

# **The Psychiatric Hospital: Realpolitik's Response to My Demand for the Rule of Law**

## **Preface**

A "field study" in philosophy is a costly and risky experiment, as the researcher enters the realm of Realpolitik, where the government—as its executive arm—wields power and violates human rights without moral scruples. My longest "field study" was a twenty-three-year project against money laundering in Sweden. I demanded the "rule of law", a request that the Swedish authorities denied.

I maintain that society must exercise control over the financial market and halt illegal money transfers; yet the Swedish government dismissed my reasoning, resulting in a dramatic surge in criminality across Sweden.

The Swedish Security Service concluded the final chapter of that project on 10 September 2014, when police officers arrested me and confined me in a psychiatric hospital in Stockholm. What follows is an account of my confinement in that institution.

From a personal perspective, I am content with that long project and its concluding day. I learned much during those years, and the experience profoundly enriched my philosophy. It was costly, yet the acquisition of valuable knowledge always demands its price. Twenty-three years of my life spent enduring humiliation at the hands of bureaucrats, together with millions of kronor of my own money, were the dues I paid for gaining a deeper understanding of Realpolitik. The final day of the project stands as a complete mirror of what I had endured over those twenty-three years. The morning of 10 September 2014 began with the humiliation of being arrested and taken to a psychiatric hospital, and ended with me paying the price for that involuntary visit.

The arrest, confinement, and subsequent release answered a question that had unsettled me for years: Do staff in Swedish psychiatric hospitals, like their counterparts in the former Soviet Union, cooperate with the authorities to institutionalise a sane man? I was prepared to pay far more for the answer than half a day of hunger and 400 kronor—a modest price for such a decisive insight. The answer was unequivocal:

the staff of Swedish psychiatric hospitals adhere to their professional ethics and scientific conscience, refusing to allow “Power” to intrude upon their duty.

Despite my personal consent to this experiment, it compels me to reflect upon its perilous implications for humanity. I have documented a process that is prevalent everywhere as a consequence of Realpolitik: the governmental apparatus drives honest citizens towards the loss of their mental health, urging them to harm themselves or society.

I emerged unscathed from the ordeal that Realpolitik set in my path when I demanded the rule of law and the recognition of human rights. There is only the faintest chance that others confronted with such an ordeal could emerge unharmed. Consequently, my moral duty is to do my utmost to bring an end to the abuse of governmental power.

I left nothing to chance during the long years of my “field study”, nor shall I do so in my future struggle against Realpolitik. Wisdom’s decree declares: you have no right to leave anything to chance when human lives and human rights are at stake.

The following text was written only a few days after my release from the psychiatric hospital, upon my return from Stockholm to my home city. I wrote it almost immediately, for I did not wish the details to fade before the time came to give those events the attention they merited. In 2014, I knew that a major theoretical undertaking awaited me. According to my plan, once the greater part of my philosophy had been written, it would be necessary to return in detail to the circumstances that had led to my confinement.

Now, that time has come.

Bahman Azadfar Borås, Sweden, 29 March 2023

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I am seated on a chair in an isolated room within an anonymous psychiatric hospital in Stockholm. I do not know the name of the

institution, for I was sitting in the rear of the police car and could not discern it when the vehicle entered the grounds.

A layer of soft padding covers the walls. It seems these pads are designed to prevent those with mental afflictions from injuring themselves by striking their heads against the hard surfaces.

I am here neither by my own choice nor out of any medical necessity; I am of sound mind and possessed of such mental fortitude that the entire Real System cannot undermine my psychological health.

I have been confined here by Swedish police officers, whom the Swedish Security Service in Stockholm dispatched to my hotel room early this morning, 10 September 2014, to arrest me.

Today marks the eleventh day of my stay in Stockholm, where I am carrying out an action against money laundering and the financing of terrorism. In the days leading up to today, I walked the streets of Stockholm wearing double-sided boards over my shoulders, with an additional sign in my right hand. They convey various messages concerning money laundering and its perils to our society.

A few months earlier, in February 2014, I published an informative book in Swedish entitled *A Report to Society on How Sweden Became a Money Laundering Paradise*.<sup>[1]</sup> I sent copies of the book to various authorities, including members of the Swedish Parliament (Riksdag). Subsequently, I informed the authorities of my decision to commit suicide by self-immolation, as they remained indifferent to the growing expansion of money laundering and tax evasion.

A passage from Seneca in volume VI of Carl Grimberg's *History of the World* (Världshistoria) inspired this idea. When a man once asked Seneca, "What should a man without hope do when all doors are closed?" our philosopher replied, "Such a man may take his own life."

After a prolonged struggle against money laundering and tax evasion, I found all doors closed to me as a citizen seeking the "Rule of Law". In effect, I had reconstructed a situation that everyday Realpolitik routinely produces. Governments, as the executive arm of Realpolitik, through their irresponsible conduct, drive honest and conscientious citizens to the brink of mental collapse, compelling them either to harm themselves or to turn into anti-social individuals.

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[1] Swedish title of book is *"En rapport till samhället om hur Sverige blev penningtvättens paradys."*

Two groups within society are irresponsible yet enjoy immunity from prosecution: the insane and the political elite. The task of the latter is to drive the sane to madness. Accordingly, I resolved to follow Seneca's counsel and observe how the Swedish authorities would respond. Naturally, I had no intention of committing suicide by self-immolation; rather, I assumed the role of a man genuinely determined to take his own life, because the governmental apparatus refuses to fulfil its duties.

A few days after informing the authorities of my intention to commit self-immolation, I was contacted by the Swedish Security Service in Gothenburg. We met in March 2014 in Borås. At the outset of our meeting, he appeared to suspect that I was insane; however, upon finding me of sound mind, he stated: "If someone intends to commit self-immolation, we shall arrest them and confine them in a psychiatric hospital." In other words, he threatened me with precisely what they have executed today.

I replied: "It matters not to me. The governmental apparatus has compelled me to this course of action because it refuses to perform the duties for which it has accepted both my vote and my taxes." I presented him with a copy of my aforementioned book, together with a link to a YouTube documentary produced by a group of journalists entitled Looting Society, which exposes blatant money laundering taking place in Sweden. [2]

The Swedish Security Service in Gothenburg lacked sufficient knowledge of money laundering. He remarked: "I have a colleague in Stockholm who works to combat the financing of terrorism; he is an expert in both money laundering and terrorist financing. If you agree, we shall arrange another meeting with him."

I replied that this would be acceptable, provided that, prior to the meeting, he read my book and reflected upon the facts and figures I had set forth therein.

A week later, the Swedish Security Service in Gothenburg returned to Borås, this time accompanied by the Swedish Security Service in Stockholm.

During our meeting, the Swedish Security Service in Stockholm conceded that what I had written in my book was correct; he agreed with my findings, yet maintained that suicide was no solution.

I replied: “If I am right, then stop the money laundering — at least in relation to those individuals documented on YouTube.”

He prevaricated and, instead of fulfilling the duties for which society had employed him, began advising me to reconsider my decision. He sought to appeal to my love for my wife and children. The meeting concluded without any tangible result.

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The door opened, and the guard who had received me from the police appeared on the threshold. I asked how long I was to remain here, waiting for someone.

“The police stormed my room at seven this morning and arrested me without allowing me to eat breakfast or take my stomach medication. I am hungry. Can you provide me with something to eat?”

“Not yet,” the man replied.

“At least give me some water,” I requested.

The guard led me to a drinking fountain in the corridor. I drank and filled a paper cup with water to take back to the room. He ushered me inside, then closed and locked the door.

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I was half-asleep in bed when there came a furious knocking at the hotel-room door. Who could it be? Never would the hotel staff knock on a guest’s door in such a manner. Dazed, I hurried towards the door and opened it, only to find three police officers — one man and two women — standing face to face with me. The man called out my name, which I confirmed. They then rushed into the room and shut the door. The older woman stood guard at the closed door, while the other began to question me.

Meanwhile, the male officer moved towards my belongings. I recalled my telephone conversation the previous day with the Swedish Security Service in Stockholm. I had told him that on the morrow I would take my own life by self-immolation, since he intended to do nothing, either now or in the future, to halt money laundering. A week earlier, during my action on the streets, I had met the Swedish Security Service in Stockholm at a café in central Stockholm, where we revisited the same points discussed during our first meeting in Borås. The conclusion remained that I would not waive my rights, and he would not fulfil his duty.

I possess rights, while he wields power; what regulates our relationship within the realm of Realpolitik is not the mutual acceptance and respect of rights. Power claims to define the law — which, in truth, is a non-law — and it is this non-law that purports to describe my rights.

I harbour no delusions about political power — a realm in which immorality, mendacity, conspiracy, and irresponsibility prevail, destroying both human and animal rights. To buy time, the Swedish Security Service in Stockholm promised that he would orchestrate an operation against money laundering the following year, or in May 2015. I knew these were but empty words.

Meanwhile, as they searched through my belongings, concentrating particularly on rummaging through my suitcase, the male officer asked: “Do you have a pistol or any other firearms?”

What, I wondered, had the Swedish Security Service in Stockholm told them?

“No, of course not!”

The younger policewoman was a lively woman of about twenty-seven or twenty-eight, a few years younger than my daughter. She permitted me to go to the bathroom, wash my face, and change my clothes. After thirty-five or forty minutes spent searching the room and my belongings, they found nothing of note.

The older woman said: “We must arrest you and take you into custody. Will you come peacefully, or shall we use force and place you in handcuffs?”

“No violence is necessary; I am a peaceful citizen,” I replied.

I left the room, escorted by the three officers towards the lift. In the lobby, the other guests were preoccupied, hurrying across the floor to have breakfast. Only a few cast a fleeting glance in our direction. Did they realise that the police were arresting me because I had exposed the betrayal of politicians and high-ranking bureaucrats, and had refused to succumb to their threats?

Incompetent and irresponsible politicians have turned Sweden into a money-laundering paradise, effectively inviting criminals from abroad. Successive Swedish governments have rolled out the red carpet for such elements. The price of this political folly will be paid dearly by ordinary Swedish citizens in the not-too-distant future.

The people now eating breakfast in the hotel do not realise that my actions are for their safety and that of their children. For their sake, I endure the humiliation of this arrest.

To enjoy “good governance” is a right belonging to every one of my fellow Swedes, and security is an inseparable component of such governance. Through their votes and taxes, the people have already paid the price of “good governance” to the politicians; yet the latter remain unwilling to discharge their moral debt to the public.

I am a human being, not a hen. My vote is my sovereign right, not an egg. Society is no henhouse. Politicians have no right to assume the role of farmers, collecting my vote every four years only to trade it as farmers trade eggs in the market.

I cast my vote through a straightforward process, intended for politicians to enact and uphold the law. Instead, they betrayed that trust by issuing deceptive directives; through their mismanagement of state authorities, they have brought profound troubles upon society, including the proliferation of criminal gangs.

I do not place a halo upon the heads of elected politicians, nor do I instal them as ancient Greek gods atop Olympus. To me, politicians are merely human, and to prevent any individual from violating the rights of others, they must be subject to three forms of oversight: "Moral Control", "Peer Pressure", and "Legal Control". Since unchecked state power inevitably leads to corruption, and as we cannot be certain that politicians are governed by "Moral Control" or "Peer Pressure", "Legal Control" remains our only safeguard. The law must empower every citizen to bring an

action against elected officials of any rank, for each citizen votes individually and is entitled to the Rule of Law. To demand justice — both preventive and compensatory — alongside order, is the very essence of the Rule of Law: an inalienable right of every citizen.

If I could sue the elected politicians for enacting false anti-money laundering laws in 2009, our society(Sweden) could avoid 130 billion kronor in money laundering yearly and less criminality.

Abolishing impunity would make elected politicians from irresponsible Gods into responsible humans.

Now, the elected politicians know that if a citizen finds their corruption, he cannot do something (as I haven't done since 2009).

The abolition of immunity from prosecution put the elected politicians under law- control and made corruption expensive.

The first time I was arrested, I was a nineteen-year-old student. On that day, just as now, I had committed no crime; I was simply demanding my human rights. When the Shah's secret police (SAVAK) detained me in 1976, my understanding of the concept of rights was vague, yet I felt by instinct that they were mine by right.

A few months after the 1979 revolution, supporters of the new regime began violating the rights of citizens. The Shah had violated these rights in the name of the "Law", and the new government followed suit. It was then that I realised that "Law" is a concept which those in power can weaponise to suppress the people and deprive them of their fundamental rights.

The Shah seized power through a coup d'état, aided by the UK and the USA, while the Islamic regime took control through revolution. In Sweden, however, the context is different: I exercised my right to vote, electing lawmakers and sustaining them with my taxes so that they might enact just laws. Yet they betrayed both me and every decent citizen by passing deceptive legislation. My Swedish friends, like the majority of their compatriots, place immense trust in their government; it will take time for them to grasp the transformation that has taken place since the 1990s. Following the collapse of the Soviet Union, legislation has increasingly been crafted to empower major corporations, banks, and wealthy dynasties to impose their will upon the people. Under the guise of these so-called laws, they have systematically evaded taxation.

Through such tax evasion, the burden of financing national governance has fallen upon the shoulders of decent citizens and small businesses.

Naturally, neither governments nor their masters — the major corporations, banks, and wealthy dynasties — are willing to admit to defrauding the public, for ordinary citizens would never tolerate such profound injustice. Consequently, they have devised a series of sophisticated, three-step stratagems to secure their interests. These stratagems are:

1. They craft façade laws that, on the surface, bear all the hallmarks of genuine legislation, but are, in truth, nothing more than a convoluted collection of words and clauses that lead to a legal dead end.
2. Should the public see through this first stratagem, legislators may find themselves compelled to enact more appropriate laws. Yet, they take care to avoid creating any bureaucratic apparatus capable of enforcing them.
3. Should such an organisation already exist, the government ensures that the apparatus is rendered ineffective through inept leadership and deliberate mismanagement.

These three "magic" steps are implemented across numerous countries, including Sweden. The evolution of Sweden's anti-money-laundering legislation and its subsequent implementation have followed these very instructions. Only a toxic blend of ignorance and corruption among elected politicians and senior bureaucrats can explain the institutional paralysis of the Swedish police and the ensuing surge in criminality.

Corrupt politicians are well aware that an effective anti-money-laundering regime would deal a devastating blow to organised crime; however, such a regime would also place the politicians themselves in jeopardy. In other words, criminals are not the sole targets of this framework. Corrupt officials and their masters — major corporations, banks, and wealthy dynasties — would likewise fall prey to its scrutiny. This is because a robust anti-money-laundering body is charged with combating all illicit financial activities, from the circulation of "dirty money" to systemic tax evasion and bribery.

The staff of a truly effective anti-money-laundering body would be empowered to knock on the doors of corrupt politicians with the same authority they use to confront common criminals.

Corrupt politicians are compelled to engineer ineffective anti-money-laundering regimes simply to save their own skins. Yet such

inadequate frameworks grant criminals a free hand to perpetrate offences and launder the proceeds, ultimately rendering society unsafe. Moreover, these hollow regimes enable corrupt officials and their masters to amass vast wealth and conceal it in tax havens, entirely shielded from public or legal scrutiny.

The only remaining obstacle for these politicians is the public outcry over rising criminality, which threatens to turn into direct criticism of their leadership. Yet they have devised an effective remedy: a scapegoat to absorb the blame for their own systemic neglect. The Swedish police force is the ideal candidate for this role, shouldering the burden of failure that rightfully belongs to the legislators.

People the world over share the same fundamental aspirations: to live in peace and to raise their children in safety. An ordinary citizen, devoted to life beyond the political sphere, should be entitled to "Good Governance" without being compelled to devise solutions to rising criminality. Governing a nation is a complex undertaking, and the public cannot be expected to attend to every intricate detail. Many issues are exceptionally technical — for instance, the labyrinthine interconnections between money laundering, tax evasion, corruption, and the global financial markets.

How will the public react when they learn that elected officials pass laws and measures enabling large corporations, banks, and wealthy families to avoid paying taxes annually?  
Alongside this, criminality increases.

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In this room, I wait without engaging in any activity, such as reading or looking out the window. There are no newspapers or books available; only three chairs and a table. My time is divided between sitting and pacing the room, as there is nothing else to occupy me.

I am neither angry nor frustrated. Instead, I am curious to observe the reaction of the hospital staff. I recall how dissidents in the Soviet Union were confined to psychiatric hospitals, where attendants were compelled

to cooperate with the authorities. How does Sweden compare? If the personnel here cooperate with the authorities, I may be detained for an indefinite period.

After a long wait, the door opened, and two young psychiatrists entered. They introduced themselves and shook my hand. We sat down, and one of them glanced at the papers in his hand. He looked at me and asked: "Why do you intend to commit suicide by self-immolation?"

I answered: "That is not my choice! The government has compelled me to do it. As you can see, even my presence here is not by choice. The police rushed into my hotel room, arrested me, and brought me here without my consent, and without my family ever deeming it necessary."

"You will soon discover that I am sane—indeed, mentally healthier than many politicians and bureaucrats who have succumbed to greed and lost their conscience. There are many outside these walls with severe mental health issues who truly require your valuable time; yet, the Swedish authorities have chosen to squander our society's time and resources in this manner. For you, determining my sanity should be the priority. For me, however, the fundamental question remains: are you part of a conspiracy against me, or are you not?"

"I am curious to know whether you, like the psychiatric staff in the Soviet Union, cooperate with the government to confine critics, or not. I trust you will listen to your conscience; if you find me to be of sound mind, you must release me, regardless of whether I choose to take my own life. Suicide is not a criminal offence, and if I am mentally healthy, you have no legal right to restrain me." I then briefed them on money laundering, its devastating consequences for society, and the reasons why the government fails to intervene.

As I explained the subject, they listened intently, assessing my mental state. My presentation articulated facts and figures concerning various global injustices; the coherence of my arguments gradually piqued their interest in my perspectives.

I asked them: "Have you read the Einstein-Freud correspondence, commonly known as '*Why War?*', which took place in the early 1930s regarding war and its causes?"

Neither of them had read it, and their answer was no. The younger psychiatrist, piqued by "Why War?", asked me to explain the contents of the correspondence. I told him that it was readily available online and could be read in its entirety quite quickly. Einstein sought to understand why people wage war, and Freud shared his insights into its underlying causes.

I added: "I believe war is the ultimate form of injustice, a furnace that incinerates all human rights. We cannot avert war without transitioning from the prevailing 'Unwise Atmosphere' to a 'Wise Atmosphere'. My work is dedicated to Wisdom. Perhaps the 'Law of the Jungle' is more familiar to you than an 'Unwise Atmosphere'; in the jungle, there is a primitive order: the stronger may kill and consume the weaker. There, justice has no meaning."

In the jungle, the 'survival of the strongest' prevails in place of justice. The infringement of the rights of the weak by the strong is the dominant law of the wilderness. Yet, we humans can neither fully embrace the 'Law of the Jungle' nor utterly reject it. We suffer from numerous paradoxes, and this is but one of them. The root of all our contradictions lies within the mind. However, we do not possess a single mind; rather, our mind is a 'three-in-one' apparatus, with each part remaining in a distinct epoch of our evolution. As Carl Gustav Jung once remarked: 'When a patient lies on the examination couch to receive psychological help, I do not see only a man. I see a crocodile, a horse, and a human, all together.'

There are profound differences between the natures of these three animals, and each dictates its own will. The crocodile is driven to kill, while the human is summoned to care for others—both human and animal alike. 'Selflessness' and 'altruism' are two distinct human impulses embedded within our 'Instinct of Sympathy'. This instinct is what defines our humanity; we cannot deny it unless we first strip our fellow beings of their dignity, convincing ourselves they are no longer human, but monsters. Such dehumanisation is what permits us to plunder the rights of others. We have imported the 'law of the jungle' into our modern society, yet none of us dares confess it.

We prefer to omit the word 'jungle' from the 'Law of the Jungle', merely calling it 'the Law', while ignoring the fundamental fact that a 'True Law' is a directive defined by rights. When a 'Law' violates any right enshrined in the UDHR, it ceases to be a law; it is a Non-law—nothing more than the 'Law of the Jungle'.

As a philosopher, my task is to define law and the interconnected concepts that accompany it. Right, Justice, Order, Morality, and Law are all links in a chain called Wisdom. Each concept must be defined with precision if we are to become wise human beings. This anti-money laundering project is my laboratory, where I examine various elements of political power as violators of human rights. Never forget that governments in 'Unwise Atmosphere' are always at the pinnacle of human rights violations; however, within a 'Wise Atmosphere', the government shall become the guardian and promoter of human rights.

In some laboratories, scientists conduct experiments on animals. On occasion, when a study requires a human subject, the scientist performs the test upon himself, unwilling to inflict harm on another for the sake of his theories. I could never ask someone to take a fraudulent financial law as a cause, expose themselves to various threats, and allow me to document that painful ordeal. Beyond the inherent selfishness of such a proposal, I could never truly grasp the essence of the experiment had I sent someone else to this hospital, for instance. I require firsthand experience to study these phenomena properly and, subsequently, transmit them to the readers of my philosophy.

This mental hospital experience shall be the last part of my field experiments before writing my philosophy. When I go out, I am ready to focus on arranging and writing my philosophy. Please consider the message of this last experience: The demand to stop money laundering is a reasonable and legitimate request.

Why should the Swedish government be so indifferent to preventing money laundering that it forced a citizen to issue an ultimatum to the authorities: either stop money laundering, or I shall commit suicide? My story, in itself, is shameful for any government. Instead of being embarrassed by its neglect and recognising money laundering as a threat to society, the Swedish government has preferred to shirk its duty, choosing instead to arrest and confine a protester—one who cares deeply about Sweden's security—within a psychiatric hospital.

A group of journalists, using hidden cameras, documented the 'back door' of Sweden's financial system and uploaded their footage to YouTube. I asked the Swedish Security Service in Stockholm at least to stop them, yet he refused. I stated: If you do not stop them, I shall commit suicide in protest. Instead of arresting those criminals who apparently launder money—whose crimes have been documented—the Swedish Security Service in Stockholm ordered the police to arrest and

confine me in this hospital. Had the authorities fulfilled their duties, I would not have needed to issue an ultimatum. They ignored the issue of money laundering, and I was forced to resort to an ultimatum. As you can see, even the threat of suicide failed to move them. The Swedish Security Service in Stockholm, instead of employing governmental power to stop money laundering and terrorist financing, imposed governmental force upon me.

The conduct of the authorities raises several questions:

1. What causes a government to ignore money laundering instead of actively combating it?
2. What significant factor exists within money laundering that leads the Swedish authorities to prefer arresting a sane citizen and confining him in a psychiatric hospital, while leaving those who launder money untouched?
3. What motivation do the authorities possess that allows them to violate a citizen's rights with such fearlessness?

The answer to these questions may be corruption. Many influential individuals desire a false and facade anti-money laundering regime with double doors. The front door is for ordinary citizens, while the back door is reserved for the high class: politicians, authorities, large corporations, the financial market, and wealthy families.

I saw amazement in the psychiatrists' eyes. They had nothing to say. I drank my water, placed the empty paper cup on the table, and told them I needed more. They said: 'We must consult with our superior because your case is exceptional. We shall arrange some water for you, and we will return after the consultation.'

All three of us stood up. They walked towards the door, and I began walking around the room. After a few minutes, the guard appeared again and invited me towards the drinking fountain. The guard and I repeated the previous experience, and I returned to the room with another cup of water.

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The psychiatrists reappeared. We sat down. One of them said: 'We have concluded that you are sane, and we cannot hospitalise you. However, there is a formal application with a few questions we must ask you.'

I replied: 'I am happy that Sweden's healthcare sector is not a tool in the hands of the governmental apparatus, and that you follow your professional conscience rather than government orders. Now, I am ready to answer your questions.'

The elder psychiatrist asked the questions one by one and wrote down my answers. When he had finished, he placed the paper and pen on the table, looked me in the eye, and said: 'But we hope you do not fulfil your threat of suicide.'

I thanked them without showing a direct reaction to their wish. Then I added: 'I am striving for a world where no human being would be so desperate and helpless as to choose suicide as the final solution. We have no right to exert such pressure on people that their mental health is put at stake and they are pushed towards insanity.'

A man expects justice from his fellow humans, particularly from an ostensibly democratic government. A failed demand for justice breeds anger. If one cannot manage this provoked anger, it transmutes into pent-up anger. You know better than I that the consequence of such outrage is 'hatred'. Imagine, in my place, a young man of twenty-five who began to question a false anti-money laundering law, only to encounter the same reactions I did and record them. The question is: how far could an honest citizen go, and what would become of his mental health?

Governments push citizens into the trap of pent-up anger and hatred, which can lead to significant depression, fear, anxiety, or rage. How many people, frustrated in their pursuit of justice, succumb to 'fury' and allow it to drive them towards anti-social reactions, such as criminality or terrorism? Can you give me a logical reason why I should avoid joining a terrorist group like ISIS when I leave this place?

The psychiatrists seemed to have no answer or comment. I asked them: 'Do you want me to give my reason for avoiding joining terrorists?' Both of them nodded. I stated: 'I can manage my anger and not let pent-up anger control my mind. I do not surrender to hatred, and thereafter to the "major depression", "fear and anxiety", or "rage" which "Realpolitik" wants me to fall into. I am wiser than to fall into the trap that a group of greed-ridden politicians and bureaucrats have implanted in my path. I

will answer their violation of human rights with the most potent weapon civilised men have ever made: the word.'

I will compel them through peaceful activities to define three common words they use daily: Right, Justice, and Law. They smiled, and we shook hands. The elder psychiatrist placed his left hand on my right shoulder as we shook hands and said: 'Good luck!' His colleague repeated the same wish to me. I thanked them and replied: 'Indeed, there is a hard way in front of me, and I badly need to have such good wishes.'

They ushered me to the hospital gate, and we said goodbye. Outside the building, sunlight greeted me. What is this hospital called? When I entered, I could not see its name. I found its sign: S:t Görans sjukhus.

Once again, I am free. No policemen, no investigation by psychiatrists. I am free just as I was yesterday. No, I am wrong; I am more unrestricted than ever because I have set aside my anti-money laundering project, and now I am free to write philosophy. Still, I will return to the anti-money laundering project again when I finish writing my philosophy books. There are many questions that politicians should answer. I will be back!

Boras, Sweden, 16 September 2014

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[2] The original title of the video is in Swedish, "*Plundring av samhället.*" In this text, the English title is its translation.