've been also working on a sketch of my sister Linda to paint - it's hard to sketch out when all the pictures I have of her only has a face that's  $\frac{3}{8}$  in by  $\frac{1}{2}$  in. It is what it is - I'll know when I've got it.

7/10/18

Today is Monday - Blue Monday. It's already coming up close to the middle of July - where has my life gone? I finished the bird painting last night. I had to start over on the sketch of Linda - I wrote down the wrong sizes for the block I put it in and no matter what it wouldn't come out right - the new ones looking right. I don't have any pains anywhere this morning - not in any of my joints - not even my fingers that worries me. I always have pains, my knees are stiff, my hands are numb but not pain. Someone else died here night before last - a guy name Billy I use to work with him in the mess hall a couple of years ago. He had a brain aneurysm.