

I want out of this ward if the high tension violent feelings continue. Two nurses had fights with women inmates, and I'm having trouble with a gearhead ex-fly boy Viet Nam vet who insists the loud vocality is a substitute for brains in arguing a point, and anyway I am not afraid to fight him as he is ready. If it comes to pass it should be a fun contest.

Feb 6th - After a game of straight pool, which I won, the sun was spectacular orange again like two days in a row and show it to RII who liked it well.

All I got to do until 11:00 today is nothing. Then it is gym time. But I am writing just the same for the hell of it. Something has to come of it.

After a million years at a typewriter a monkey would write war and peace, which is another good book I haven't read, which is another good reason I write my own, which is another good way to start my capitalism into real action. I know one of those Lake Dr. houses is for sale, or will be, oh well the future holds many surprises. (About time I got down to maxims.)

Today was a fine day so far. I was on the ward all morning. There was a meeting of the ward that produced nothing but a lot of people warming chairs and shooting off thier crippled minds at nothing. I tried to get some relevant idea across on how to organize this ward in some real affective action, but toy bullfrog voice #1 wouldn't turn off his gearhead. So the meeting was a tragi-comic farce that did nothing.

In a while I'm going to try to pickup my valuables