

but the music really is very repetitious in it's programming. Also some people are rather mean in thier mind at least and seem like they want to fight . I avoid such situations as much and as well as possible, so far no fights.

Wednesday Jan 31- I woke about 4:30 and couldn't see the night man who had a book of Eastern art, but couldn't read it probably because I was up too early. I got about fifty minutes until breakfast and filling time is hard to do.

I might as well log a days activities.

6:00 am is official time to wake and we of the men's ward were told to rip our beds apart and remake them.

I shot some pool and got an A plus counrty station on the radio Sgt. Head hadme help him do his, good for a free cigarette I suppose. Any way I have to help or he will snitch.

I'm suppose to start activities today, I am supposed to start music therapy at 2:30, more an that later

Today I drew my self portrait in O.T. (occupational therapy). Giving it to maw and paw. Music therapy was a drag, two older ladies and we listened to records we selected and then told what we felt they represented in each other as related to changes we felt we needed in ourselves. This seemed to bother me because it seemed like some sort of trick to vent your insanity on a record. I stammered through it as well as possible and made some fairly decent sense out of things. The room had a clarinet and no reed. I craved to squak out them old primary blues.

Mrs. W the RN assigned to me saif if I petitioned