

Sunday, July 12th

They had scrambled eggs, potatoes, and corned beef hash for breakfast. A lot of guys don't go to breakfast on Sunday, and the ones that do can just about eat as much as they want. The guy behind the steam table put a lot of food on my plate and gave me a smile. In here you don't smile back at people who smile at you, so I just walked away.

They had church services and I went. There were only 9 guys in the service, and 2 of them got into a fight. It was a vicious fight and the minister called the guards. They came in and started saying things like "Break it up" and "Okay, back off." But they said it in this calm voice as if nothing was really going on and they didn't care if the two guys were fighting or not.

We got locked down because of the fight and we were told we had to stay in our cells until 1 o'clock. One o'clock is when the visiting hours start on Sundays.

In the cell we played bid whist and another fight almost started when one of the guys thought somebody had dissed him.

I think I finally understand why there are so many fights. In here all you have going for you is the little surface stuff,

how people look at you and what they say. And if that's all you have, then you have to protect that. Maybe that's right.

When we got out, most of the guys drifted into the recreation area, and somebody put the television on. There was a baseball game on but it didn't look real. It was guys in uniforms playing games on a deep green field. They were playing baseball as if baseball was important and as if all the world wasn't in jail, watching them from a completely different world. The world I came from, where I had my family around me and friends and kids I went to school with and even teachers, seemed so far away.

I looked down in the street from the corridor leading to the recreation room. Downtown New York was almost empty on Sundays. The thousands of people who streamed through the streets on weekdays were away in their homes. I was looking for Jerry. They didn't allow kids in the visiting area, which was funny. It was funny because if I wasn't locked up, I wouldn't be allowed to come into the visiting room.

At a quarter past one, some women were down in the streets calling up to other women. Then I saw my parents and Jerry.

Jerry was tiny in the street, standing on the corner. The window was screened and I knew he couldn't see me, but I raised my hand anyway and waved to him. I wanted to tell Jerry that I loved him. I also wanted to tell him that my heart was not greatly rejoicing, and I was not singing praises.