

Last night was cool. I slept undisturbed but for one time I awoke with a bronchial itch, but that didn't last too long. I almost remember a dream I had last night, but can't recapture it.

Rejoice, rejoice, I got a pass from 8:00 am tomorrow to 9:00 pm Sunday so look out I'll be on the loose again, or as loose as possible. I don't know what I'm going to do but I'll sure be doing it. I've got to go to the barber right after I'm out, my parents should dig that. I hear there will be no vyingly opposed contestants in that case. Eighteen hours and I'm out of here.

A temporary release from asylum that I don't believe I needed in the first place. Of course professional opinions are exempted from that last. I still haven't gotten the doctors describe to me my condition, but I imagine I'll be told someday what my problem is outside of a casual description of nervous breakdown. I have to take pills while I'm out also to keep my temperament cool or whatever. It could prove to be profitable if I sold one of the pills experimentally to some guinea pig to see how he got off, but I'd be crucified if the doctors found out.

The actual fact is hard to comprehend right now, but tomorrow will bring the joy of trying to cope with it which will be no problem at all. There's no where on the ward to poem out right now, but in my anticipatory condition I probably couldn't any how.

Feb. 10 - I went home and found \$35.00 in my drawer, got a shave (beard shaped into a goatee) and a haircut