

The Psychiatric Industrial Complex

Another Anti-Authoritarian Put Away

Bob McGlynn

2017

FE Note: Bob was working on the article below for us about his psychiatric incarceration. It is unfinished, but is 100% Bob, in its rebellious spirit and its idiosyncratic style.

Another Anti-Authoritarian Put Away

My Christmas bombing of Hanoi began March 10, 2016. No it wasn't years in a federal pen, but 76 days in "mental" hospitals, 5 stays, and being stuck in harassment and "programs" until at a minimum the end of '16 is enough; it's like decades—NOBODY fucks with me.

To collapse the story: on March 10th, '16, I confronted my quack witchdoctor (apologies to actual witchdoctors!) shrink. I'm a depressive who needs to see one for my prescription—that's all. "Dr." M. continued to lie on her reports of me that I acquired. After saying she would rewrite her reports, she repeated again that I needed to go to a hospital, and that my girlfriend and Dr. agreed, after I gave her notes from both saying otherwise. M.'s re-write said I still needed to go to a hospital, and lied saying my Dr. agreed.

I was and am fine—no depression nor anything else.

In confronting Dr. M. I quickly fired her. I thought I was free and went to the bathroom in the building. Suddenly cops were there: "Motherfucking McGlynn (somehow they knew of me!) Get Up!" Me: "Oh Yeah Fuck You!". And so it went with 5 pigs (apologies to actual pigs!).

I found out Dr. M. had dialed 911, lying, saying I threatened her. An ambulance came. I was handcuffed. A torturous day, then night went by, with one thing leading to another. I was taken to White Plains hospital NY. and another "Dr." lied, saying I should be shipped to the wacky joint.

I ended up in St. Vincent's Hospital NY (known in NY State for abuses). Strip searched, pocket belongings taken, given a gown (I refused!), no other personal belongings on me. I gave my long list of meds and nutrients to be forever screwed with by them.

A few times in my past when I've had depressive crashes I learned that going to the mental joint had a positive placebo effect on me—I was out fast in these places that are little more than advanced babysitters in a very minimal security atmosphere. Staff were on their toes, Dr.s acted like Dr.s. But not this time...

Right away the lawbreaking was rife. The famed 72 hour notice was not paid attention to. It's a safeguard for inmates that when they want to leave all they have to do is write "I want to leave the hospital," and they have to release you within 3 days (of course they wait 3 days for the money) or get a court order to keep you. I wrote mine right away in my 1st 3 full inpatient disappearances and they were paid no attention to nor were others.

Right away the professionalism was in collapse—the staff at St. Vincent's were uncredentialed (not that that really means anything!). They abandoned the nurse station abandoning us. They mostly hid their names. Policy was control not help.

Harassment was 24 hours. "Get up!" "Lay down!" "Go to your room!" "Make your bed!" "Take a shower!" "You'll have to wait for your med; the 'nurse' is (illegally on another) break!"

They had it in particularly for me as I was the 3-North unit revolutionary, jailhouse lawyer, inmate Dr. etc. I responded with plenty of "Fuck Yous!"

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