

THE FIRST PART OF MY LIFE

MOHINI HERSOM



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by Mohini Hersom
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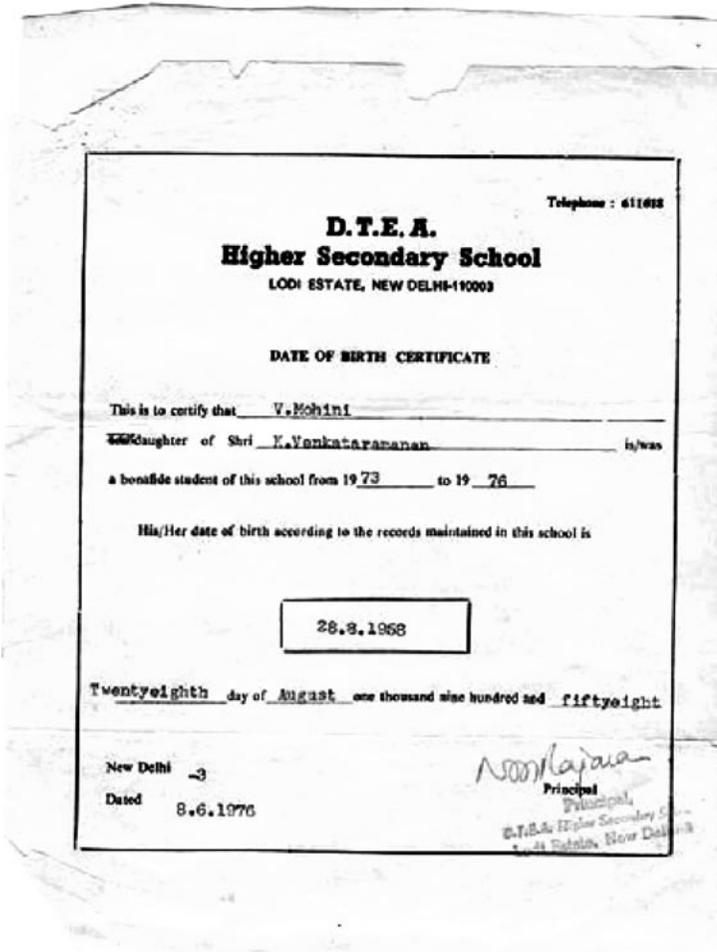
Chapter 01 Birth

I was born in Delhi on the 28th of August, 1958. The building that I was born in was a maternity home on one side of a busy and dusty two-carriage way in Old Delhi. The old city walls, probably built during the Mogul Empire, were on the other side of the highway.

It was probably not hot and dusty when I was born as it was getting to midnight. Not that I remember the moment I ended up being born. I was apparently underweight and born prematurely at 7-8 months.

Therefore my mother, Radha (DOB 15/05/1934), must have been a virgin before she married my father, her first cousin, whose first name is Venkataramanan (DOB 18/01/1934) on 10/Nov/1957.

One of the things my mother always told me about was that I gave her no pain through my birth, whereas my sister, who followed me into the world, was overweight and overdue by the time she was born and gave my mother a lot of pain and suffering.



Date of birth certificate provided by the school

My mother told me about babies as a schoolchild that she would love to play with them all day if a servant could only handle the ugly side of babyhood, which is the wiping of their bottoms. The first five years of my life were spent in Delhi, Calcutta, Bombay, and finally Calcutta again. Delhi was the child sanctuary where grandma, who was

called Padma or CRP, an avid story-teller and doting grandfather lived.

But we never stopped traveling back and forth, and grandma was with us most of the time, either by her coming to us or by us going to them. I recall the Sino-Indian war during my early childhood.

My grandmother would pick me up every day so that I could see over the balcony, and I had to shout and wave at the soldiers. Grandma told me of the cruelty of the Chinese premier, Chairman Mao, how he tortured Indian prisoners of war and how the narrow field of vision of the Chinese helped them to concentrate better on their cruelty.

Grandma loved knitting, and knitted socks for the soldiers, to keep them warm on the Himalayas as they battled the Chinese. As a pre-schooler, I remember my male aupairs and a nanny in Delhi. A girl of barely 18, she was allegedly affected with a slavish mentality, and based on what I heard and understood at home, I started to hate slaves. I wanted everybody to be sensible and robust.

Eventually sent the girl back home to her Tamil village a thousand miles away as someone who was mentally unfit to work. After this, Grandma's Hindi-speaking manservant doubled as a baby-sitter for me in Delhi. doubled as a baby-sitter for me in Delhi.

I attended the nursery class of Carmel Convent School in New Delhi. I remember screaming for my mother at the age of three, but a nun in the nursery, who I believed was eight feet tall, carried me, gave me a sweetie, and handed me to my mum. Then I stopped crying, glad to go home, sucking my thumb. It was tough for me to give up thumb-sucking, which only started slowing down only at the age of 10.



Infant Mohini with mother Radha, 1959



Chithya gives Mohini a Japanese doll

A plane journey was initially made to the capital, where both sets of grandparents were permanent residents. Whereas my father had not wanted to go to England, I was not looking forward to it. When I was studying in IIT Delhi, I had been urged by peers that America was the correct place to go.

They had convinced me until I reluctantly started to believe them. I was simple-minded, shy, socially inept, and a somewhat explosive teenager, doing as I was told, yet thirsting for that old-fashioned independence. I did not think the psychiatric schools of thought in England were going to be any pleasanter than the experience I had had for the last 18 months, and I knew that was my reason for going to England.

And judging from the type of company I had - those three-my mother father and sister-people that I did not trust nor care to be with anymore- I would have done anything to get out of leaving India. Retrospectively I think that maybe I would have died had it not been for that transfer to the United Kingdom. In Delhi at 161 Jorbagh, my head was still slightly fuzzy from more than 12 months, possibly 18- of psycho-active medication.

We said our goodbyes to the 1915-born Padma and 1908-born Srinivasan, my maternal grandparents. Grandpa was also moving rigidly and had tremors, but the family ignored the old man. It was when he kept repeating himself that his family took note and showed him to a doctor. He had Parkinson's disease. The light in his eyes changed from a piercing look to something drab and dull.

A radical transformation, it was too sad for words. Soon Srinivasan was invalid and cripple, physically helpless, and hopelessly dejected about his new condition. He was 72-75 years of age when he was diagnosed. Other family members had had the disease, and they had been operated upon by opening their skulls and had become completely cured

Srinivasan was too old, and they could not help him in any way. I loved him like a father; only he was better and knew he was an extraordinary friend to me from the day I was born. This was the same grandfather who took me for long walks in the national park, as a baby, and was attacked by bees because I disturbed a hive, and who used to lie to friends he met in the park every day was his own little daughter.

The same grandfather who overruled my mother so I could go to engineering college, the one that said I want you to become a gold medalist for whom I had managed to do precisely that when I finished my matriculation in 1976.

Physically he was still there, but for all practical purposes, he was gone. I recalled how Grandma said that there could not be a prouder grandpa after my matriculation than him when my grandparents took me to the function where the minister was giving sway school leaving medals.

People today don't believe me when I told them Parkinson's makes you mentally retarded. Maybe these days they have better medicines, so these changes are slow. I also feel people tell too many lies these days, and sugar-coat any facts that could make people uncomfortable.

someone by accident.

Viju would complain to my parents every time I smoked a cigarette in the hotel, but I did not care-I puffed away in front of her. Please let me remind you that in 1981 there were no laws against smoking indoors and that nobody went outdoors to smoke.

This was the second time in my life that I was smoking a cigarette. I first smoked a cigarette when I had accepted one from a male student at 2am at a music festival at the Indian Institute of Technology, where I had studied for 3 1/2 years from 1976 to 1979/80.

I had later bragged at home about the two misdeeds committed, which consisted of smoking the cigarette and taking it from his lips. I had volunteered the information at home. How else would they know? Many years later, I mean, when my grandma was dying, she had said I had wanted to bed the smoker at IIT from whom I had accepted a cigarette, as well as that I had wanted to bed Mohini Borkar's second son.

I had been named by Padma after a card-playing Punjabi lady Mohini Borkar whom she used to play rummy withall her life. Padma liked Mrs Borkar a lot. Padma may have been hallucinating in the late stages of congestive heart failure under the drug Iso-Sorbate designed to keep her alive. She took Iso-Sorbate several times a day. This drug made the blood rush to her heart, to keep her alive, as her natural pumping system was failing, causing her heart to stop over time.

I expected the worst. To this day, if my parents said awful things about things to me or told lies to people, nothing would shock or surprise me. My life had become a steady-state of unpleasantness and unhappiness.

When night fell, we were out of the car, and in a motel room. I saw how Baby sister clutched her erotic notebook and waited for her to hide it so she could sleep. She put the erotic notebook into a draw, with me watching, and got into bed with me.

She did not hide it, as she did not suspect I knew what it contained, and I did not look as if I was interested. She did not see when I read her notebook, but unfortunately, she realized it had moved an inch from where she'd placed it in the draw.

Now at least I knew what type of sex my sister was feeling. We couldn't be more different. It was all sex scenes where she wrote things like, "I follow my master."

Baby sister complained I read her secret diary. The punishment of my parents for such an offense was very severe, but I flatly denied it. Viju was screwed as my parents believed my version, that I didn't have a clue what she was talking about.

Back in New York, we visited the uncle who had babysat us as children in Calcutta. We also visited Broadway and a museum where there was a huge, but intricate ivory carving, and went up some building that had more than 100 storeys. Perhaps we also visited the ill-fated Twin Towers.

The uncle asked to take Viju and me to a disco. Nothing wrong with that. It was normal for an Asian man to take young people to a disco, and generally to places where there would be loud music. But my mother not only refused to allow it, but she said in English, “Nooj would like to be a beau.”

After we left my uncle’s place, a flat in a multi-storey building overlooking River Hudson, on Riverside Drive, I asked my mother what a beau was. She said it was a French word, but didn’t give me the meaning. Months later, I looked it up in a dictionary.

Whereas my mother was destructive most of the time, she’d have sudden pangs of conscience, when she briefly became a changed person. That night in the hotel room in The Big Apple, my parents argued, causing my father to storm out into the night.

e didn’t know his way around and did not have places he could go. My mother was terrified he might be murdered as she’d heard that people could easily be killed on the streets of New York if they were roaming outside after midnight.

My mother started to say she and my father were wicked people. “We are not going to let you marry. You are young and need to live. You need to get away from us so that you can live.” A few hours later, my father returned, and she went back to her usual self, a person who never inflicts anything but pain.

At the end of our world tour, we headed to India.

My parents were visiting my university residences at two am...and the other residents blamed me for the nuisance.

My parents were visiting my university residences all the time, leaving crazy abusive notes under the door, visiting at 2 am, phoning at 6 am, and disturbing the other residents' sleep. The other residents blamed me for the nuisance.

My parents would come to see me, but they would not give me money for food. My parents' visits were repeated, sporadic, and unexpected. They felt like attacks because both myself and they knew these visits were unwanted.

They were obsessive, and I could even sometimes see them cruising slowly in the car down Oxford Road from my third-floor window of Thorncliffe House in Whitworth Park student residences of the University of Manchester. They would re-do the same road over and over again.]

Mother 2 am special death dance.

Once my mother visited at 2 am and did an odd dance after forcing her way into my room as I was now stopping her entering when she would come. I concluded that she was doing an occult dance and putting some kind of death spell on me. Other Whitworth Park-residents-all women failed to give me protection and would blame me for being woken up by my mother's visits and calls, but

would not tell her her behavior was unhelpful.

The women mostly English refused to understand when I told them the harassment was outside my control. They also judged me for not wanting to be in touch with my mother or welcoming her, an attitude I found more prevalent in women than men. The calls and physical visits of the mother, which involved the magic spells and occult dances could have been easily stopped if even one resident had told her to stop making a nuisance

.But no woman was nice enough to do that for me. I also don't want anyone to think the occult dances were part of the religion and culture I was raised in. They were entirely my mother's peculiarity.

Christian missionary influences.

There had one Andy Dalton in the next flat. He planned to be a Christian missionary in India, which he had already visited a few times. Andy converted me to Christianity. After one nocturnal visit by the mother at 2 am when I felt my mother did a type of death-dance once she was in my room and out of sight of others. I felt strange as well as terrified after the onslaught. Andy's friends took me to church and prayed for the ill-effects of the spell to go, and I felt better immediately.

Andy's views were a bit extreme, and no one would have been able to agree with them all. Still, he was an arguer, and all opinions that came out of Andy belonged to Andy, They were from his

DDOS, or Denial of service attacks by parents to crash Www. Mohini.

During the last leg of my university stay, my mother had been phoning early morning to disrupt the entire flat I had lived in during my final exams and done her best to make I fail.

They had been doing emergency and love visits, and once someone woke up and opened the door, my mother would start to chant mutter and throw me all sorts of spells. My mother had wanted to disturb me during the exam as disturb other residents, so that would pound on me, ruining my peace of mind and performance. She made sure to start making her “love calls” at 5-6 am in the mornings when everyone had to go to their finals.

The communal wall phone woke everyone up, and they were trying to catch some sleep. They were furious at me, but unlike men were not willing to be reasonable about the calls being outside my control.

You see, when I was young, I felt very hurt when people took sides with my abusive parents. I see people as murderers in spirit without having killed anyone. People have committed many misdeeds, or at least, under their mask, people feel friendless, and like they have never done anyone any good.

People have a morality issue concerning parents because they see their own children as their salvation, a mental refuge of unconditional acceptance. A place where there is no ugly judgment, a place where they are sinless and

January 1984: Getting started at the University of Arizona

I arrived in Tucson in January 1984. I initially roomed with a pastor's wife, and she was pretty hard to handle, I then found accommodation close to campus, started on my teaching duties, and enrolled in some courses. I had to pay the same tuition fees as regular Arizona residents. This was a low fee of around \$53 per credit, making the cost of a 3 credit course for a semester or one with 3 hours of lectures a week cost \$159.

My monthly stipend for being a teaching assistant, which was to conduct the undergraduate labs and other duties of 20 hours a week, was \$550 approximately. As usual, I enjoyed adventuring in a new place. Tucson is home to the saguaro cactus, which typically grows over ten feet tall, thrives for hundreds of years, and can weigh a ton. It can kill a man by falling over.

The Sahuaro is an indigenous Arizona plant that does not grow anywhere else in the world. Arizona is also home to lizards of many colors and sizes. Tucson is a valley town. You can see blue mountains in the distance all around the city, which is also cut by two rivers Saguaro and Rillito.

Arizona has severe rainstorms each year. When you have one of those, households are carried away by the flooded rivers. I saw tables and

chairs floating in narrow white rapids after a violent storm.

I had the privilege of getting caught in a few of those rainstorms while cycling back into Tucson from Ajo Way where I had a summer job. Ajo Way was going a hundred miles into the desert to Ajo town.

I feared I'd be lifted off my feet by the wind. I had clung on to a lamppost, having secured my bicycle to it. The lamppost had bent over, leaving me and my bicycle intact.

I also had the privilege of cycling into a rainwater ditch to avoid an errant truck. I got out of neck-deep water and made my way home. Tucson had a dangerous level of radioactive radiation from the sun, which I was able to measure in the Physics lab.

I also did some experimentation with measuring radiation from various radioactive compounds. Tucson has long rolling roads with low traffic - a pleasure for young cyclists like me. I took advantage of this opportunity.

I was able to rent a room across the road from campus, and my teaching work also went okay. However there was a dark cloud on the horizon and it was destined to storm and engulf my life, as you will see presently. All things take time even though some things happen very quickly.

I had started a telephonic friendship with my cousin Venky in August 1983, on arrival in the US, and sometime later with a frustrated aunt who was also in New York or a nearby state. By the time I arrived in Arizona, both had reported me to

my parents.

Shortly after coming to Tucson, I joined Mensa the high IQ society that is available to graduate (post-graduate) students based on a minimum score in the university entrance exams known as the GRE. I went with the Mensans on expeditions to ghost towns in the desert.

I was 27 years old. I had secretly wished for a long time for an opportunity to try out bungee jumping and white river rafting. An opportunity arrived to jump from a helicopter with a parachute. The Mensans were pursuing the same interest. I saved up the \$40 fee for the event. Two people could go each time.

On the day before my turn came, the two men who jumped lost their lives. Their parachutes never opened. At least one of them, Bill Bavin was personally known to me. I met his widow shortly after. The future dates for the parachuting were permanently canceled by the Mensa.

My life in the town

I resided in half a dozen places mostly near campus during my Tucson saga, while I was a graduate student at the University of Arizona. Initially, I was across the road from the campus, renting a single room that was part of a row of similar rooms with a corrugated aluminum roof. They were air-conditioning inside to fight the burning sun.

Ramu and Jaisree apparently lived unhappily ever after, throwing dinner plates at each other, had two boys and finally, Ramu died young of a heart attack. It seems that after her mother's death, Jaishri's elderly father became a permanent squatter in the couple's house in the US, and requested hard-core porn which he watched 24X7.

That must have been very stressful for them to put up with. In fact, no one can be more stressful than my own parents, and at the fag end of the year 2019, I am wondering when I'd die and whether suicide would be the only way to rid me of harassment and other problems caused my parents. After a semester at the U of A doing teaching and doing the courses, came the summer vacation. I got a summer job in a lab, which did not start for a month or so.

Chapter 22: May 1984: Sex secrets of Indians and MAN GOES mangoes

Sex secrets of Indians

My relationship with Venki resulted in his mother wanting to help me. She came to the US and stayed with his sister who had had a child. I was invited to visit them and traveled cross-country sharing petrol costs with a student nurse, to PA state's rural district Gibsonia.

Venki tried to control his sister Kamal but she fought him off.

Venki was there and their mother Sumathi was also there. That was when I slept on the carpet with Venki and another man his friend. I'd assumed that the presence of a third person in the room was sufficient to make our sleeping area a public place, but it was different for Venki.

crocodile tears himself.

My parents were phoning the professors at the Physics Department at the University of Arizona as well daily telling them I was born insane.

The Chairman of the Physics department said he wanted to punish me for annoying phone calls about a tender baby born crazy. He was going to take action against me if those calls did not stop

The Physics department chair Dr. Scadron said he was getting annoying phone calls from a man with an Indian accent, who referred to me as his tender 28-year-old baby born insane. "I have traced the caller number," Dr. Scadron said.

"This person is calling from area code 212", he said and he is very annoying. "Please stop these calls or I will punish you", he said. My father has lots of clever cunning. He may have given the impression in his annoying calls from New York (area code 212) to Dr. Scadron that I was somehow behind those calls.

A trick to potentially get me into trouble with the Physics professors as my father wanted me out of the university. Surely if I had instigated my father to play stupid pranks on Dr. Scadron, the latter would have a moral right to punish me. The truth is I did not even know my father was calling him.

Area code 212, or New York was a place where my father could stay for free with his gay brother Nooj I have told you about.

under the caravan rather than having plumbing.

There was probably plumbing for the toilet. The grass grew tall and there was shrubbery under the caravan. I now had to teach lab from 4 pm to 7 pm and I used to cycle home to the caravan after I finished teaching Physics lab at around 8 pm and would open my combination lock by striking a match or by starlight.

The caravan was standing in a heavy puddle of vegetation in a compound containing some brick houses and the Tuscon Mosque and at night I was on my own. During those late evenings, I started to notice at some point that I wasn't really alone. The caravan was lighted inside, and I never stepped out till daybreak.

A man's shadow was frequently visible on the other side of the curtained window. His presence wasn't comforting. He became my regular silent nocturnal visitor. I felt that a strong man could kick the walls of my wooden box- the caravan.

In addition to nightly prowling, I was getting a phone call during the day time, always at the same time each afternoon. My desk phone would ring exactly for 60 minutes and then stop I would wait in expectation for the call to arrive, without picking it up. It would ring for 60 minutes, and I knew when to expect the ringing to stop.

The fear I felt in the pit of my stomach was nothing to mention. It had no time limit-it was something that had to go on and on until the (stronger) enemy (whoever they were) won.

My grades in my courses fell below a B

My grades in my courses fell below a B. Therefore by the rules of the university, I lost my teaching assistantship. So the International Student Advisor Simon Horness almost gave me an off-campus work permit to support myself financially.

Some professors on campus also had a job lined up for me in a factory. Awarding an off-campus work permit was a routine matter, and I did not have an F1 visa, but a J1 visa, which allows a student to work. The visa was decided by the university to help their students. I'd simply need to take my paperwork to the Federal Office in Tuscon, where they'd stamp my passport and that was it. Mr. Horness had given me an appointment to come and collect my paperwork to get the work permit.

Parents interfere bribe international student advisor issuing of off-campus work permit

But when I attended this appointment, Mr. Horness said that my parents had visited him, and told him I was psychiatric. Mr. Horness said that because I was psychiatric, I would need all 24 hours in a day to devote to studies to pass my exams. He said he could not allow me to work.

I asked Mr. Horness how I would live if I was neither allowed to work nor receiving any financial support from the university.

Mr. Horness, who advised that my parents had also been to the university psychiatrist Dr. D'Armond, said that I did not love my parents

After I changed to another ex-directory number, I'd get a few weeks of respite, after which the early morning women with South Indian accent and silent calls would resume.

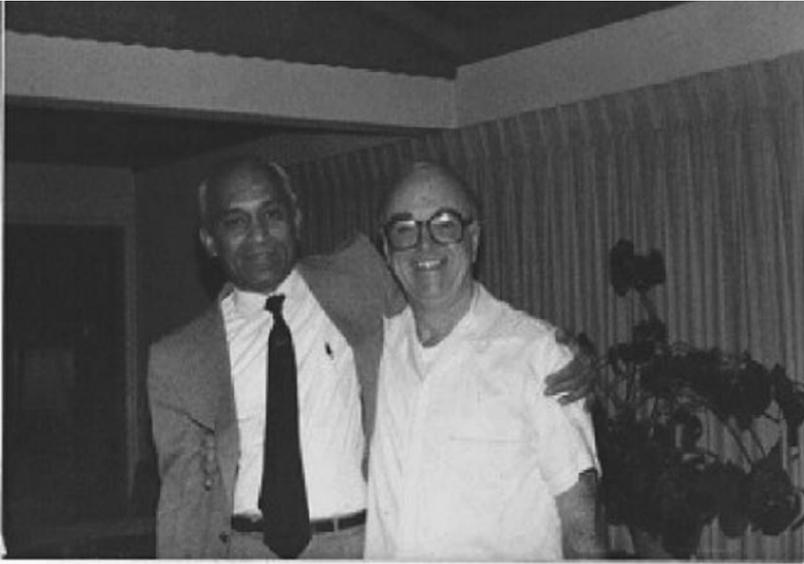
After I changed to another ex-directory number, I'd get a few weeks of respite, after which the early morning women with South Indian accent and silent calls would resume. presumably, my enemies (whoever they were) needed a few weeks to gain access to my private number which was (legally) under an assumed name.

Each time I moved and had a new non-published number, the telephone harassment would not be there for two or three weeks and then resume, and my parents somehow got my number.

American who tries to stop my father aborting my studies dies

Anyhow the second time they visited the US, they initially stayed with Clyde and Dorothy. Clyde who was upset to know my parents were visiting the US to abort my studies had said: "We are Americans and we think she should be allowed to do what she wants".

Clyde told them they could not use his phone to do the type of thing and to move elsewhere. Indian family who owned a motel outside Tucson assist my parents to abort my studies .



The late Clyde Schoenfeld and KV my father. (taken 1982 or earlier)

Below X 2:Mr and Mrs Selfish in the Arizona/Mexico desert. They came in a plane across to abort my studies as graduate student in Physics using the Hindu community there

While I was at the solid geometry problem for which she had no preparation, she said that we were both solving it together, which was untrue, as it was all me

I did not make any impolite comments but was very tired, and wanted to have a nap. She showed me where to sleep, in her spare bedroom, which her mother would occupy when she soon arrived from India.

An awesome human wisdom chain. The first link in this chain is a psychiatrist.

We chatted a little more, and she said she probably wasn't going to bed until late. Anjana said she was shocked I did not like my parents and that she was going to call a good friend of hers, Ray Umashankar, a Tamil man to come over.

The latter's sister Meena Gopalan, also lived in Tucson and was married to a psychiatrist. Meena Gopalan was also the president of the Tucson Hindu temple. Anjana said Umashankar would first interview me, they would ask his sister for wisdom which she would obtain from the psychiatrist and advise me I decided to show the other cheek, as I desperately wanted to go to bed, and if I refused, Anjana would probably withdraw her one-night bed offer.

So I offered no resistance. The chat with Umashankar was mildly unpleasant. It would have been severely unpleasant, had I not gotten

used to the unpleasantness of people of my race.

It would have been severely unpleasant if I had known they would be able to do what they threatened or alleged. Umashankar did mention psychiatrists to help me to get along with my parents, but I had heard all the s*i* before.

He did mention his sister and her psychiatrist husband, and how she had “psychiatric wisdom” and could help to straighten me out.

I was relatively quiet. Umashankar left, making fist-shaking threats to arrest me through his brother-in-law because I was not normal to forsake my parents. He said “I mean business”

I asked Anjana after the Tamilian left, “Why is he like that?” She shrugged, “It’s the advice of a friend. I can’t do anything.”

I then was able to lie down, was despite being tired, felt fear in the pit of my stomach, which prevented me from falling fully asleep. In an hour or so a heavy hand grabbed and shook my shoulders.

I opened my eyes and saw a huge cop standing over me. I objected that she could have asked me to leave, rather than put me to bed to sleep the night, and call a policeman to evict me.

But Anjana decided to be a lady and say she was frightened, and she was in the living room, having invited a “fellow-Bong” Chakravarty, another graduate student in Science and technology to come over because she was looking for a man.

Even well-educated Indians immigrated to America and research students at the university did not accept somebody who did not get along with their parents.

One man in Tucson said, “We will call you a prostitute if you don’t keep in touch with your parents.” I asked, “I don’t sell my body. How come you call me a prostitute?”. He answered, “Because we are Indians. We know you are not a prostitute, but we will call you one.”.

Mind you he had at least a Master’s degree in Science.

University official issues dud cheque..

When I had attended an appointment given my Mr. Horness to get his approval for an off-campus work permit, which was a routine five-minute job at the local federal office, the “uncle-to-all-overseas students” mentioned my parents physically visiting his office.

There had been a change of plan because the parents had told him I was psychiatric. Horness said due to mental illness, I need to devote 24 hours a day to my studies, and therefore should not be allowed to work part-time.

He also kept pressuring me to see the university psychiatrist D’Armond, and I realized I might not be able to continue at the university unless I obeyed Mr. Horness.

enter after that time.

As it was not an urban district, there were fields and a semi-urban area to walk around, with no place to do and nothing to do.

Deep down I wanted to journey to San Francisco, where there was an Indian embassy. I knew I would have to further my visa or leave. I think some Indian guys drove me to San Francisco and straight to the Indian embassy at my request. There they said I could make a free international call at the embassy's expense.

The embassy gave me the number to call and my mother said my grandfather had just died. The whole process took a few days and I cannot remember where I stayed until I boarded the flight to India. I did not have my passport on me and the embassy said they did not mind, they could give me an emergency travel document.

Badly sun-tanned and emaciated from physical overactivity, I arrived in Delhi. And so a story begins as a story ends. Even death is a beginning of something new.

every day.

Americans were pretty righteous folks in those days and I am sure my distress calls to court clerks were reported to the judge, who realized false evidence was being presented in my case.

In June 1986 I was told Gopalan had been forced to open the doors to let me leave. Which I of course did.

Life was not quite the same any more.

After that, I went to San Francisco and from there, returned to India in October 1986. In India I read a newspaper called India abroad from time to time.

It contained news items about members of the Indian community who lived in the United States. I came across an article titled “Arizona doctor is censured” in the July 1987 issue of “India Abroad”. The article was about an event that had just taken place, the person in was Ramanath Gopalan.

The Tamil shrink had been found guilty in the criminal court in Phoenix, Arizona of twice raping a 32- year-old terminally ill woman dying of cirrhosis of the liver in 1986. She had been sent to him for treatment for depression.

Dr. Gopalan could not be subjected to a criminal charge because he had a lawyer Charles Buri of Phoenix and because by the time the case came to court, the victim was deceased and evidence was based on hearsay.

Gopalan's license to practice psychiatry was not revoked as a result of this offense, but he was placed on probation for five years in the state of Arizona, so that he was not allowed to see any patient alone, but had to have another psychiatrist present in the room.

After working for the five years under probation, Gopalan's license was marked with sexual misconduct, and he relocated to another USA state Maryland, where there was a second mark of misconduct on his license and he finally settled in Virginia state where he continued his practice of psychiatry

At the time of my arrest by him, I was 28 and his age was disclosed to me as 36. Therefore Gopalan is presently (in the year 2020) a psychiatrist aged around 70 years, practising in Virginia state.

I have here a photograph of Gopalan from a website called healthgrades.com which was visible in the UK some years ago but is no longer available for viewers in the EU. I have also pasted here a number of documents obtained by researching this man.

These are publicly available at present (2020) on websites in the United States to interested seekers.

This mugshot of Gopalan is followed by many slides titled "The testimony of Shawn Kabatoff." This testimony tells a story which is partly about me and partly about-well-Shawn Kabatoff.

This news item about Gopalan I read in an Indian publication in July 1987 was retained by myself as a paper clipping, as we did not have scanners and digital media to save information.

I had gone back to India in late 1986 and thereafter was a virtual prisoner in the home of my parents until November 1995. The word “virtual” relates to the fact that the front door was not locked, but there was no place to escape to. This period, 1986 and later, is beyond this book, which ends when i returned to India from the US.

This virtual imprisonment and corresponding details which formed a part of my asylum story, because my wealthy and politically privileged uncles refused to help me, caused anger and consternation among the public, as well as I was not deemed fit to qualify for asylum.

At this point, I cannot help recalling the immigration judge in 2001 telling me he never grants asylum to a female unless she tells sex stories to a woman privately, who is an expert on women’s sexual issues. Lack of sexual content was a reason for rejection of my application, the judge said.

Well through those 9 years of virtual imprisonment. I did not lose this news cutting which traveled with me to Canada in 1995. The story of how I managed to get out of India and my parents’ home is beyond this book ending in 1986, and caused much to the consternation of many modern folks.

I met a fellow-sufferer of psychiatry in the city of Saskatoon in 1996-His name was Shawn Kabatoff. I met his mother and could see

I could not paste the disciplinary report of Ramanath Gopalan here, as the images were of low quality, and may not be easy to read in a paper printout. I copied the text from the report into a text file, and created jpegs but they too were of low quality once pasted. I do not know the reason. I am pasting the text of the report here.

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Federation of State Medical Boards Physician Profile

Report Date 03/26/2008

In response to your recent enquiry concerning the individual referenced below, the following summary of reported information is provided.

NAME: Ramanath Gopalan, MD

ALTERNATE NAME(S): Ramanath Gopalan

The Federation Physician Data Center provides names

previously used by reporting entities. The information is provided to customers to assist in identification.

BOARD ACTIONS/DISCIPLINE SANCTIONS:

Reporting State: ARIZONA

Board

Date of Order: 06/26/1987

Action(s): MEDICAL LICENSE PLACED ON PROBATION

Term: 5 Year(s)

CENSURED

Basis for Action(s): Unprofessional Conduct

Sexual Misconduct

Reporting State: ARIZONA

Board

Date of Order: 06/22/1991

Action(s): PROBATION TERMINATED

Basis for Action(s): Not Applicable

Reporting State: MARYLAND

Board

Date of Order: 08/20/1993

Action(s): APPLICATION FOR MEDICAL LICENSURE
DENIED

Basis for Action(s): Unprofessional Conduct

Due to action taken by another
agency

A report containing no reportable actions is as valuable as receiving a report with disciplinary actions, because it indicates that the individual you searched against the national database has not been disciplined by a state board or regulatory entity. Of the physicians disciplined in 2006, 86% have held licenses in 2-35 different state jurisdictions.

