

So I think I've been getting my ideas in some new sort of shape or condition, one person labeled it as 'stream of consciousness' poetry, and I suppose I got to agree in an arbitrary way. I could not define it better.

Daddy boy blew my mind over A T&T monster by calling where I'm at "finishing school". Quite accurate, I must agree with his terminology. I'm to get classes in bowling, photography, and will continue all the others as well, from slightly above ground zero where I'm at now. As an outpatient I should probably be hot after an unconditional release a couple weeks after I'm into it even though it is enjoyable I foresee myself growing tired of it, freedom is unconditional and you must retrieve it from power somehow. Believe me when I say I'll be exploring the possibilities.

Alas, I have found the Day Care auditorium in action, (without me at the lecturn) and it was being used as a TV educational experience for a number of people, head nurse, my nurse Mrs. W. included. I was told I couldn't stay to listen to some dip doctor pour his heart out about hospital procedures. I was not taken aback by the put down, because the lecture seemed rather boring and subjective anyhow. I can't see how one man's opinion can hold so much sway over a group of such important people. It's like an Orwellian cult, quite a strange group of people governing my being.

Evening was normal, played cards and won at 500 rummy.

FLEET-ERASE