Back at Sundarijal >37

“Solitary confinement is softening my mind…”

5 April, 1977
Sundarijal

When GM was here I used to discuss all kinds of political thoughts that occurred to my mind—mostly about the political situation of Nepal. It was 7 pm. In the prison, if I were to discuss. I wrote notes in my notebook, which I could take with me. This is where I would start writing. It is a matter of note whether the government and the Maoists than they already are. At the behest of Prachanda, she meets with Chen

BP Koirala fears that incarceration is making him lose touch with objective reality. For the first time, he admits in this diary written in English, that the horror of indefinite detention grips him with terror. Anything would be a distraction, and he yearns for the legal proceedings against him to start, even though he has no illusions of a fair trial.

6 April
Sundarijal

When on 25 March Asslanchadish with a team of officers and clerks had come to take our statement, I had expected that after all the train had moved and that legal process had started. They made their appearance after 3 months, and now again they seem to have gone to sleep. It is already 12 days and nothing happens. Granted that the king was away for a month on a visit of India and nothing happens without his personal order, but it is already five days that he is back here. If only they take us to the court or do something about us, decide one way or other, there would be some psychological relief from this boredom. This stagnancy, this stagnant existence, this total preoccupation with one’s own psychological moments alone—all this will be lifted even if the legal process is started. I say legal process for the convenience of expression. The directive whatever it is likely to be has to be taken by the king, hence the legal process is only a formal show—but still it will be going on, our movement from the prison to the court (which I expect would sit here in the prison….) some new faces seen, some arguments and counter-arguments etc—all this will at least a small pebble thrown into the still scum-covered water of my present existence. There will be an element of fight also, for which I am itching—a legal fight before a bogus court, but I will give it in my own way—state my case, knowing fully well that I would be addressing a deaf judge, and therefore knowing that my pleadings wouldn’t make any difference in the judgement he has to give in any case. Therefore when 14 days ago, the officers came, I brightened up. The Asst Anchadish has even assured me GM wouldn’t be kept separate from me for long, a day or week or so. No more. Perhaps the Anchadish himself doesn’t know anything about us or what orders he will have to execute next. In his judgement he thought that we won’t be kept separated beyond a week. The pages of my diary are filled with my mental agitations, even torture; and I give the impression of having been considerably weakened. The psychological condition is exactly so, but I haven’t weakened in the practical sense of the least. When my political права, or inability to go free, conviction and ideals are affected, I bristle up, ready for a fight.

Dr. M. Poopu from the special report on the 1 June massacre of students of Tribhuvan University. The directive, that there would be some psychological relief from this boredom, this loneliness, this horror of indefinite detention, this vexation, this loneliness—utter loneliness—loneliness which is horrifying. I should have practiced some yoga which would have perhaps helped me, quickening my mind. I took ½ tablet of valium as a chemical substitute for yoga—to calm my agitated mind.

BOOK REVIEW

The Mad Carey

Disseminating deranged ideas in the volatile political climate of the present is simply irresponsible.

Mary Carey, now de guerre ‘Keu’ after the famous garden in London, is an American guerrilla fighter with a leadership role in the Maoists of Nepal. She is also blinded in one eye, a Buddhist spiritualist, convertant to Nepali, the mistress of Comrade Prachanda and living in ‘the forbidden Kingdom of Lo’, or water Dolpo. Her father and brother, ex-army and trekkers, are commissioned by the US secret services to track her down before she gets more deeply embedded with the insurgents than she already is. At the behest of Prachanda, she meets with Chen Hui, a Chinese Professor of Microbiology and Chemistry who has perfected the airborne dispersal of germs anthrax and is eager to unleash a few canisters over the United States. Aim: to sow death, misery and probably the seeds of WWIII. Enough already! No, the final battle takes place in Mustang and involves CIA operative, the American Himalayan Foundation, Tibetan Khampas and a clutch of automatic weapons. Thankfully, the bad guys are all defeated, a requisite number of good guys die with them (to make it realistic) and the world is saved by the ingenuity and resilience of a band of Americans. Oh dear.

Anyone with a predilection towards paranoia, conspiracy theories or weapons of mass destruction should definitely neither purchase nor read this book. There are enough half-baked, specious and entirely fanciful speculations to keep the present US administration in foreign policy for a good five years. All the more reason, then, that this treatise should not enter the public discourse. Better to dismiss it now, than to let someone pick it up by mistake and believe even a single word of it. I also don’t believe that the writer can claim any protection by bundling his book as a ‘novel’. Disseminating drugged ideas in the volatile political climate of the present is simply irresponsible.

Aside from the fantastic plot, the book is peppered with mistakes and misrepresentations. ‘Nemate’, says Gail Topping, the daughter of ‘Joseph Topping’, of course. One would have thought that Paul Ryder Ryan might have been able to check the spelling of this now almost international goring. Proper names are so often misapplied that we may have to put them down to Ryan’s failed attempt at preserving a preconception of the unreal (or protecting his sources). a town outside Katmandu called ‘Bagepati’, a lake in Dolpo called ‘Poksumdo’, three-day general strikes called ‘bundhs’ and a US Ambassador in Nepal named ‘Ralph Dranik’. In a discussion on why the ‘peasants’ of Nepal have been effectively galvanised by Maoist ideology, we learn ‘peasants’ of Nepal have been effectively galvanised by Maoist ideology. We learn...

Sundarijal

May 1977

7 April
Sundarijal

When we entered the prison for the first time, I was astonished at how large it was. I had expected that after all the train had moved and that legal process had started. They made their appearance after 3 months, and now again they seem to have gone to sleep. It is already 12 days and nothing happens.

The author has spent ‘more than ten years galvanised by Maoist ideology, we learn Galvankised by Maoist ideology, we learn ‘peasants’ of Nepal have been effectively galvanised by Maoist ideology. We learn ‘peasants’ of Nepal have been effectively galvanised by Maoist ideology. We learn ...

Mark Turin is currently with the Department of Social Anthropology at University of Cambridge. 

See also: The political peace by Pushkar Bhutel, Nepal Times, #123.

The Spectrum International

HAI Bar within 500m from the heart of Katmandu

All kinds of health and fitness equipments available

Two Years Warranty and Free Servicing

Tycoon

CAIRA BATH • STEAM BATH

The Kathmandu Post Limited

Tel: 01 4814151

13 - 19 JUNE 2003 NEPALI TIMES #149