

I attended the local technical school and got myself licensed as a boiler attendant. I picked up a little job including security and liked the job and

feeling of mechanical power I got to control. It wasn't paperwork, which I had all my life, and I felt tremendous

having my hands on the power. I felt responsible for something real for once in my life. Holding the two jobs was tough, a further inroad into any social activity. Was putting in a total of sixty hours a week between the two job. I had the money to go out and meet people but no time of energy with the combination. I remeber the punch presses of the factory sitting like huge frozen dinosaurs in the security ~~lighting~~ lighting of the graveyard shift. They's creek and ~~and~~ clunk for god-unknown reasons, and cats snuck about looking for their prey that snuck in the less than airtight structure. Trains would roll in in the middle of the night periodically, their drumming ~~andn~~ diesels and straining wheels on the track providing a mechanical sensation that was super stimulating to me as a break in the intense clunking silence ff the graveyard shift.

On the other job the women were all tied up. I was a robot of sorts for them I imagine. Relationships were strained as I was politically involved with a philosophy that was a true splinter in this society. I learned a lot from this group, that kept me intellectually stimulated by their explanations of the workers plight in this country. As down as I was the party seemed tailor made for me. Their educational program presented me with aspects of history and economics I had never been exposed to in any of my schooling. They were outlaw, and intellectual and actually seemed to understand my plight, their plight in other than folk terms, outside the cliches society has developed for the lower class to keep them on the job. I was not into drugs and drinking anymore, financially mostly, I retrospectively rationalize. Lost undoubtably, and the committee had analysed my problem, laid it out and provided a palpable matrix of reason for the mechanics of society. Although my problems were particular, the overlaying system was at the heart of a truly successful life escaping the average person.

Being an intellectual of sorts this thought out approach made more sense than I had been exposed to before. I had a mechanism for all the rejection that I felt, I had a side to be on, that shared the same sensations of frustration and concern. I should have stuck and grown there, but I was too weak to have the foresight at the time. I could have grown, but the financial problem would not allow. I was cosigned into the financial agreement and had to make the note.