

Looking back now it was quite easy to see the mistake. At the time **my** view was clouded by the fear of acceptance. We needed to prove our individualism in a way that conformed. Perhaps that was my **first** mistake, getting sucked into that whole acceptance thing. Those days you were not accepted until you had a **cassette** player strapped to your ears. I soon learned to reject their attitudes and concerns. You can try and be a trend setter by surfing the crest of a trend, but sooner or later you are going to crash into the corral and cut yourself beyond recognition. I stopped going to lessons on a Tuesday or even accepting that **Tuesday** existed at all. I had decided to enter a non-linear time scale of my own. How can think in terms of a social norm when you can accept such a serious thing as a time that is shared by more than one person. The only time that matters is a perfect time, like the day where I met Kate and we only spent two hours together, **2 - 4pm**, but somehow we managed to share everything about our lives with each other in that time. I freed myself, I was happy and then I woke up realizing that I had been listening to a show on **WMBR**. Did I achieve nothing?