

REPORT #88158/454-01

Observer: Ishant Chautal

Subject: Vikram Chowdury

Location: Interview Room 326B (3rd floor)

Date: 2008-07-30

Goal: To test sample of *paan supari* obtained by Vikram Chowdury

Dosage: 12 leaves, each approx. 10 cms long

<<10:23 - Session started 8 minutes late (from 10:15 originally).
Otherwise as planned.>>

<<10:25 - Subject ingests 12 leaves of *paan supari*. He does this by
chewing them slowly and swallowing the resulting juice and the leaves
themselves.>>

Observer:

Mr Chowdury, are we sure about this dosage? It seems to be quite a lot of
leaves to take in.

Subject:

I am taking the lead from my supplier. This is what he suggested.

Observer:

We do not know the effects of it.

Subject:

Too late now. I am finished. They are very bitter, very coarse going down
the throat, but I am finished.

Observer:

We still have time.

Subject:

To?

Observer:

Go back. The lab boys are very efficient in these cases. Remember that
drug user last year? With the razor blades?

Subject:

That is not a good example. Never mind, I want to go through with this.

Observer:

The lab results should be in shortly. We can wait, too. We don't have to
do this today.

Subject:

No, tired of waiting. I need to know what he was thinking. What Tim was
thinking under this drug.

Observer:

No problem. What do your sources say about the effects? How long until we
can expect you to start feeling something?

Subject:

All I know is from second-hand accounts. But what they say is around five

or ten minutes at most. Shall we wait?

Observer:

Sure. It shouldn't be long now with all that juice in your system.

Subject:

I think I am feeling it already, but just small things.

Observer:

Go on. I need to document it. Tell me everything.

Subject:

There is something going on with my hands.

Observer:

Tingling?

Subject:

Yes, and they are shaking. Unless I concentrate on them, and then they stop. They feel hot too. As if the nerve endings had been switched to a sensitivity higher than the normal. It makes me want to rub them against each other. To try and spread the feeling, the sensitivity around the surface of the hand. Does that make sense?

Observer:

It is consistent with several other drugs, yes. Although I wouldn't know personally. Is it painful in some way?

Subject:

No. My stomach aches a little, but nothing too unbearable. An infrequent unpleasantness if you will. Every other part of my body feels very good, though. There are waves of this warmth, like the warmth in my hands, flowing down from the back of my neck. From my spine if you will. Flowing down all the way to my lower back.

Observer:

Is it comfortable to be sitting down?

Subject:

What?

Observer:

Only asking as you are shifting on your chair constantly. Are you comfortable? You don't look it.

Subject:

Yes and no. I can sit here with no pain or discomfort, but my body wants to get up and do things. I feel like my body is a car with the clutch pedal hanging there, just before the gears engage. Feel a bit dizzy too, and my heart is going very fast.

Observer:

Has it been increasing since we began?

Subject:

Yes. Shifting, too. Going through my body and picking the spots it wants to affect. My tongue is completely numb now, by the way. I cannot feel it. Completely anaesthetized.

Observer:
How about visuals? Are you seeing okay?

Subject:
They seem fine.

Observer:
Let me check.

<<10:32 - Observer examined subject for pupil function (size and reaction to light), eye tracking (ocular motility) and heartbeat. The former two were found to be regular with previous records for the subject. The latter was found to be extremely high (130 bpm), around 110% higher than normal for subject.>>

Observer:
We might have to stop soon if your heart doesn't slow down.

Subject:
No. Do not stop it. I am in good health, I can handle it.

Observer:
Are the effects somehow receding?

Subject:
Sorry?

<<10:35 - Subject seems somewhat distract and unfocussed on the observer's questions.>>

Observer:
Are the effects receding or getting stronger?

Subject:
Can you get some water, please?

Observer:
No problem. Do shout if you feel ill.

<<10:36 - Observer left interview room to retrieve glass of water for subject.>>

<<10:40 - Observer returned with plastic cup filled with water. Subject was pacing up and down the room, talking (or maybe mumbling is a better word) to himself unintelligibly.>>

Observer:
Here's your water. How are you feeling now?

<<10:40 - Subject does not reply and instead simply takes the water and drinks it in a single gulp.>>

Observer:
You look very agitated. Please sit down.

Subject:
Can I step outside? I need air, Chautal.

Observer:

If you step outside the session must end. This test must be contained here. It's too risky, and non-scientific, to let you out of this room.

Subject:

No, please, I need to breathe.

Observer:

Do you want to end the session?

Subject:

No, but I am going out.

<<10:42 - Observer restrained the subject, stopping him from leaving the room, and led him back to his chair. Subject seemed to calm down.>>

Observer:

Please remain seated. For the benefit of this test, of this session. Please. And calm down.

Subject:

It is not my fault. I am sorry for my behaviour just now but this is not my fault. I am sorry.

Observer:

How do you feel?

Subject:

Fine, fine. Better than I have felt this whole year. Feel very good, indeed. It is like a veil has been lifted and now I can see, or rather, think clearly.

Observer:

Please explain. For the record, that is.

Subject:

The case against Miller. It is clear now. Not the case I mean, but my participation in it. The whole situation. All the circumstances, and how they affected me and this department.

<<10:45 - Subject seems much less agitated now. More of a pensive mood.>>

Subject:

After all of it happened, I spent weeks trying to get the case. Spent all my favours. All of them. Favours acquired through years and years of being nice to rude people in power. Being nice to some real sons of whores in this department! You do not need me to say names, do you? We all know who these people are. People in high places. Bastards in high places. And I praised them. Brown-nosed them. Spent my dignity like a commodity. All just to get Tim Miller. A loser, an addict, a low-life, scum of the earth. But it is all so clear now. This Miller case, what it means to me. An entire career pinned on a case. If I do not put him in jail my career means nothing. I mean nothing. Does this make sense to you, Chautal? Does it make sense that an able, intelligent man like myself can put all his future on a case? And a case involving a person like Tim Miller, a loser like Tim Miller!

<<10:48 - Observer waited for subject to resume the conversation.>>

Subject:

But now it is clear that it is all pointless. There is very little evidence against Miller. Barely legal, sorry, illegal, wiretaps that do not reveal anything except the intimate life of Mr and Mrs Miller? What kind of investigation is that? Are we perverted snoops to be praised for this work? Or perhaps it is important that we got hold of Tim's business proposal and business emails? They are completely irrelevant. Maybe the saving grace is my own investigation? Me, lousy ass-desk that I am, playing Indian James Bond in the tower, risking my reputation and, dare I say, my safety so I could come back empty-handed? So much effort, so much pointless bloody effort for nothing, nothing at all.

<<10:51 - From the across the desk, the observer could see that the subject was sweating profusely. Pools of sweat had formed on his armpits and his forehead was shining wet.>>

Subject:

What I understand now. What I understand now, see... paying attention? What I understand now is that it is all a waste of time. Because Tim, at the end of the day, is white, British, European, Westerner. And that bloody judge what is he, if not white, European, English, British, Westerner, born and bred and not anything else. So what to expect? I am brown. A smelly Indian. Smelly, sweaty, dark, primitive Indian who cannot use a toilet, does not know what a car is, probably even lives in the jungle. And besides all this, I have no evidence. No real evidence. Except maybe some other brown people like me who saw something. But Tim is white. And I am not. And I took the drugs to understand. I had to join him in his addiction. Meet Tim in this state of lowest common denominator where all colours and races can get together and mix in their mediocrity. Get in his head, to understand why Tim is out of my reach.

<<11:01 - Subject's voice was fading at this stage, barely audible. These last few minutes had to be transcribed from audio recordings with quite a lot of volume boost.>>

Subject:

Somewhere Tim is sleeping right now. Time difference. Space difference. Mind difference. Colour difference. Race difference. Culture difference. How do I get to Tim?

<<11:03 - Subject slumped off his chair, crawled to a corner of the room and succumbed to a restless sleep.>>