

## “Letter to Southwest Center”

### « Lettre au Southwest Center »

**Kan Janpor**

Aside from my request for level 4 privileges and approved person passes, on a higher level, I guess I am still asking myself what I am doing here in a forensic mental hospital. From my experience, this does not appear to be a place of healing or rehabilitation as it is advertised but rather it is a corrupt control racket meant to keep certain "undesirable" characters in society under a system of indefinite incarceration on the most spurious of grounds. When we are brought up in most developed societies around the world, we come to know that there exists a criminal justice system that punishes members of those societies for committing a 'crime' against another. We come to learn that "if you do the crime, you'll do the time" and be punished by a judge or jury of your peers in a manner commensurate with the severity of your crime. While I have previously written about why I do not necessarily subscribe to this worldview, it has a strong hold over most established societies in the present day. A more severe crime means a longer jail sentence, a stiffer monetary fine, or a longer period of probation or house arrest. On the contrary, most of us growing up never learn that there exists a system in some societies where you could be detained for an indeterminate period of time on the grounds you were suffering from a mental disorder at the time of committing a crime. For most, or perhaps all of us in this NCR system, we only come to learn of its existence when we are labeled as someone suffering from a mental disorder and then handed an indefinite sentence of detention. Of course, there may still exist other oppressive regimes where 'undesirables' are incarcerated indefinitely and the oppressors literally 'throw away the jail key' but until one

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actually experiences it, most never entertain the thought (or at least I would like to think) that there are people in this world that so desire to keep another in constant bondage without telling them when they will be relieved of it. We are like Sisyphus rolling the rock up the hill constantly without end. It truly is a very cruel and unusual way of punishing another and is about the closest approximation of pure evil that I have experienced in my present incarnation. I keep wondering why such a system exists. Why do the mass of 'criminals' get handed hard and exact sentences while a tiny subset of us get this treatment of ambiguity. Can you measure mental illness like you can measure my blood pressure? Is there even such as a thing as mental illness? And why is it that every psychiatrist tends to land at a different diagnosis? Dr Ann Jones told me I was Bipolar, then Dr Jason Quinn told me I was schizophrenic and then subsequently told me I had schizo-affective disorder. What does any of this mean in plain English? The more we complicate and obfuscate language, the more prone we are to being hoodwinked and this is clearly what I think is happening here. Using the enemy's language of mumbo jumbo psychiatric terminology and dehumanizing words like "decompensation", "grandiosity", "malodorous", "planned intervention" and the like is a way of corrupting some of the most beautiful souls on this Earth. This gets to my next point. We are not stupid.

We are clued in exactly to what's going on here. We realize that we have infinite worth and that we are caught in a scheme hell bent to negate us of this. From almost the outset of my being subject to this NCR system, I have stated that I am not suffering from a mental illness, nor was I ever suffering from one. During the time of my index offence, I had sufficient insight into the nature of my actions. I was aware of what it is I was doing and also perhaps the number of reasons why I did what I did. Something as simple as a

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psychiatrist (or judge) giving us a couple of hours (or even minutes!) of courtesy to try and understand our perspective and reasons for committing our index offences could perhaps save us years of agony because the truth is likely that none of us are 'mentally insane', rather, we are merely just misunderstood. So why did I stick up a postal worker with a toy gun that looked like the real thing? Well, I had a perverse fascination with wanting to experience what jail would be like and I also wanted to highlight the hypocrisy of why a certain subset of our population (the police, the RCMP) is allowed to bear arms against others with impunity and near immunity from criminal prosecution, while the rest of us are discouraged from doing so. Either everyone should be able to have guns, or no one should. The latter of these would be more ideal. I also stuck up the postal worker because I wanted my parcel and had exhausted all other avenues of trying to get it without any identification. Did I scare the lady behind the counter when I pulled out the gun? Almost absolutely. Did I intent on any actual harm though? No, because it was a fake gun. Of course, she was not privy to this so there is that but certainly my actions were from a place of force rather than allowance and that can perhaps be injurious. Did I imagine this one act would result and justify a period of control and incarceration that is now 3 and a half years and who knows how much longer? Absolutely not, and I guess that is where some of the frustration lies.

The frustration also lies at the mistreatment and lack of justice from the hands of judges, correctional officers, psychiatrists and nurses that are complicit in this web of control and calculated harm. Whether that be corrupt sentences handed down by judges, corrupt diagnoses by psychiatrists, soul corrupting psychiatric drugs, bullying and terrorizing by nurses and security guards to have patients submit to certain orders and

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instructions or other non-compassionate forms of treatment, it all adds up to a calculus of high scale fuckery. It also feels like Southwest Centre in particular tries to maliciously toy with 'high functioning' people such as myself and prolong their stay within the system without cause. Just because we know what goes on here is wrong doesn't mean we should be punished with a tighter leash. How much longer do you intend to keep me here? Are you going to keep me on a tight chain so long as Murray Segal is alive? I'm not going to hurt that man but I did want him to have a taste of his own medicine as I believe he is one of the main antagonists complicit in my incarceration. If I do not call out the Jewish cabal and their minions who have a stranglehold on many facets of Western society, then who will? It is healthy and brave to speak truth to power. It is also not a crime to highlight the massive overrepresentation of Jews who make up members of the ORB panel. You label me as a threat to the public and then absolve yourself of wrongdoing when you kidnap and hold me hostage indefinitely. The only threat here are the terrorizers hell-bent on keeping us chained forcefully until we die with guns, tasers, drugs, psychological warfare, harmful and disempowering language and more. There is this one song by an artist named Nahko called "Warrior People" that I resonate with. In the song he says, "I will learn to be peaceful, but I'll keep a knife by my side. I will pray for compassion, but if war comes to my door, I will be blasting warrior mentality." Those lines describe my feelings of being kidnapped by perhaps 10 or more SWAT team members of the OPP last March and brought back to Southwest Centre when all I wanted was my freedom to live my life without onerous conditions imposed upon me. I am peaceful but I am also a warrior who will stand up to terrorists when called; they may seem like opposites but I exist within the two and embrace the paradox. Renee Good and

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Alex Pretti are two Minnesotans who stood up to white supremacist terrorizers and paid for it with their lives but slowly but surely the tables are turning and more and more people are being called to stand up to outdated power structures that seek to control us through fear, intimidation and force. Shortly after I stood up to Murray Segal and his cast of minions, a ceasefire was brokered in the Middle East between Israel and Palestine, ending years and perhaps decades of the most obvious genocide witnessed in our lifetime. The world works in mysterious ways and sometimes I feel as if my standing up to the control apparatus of the ORB structure and their leaders was what lead to an abatement of the Jewish slaughter of tens and hundreds of thousands of Palestinians. It is the butterfly effect at play where one small change in the flutter of a butterfly's wings is said to have cosmic reverberations to everything around it. We have monumental impact in even the smallest of our actions and we should not be admonished for our grandiosity but rather we should welcome it with open arms. As kids, if we had good parents, they nurtured our ambitious hopes and dreams and told us we could be anything we wanted to. On the contrary, here at Southwest Centre, we are reprimanded and told grandiose thinking is some sort of disease. Bullshit. It is the start of realizing our worth. There is a lot more I'd like to say and that I will say but I will leave it here for now. I do ask for some colour on my 'diagnosis' and if it stands that I have none as I have always suspected, I would ask for an absolute discharge at my next ORB hearing.

Thank you,

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