

From there I went to the UWM Post office with what I had from placement center and designed my own diploma, feeling that after eight semesters at the university I should have a diploma.

The day before I was already to leave town and go to New York City and get my book published, mostly poetry, but couldn't get anyone to go with me, to share expense.

After making my diploma I went home and my parents for some reason decided I should see a psychiatrist and took me to Milwaukee County General Hospital, where I signed myself in under some duress and confusion. That day I was changed into some hospital sleep gear on, I believe, the seventh floor, where I just wondered how I got there and read the papers.

I was wheeling myself about in a wheelchair and suddenly two men decided I had to go to my room. I said, "No," and they pushed me to a room where they had hand and feet restraints. I struggled, and they fought me for a minute or so, I was dealt a low blow and decided to acquise. I thought for sure I was going to be castrated, or worse and was in a terribly frantic emotional state, sobbing and gasping until I fell asleep. I believe I was given some medication that day.

The next day I was kept in the restraints, my emotional state much the same. The following day I was given my clothes and shipped to North Division, Ward #1, where I am writing this from, this whole sequence of events started on Wednesday of the week past.