

2013-05-16_myreply2vijuallegations :

This is something I sent to Ally Lindsay
on 2013-05-16

Hello. I (Mohini Hersom) am writing a response the the below mentioned on 2013-05-19 . I am putting under each bulleted point my objection or explanation.

There is a bit that comes before all this. Thats is about recent developments in the last 3 months and how I went crzy with grief about a fraudulent medical assessment and screamed something inappropriate on the phone as if to cancel the effects of the fake assessment: a release. It was not appropriate behaviour and not exactly a wise thing to do, and frankly I have been quite lucky to have a lawyer help me this far, it was impulsive and I am sorry.

After this bit are the 21 bulleted points and my responses. I had to be somewhat longish but still not answer fully in come cases where sis narrates about the past. I decide to put in my version and she is trying to rewrite my life history and put me in a loony bin, so I cant say my side of the story or if I do be rendered ineffective.

As my responses are longer I have put Vijus bulleted points in red, so one can scroll to the next bulleted point without reading my whole explanation. Was in a hurry sometimes and could not fully edit for mistakes, and have sometimes put in excerpts.

**THE READING COUNTY COURT CASE NUMBER: RG13F
IN THE MATTER OF THE FAMILY LAW ACT 1996
BETWEEN:
VUU WORTLEY
-and-
MOHINI HERSOM
FIRST STATEMENT OF VIJU WORTLEY**

**I, VIJU WORTLEY of Mala, Sandy Lane, Pamber Heath, d
Hmpshire RG26 2PA will say as follows:-**

**I am the Applicant in these Proceedings and I make this
Statement in support of my application for a Non-Molestation
Order.**

**8. The Respondent. who was by then in her 40s
returned to England in 2008 and named an Englishman**

You know Viju is lying. You see in bulleted point #9 I suddenly turned up at her

house in 2006, and in bulleted point#8 she says I married in 2008. She also says my husband was named an Englishman and not “an Englishman”. When I arrived in the UK in december 2004 I and Nick sent her a Christmas card and she sent one back in March.

9. After having not seen the Respondent for almost 25 Cars and having and very little contact she suddenly turned up at my home in 2006. She told me that She could not have children of her own allowed therefore my children were her family now. She insisted on seeing them, however' given her previous behaviour I told her that I did not want her to have contact with my children, who were only 5 and 8 at that time. Respondent refused to listen and tied to telephone us on numerous occasions and sent us extremely disturbing letters

I want to point out in another of Vijus charge sheets she says I visited her in 2006, and she leaves out the bit where I came with Alex which one would normally mention when one gets a visitor, Its that Viju wants to establish I am a lifelong mental incompetent. She bundled me and Alex into a car took us to lunch in a pub asked alex to go away for some time to speak to me privately. She told me I was pure scum and no one on the planet would have me but those 2 parents who loved me extremely. She ignored the fact I was with Alex when she said no one on earth will have you. On one occasion Alex said he heard my mother say to a policeman that ONLY NEGROES will have Mohini.

The bit about 25 years -lets see-1987 – 2004 -17 y. I have a group photo and me and Viju and Steve shortly after their marriage in 1987.

That entire bit where she says I asked to see her children and said I cant have children is fabricated. I dont have tha type of “womens brain” where producing children in the ultimate goal of ones life. I did not seek her children at he time.I did not sent letters and I did not show any precious behaviour whch is fabricated.She is a sick person because she is fabricating a multi year complaint based on the theory I want to grab her children.

I did not visit and did not attempt to visit Viju Wortley between 2006 and 2012. I did not seek her children at all. It is normal if you visit someone who has kids to ask to see them. The first time we tried to see them was 2012, when Alex and I took a card to the girls birthday (3 October 2012)and I took a brithday present to the boys birthday(2013-12-13) date of visit. I gave that boy a big

board game.

I did not continue to send extremely disturbing letters. After that 1 visit in 2006 I sent a letter Viju you rotten cunt in 2010. I dont recall any other letter but I am sure there was no communication from 2006 to 2010.

10. Over the next 4 years the Respondent sent numerous abusive letters to me and my husband. We hoped that the Respondent would Just give up and leave us alone. However in 2010 She stole my mother's phone book. Which contained the mobile telephone numbers for me. my husband and the Children as well as our email addresses. The Respondent also stole 9 photo album which contained pictures of my children.

Its very unfair she is not being asked does not produce these letters-she does not have these letters-they are fabricated.

I told of how my parents have been stalking me and sending police over using false missing person and false suicide complaints. I discovered in early 2010 that my parents, who were claiming to reside in India were actually living in the UK. They had once had their correspondence forwarded from India after they had mail ed it to a solicitor there and wrote frequently about bank holidays in India to make it look like they were there. We located them on the land registry they got a house in mid 2006 and live here since then..

I dont visit usually because of the way they treat me but I did visit them. Now my parents are old and the old lady is weaker than the old man. She constantly complains my father is rude to her and Viju is nasty to her. My father called me a moron that cant speak English and to hang myself. He said I could not use the computer because I am a moron besides he has to use the computer but mother let me use her laptop. Dad said he would give me parliamentary punishment for calling Viju a bitch as I hated by the british government. Whereas Mom wholeheartedly agreed Viju was a bitch, and I should be allowed to say so.

11. Shortly after the above incident : Respondent left us a threatening voicemail at 2o'Clock In the morning saying. "I know Where yOur kids are. I was extremely frightened. This is completely fabricated. Where is the voicemail? She is making a false case I want to harm her kids! I never sought them. She may have made false police reports but I dont think she can create a fake voicemail in my voice-the woman is lying. She's evil-she;s lying,

by this and feared for the safety of my family. I therefore telephoned the police who informed services. We also changed my children's mobile telephone numbers. Despite this the Respondent continued to send us abusive text messages.

Where are these abusive text messages, that threaten her family's safety? Only in 2012 we took a birthday card to the girl after asking her when her birthday was. I mean I sent her photos of myself. There was no abuse ever at her children. I did not seek them at all till 2012. Just the birthdays and Christmas 2012 I sent greetings and a bit about myself. Following which my mobile developed symptoms as though it was being monitored/intercepted. Oh that woman must have made a very false case, said worse things to make police tap my phone. Oh this woman must have told police I am going to kill them. Why would police monitor my phone? I'd had phone interception incidents before. It was spooky. I could not believe it. I have other spooky things happen as well which baffle me.

12. The Respondent published the photos which she had stolen from my mother a website with our names and addresses. The website contains pages and pages of rants about me and my parents as well other people whom I do not know.

Please specify what rants? I do not ever publish people's home addresses. People you do not know Viju?

13. I continued to get abusive letters and text messages over the next couple of years which I tried to ignore. One of the text messages said "When Steve Wortley my husband shoots cum up Viju's cunt he is killing me". I have shown the message to the police. There is now produced and shown to me at pages 1 to 10 of the exhibit marked "VW1" copies of several abusive emails received from the Respondent.

Where is vw1? If she says she got abusive letters and text messages she should be forced to produce them.

14. In 2012 the harassment intensified and my sister created an email account that appeared as though emails were being sent from my work email address. The Respondent impersonated my

husband and sent **abusive** and racist emails to people that she believed were his work colleagues. She also signed my husband up to the BNP and the A.merican Nazi party. We reported this Incident to police who provided us with an incident number

15. Viju has given more than one version of her statement

In October 2012 too Respondent left me a vOicemail saying: that she has been to my daughter's SChOOl. but was unsure if it was in fact the school. She said that she wanted to see the kids. Fortunately the Respondent had gone to the wrong school, however I contacted the police and told them that she was trying to find my children. A few days later the Respondent left me Brothel voicemail telling me that no one not the police or SOCIal services, would stop her from seeing her niece and nephew. It appeared from some of the letters that the Respondent sent that may have been receiving treatment from Hillingdon Hospital or the **Pembroke Centre**

Alex and I went to give the girl a birthday card. We went to the school called Priory, but had reached the wrong school, which was a school for autistic children. We found out the right school and phoned them and they told us they are a primary school and the kids have grown up and moved to another middle school. We then phoned viju and said we were coming over to meet the girl and wish her Happy Birthday.

We left voicemail, then walked to the house where they had still not returned , so se slipped the birthday card in along with a toy puppy. We had then phoned up my parents about when Viju and Steve were likely to come home. We found out my mother was admitted to hospital. We visited New Inn pub where we took a taxi to see her. I had no social services. I doubt the woman could have complained to social services. I never told her I would stalk her children despite social services and police not wanting me to. I never even dreamed she would make a complaint of that nature all because someone said we are coming over then slipped a birthday card through the door.

I also did not write a letter to Viju saying I receive mental treatment from

Pembroke. There is proof I have been complaining that the Pembroke people are themselves mentally retarded. I have received harassing emails from Pembroke since 2007 without having met them. I have complained all the time about thugs kicking my door and that some of them are from Pembroke torturing me to love my parents.

Viju created this document on or after 29 April 2013 as it was signed that day. She is saying this to cover up the fact she obtained the Pembroke documents in violation of data protection. She must have used my father's help. My father visited Pembroke and told them he wanted a hospital order of me to comply with his culture.

On or around 13th December 2012 the Respondent turned up at my home a few days before my son's birthday. She told me that she wanted to see him. I explained I

her again that I did not want her to have contact with my children. The Respondent would not listen and she again went to my parents' house and managed to obtain my children's email addresses and mobile telephone numbers from my mother's iPad.

The Respondent then contacted the children directly. This was extremely frightening and upsetting for us all. The Respondent was relentless and would not leave my family alone. She was determined to have contact with my children and at the same time try and destroy my family

I visited and gave a board game as birthday present to the boy on that day. I then went to see my parents. I don't think so. I always knew their email which is on the internet. I have not sent any. I think I sent an instant message from the iPad saying Hi. I think it was the boy. I said nothing frightening.

. The Respondent's behaviour continued and at the end of February 2013 the Respondent then delivered a note that said, stop trying to kill me." It was very disturbing and this note should easily have been seen by one of the children. The Respondent then following the weekend at

my house dressed as a nun and I asked her to leave me alone.

Yes

18. The respondent's behaviour worsened and she has managed to find out the school my daughter attends. The Respondent emailed the School on the March 2013 pretending to be me by again creating a fake email address.

The

Respondent stated "" email that my daughter had self-esteem issues and that she wanted to come to the school. The school ..assumed it was me and therefore offered to her. There is now produced and shown to me at page 11 of the **exhibit** marked 'Vw1' of the email to the school by the Respondent

On **Monday** 11th March 2013 the Respondent went to my daughter's school wearing a fancy dress nun's habit over her normal clothes. Fortunately the school intervened and contacted the police. I also telephoned the police to report the incident and inform them of the Respondent's recent **behaviour**.

20. The Respondent was then contacted by **Police** Constable Hammond who spoke with her about her behaviour. However PC Hammond could not take formal action as the Respondent was on **that** occasion not judged fit to be interviewed.

See above bullet#2

On Friday 19th April 2013 I received two voicemails at I **believed** are from the Respondent. The first voicemail was received at 15:47 and stated, "Viju, I will fuck your head". The second **Voicemail** was at 15:50 in which the Respondent **screamed**. 'Viju, I will kill you I **received**

a on Tuesday 23" AprIl 2013 at 9:09 which said. 'Viu you are WOrld famous. Everyone thinks you are a bitch". On the same day my husband also received some emailS from some unsuitable Ofganisat lons that we believe me Respodent must have signed him up to. which Is something that she had done previously.

22. On or around the 250' AprIl 2013 the Respondent was (I due to appear in BasIngstoke Magistrates Court on the 9 MaY 2013. The Respodent haS lxllell released on ball and her bail conditions are as follows;·

I) Not .o contact dlredly or Indirectly ()f Via \hei, places or Wof

II)

I had police turning up at strange times for more than a month at the house and when asked by a lawyer, and when I popped up at the police station (Uxbridge) and later tried calling police at 101 , police kept saying they have got nothing about me on their records.

Yet police kept coming, at unearthly times, showing preference for seeing me alone and having me open door w/o realizing they were police. It became apparent they wanted to grab me from my home and drive me to Basingstoke jail.

It was my persistence that eventually got someone on the line at 101 that was kind enough to divulge there was a charge against me and who to talk to. It seemed when I called WPC Hammond answered in an evasive way.

It seemed the police wanted to get me as someone mentally not responsible as well as lay the present harassment charge that is ongoing. They could have left the police officer' s contact details and I would have called her back, but they did not offer that chance using a preconceived notion I am a maniac incapable of understanding instructions as alleged by complainant

This breakthrough did not come before I had become hysterical as I was advised to just obey police who I felt were trying to get me in some fraudulent way, and I should address them through a lawyer.

Someone an Australian in Hyde Park had helpfully suggested me I needed call a criminal lawyer and not postpone such matters which could become serious if they thought I did not want to cooperate. I started to call on google say I am desperate, and police were turning up in a prisoner van at odd hours asking for me by name. But

saying they had no complaint about me on the records. I'd say the criminal lawyers have been very understanding and given me the support I need as nobody seems to understand the indictment process and treat like scum if I say police are going after me.

I had already called around and was helped at my first and second attendance voluntarily at Basingstoke police station on 19th and 24th April 2013. I am now ably assisted by Ally Lindsay solicitors who I trust.

On 19th April I was subjected to a fraudulent mental assessment that rendered me unfit to understand instructions and then released,

This was following 4 hours of gruelling time at the police station, being read a trumped up charge. The charge was trumped up because fabricated incidents had been added to make a valid harassment case, and bits had been omitted to make me look and the truth twisted.

She took the duty solicitor aside for more than an hour, maybe two discussing what was the nature of the charge. The lady then saw me in private and explained the charge. It was all “very offensive, very offensive, you said Viju you rotten cunt, I admitted I had sent such a letter in 2010.

Also was the allegation I phoned Steven Wortley and several of his colleagues and told them they were Adolf Hitler. I told her this was a lie, and all I had done was subscribe Steven Wortley to Nazi websites newsletters so they would keep getting delivered to his inbox. He would have to delete or set up a filter or email them saying he did not want to hear from them.

I had set up an email account that looked similar to his real one for which I had the password and subscribed myself to the newsletters and set up mail forwarding free facility in hotmail. Viju had changed the truth at that point. I told the lady solicitor I did not know his colleagues and have not made 100s of calls visits and emails. Further at this point Viju had alleged I contacted her on 17th March which I said to her lawyer was fabricated.

She said in that case, she felt the best option would be to remain silent, at this stage. when there was an interview, by the police officer, who she warned had told her, that if I remained silent, I may be taken into custody. She warned I would be taken into custody if I did not remain silent etc, and that the complainant had written she preferred I not be arrested, but because I am “mentally off” to take a psych assessment,

While the lawyer agreed I could not be forced to take a psych assessment – I was scared as this was my first time on the wrong

side of a police station counter-the WPC seemed very insistent.

WPC Hammond said the complainant did not want me arrested, she preferred I take a psychiatric assessment.

Finally I was forced to take it. I think I would have got the lawyers help had I still refused, but well---- had that psych interview been taped – ----no judge would have agreed the assessment was honest. I was told I could now go, by the lawyer. I probed and she told me I had been found mentally unable to understand instructions.

Although I understand this may be a legality that gets charges dropped which would be a convenience in my favour, to drop a charge and let the matter go, it was not appropriate for me due to my special circumstances, I had not had time with the lawyer to explain my special circumstances. I may be articulate but I am not all that competent, emotionally to explain all the right things when I have only two minutes and two words allowed if you know what I mean; I think she would have helped me if I had still resisted.

After the interview I walked part of the way to the railway station with the lawyer, who took leave of me and then I walked the rest of the way myself. Before I reached the railway station I walked through the mall, and feeling hungry visited the pound shop for popcorn that made my lunch. I was feeling sick and the feeling grew as I ate my popcorn, and I felt tears streaming from my eyes. I was aware something had gone wrong that morning, which could never be set right.

Now I was not thinking and what I did was not premeditated. I was in the train returning to London and I did this when the train was between Slough and Ealing Broadway. I got the phone and dialled Viju;s number and said Viju I will chew your head. Viju I will kill you.

I felt without thinking without reasoning that I had set right something that could not be set right. Logically I knew I had uttered something appalling, which is my first time, which I consider entirely inappropriate, and want to apologize for, It was not meant nor to threaten, but something I did impulsively and felt calmed after that. The logical side of me wondered how many years I would get for uttering such a word.

I was crying quite loudly in the railway compartment which was more of less full, You know how people look at you like you are a piece of vomit unless you are under 22 and dressed like a tart, and how people tend to have “poker face” whether you dress like a nun a clown or a donkey whether you scream or dance-they look with poker face in a place like a train—I mean they treat all one and the same like an EQUAL EQUAL EQUAL. Well on this blessed day this EQUAL did something NOT SO EQUAL. That was a Friday and I figured over the weekend my impulsive reaction was inappropriate and I should have controlled myself and sent a note Viju if you send head workers to my home to fix my head I will send sex workers to your

house to fix your legs. I thought that premeditated act would get me fewer years in jail than the deed I committed ---the worst anyone could say to anyone.

I said I am not competent to be a solicitor, and I'll say, without understanding if this is politically correct that I am not sure if British law agree with me that it is not right to ask one person to carry another persons' night soil. I had been subjected to a fraudulent psych assessment and found unable to understand instructions. The complainant had made up a trumped up case because had greatly exaggerated the number of visits and calls and she had also twisted my statements into something more bizarre and more malicious than the truth. Had she stuck to the truth, she would not have had a harassment case. I had been condemned in a dishonest and unmanly court of justice, as feeble-minded. I could not retaliate or even say my bit because complainant had "powers of the law" to cast aspersions upon my moral character and then prevent me being criminally prosecuted under what I've d call Viju's court of justice.

I see mental health assessments as comparable to prostitutes. How you feel about each depends on you. It is entirely okay to like or dislike them, in my opinion, each having obvious drawbacks. If you find them repugnant that's your prerogative. No one not even members of the esteemed profession have a right to say, as they write you off as feeble-minded etc that you should not flinch your face. It is a normal reaction to flinch your face. On the whole it is true in Britain and elsewhere (and has always been that way) women have always found it more pleasant than men, to be subject to the mental health system which is only talking averages not that each female will enjoy being psychiatrically prosecuted

The point is my fear of living in an unjust system where there is no sky above my head. Only lies concocted by people no friendship humanity truth or justice. I fancied-the courts of law would uphold that a mental assessment is always truthful. I can tell you saying a person had "special mental condition" that they can understand instructions Monday, become mentally incompetent Tuesday and are understanding on Wednesday etc are fraudulent, But you will argue I cannot be right and don't have a license to practise medicine neither does the assessor.

One type of fear is that of living in Stalinist Russia where violence is rife compared to anything that happens in Britain today, Another type of fear, which was not completely prevalent in Stalinist Russia, judging by the existence of historical anecdotes of dissidents being placed into psychiatric hospitals under they died of cold or as a side effect of medications in Siberia.

The fact is there must have been people who recorded when the dissidents were grabbed at strange times from their home (like happens to me all the time) and this has been going on with years of terror and isolation for me. Feelings of terror I have been told are treated as invalid unless they are seconded and countersigned by women's groups.

Now I said a female or average is less affected and is more able to live under a psychiatric judgement than a male and as such all women's groups would say to any of my allegations is to shut up and obey psychiatrists and obey police and basically a woman's group would say most things that are life and death are perfectly okay to them. There is also a trend -this may be hidden law- in Britain- that all men lynch and disrespect me on grounds of women.

The fear is one of living in a system where unlike Stalin's days, abuses wont be documented all the terror I have faced over the years will die before I do, and false records maintained about me which keeps everyone including NHS and police happy as they have been hounding me and this matter cant be treated by justice as the political system is constructed to exterminate all people that are sexually abused by women. I only suspect this and am not sure, I am sure there is a trend like that but don't know if the whole system is like that. If it is I have to perish but God willing will put up a bloody struggle unto my death and God willing expose truths they wanted hidden through my extermination.

Unlike criminals the only privilege mental people have in the end there are no other factors in their life is an unmarked grave.

On Monday following 19th April I decided I should tell WPC Hammon I had contacted Viju rather than they come and get me. I left a message in an artificial voice Viju was a worldfamous bitch and then called WPC Hammond and made a confession and she asked if I could come and see her, We agreed on a Wednesday morning appointment at 10am.

So on 24th April I went back to Basingstoke police station where WPC Hammond asked me to come to the back to talk alone and opened the custody suite via intercom, and when she took me in I was not allowed to use my mobile phone. I reckoned there was a 50% chance I would be taken into custody and did not realize I would not be allowed to use my mobile phone. I also fancied I might be locked up for 10 years under a very serious charge.

Well Hammond made it no secret she was going to force on me Sam Law. I thought it was some bloke but it was the same lady that had done the assessment the previous Friday. I said I should be allowed to have a duty solicitor first. I had 3-4 solicitor numbers in my notebook and hoped to call around once the trouble started. Hammond said I would be forced and I said what if I don't answer and she said I would be forced to answer.

Anyway I was placed in a cell by process but the interrogation started from the time I entered the custody suite. I mean Viju Wortleys statements included numerous lies and items that can be disproved and as time went on police kept constructing the charge sheet making it more rational as time went on.

I feel when Viju was prosecuting she should have initially made a statement, and signed it, before I was ever interviewed rather than be allowed to go back and forth with story.

One of the policemen said I cant be forced to take a mental assessment if I refuse, but Hammond said I would be forced. You know how men get more dignity. You cant utter a squeak, or they will pile even more mental charges upon you,

It may have been 4 hours before the duty solicitor arrived and by that time they had almost forced me into a room with Sam Law. As she later stated Sam law was going to write a “medical” that I am mentally disordered and have me released. This is the wish of the complainant that as she makes a lot of allegations against my moral character and mental state she wishes I cannot defend myself, and this is easily achieved through a mental assessment where the dice are loaded to always fall on 6- or whatever.

I told Jim Osborne over the phone about this matter described in the above para saying I am very scared. He said he would come as soon as possible, He managed to arrive in the nick of time so as they were going to corner me into a room with Sam Law who would do her great assessment, and the lawyer was there and I said he must see me. Jim Osborne said the police said if I refused that assessment, the police would bring doctors and section me. I asked what if they brought doctors, would they section me. He advised it would be wiser to just co-operate and he agreed very kindly to be present even though the police wanted me alone with Sam Law.

Sam Law started her verbal abuse of me what she calls assessment, I was crying and told her she was a bastard abusing her powers, and wanted to keep me trapped like that till I reach my grave. She retorted she was satisfied I am mentally incompetent today and ready to be released. I yelled its not going to all go your way every time you offender- something like that- I screamed what if I threatened to kill you as well. A tall policewomen pulled Sam Law out of the room, Jim Osborne was happy for me, He had my best interests at heart. The tall policewoman wanted to talk to me in private and I told her about years of terror with police and NHS popping up without incident KGB style, and covertly taping solicitors threatening me to lie that I have lived in a mental hospital recently, and covertly taping a home office guy who said my father visited him and told him that out of parental love, my father wanted me locked into mental hospitals and he indicated he wanted to deport me and showed zero-tolerance of women who don't visit agencies for all their needs. (I wanted to say agencies are only for illiterate people and I am college-educated but remained silent as he would not have taken it positively).

She said I had come to the right place and police understood things like that. She was very kind and understanding. She said sometimes covert tapes were used in court and inadmissible at other times but that what I was doing was dangerous.

Jim Osborne came back to the room so Hammond could interview me. She said right you have been found fit for interview. Hammonds interview was taped. Mr Osborne was really happy for me and he said I would be released with a caution.

Late that evening around 7pm they said they had decided I could not get a caution and had to appear in court. Again I was interrogated by a policeman who wrote incoherent things on his electronic tablet. I corrected him and would not sign until the sentence made sense. It was about that item of sending Nazi emails. I had him delete the incoherent bits and also the false bits and signed what I believed to be true. I could not help thinking he was getting me sign an incoherent sentence to use as evidence I am mentally unstable at that moment, I denied sending his colleagues email saying they were Adolf Hitler to Steve's colleagues and to Steve, I established they were newsletters u subscribed him to and I did not know his colleagues emails. I did not call him Hitler.

Steve works at Atomic Weapons Establishment, and after Viju and Steve completed B Sc Chemistry at Salford university both embarked on a Phd and I hear neither completed the course and they just used the study grant for 3 years to live together, after which Viju became an accountant and Steve joined AWE. My mother told me that Viju is a housewife and does not work, in the last decade but Viju had apparently told my husband Nick Hersom that she works as an accountant. It may be that she does now work as an accountant, but my mother did not want me to know that because my parents who have a vested interest in proving me mentally incompetent, do not want me to work. If they told me my sister works, I may also say I want to work.

The fact is that whether I work depends on the wishes of my mother father and sister. As they say I am mentally touched I cannot work, and this is because I cannot get a legal right work by outstepping what my immediate family want. It is not possible for me to have a husband or social connections without having any employment. This is because of the types of occupations I am able to do and the types of people that would belong with me. In order to stay married to me a man would have to understand that those prestigious well paid jobs that no man can take, but which women do which makes them look like glamour queens, well they are not mentally challenging,

A man that marries me would have to accept I am a left brained scientist and these glamour jobs are not for me and I dont belong in womens groups. But there appears to be a trend I call extreme racial hygiene in the UK regarding gender equality, One habit is regarding womens jobs, they are on average less mentally challenging and even if clerical work done is the same female faces no moral challenges in life, .

As such “workkkking” is a big hit here, men have to lynch me bait me as a woman because I lack the brainworks to be in womens groups and this leaves me a prey to vijus legal predatorship.

As such I cannot have a private life as the Home office call it because no man can have me unemployed and are intolerant of women who cant be employed in roles set up for women to do easy tasks and get glamorous pay. I also lack the human rights case any man would have, to find employment because I am classified with women. I am referring to a home office decision I am not allowed private life in the Uk as well as a legal decision to deport in 2010 based on the fact I dont feel attachment to my family,, showing I am mentally unstable.

You can say someone did something bad and deport them by discretion. However, I feel this is an ultra-feminine attitude and it is not right to deport or imprison people based on what they feel. I was deemed mentally incompetent for not loving my family and also adverse psychological judgements made by UKBA staff where they assumed I could not read or write, and based on a false psychometric profile of me as a female incompetent they concluded I am a liar and mentally unstable.

I had already written to the Home Office my parents had extensively abused me and if they did not believe what said at least I had provided a logical reason for staying away from your family when they almost deported me

You see people wont give me a job or even legal rights under gender equality and as such the fact I can only speak to women is not gender equality, I also get that attitude in Science and men insult me and women try to pour kindness or just stare. I can't really live like that.

So in a way, like Indians and Pakistanis depend on their family to work-the fact of whether I work depends on the will of my family as the state has nothing for me. That's the bit people are weird about. If they want head assessments the state will do as they say.

The next morning 25th April I was taken to a waiting room. I was there for more than an hour when I noticed the lady with the key had HOME OFFICE written on her badge, Hammond entered and gave me a notice saying that as a result of this offence, you may be deported. I told her I would not sign it. She said she would leave it there. I pushed it out from under the door.

The Duty Solicitor Chloe Jay of Shentons solicitors Winchester helped me at the court hearing. I had about 5 minutes possibly 10 with her. She was handed the immigration notice, and she had a pile of A4 sheets ("my case")that took my breath away- I am not bad at estimating thickness-it was 700-800 pages long. As she flipped through the pages,I saw this stuff from the Pembroke Mental health centre, and wondered how Viju could have access to that crap I had got from police and NHS in

2011 and 2010 in violation of Data protection.

I told Chloe Jay some of the allegations were true others fabricated. She said in that case I should plead innocent and she was hopeful of getting me released and adjourning to give time to discuss case with solicitor. She was given the immigration notice by the home office lady and she asked her whether upon release I would be boarding the van to yarlswood removals center. The home office lady confirmed that was not the case and I would be free to leave the custody and go home.

At the bail hearing 25th April, the prosecutor made several mistakes including reading out I had gone out of Basingstoke station on March 9th and killed my sister. Anyhow she had me released on bail to have a hearing on May 9th based on the fact I am quite in a state of shock and the fact I was found mentally unfit to understand instructions on 19th April was something that happens very very rarely.

I went home to find a letter from Mr Clark from the Border Agency asking me to leave the country. I had known all along that the police visits were something to do with the Border Agency. Alex phoned Mr Clark saying they have not answered to the pending application and Mr Clark had said in that case I dont have to leave the country now.

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II
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I am very hurt and offended. There are no powers on earth that will make me live under these falsehoods. I can see that there is a move to force me into the unacceptable. Whatever is true or false, based on what is said in this document, I should be no worse than a murderer, and, unless anything is done about these statements, I should be awarded the human rights awarded to murderers and terrorists such as Abu Qatada.

This comment of mine may come as a shock but people cant have the cake and eat it. If I am treated like a murderer, I cannot be denied their rights and privileges. The fact of the matter is that I am not as wealthy and Abu Qatada. That being taken into consideration I can still have some of the privileges of these well-known men of notoriety, including a matter that does not cost any money: press coverage. This is not a matter I am qualified or competent to perform. Besides I feel that even though I may be able to understand a legal argument, I am not competent to be a solicitor or politician. I will need assistance with such matters. When I say that people can't have the cake and eat it, I mean that I cannot be treated like a murderer and terrorist for a prolonged period, and not receive those natural advantages and privileges that others enjoy who fall into that bracket because of deeds they committed, or political or for any other reason.

The next point to take up, is whether there is any item in this statement of Viju Wortley which says that I am a murderer or its equivalent. Regarding this there is

no statement here, saying in English I am a murderer. I cant say what is implied.

I would say whatever is implied in Viju Wortleys statements here are very ambiguous regarding this allegation which should be taken seriously. The complainant says I have mental health problems and then goes on to say I am a risk to the safety of children. At this point the complainant is not clearly calling me a potential murderer, and as such, she is not making any clear statement about me being a murderer or the like if I am to follow English correctly.

Perhaps people will agree there is no clear allegation equating me to the equivalent of a murderer which has been left open-ended. In any case, from what I read, there is an allegation of notoreity implied as well as it is implied I am a schizophrenic. I think if I can interpret this statement correctly, that is what Viju Wortley is trying to say.

The second question of course is whether I am being treated like a murderer, and feel this is true, and I am being treated worse than that over a prolonged period. I would say this is most certainly true, and this is hard to being to light as it makes people uncomfortable, and nobody wants to know. I think my case including whatever has thus far been released by Viju Wortley should have international press coverage and some of the priveleges of people like Abu Qatada.

On one hand, parents don't have to give a reason, as to why someone should not meet their children. On the other hand claiming protection by making allegations such as against my God-given brain unless truthful and calling me a risk to children is giving me a bad name I take very seriously. These are a crime against humanity if not legally they are morally a crime against humanity.

But then it all boils down to how one feels about it. Some people actually like being called a mental case, because they have been proved to be bad things and they would rather have a non-moralistic treatment of their offences by believing or having others believe they have a mental disorder that needs compassion from professionals rather than what is officially known as penal punishment. As such many people I have noticed don't understand the upset it would cause someone to be labelled under mental health, because they either feel all such allegations are truthful or that there is no stigma associated with such. However many are likely to understand the righteous anger involved in being accused of being a risk to children, if that is untrue.

Regarding stigmas there is what is prevalent, as well as what something means to you, that even if people suffering from mental problems are accepted, they may personally be content to live under such a charge even when some of them feel the charge. The fact is women are on the whole happier to live under this charge than men, and hopefully one say when I am long dead and gone from this persecution and whatever extremely cruel measures are taken as a result, that these facts will come out plus the fact I had to die to keep these lies going.

I know how unpopular one becomes generally when one talks about dying. Let me hope someone will want to help me so that I will not want to die. It is inhuman as

well as fraudulent to send female bodies to me from the NHS who work in mental health that will “change my brain”so I do not want to die. I want a minimum standard of life and feel it is unfair if I have to remain in this world. This includes joys of the spirit and I shall not live any longer under false allegations that to me are extremely degrading. It is common practice for some of those who suffer from a terminal illness to want euthanasia rather than go through the step by step gory deterioration of body to die and rest in peace.

I want to state if I am a mental case (we shall see what this means mental case) and I am a risk to children firstly if these allegations are true I do not deserve relief from being so charged and if they are false, I should have a right to relief from these allegations, and I strongly feel, if no relief is available I should have international press coverage same as Abu Qatada, followed by euthanasia.

What happens when a woman falsely accuses a man of rape because she does not like him? What when her allegation is somehow disproved what happens to victim of the false charge?

Regarding my use of the word “charged” w.r.t a mental health diagnosis? I know how mental health professionals would protest is not a charge. Maybe I should say they are not charging but are giving a prize. If you want to question something you dont do all they say. The words you use will be different.

I can say a psychiatric diagnosis is used in lieu of a criminal sentence for many offenders, and sometimes it reduces their sentence or increases it, and the mental hospitals are also a place where persons who commit a crime are detained. As such it is correct loosely speaking to call psychiatric diagnoses a charge. Certainly it makes people see you as vermin, esp items like being a risk to children. Pedophiles may have increased in number in the last 50 years maybe because of the internet that allows perverts to meet up with their own kind from all over the globe. In any case pedophiles are very much in the media today, and as such no matter what's in vogue, I should not have to live under dubious and fraudulent allegations. Therefore I should have a right to challenge them, independent of all other considerations.

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I, VIJU WORTLEY of Mala, Sandy Lane, Pamber Heath, Hampshire RG26 2PA will say as follows:-

I am the Applicant in these Proceedings and I make this Statement in support of my application for a Non-Molestation Order.

I have not molested them. I They are sending badly behaved people to my door to bang as if to break it. Some of these people work for the NHS and have said they have come as messengers of my father quote that cliché “ he is extremely concerned about your welfare” and so to have a relationship with my parents. I have been living in terror that is not considered wrong by many people including NHS of course. My feelings of terror as someone threatened to break down the

door are treated as dump.

They are giving compassion and medical treatment. I am told any feelings I have are shared with womens groups, and if they are not shared with womens groups I can be subjected to unlimited pain. It is shocking that someone who has read thus far will think all this is correct behavior. I would say this is a criminal matter coming to the door for so-called “medical” staff and torturing me because they are “concerned”.

NHS also believe -as I have been told-that persons equipped with female bodies and of NHS payroll who work in “mental health” have the power to “make me” go from “ill to well” by making me” change the brain”to have a relationship with my parents. The latter live in a different town and complaints are made by them that being police and mental health staff to my door like magic. Whereas I have been remarkably consistent in several matters in not wanting my parents and in not contacting them-although I have had to visit my parents in lieu of police protection against them and in the absence the existence of a social infrastructure where one can address one's problems and feelings.

I have been made to understand their sex is the most important attribute that gives them such a power to potentially “ change my brain”. I want to say the formal educational level and general comprehension of mental health staff is a sensitive issue with NHS but under the allegation I am deemed feeble-minded I should in a fair court of law have a right to question the mental status of people performing a mental assessment granted they have no genuine qualifications.

I feel that if one wants to challenge a mental assessment done by a licensed medical doctor they should try to get another independent licensed doctor to do the assessment. I do feel there are possible pitfalls even in such a process, and feel that if they are honest, they should be willing to tape their interview of a person who is being assessed at the consent of the person, to be disseminated to the public at the persons consent. Jimmy Saville may not want his psychiatric interviews given to the public, but some of us average or non-murderous people who feel the process was a hoax may need some cross cultural influence, and as such have our private interviews made public. Desiring to have our private data made public should not affect data protection as it is our own data published including slanderous documents about us that are authored by others. I am scared to say I should have a right under the EU court of Human Rights to make my sufferings and slanders public because I have a message to deliver. This might become helpful to others with the same plight, and set up a precedent.

In case, as in my case “medical” assessments are done by people without qualifications, which is a contentious and sensitive issue with the NHS. In my opinion these “assessments” which are simply countersigned by a doctor at some point who has not even met me is an issue that means I should have the right to comment on the mental status and general comprehension as well as misbehaviour of the assessor. While uncommonly medical doctors are known to misbehave in diverse ways with patients, the alleged misbehaviour of an unlicensed person that kicks and bangs my door and foul-mouths me in the name of health should be child's play, compared to establishing misconduct of a medical doctor. But in fact this is not the case, and it is not possible to get a complaint going because they are closed to the idea.

As such I have had much grief from NHS and police on behest of my parents who have made complaints with them to come and stalk me. I did not (still do not) live in their area and have been remarkably consistent about not wanting anything to do with them. My parents gave false information to police to stalk me when they did not have minute to minute bulletins about me and would not be the first to know if I became a missing person, as he falsely reported in September 2010 resulting in a break in to take me away Kgb style without a doctor or incident.

There is a lot more to this story and they almost killed me. Talking on molestation I am very much on the receiving end. All I want to say is that “medical” or more precisely NHS staff, who have female bodies, the idea they can change my brain to love my parents is fraudulent. The idea their sex is important to become close to me is also fraudulent. I can hear this like a scratched record : You need intimacy with women.

I assure you I dont need any such thing and I dont need to have sex with women or have emotional intimacy with women, and I dont need them to be present when I am conducting all types of business-in short I dont need them at all.

Banging on someones door at all sorts of times is a type of terror and substandard life I have lived for several years. I assure you this was termed torture in Stalinist Russia. Subjecting someone to “medical treatment” as it is called, in order to change one's beliefs (in my case in order to make me love my parents when I don't) was termed as torture in Stalinist Russia. Just because they are women, and it is being done in England today does not mean it is not torture.

Naturally they are sexually abusing me as people who want to hound me and hound me and I have also been visited by independent police officers, on 2

occasion they threatened I should not live with boyfriend and should consort with Hindu women of Southall “to please your parents and instead and female mental “workers”.

The policeman (Feb 2010) tried to extract a confession from me and Alex we dont get along to try and unite me to my parents. My parents had written I lack the necessary mental faculties one needs to have a boyfriend while my sister told me in 2006 that I am pure vermin, and no humans would have me on a planet, other than those two parents.

My relatives have written malicious letters to the Home Office etc, which result in having me deported. I have a small number of evidences that reveal such fact including covert tapes that have piled up over the years-a substitute for life. Regarding the rule I should only speak to women, the women who are going to “change my head” well they send men to kick my door. The men that come and kick my door, well they look like murderers, if I may make a statement about the way “NHS care workers” that kick my door look. As I explained I am seen as needing women as cure and only fit to speak to women who are “protected” and they send their male colleagues to do me a violence, and once I am captured and brought into their custody, these women, who are immune from exposure and al, recrimination, can “grab” and “treat” me to “change brain to love parents”.

The thing is I am being deported into the custody of the complainant if you follow me to a country where I have nobody based on the complainants allegations that I have people there.

What I have is that my parents are bound to die, and will leave me for the rest of my days in a locked house or other mental hospital, where I be “looked after” by paid relatives (people paid to be my relatives).

All concerned must face the truth, unromantic as it may be, and face responsibility for murder and a slow gruesome end. It seems that all grief or abuse I suffer is deemed to have not happened unless a “womens group” agrees it is torture. Outside of womens groups no one will have a moral conscience no matter how much and how long I suffer I am made to understand-women are very important here

But these fresh allegations of 2013 brought by Viju Wortley, more precisely she implies here based on the types of allegations made about my moral character, it indicates I am not human and therefore I can be punished without time limit and severity limit. According to these allegations it is fine to make me suffer. I desire that unless I can have assisted suicide that I be given relief from cruelty granted there is a difference in what is cruel to me and what they consider

cruelty.

As I explained my family are sexually abusing me through the police and NHS which creates a problem between me and people, because I am saying others are at fault than my parents and immediate family. I want to say these police believe in the NHS mental people like they have the power of God and even if they get an 18 year old Filipino girl who speaks little English they say that girl is "hospital staff" and "knows how to solve/fix my head". While this may sound to some like an insult-it does to me- they seem to feel NHS staff have some kind of magical powers to SOLVE HEADS. I am an adult and if I love/hate someone, people can't change the brain to make me change the mind. I am NOT under 5.

2. The Respondent is my older sister and we both grew up in India, It was apparent to me from a young age that she had emotional difficulties, When I was around 10 or 11 years old my mother sent the Respondent to live with my grandmother as she simply could not cope with the Respondent's behaviour,

Both my grandfathers (1900-1997) and (1908-1986) worked for the Government of India and died in Delhi. My father's father had a large family and he was I understand a stenographer and became prosperous in the second world war buying and selling cars and land. My mother's father was senior in the government and the Nobel Laureate CV Raman was his course supervisor and after a tiff my grandfather quit academics and joined the government. and I(1958) and Viju (1962) were born in Delhi because of them. My mother's father and father's mother were siblings born to a High Court judge of Madras in The British Raj and their brother was also a Supreme Court Judge who was alleged to have got heavily bribed been a very bad man that put a lot of people in jail.

Anyhow my early years were in a culture where the concept racism was non-existent- people made their choices to be kind or unkind. There was no huge hassle about saying that an officer took bribes or a doctor fiddled something. A doctor is not some kind of demi-God- they were treated like just another guy on the road. With a slightly repressed childhood- and being caned daily at school when very young -I don't think it hurt at all, there were no paedos in my schools and no child protection. In an atmosphere of differences we had plenty of intellectual freedom.

I was a model kid and my grandparents were proud of me. I am not sure of my parents, I think when I was small they liked me as well and the dispute began no earlier than when I turned 14 owing to ideological difficulties. I was more into the moral values of my grandparents and that of the multi-racial schools. I mean I was an obedient diligent kid that came close to top but not right at the top of the class most of the time. I could not pass my Hindi exams and got a home tutor in Delhi. I also

have positive memories of my old racist Hindi school master with who I stopped studying after an argument about having to shave my head when my husband died.

He was a Hindi male chauvinist racist and nationalist who openly said people who were Hindi were superior to other languages and I was Tamil. The guy used a trick to make sure my grade stayed low as he could keep giving classes as my zeroes were arising as a result of not understanding grammar rules unique to Hindi no non-hindi speaking person could guess. But he needed the money as he explained, and I benefitted from it. I know if he came back alive he would say my daughter you have done well. He helped develop my ideas and used to praise me all the time. I was also educated by grandma who read so many novels and she was so lovely.

Even today I like a good joke but if I open my mouth I will end up saying something illegal. As for doctors sis and I grew up seeing a doctor in their awkward moments- they would not to be public about.

We both hated PT (sports& physical training) and had an old fashioned way of escaping- doctor was just a slightly nasty guy who drove over 3-4 times week to write us bogus medical certificates.

We spent some years out of our childhood in multi-storey buildings in Calcutta, one 10-storey building opposite a hospital. The residents , 40 in number were multi national companies employees, belonging to 3-4 companies having varying but similar perquisites. There was a car provided to you you could buy off from ICI for peanuts at the end, and unlimited petrol perquisite, you were given a chauffeur and annual livery costs for the chauffeur. There was unlimited phone bills paid annual soft furnishings change butler livery and you could get aeroplane tickets for a song.

As human nature would have it the facilities were abused by almost everyone,.Some wives of the employees booked rooms in the hospital for a manicure. Without the magnificent phone bills and plane bills paid by ICI my parents would not have been able to able to abuse me,

3. When I was 15 I became aware that the Respondent was having psychiatric treatment. The Respondent would commonly start screaming and shouting for prolonged periods for no apparent reason. I recall on one occasion after I had received excellent exam results that the Respondent set fire to the curtains the house.. The Respondent was studying for a degree at the time but was unable to continue because of her state of mind.

No my parents started abusing me at around 14 due to ideological differences between me and them. They were not pedophiles and people have extensively tried to twist what I said and tried to put words in my mouth by trying to pressure me into

saying my parents were pedophiles and that I was traumatized by my fathers daily cane. I don't think it did me any psychic harm, and caning your kids depends of the personality of your father and some people did it and some did not.

I am told having ideological differences are not a problem found in teens in Britain. Now, they have so many agencies and leaflets all containing ideologies and a phone number for every problem. I also understand they have some difficulty with being about medical abuse or psychiatric fraud. I asked an Englishman and they could not understand about ideology and being brainwashed with Hindu morals. He said he does not understand what is like to be a woman but really I think what he did not understand were Hindu morals.

During this period when my mother's behaviour had become inappropriate towards me, I was also given bogus medical treatments. I have had a more detailed discussion before on these topics and dislike the idea of having another one. It is sometimes not worth holding a discussion with someone.

In Britain a 14 year old probably never says at the time or later in life that their mother's behaviour turned inappropriate. There are also very people here who have noticed women doing anything inappropriate. I find that weird as I see a woman and a culpable being responsible for their behaviour,

In Britain if a 14 year old does not say at the time or later in life that they were given bogus medical treatments and that their mother behaved inappropriately, because if they lack mental faculties to be able to say these things. They can only find out these things happened to them, if an "expert", will have to write these things happened. If the 14 year old does find out things like that I assume they are screwed. I mean on one hand I was not completely alone in coming to these conclusions, but there were no "experts" around to give opinions- I mean a doctor confirmed that a doctor abused me and so on.

These treatments I received were bogus because they were given for illnesses I did not have, which were far removed from psychiatry. Lets say they almost did me a GBH but grandma 1000 miles away realized they were abusing me in Calcutta, having only primary school education she was a voracious reader and very intelligent. So the senior lady took me to another town Madras to a different doctor who said the treatments by ICI doctors had been bogus and they had not known how to read xrays and lab results. One fact emerged the Calcutta ICI physician did not know the Xray of a girls abdomen looked different from a mans and decided I must have something dangerous.

I had no TB symptoms and according to my grandma the TB pill they gave me was the bovine kind. I also received a plethora of unwanted pills experimented with in succession, anto biotics and many other categories. I have a problem with people in the matter of making allegations so as to narrate the past. How can I prove the past.

People like to say if you got TB drugs you must have had TB. They have added before that all Indians are born with TB. If you say you were abused unnecessarily by psychiatrist they say you must have been mad.

Anyhow she made me live in her brothers house and detoxed me using native herbs and my mother came too. I went back to Calcutta to school but I had won a small cash prize a state scholarship for getting high marks in sanskrit, I already had a grudge against the convent school as I wanted more maths and science than they were interested in letting girls have. It seemed a great idea to migrate to delhi with Grandma where I would take Science with Sanskrit for the a school leaving exam. For me it was killing two birds with one stone; I was happy to get away and I was also happy about the new school stinky but the courses were awesome, as we did not have a science laboratory in the Convent school, I was too indoctrinated with Hindu morals and therefore not very assertive about go live somewhere else.

I was therefore delighted secretly to be able to move. At 15-16 it took me a while longer to get interested in boys. I did not realize grandma assumed I would be terribly interested in boys, and so was worried about my first admission to a co-educational school. The head master walked around with a cane, he had a nice professional menacing look and rumor went that he caned boys and girls that spoke to each other. In practice he was never known to cane a girl,

For some time as I went to school in Delhi Viju stayed back in Calcutta. Unto this point there were no problems, except I had been medically abused. Grandma had commented after I had recovered my father was a bit of a pervert etc as he had not pursued complaint against the doctor as if he himself was part of the abuse. I had replied to grandma I indeed had felt my father was perverted as on one occasion he had been jumping up and down after making me very ill and writing charts, It was the way he jumped up and down that had looked improper to my 14 year old eyes. He used to read up on poisons when I was small and how when administered bit by bit they could affect the body. He used me a bit like a guinea pig and he was slightly on the wrong side-slightly perverted. If you dont like what I said or dont believe thats fine, and in that case we should not carry the discussion any further.

At this time before I moved to Delhi I was around 14 ; and Viju had always been BABY. I loved her when I was small myself and protected her from my fathers canings by pretending I had done the naughty things done by Viju, I always had to give her little extras at board games to make sure she got a chance to win for Viju would bawl if she did not win at board games. She had an inferior ego to me and almost would not do things without my permission or approval, When I;d got that

small cash scholarship Viju was so proud she had grabbed the money envelope given me by the headmistress and she had run around the school yelling my sister won a prize,

At this time there had been no problem with Viju and a small problem had been brewing between me and the parents which was ideological concurrently with the bogus treatments. It was normal to discuss ideologies and in the Calcutta school they encouraged girls to say they had strongly leftist Communist or Catholic sentiments. While Converting kids to Christianity was illegal.

At that time Viju learned to be a smooth operator and learned the power of telling lies. I on the other hand was a bit obedient and diligent and did as I was told and has to make a clean chest of everything I did at school, which was a bit oppressive, My mother was going through her fads and phobias and would keep saying "Sweet Lucifer. I don't believe in God. I believe in the banking system". Then she would start off chanting her Hindu prayers. I did not understand these terms at that age but found a contradiction between not believing in God and chanting an hour of mumbo jumbo in a language you don't understand. I mean she's go on to say lying was the way of Lucifer the smart way, and Viju had the smart way.

Traditionally Asians have been telling lies unable to cope with the rules and restrictions. Her lies were harmless,

I mean after I moved to Delhi, two years later I did my school final and because my grandfather had been coaching me with home tutors and by himself I got the State silver medal for standing first in Sanskrit and my school gave me a gold medal for getting the Highest marks among girls in Science.

That year, 1976, Viju was expelled from school in Calcutta. She was part of a naughty girl gang of 4 who were all expelled. There was the normal worry of getting a readmission, and she moved to Delhi to be with me, and got admission as my sister. She studied there 4 years and completed her school final.

At this time mother being somewhat self willing and controlling was abusing the phone and plane perquisites and she lacked self control because someone else paid all those bills I was studying at the Indian Institute of Technology, and my mother was visiting Delhi all the time, coming and going umpteen times from Calcutta a 1000 miles away by plane. When she was not with us in Delhi, with made so many trunk calls she was always on the phone, so it was like being with her 16 h /day. When she was there physically she was so keen on being close to me she would not lose sight of me except when I attended classes. She wanted to be with me if I stepped out the the house and I could not even buy milk.

When I used the toilet—if anything suggests itself to you, you are getting the picture—I had to fret, as my eagle attention was on my private activities, --five minutes go by and I would see her looking in through the frosted glass window asking “what are you doing in there?” I guess at night we had to sleep on the floor and mother was making sure she lay next to me and she was making sure she would stay awake until I dozed off, I decided to experiment by keeping awake as long as it took to see if she would doze off. She never did. I racked with sobs. On those experimental nights I once asked her mother why are you not asleep yet? She said she was bored and wanted to talk to me alone, She asked a sexual question, I racked with sobs. She was also destructive towards my studies directly.

This time when I could take no more, and was sobbing all the time my father came to Delhi and made me see a psychiatrist. That time he had hyped me up with drugs a matter that is held in reverence some what in today's Britain- I told you how in my culture a doctor is just like any other guy on the road and not a superior boss whose comments on all matters are treated with weight and importance.

So if feel I have been hyped up with drugs that's what I'll say and if I feel there is a complaint that's how I'll say it. Anyhow the drugs made me groggy and at this time my father took us all four into a company guest house also in Delhi., At that time I was groggy and also recall being treated very very cruelly by both my parents. Somewhere in my young consciousness I became aware there was a threat to my survival.

After residing in there for several days my parents wanted to visit my grandparents, with Viju. We had moved to the Guest house from my grandparents' and the reason was not given. I wanted to go visit the grandparents as well, but my father said you are staying back. After my family had left I made a bee-line to the telephone in the lounge only to find that the old fashioned cloth woven cable of the phone had been cut with a knife. I could not phone my grandparents. The butler stared at me, as I looked at the severed cables. I opened the front door. The butler materialized from nowhere and passed his hand in front of me so I would have to fall over his hand should I exit,

Hell I realized I was under house arrest and not allowed to contact anyone. I had to lie and take deep breaths, trying to drown my fear of future events. These did not take long to develop. I recall it was winter time and it was not cold. It was either the January of 1980 and possibly earlier. I was a prisoner and was being moved. I was told I was being taken to the airport but not told where, at which stage Viju was not on the scene. I was a heavily sedated young tiger, and by the end of the plane journey I knew where I was landing.

I was being taken to Madras and I found out the guy was working there. He had been

transferred. You know how they gave them a free place to stay free car and chauffeur and petrol etc, so he got a posh guest house to live it. I mean it was weird. My parents told one set of grand parents I had broken a leg was convalescing in Madras and another set of grandparents they told them I was taking a break from college to help some students. Both sets of grandparents were in Delhi, that time when I was kidnapped to Madras. I mean there was a phone but use was restricted. As a youngster a lot of freedoms were not available.

What I did not know at this time is that my father had travelled to Delhi right away, without telling me and submitted a fake medical certificate to the dean to say I would discontinue my studies. I tried to go back and did not know I had been formally discontinued.

At that time my father was giving me extremely cruel “medical treatments” via psychiatrists. In one main case was an individual who owned a long plot of land, and entered via a driveway where he had his own chemists shop, you got the end of which he lived in one of two houses and he had a garage where he did his gory “treatments”. There was one reading out porn for months and no I was not confused nor did I ever consent-- I know the word porn will incite personal interest from female readers—I know how I have to take refusal of goods and services unto a slow painful death. I guess as I write I think of all the insulting comments made by women when they listen to my story. I know the amount of abuse I get because I dont enjoy women is not fair plus having to be with them all the time. I am sure my time with you women will be your loss and as I die will put tears in your eyes in your eyes that will never stop because women are forcibly keeping company

4. When I was 18 the Respondent and I moved to the United Kingdom with my parents, my father had been seconded here (or 2 years by his employer. I now understand from my parents that this move was an attempt by them to find better help for the Respondent who was then aged 22. She started undergoing psychotherapy became a resident in a special care unit in Manchester. Whilst she was also studying at university.

Well to cut a long story short they did come here because of a friend of my father an ICI psychiatrist nicknamed “whitie” who gave them the idea. Whitie was an Indian man the namesake of the guy with the long plot of land with private horror house his medical garage who was called blackie.

Both were called Ramachander. Whitie an ICI psychiatrist in England was migrating back to India amidst allegations of child abuse of his child and ICI was a wishfulfilling basket. He got a transfer based on giving me psychiatric treatment but decided the transfer was not in his best interests. But ICI told him it was now too late to change his mind, He could either go to England or get the sack,

The man with the long plot of land, Blackie, had in his garage a disgustingly unhygienic couch a servant woman and pail of water. A table with his bottled and stuff a patient bench with things coming down from the ceiling, you know electric cables. They were nice and insulated but not at the tips. They would not serve their purpose if the tips were insulated. How would you apply them? Up above the wires, they were coming out of the mains through step up transformer to output 1000 volts.

a tiny loo in the corner. You know how if you have ever got general anasthesia you'll know all you feel is an injection. They dont have to tell you they are giving you anasthesia.

I am saying I was given general anasthesia by trick, and I guess thats an unexpected place to receive general anasthesia. In any case the process in painless. I am a living example of how someone can be given general anasthesia without ever finding out as I was told about it years later. I was supposed to cause partial memory loss of short term, of events close to that date. No memory loss is complete and nor was mine.

When I came to I felt like I had been run over by a car, I was helped to walk and slowly moved to car and fed juice. For at least 3 days after those episodes I can say my vision was like a fish. I mean inside deep water you have a translucent slightly coloured vision and that's what my vision was like. Mine was pinkish. Maybe my blood was coloring my vision, Anyway when I had partially recovered but still had pinkish vision my parents were saying rude and abusive things. I was angry and set fire to the curtain of my bedroom just to get even with them.

The bedroom was not constructed like an English house. The walls of concrete had the wooder curtain pelmet and curtain, but if they whole unit (curtain and pelmet) burnt down nothing else would have been affected. It is not always dangerous to set fire to something when there is nothing else to burn down and no harmful effects by heating as there is nothing nearby to burn or explode

Vijus tale that she got brilliant results when I set fire to the curtain is fabricated callous and very cheap. She is trying to say she was doing very well while I am doing scummy contemptible acts. She is rewriting history where I have always been scum and she always great from day#1.

You see at the time I set fire to the curtain I was in Madras and she in Delhi >1000 miles away. Also she did not get brilliant results at that time, I did well in my school final and so did Viju. But I was with her in Delhi when she did her school final, I remember how she crammed all night and went for the exams, I also remember how she went for the prize giving function and did not want to attend without me and then I attended. Both times I was with her in Delhi, I mean I got a medal from the state and one from the school so I attended two functions and so I mean Viju was never scholastically superior to me. She is not intellectual and she is the type that can study without rest for 48 hours and do the tests well and after some time would have forgotten it all, whereas I am not capable of losing so much sleep but have a slow long term memory. She has never been scholastically superior to me and the day I set fire to the curtain was removed by a few months from her school final, and we did not live in the same place.

5. When my father's secondment concluded after 2 years my sister and my parents returned to India and I stayed in England to complete my university degree. My parents later returned to live in England permanently.

No I did not return to India after my father secondment concluded. My parents did not later return to live in England permanently. They came here in 2006. They have not got indefinite leave to remain. My parents disrupted my studies at the University at Arizona after which they kept me prisoner against my will 1986-1995. I have a group photo of me Viju and Steve shortly after their marriage in 1987 taken in India where I was prisoner against my will. It can probably be dated and I can probably prove the photos were taken in India.

Now this is all a wrong historical narration. I went straight from UK to America in 1983 after my graduation, I went to Canada in 1995. My parents had money but they would not give it to go to Canada. My grandma died and she left me the amount for 1 year study in Canada. That being in 1991 my parents took 4 more years before they would hand that money to me and that did not happen till I threatened suicide and went missing from home in front of neighbours, father's mother, the "gangster business brother" who made efforts to rescue me

6.1 I had almost no contact with my sister after She returned to India . I am aware that she left India and will to Arizona and Wisconsin to undertake a post-graduate degree. . I believe , she was unable to complete her studies. She then went to a Canadian University. But again I believe she could not complete her studies and then returned to America.

I guess after we came to England where my father moved here against his will ICI had sorted us out and paid for my university and dormitory I was admitted to this place where they gave group therapy and we went home for the weekend. ICI had a handsome insurance policy with BUPA and it was easy to admit someone to any kind of hospital. All you needed was 1 doctor to initial the admission and BUPA would pay, What I mean is you don't have to have a serious of episodes to qualify. You did not have to qualify, You just needed a doctors initials. It was my father's privilege as ICI employee to admit me wherever he wanted. He could have got me admitted to a skin clinic if he wanted.

There was a minor legality that my right to consent was not explained to me . As such being quite young and unfamiliar and to new to UK, As such I should have had right to refuse medication. But a number of young English girls were there and they were from wealth parents that wanted them to toe the line. They were also not told they could refuse whatever they wanted to.

I guess in those days that type of place was not called a “care home”. That term was used for old peoples homes. Nowadays “care” is used widely even school sessions where they keep a child after class are called care sessions, care meals and care providers.

N

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had an accountant job, and that I am vermin that must not contact her. nyhow the words you wrote back in your reply -like refuses to get well. I don't see that women tying me to a bed and abusing me and "get me well". It sounds more like someone tortured to change their beliefs. Again some people are schizophrenics and as such no one can be tortured to change their beliefs. If you have a conscience you will understand the whole thing is malicious, You are NOT a compassion giver nor are you curing anything if you put some one on torture racks. nyhow I feel if you have a conscience you will understand the

argument I presented was twisted.

ow, My father has always been a pervert and when I was young he wanted to say I am not allowed to speak to men and even tried to make me sleep with an elderly psychiatrist which infuriated me, He would say take therapy to get practise talking to people. He would make out I was scum .After I went to university -ICI had arranged this and in those days they would have put him in jail if he had said he would educate me despite me not being a minor, In the end I got legal help to get rid of the psychiatrist who wanted me to move into his home, and keep me as a "free patient". My father has said if Kennard is asking for sex it is therapeutic for you and later said the guy was specially interested in my "health" and wanted to give free "help", They said I had a "special kind of mental illness that takes five years to treat me" and they all wanted me to sleep in a spare bedroom in Kennard's as BUPA refused to fund that type of thing.

They are making false criminal cases about me which happened as slip between cup and lip. They tried to get a hospital order and deportation which misfired. As for deportation it is still on the cards-except now it is obvious I am being deported into the custody of a person who desired to have me imprisoned and hospitalized: murder. This should sound serious to anyone to anyone with a conscience,

7. However the Respondent had returned 10 America Illegally and was arrested. She remained In US custody for a number of years as she refused to provide them with the information they required to deport her. (eventually she was deported by us officials.

STORY CAPTION: A US DOCTOR WHO DID AN "O.J SIMPSON" WAS A FRIEND OF MY DAD

Doctor Criminal Check Report pdf Doctor Unlimited

I am interested in obtaining this article, because I know this individual, whom I met when I was a graduate student n Physics at the University of Arizona which was from 1984-86. The doctor in question was called Gopalan, an Indian and Tamilian man working as an intern or apprentice in psychiatry at the University Hospital in Tucson.

Gopalan told me after using fraud to imprison me at Kino Hospital, Tucson on 15 May 1986, that he knew my father personally, and that my father had met with him (gopalan) and asked him to lock me up in a lunatic asylum for life.

Gopalan claimed that he as a favour requested by my father he was going to move me to a locked and isolated cell in a psychiatric ward in Phoenix AZ where he (Gopalan) would be the only person who would ever meet me. He would drug me so I was blown out of my mind, use that to declare me mentally incompetent, and to make me mentally i ncompetent using drugs, and keep on getting court extensions till be kept me for life. I knew right away that Gopalan was intending to knock me completely

unconscious and then rape me, so I cried help. I expressed disbelief about my father having made such a request, but a decade later, obtained evidence that indeed some such thing was TRUE.

I was protected by the American justice system at that time, so that Gopalan was neither allowed to give psychiatric treatment, nor could be "section" me. Perhaps the fact that the Physics professors did not believe the psychiatrist allegations and even visited the ward to meet me helped matters. But I was left shattered after the abuse I had recieved at kino Hospital. Pima Cty Sup Court ruled Gopalan had been unsuccessful in obtaining evidence that I was mentally incompetent. Gopalan did not win his case even though he got staff at the hospital to write lots of lies and fabricated incident reports about me like I was talking to teacups etc

During my 3 weeks stay in Kino, Gopalan sent a Mexican Physician Ed to the ward where I was incarcerated to tell me that many doctors would have sex with me, and both men and women doctors and patients were available at Kino for sex. One morning, when there were 2-3 psychiatrists, several mental nurses and so many inmates watching, Gopalan kissed and molested a young mexican woman who was like a zombie. He did this in broad daylight, with so many "responsible" "professionals" watching. The victim did not know what was happening, she responded to his advances. She was a real zombie, who could walk eat but otherwise understood absolutely nothing.

Of course those psychiatrists and mental nurses, male and female, did not seem to think that there was anything wrong with Gopalan's behaviour.

Even before all this happened I had protected myself from Gopalan's advances by kicking up a fuss when Gopalan pressured me to go to his room alone. I forced them to give me a nurse to go with me, a woman. I knew what he was trying to do; as such another woman a single young white american told me she had been falsely sectioned and was getting involuntary treatments for a 6 month period. He was able to do this to her because she had no familial support; and her mother wanted her locked up, she said. Gopalan's ambition was to lock up as many helpless young women as possible, under false pretext, and then try to get them involved sexually.

Gopalan was only allowed to keep people for 48 hours. If at the end he did not have evidence to convince a judge I was mentally incompetent he had to release me. But he kept getting extensions of time from the judge saying he was waiting for witness reports from the Indian community in Tucson which proved I was a prostitute (untrue of course) and kept getting extensions of time detaining me for 3 weeks at kino before the court ruled that he has exhausted the time limit to prove me gravely disabled

The law allowed psychiatrists to detain a person for a max of 48 hours if suspected to be a danger to self or others gravely disabled--not able to feed and take care of oneself. If at the end of 48 hours they are found to be incompetent they can be given involuntary committal for 6 months. To put them in for 48 hours the psych need to convince a judge that is necessary and that the person will not come voluntarily. The

accused has a right to be informed and appear at the judge's proceedings to defend themselves if they are willing and able to do so.

Gopalan had initially got me admitted to Kino for a 48 hour evaluation by getting permission from a judge to arrest me. He had obtained this under false pretexts. He had reported to the judge that I was so gravely disabled that I would be at risk if not detained, and that he had seen and evaluated me already. But people who are compulsorily detained for 48 hours for a psychiatric evaluation have a legal right to know before this happens, to submit to evaluation voluntarily, or to appear at the hearing where a psych wants them detained for 48 hours, to defend themselves before the judge, by saying that they are not mentally incompetent

Of course, Gopalan got around having to allow to judge to meet me by having 3 white american tucson psychiatrists 2 men 1 woman (their names were Sanford S Berlin, Michael D Breslow and Regina <Lawless>) to LIE that they had seen me and also found me gravely disabled. I was doing a summer job as grader in the maths department, at that time, and so I was getting my paycheques which would not have happened if I was not doing my work properly on time, which could not happen if I was gravely disabled

Gopalan's meeting with me seemed to be an accident, for a ruffian once flicked cigarette ash in my food, at the student cafeteria, upon which I had missed my tiny salsa cup onto his shirt. I saw him rub his eye and say the word salt, and then he rubbed his eye and all of him was just fine and he walked off. I was soon arrested by a very bitchy police woman and man for a class 1 misdemeanour, while lawyers later told me one does not even get a class 3 for a silly thing like that. The charge was later dropped after I complied with a judge to meet the university psychologist once, but because I was weeping at being charged, they were able to let me choose the option to talk to counsellors, and a man and woman (i had no idea what they were) took me in a van and made me see Gopalan at Kino, who just seemed like an ugly & nasty piece of goods and then i thought the crap was all over..

I had later been introduced to Gopalan's wife's brother Umashankar by an Indian girl Anjana Roychowdhury who was doing PhD in Chemistry at U of A and was daughter of my chemistry teacher in middle school in Calcutta. Umashanker, Gopalan and his wife Meena were presidents of Tucson Hindu Temple. When I met Ray Umashankar at Anjana's flat he had told me that it was not normal to not get along with one's parents for which he felt his brother-in-law Gopalan must give forced psychiatric treatment until I cooperated with parents wishes.

And later after Gopalan had fraudulently incarcerated me in Kino, GREATLY RESPECTED INDIAN COMMUNITY AND TUCSON HINDU TEMPLE MEMBERS WHO HAD MSCs AND PHDs IN SCIENCE told me on the phone that they were going to lie about me to Gopalan and say they saw me getting into cars, so that Gopalan could lock me up, because they wanted me to obey my parents, give

My parents residents and citizens of India made calls to the Tucson Hindu temple for them to grab me, because they did not get sufficient co-operation from the Physics department during their incessant calls. They visited Tucson i in 1984 and 1985

without my knowledge, and then contacted me. I did not give my parents my home address in tucson as I felt that my father would break down the door and enter, if I did not open the door, once he knew my address.

They stayed with a hindu family that ran a motel, who reported to me that my father had told them he was visiting Tucson to try and "force me". During my stay at the University of AZ I was getting 4am silent calls, and calls from women with Tamil accent threatening dire consequences if I did not surrender to the wishes of my mother to give up my studies and return to india. "Your parents gave you life; they have a right to take it" the women said. "when parents have 3-4 kids, they sometimes like to KEEP one child for life" the women said, a statement echoed independently later by some of my aunts

My parents also visited the international student advisor Mr Horness during this period and may have offered him a bribe....I went to an appointment with Mr Horness to get an off-campus work permit, as my grades had fallen to a B and I had lost my teaching assistantship. I had been getting harassing letters two a day from the parents and their relatives.

anyway when I went to the appointment to get what i needed for an off campus work permit, which was straight forward procedure in those days. you just got it stamped at the downtown federal office. mr horness surprised me by saying that he had had a visit to him international students office from my parents and so had decided to not give me to work permit. he said my parents loved me and pestered me to see the university psychiatrist to restore my love for my parents. Mr horness gave me a cheque to live on, saying he was giving me this university charity cheque (it was called Altrusa Loan Fund)available to students going through patches, in lieu of an off-campus work permit.

Horness said, despite my protests that I was mentally feeble-minded and needed to study 24 hours a day to keep up with courses and that was why i should not be allowed to work part-time. Thereafter horness pressured me to see the university shrink (his name was murray m d'armond) and he did not seem nice. sounded to me as hypocritical and giving mock sympathy. so i quit after seeing him twice. d'armond did mention that he had been visited once in 1984, and once in 1985 and asked him for my psychiatric capture and return to india.

Mr Horness had given me two monthly cheques to live on, and the 3rd cheque he gave BOUNCED. I had paid my rent by cheque using the strength of that monthly U of A cheque. Neither I (nor the bank I guess) had even dreamt that a cheque written from a bonafide University of Arizona chequebook would BOUNCE. I only knew that Mr Horness's cheque bounced, when a nasty eviction notice was dropped by the landlord to leave AT ONCE!! Mr Horness said money all gone. I had no place to stay.... No I did not become a prostitute or look for a boyfriend. I lived some other way, returning to India many months later october 1986

When I returned to India from san francisco there was a brief attempt to detain me at new delhi airport. It may have been that my father was ensuring that even after their wish to bring me back to india had been fulfilled he wanted to make sure i did not run

elsewhere than the "safe" psychiatric prison that was his home. After I returned my mother told me gloatingly that she had given money to mr horness and asked him to give it to me without telling me that it was from them I was kept prisoner in the home of my parents in new delhi from 1986 to 1995 and psychiatric drugs and unknown substances introduced into my food in a bid to keep me from leaving home. I have taped my parents without their knowledge, attesting to this fact. During these 9 years my father was into criminal activities my mother practised sorcery, with a group of paid and unpaid friends to keep the police away. I don't know why people hate me so much if I say that my fathers qualification was MSc in Chemistry and that he had a perverted desire to administer poisons slowly for a long period and study the effects and he was doing it to me.

I don't know why people hate me so much if I testify about the truth, than my father after dismissal in 1983 from Imperial Chemical Industries in London (I believe they now go by the name of Astra Zeneca, but I'm not sure) became Chairman of IDPL, Indian Drugs and Pharmaceuticals Limited, and became linked via underground interdepartmental corridors to Indian Government politicians, were pro the assassination of all Muslims from the planet, (they also dislike "Jews" and blacks) and my father was in a criminal business with senior doctors of the Indian Medical council, with whom he had a strange and intimate relationship.

My father was also called to be an informal judge to acquit a doctor who had purposely murdered a patient in a temper. My father sympathized with the killer. He had men assistants heavy-muscled men in motorcycles who went in and out of jail, and called him "don" and "chief"

A decade later, in 1996 when I tried to study at the University of Saskatchewan I was able to get information and records about what had happened before I left the USA in 1986. It turns out my father's name appeared in the Pima county superior court records as having told them that he was in Tucson on business as he was a businessman (this was a lie as he could have only come on a visitor's visa) and wanted me locked up in a mental hospital. I love my 28 year old baby Mohini and she was born insane, he had told the court.....

So obviously this was a 3rd time my parents visited US and tucson where they had NO business but that I studied there, this time they did not contact me or let me know they were in town; they only did a conspiracy to get me off the studies and back to india. In 1996 Simon Horness, who was still alive, admitted to a close relationship with my parents, who he said took him to lunch and he even had a group photo taken with them

I taped some things but did not use the tapes . These cassettes were abandoned in the basement of Tim, my Canadian boyfriend. I taped my Plasma Physics Supervisor Prof Akira Hirose who was famous for being a good physicist and a bad person saying "In my opinion if your father wants you to die, you must do so." he said.

"whether you should die at your father's command depends on the law of the land", he said. I had printouts of emails sent by my parents to Akira and the International student advisor Mr kurt tischler asking for me and a woman at the main admin office

told me my mother was pestering her all the time on the phone for my physical address. I also taped Ken Smith the university registrar saying that my father was his personal buddy, and he (ken smith) desired, out of loyalty to my father, a dear and loved phone buddy who phones from India, to kick me out of the university of saskatchewan.

Mr tischler said he had an intimate relationship with local immigration officers and his phone calls helped them to decide who to deport from Canada. In fact Akira Hirose told me that I had no competence and no skills and was unfit to live in Canada. He said that he did not understand how I could have got a respectable score of 760 in my Physics GRE. Akira Hirose said that he wanted to make sure that I could never get into any country other than India, and he wanted also to make sure that no university in the world would take me. After him so many others even the local mormon church has told me that I am removable from the human race. All such people as a rule have had two things london hyde park ward in common: they had all pestered me to keep be with women when I was unwilling. They have all also had an interest and sense of competition about science or aspired for great scores iq tests- something to do with the mensa. Akira himself having lived for at least 20 years in the west had a wife who could not speak a word of english. she was the type that tottered around on tiny feet cooking and cleaning. So my torture and removability from the human race is all about women sex science and competition.

Hirose gave unfair marks and although there was a re-evaluation procedure in existence, but they mis-directed me to student counselling, and the PhD in psychology woman Dr Sawchyn said she wanted me to go to jail, and made false allegations.

There was a law, that anybody who is not a canadian citizen or landed immigrant, as would be true of those on a student visa, can be arrested without an offence by immigration (CIC). I think it's preventive detention or whatever. But they are not allowed me keep you for more than 48 hours without a detention review. The rule is meant for CIC to easily catch miscreants without having to wait until they have evidence. It may be one of those unfortunate laws that immigration are expected to never misuse. Its called suspected violation of the immigration act. It immediately followed a silent call from Mr tischler to our home (me and tim) which we traced to his number and later he had made lame excuses for that call. We felt it was to make sure I was there so he could send immigration to arrest me. but they did not arrest me, they pretended it was a friendly chat tricked sweetly into car etc until many rows of magnetically locked dooors clicked shut behind us in higher stories of a tall downtown saskatoon building. Then they sprung a surprise on me.

At which point the man of the pair of immigration officers Marvin Allan said that my father had phoned him, as well as phoned several greatly respected men of the City of Saskatoon from India, explaining how much he (my father) loved his lifelong mentally incompetent baby (myself) and that my father had requested my deportation to india where I could safely recieve lifelong psychiatric care in my parents home. Mr allan said he and all the other greatly respected men had listened to the calls and were

convinced of my father's sincerity and love of his child, and felt that I should be deported in deference to his wishes

After saying they had no drinking water or food etc Tim eventually made his way into my cell that day and said he had been informed I had threatened something like 2 churches and 3 secretaries in Saskatoon. Tim told them I was living with him in Saskatoon all the while at a time when I was supposed to have "followed a WHITE female" in Regina. I have never been to that place. The names of the complainants were help secret, as was the actual offence, or threat. they would not disclose what it is I had done.

They also acted like they were gagging a tiger and moved me into a room by edging, and there I saw a very sinister and evil looking men. I used my wits to stop Dr Aubrey Levine physically carting me off to a mental unit where he said he would drug me for 3 months until I lost my memory, then I would have no more complaints about my parents etc and he would deport me after I'd lost my thinking. You will find yourself in a new dimension he said. It was the 30th of may 1997 a friday

After levine's departure Mr Allan started mocking that Levine was going to bring a terrible psychiatric report about me on monday, which he said would damn my stay in canada. He said good I am glad if the handcuffs hurt you and I went down 4-5 stories on the steps with Mr Allan who dropped me off to wait in the parked car which had in it Mrs Southgate. The latter told me "Every work that you spoke to Dr Levine with be used against you to incriminate you" she agreed Dr levine would give a "very crazy report" of me the following monday which would be faxed to two other immigration psychiatrists in ottawa who will agree entirely with Dr Levines opinion of you so there would be three qualified professionals testifying against you"....At my final destination I was informed that I was inside an RCMP jail.....

CIC later made a false arrest of me for absconding*, to detain me until deportation. But a coincidence happened that was very embarrassing to them. On the day when they had set up a warrant for my arrest for absconding, I ended up, of all things a the downtown calgary CIC office. I knew only later why I was literally being grabbed by the neck by one Carole Dubois, to later serve for about 18 months or so as my removals officer for the CIC and thrown out of the immigration office, which had to close before time to justify my expulsion. Even though I had proof the absconding charge was false they used brute force to detain me under that charge.

But the day i had barged into the immigartion office asking for a refugee application form. Carole had to give it to me. I stayed outside the federal office and filled out the form which I gave a man who said he also worked somewhere inside in that office. They were not supposed to close a federal office before time, he said. He asked me who had kicked me out, and I gave a description of carole's distinctive hairstyle as I did not know her name at that time. oh yes I know what woman you mean, I understand why nobody can get along with that woman , he said. It was the 12th of dec 1997 a friday.

Immigration liked fridays because the 48 hour rule was relaxed when there were bank holidays when they could help me longer, and there would be no phone calls to

attorneys. Actually they had already done a second friday at tim's but owing to a sixth sense premonition I had fled to calgary only the previous day when they arrived at tim's wanting to ransack the place. there was no problem, he was cool, they ooked around and left satisfied. I was living with tim and there was no question of absconding. I did not expect them to come, I just felt a 6th sense premonition to leave immediately without having a clue why, and got the bad news the next day that CIC had raided

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i'd already obtained permission to visit saskatton to spend christmas with tim. I later got a landlord testimony about my conversation with Melinda Granter a CIC officer who gave me permission to travel. They had never asked me to report and as such knew where I lived and so there was no question of absconding. So I submitted the refugee form, and arrived at tim's on 14th of dec 1997 at which time he was delighted to see me which did not last. Allan and Southgate liked now to come on a the 23rd of dec 1997 saying I was absconding. They liked this tuesday because boxing day is a full national holiday in canada and that can tell you if you use simple mental arithmetic how much more than 48 hours they could stretch the 48 hour rule.

They desired to hold a deportation hearing before I could fill out the refugee application form. This in practice is very difficult to achieve. I had already filled one out and submitted it while I was in Calgary and they's thrown me out of the office which they closed before closing time just for me. They even tried to make me have the deportation hearing without a lawyer and to section me unlawfully using brute force to get me in a room with two shrinks inside it and that would be sufficient to concoct evidence to section me. The Sri Lankan lawyer overcharged, was moralisatic about my living with Tim without a legal wedding, and he was basically a big bastard. I think he would have done a nicer job if we (tim) had hired his wife Teresa Chandran a (child) psychiatrist to give "expert opinion" but CIc would not allow husband and wife to work as a team. I was deported conditionally released from detention on \$500 bond needing weekly reporting and other probationary conditions such as no letters or phone calls* on 2 feb 2008.

My actual deportation from Canada did not take place until 13 dec 1999 a monday. close to that time, discovered I would not need to violate any probationary condition for them to detain me. Close to that time I was also advised when I reported weekly that Carole Dubois had been replaced by the toughest and meanest woman on their squad susan crockett to make 100% sure I left Canada. The american embassy were so interested in what i had to say that they almost gave me a visitors visa despite normal convention which bans people being deported from one country getting accepted in another. I had made contact with an experienced and emotionally mature american kevin gilday whom I did not know who said he could help me apply and get asylum providing I could make it to the Big Apple. But if you fail to make it, I can't help you he said.

The american embassy however felt they did not want to help get me my passport which Canada had an obligation to give america but only if they asked for it. then

2013-05-16_myreply2vijuallegations :

there arose the question if susan doing me a gesture of goodwill. Carole said susan had become emotionally distraught at the thought of doing me a gesture of goodwill. MY passport was going to stay inside susan's brasierre 24 into 7 carole dubois told me, until I boarded the plane to india. She would sleep with my passport. If there was any need to really give that passport to the american embassy, susan was going to transport that passport to the american embassy still tucked in her brassiere; she was going to burst into tears if they asked for it. But susan's boss bill o'connor who had favoured handing me my passport originally told me that should I have absconded when immigration came to pick me up from my tenement in calgary at 9am on the 13th of dec 1999, that would not be a problem....

I hope that you will understand about the psychiatric shi* etc

Indian Immigrants in Arizona who have a PhD in Science

Dear Friend,

One would think that higher education, which is supposed to make you "cream of the nation" would also lead to moral enlightenment.

Sadly, here is a counter-example, proving that the above theory is untrue or —that we just have one more counter-example.

I graduated from the University of Manchester, then known as UMIST, On 10-08-1983 I landed in Chicago and went to Purdue University.

PURDUE UNIVERSITY



WHISTLER CENTER FOR
CARBOHYDRATE RESEARCH

To Whom It May Concern

Ms. Mohini Vankataramanan was a part time research assistant in the Purdue Fiber Diffraction Laboratory for approximately five months during the period August - September, 1983. She was meticulous in completing her assignment to the satisfaction of her superiors.

October 23, 1990

Chandrasekaran

R. Chandrasekaran
Associate Professor of
Structural Biochemistry

True copy of the original document
Dated Feb 12, 1998 at the City of
Saskatoon, in the Province of
Saskatchewan, Canada.

Edmund Suttitt

A NOTARY PUBLIC IN AND FOR
SASKATCHEWAN
MY APPOINTMENT EXPIRES JUNE 30, 2002

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My parents had caught on that I was in Arizona and my mother wanted to disrupt my studies. My parents wrote me at least one letter daily. There was unusual and bizarre content which ruined my peace of mind. There was also some residue that came out of the envelope, which was a white powder. This can be pills that have been powdered and the parents were maybe hoping that I would imbibe these chemicals transdermally and thereby come out brain-atttered and cured of my dislike of them.

Whatever I said about residues in the envelope and trying to chemically modify my brain transdermally might sound like I am crazy. Unless the story is true. In 1984 my parents had already given me extensive psychiatric treatment with the hope of changing my beliefs and this was to make me love my parents and want to live with them and for me to believe they are a respectable person. Now I know that some people have extremely satisfied family members who have taken psychiatric treatment. Or they have some other morality problem so as to be intolerant of a different point of view. Such people believe (or like to believe) that all people that are treated by shrink's are crazy.

I want to interrupt at this point to say there are maybe 3 times as many women and there are men in the world that have attained fulfilment at the hands of psychiatrists and the same goes for counsellors. To use any of these one has to be effeminate or be some kind of sociopathic moron. For it is daffier to go to a counsellor than to use a prostitute, both of who provide some kind of intimacy service. The latter does like you tell her but the former, while you pay for his time, pretends you like you and keeps looking at his watch as you speak. I have explained how there is concealment under the eugenics policy where a diverse group of people are labelled as having a learning disability. It is immoral and counterproductive behaviour to ask someone to see counsellors if they don't like someone who has no interest in talking to you and smirks and looks at his watch and is paid by the hour. We don't ALL "need" those services. Unfortunately except for very stupid people there are no "magic solutions"

If there is ever a residue in an envelope sent by my parents and if it is a white powder it is predictably likely to be a psycho active drug. While I don't

I don't think the residues in the envelopes poisoned me-the dosage is too small to have the slightest effect-you will understand they were disconcerting. I showed these letters at some point in time to student legal services for advice. They were pretty nice to me and are not responsible for any act of negligence. They chatted with me about the strange mail.

I was also getting phone calls made to the Physics Department, on a regular basis. Usually the secretary picked up the phone, and sometimes it was a

arrested

As Clyde and Dorothy Schoenfeld would have nothing to do with it---my parents decided to stay in Tucson, closer to me to carry out their plan to ruin me. Now there were no mobile phones or internet. In fact there was not much privacy As Clyde and Dorothy Schoenfeld would have nothing to do with it---my parents decided to stay in Tucson, closer to me to carry out their plan to ruin me. Now there were no mobile phones or internet. In fact there was not much privacy when you telephoned somebody from a hotel. The landlord could hear everything you said.

To minimize their embarrassment, my parents stayed at a motel in Tucson The Quail Inn Motel that was run by Indians, who would be sympathetic to my parents desire to stalk and get hold of me and so would be supportive during the phone calls made by my parents from the motel to me. In fact the hoteliers tried to mediate on behalf of my parents.

During my stint in Arizona it was explained to me by learned members of the Tucson Hindu temple something I had no idea about, which is, "We are Indian and to us a woman who breaks away from her family is a prostitute." Even if you don't practise prostitution we will call you a prostitute because we are Indians." We Indians are a great and fearless race. If we don't like someone we kill them. "If your parents want to Kill you you still need to be loyal to them. They gave you life and have a right to take it". Sometimes the parents have a litter of 3-4 and they want to take one kid -take and keep with them for the rest of its life, and parents have a right to do that your parents have chosen -- to keep you with them for the rest of your life, and we as Indians sympathize with your parents and their love for you.

What follows is the rest of my story about this incident and the one in Canada and 9 years in the home of my parents in India as virtual prisoner while the father was in a senior position in a drug industry and adding drugs to Hindu Prasad of temple sweets to keep me contented as prisoner. I did not have time to edit and correct the document

You will probably find Shawn's account more interesting than mine which follows



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Article from a New York publication to July 1987 Published in 1996 to the web from my newspaper clipping by Shawn Kabatoff of Saskatoon city. Shawn was born in February 1958 Sam and Ruby, I have met his mother. Shawn earned a BA in Anthropology from the University of Saskatchewan and is a Mathematical genius. Nobody wants his brand of Christianity, whereby he believes Christmas trees are pagan and should be avoided which caused him to be ostracised by the "men of the city of Saskatoon." Shawn also openly expresses a dislike for Jews Freemasons and Hindus and has been diagnosed by Saskatoon's psychiatrists. Mr and Mrs Thakur as

When I met Mohini at Gotta Hava Java on 2nd Avenue, her little sister was already married when we met. The parents live in India. Mohini says that she was incarcerated in Kino Hospital in Tucson Arizona, 2800 East Ajo Way, phone (502) 294-4471. Mohini's Hindu mother is abusive to her, and when Mohini got away from her and began attending university halfway around the world in Arizona, her abusive mother used her influence to have Mohini removed from classes and tortured by Hindu psychiatrist Dr. Ramanath Gopalan.

And this Hindu repeatedly tried to doink Mohini, just like he had done with a patient that is now deceased (likely she died from the drugs the Hindu psychiatrist forced upon her). After the bout of psychiatric torture in Arizona,....Dar K.

Mohini returned to India, and then Mohini returned from New Delhi on November 6th 1996 (133 days ago), and came to Saskatoon to attend university here. Mohini says that her mom Radha is best described as witch, interesting as my abuse tea-leaf reading mom Ruby is also best described as a witch as well. We both have rejected our parent's values and our parents responded by hiring Hindus to torture us. A few days after I met Mohini she showed me the following article from a newspaper, I'm not sure of the publication that it was in:

Mohini says that she was incarcerated in Kino Hospital in Tucson Arizona, and then a man who she never met named Sanford S. Berlin (home 577- 7924, work 322- 4732) gave testimony in court that Mohini was insane. Mohini's situation is similar to my experience. In the summer of 1995 (less than a year before meeting Mohini) my Hindu psychiatrist Dr. Thakur (her office is at 222 Ave. P South, phone 652- 8777, home is 307 Mallin Crescent, phone 249- 0576) downgraded me from being schizophrenic to psychotic, and t

being religious deluded. He refers to them and Hindu psychiatrists. Gopalan's wife Meena and her brother Ray Umashankar were presidents of Tucson Hindu temple when I had a brush with him on campus

Arizona Doctor is Censured-By Lynn Hudson, New York Correspondent
New York - The Arizona Board of Medical Examiners has censured and placed on probation a Tucson psychiatrist, Dr. Ramanath Gopalan, after his earlier admission of having sex with a terminally ill patient. A spokesman for the board, Douglas Cerf, said yesterday the actions came after a hearing in Phoenix on June 26th. He said that Gopalan had admitted in a hearing in Phoenix on April 9th to two incidents of oral sex with a 32- year-old woman patient in 1986 while he was treating her for depression related to severe cirrhosis of the liver. Arizona state law prohibits doctors from having sexual intimacies with a patient in the course of direct treatment.

Admits Wrongdoing

Cerf said that in admitting to the acts at the hearing, Gopalan had told the board, I admit it was wrong. The patient, whom the board would not identify, died in December. Gopalan was ordered at the April 9th meeting to undergo psychiatric testing and evidence from those tests was presented at the hearing in Tucson.

Cerf said that a decree of censure, a formal disciplinary action, had been issued against Gopalan, 36, and that he had been placed on probation for five years. The censure was based on findings of fact, Cerf said, and on conclusions of law. It was circulated to all states in the country, he added. Cerf said that he did not expect a criminal prosecution to be brought

hen in order for her to incarcerate and torture me for longer than the 3 week period she needed another psychiatrist to agree with her that I was psychotic.

So along comes Dr. K. E. Oberdieck (his office is at 104 -106 Spadina Crescent East , phone 653- 4843, home is 302 Saskatchewan Crescent West , phone 652- 3870, the suffixes of his two phone numbers differ by 666 plus Thakur's 307 address) , he came to my hospital room and interviewed me for all of 5 minutes during which time I don't say a single crazy thing to him to make him believe that I was mentally impaired in any way. Dr. Oberdieck agreed with the Hindu's diagnosis of psychosis and I was tortured with drugs for an additional 3 weeks. Then at the end of the 6 week period Dr. Thakur tried to make use of the new NDP provincial law to have me continually medicated for the rest of my life while out of the psychiatric facilities (as opposed to period 6 week periods) . I went to appeal over the matter, at the appeal Dr. Thakur said that I was continually going around claiming that witches were eating children but in fact I never brought up the topic of cannibalism once with her or anybody in the psychiatric ward for the 6 weeks that I was there, nor had I mentioned the topic in the ward for the previous several years. Dr. Thakur lied to the appeal panel and I told them that it was a lie, but it 's not easy to defend oneself when drugged into a stupor, and it 's made more difficult as the people seated on the appeal panel are representatives of Sunday churches who are upset with my criticisms of their churches. I was the first person charged under the new NDP law for permanent chemical lobotomization and I won my appeal. Free student attorney Scott Bell represented me and he pointed out that the forms charging me under the new law were not filled out correctly, but Scott Bell also informed the staff that the forms were filled out incorrectly before the hearing and by doing so provided the psychiatrists and their staff with information that could of been useful to them (he was supposed to be representing me and here he was feeding information to my executioners) . So both Mohini and myself have our mothers and psychiatrists giving false testimony against us, this false testimony is best described as devastating... and more so when people in the community

against the psychiatrist because his patient was now deceased and any evidence in such a case would be based on hearsay. The board had the power to revoke Gopalan's medical license if it had seen fit , but the censure and probation actions did not prohibit him from practicing during the period of probation.

The board learned of the sexual incidents, Cerf said, after the patient discussed them with a doctor at a hospital.

Cites Father's Illness

Cerf said that at the April hearing Gopalan offered as a mitigating

circumstance the fact that his father had died of cirrhosis before the incidents and that this had affected his behavior. Gopalan was a 1976 graduate of the Topiwala National Medical College in Bombay, Cerf said, and had taken psychiatric training at the University of Arizona, beginning in 1980. He was licensed as a psychiatrist by the state of Arizona in August 1985, Cerf said. In Tucson, Gopalan is associated with the Arizona Behavioral Medical Associates. Neither Gopalan nor his attorney, Charles Buri, could be reached for comment .

- End of story

2013-05-16_myreply2vijuallegations :

[Home](#)



Physician Profile

Report Date: 03/26/2008

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

NAME:

Ram Gopalan, MD

ALTERNATE NAME(S):

Ramanath Gopalan

The Federation Physician Data Center provides names previously used by reporting entities. This information is provided to consumers to assist in identification.

BOARD ACTIONS/DISCIPLINE/SANCTIONS

Reporting State Board	ARIZONA
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 Board	ARIZONA
Date Of Order	06/22/1991
Action(s)	PROBATION TERMINATED
Basis for Action(s)	Not Applicable

Reporting State Board	MARYLAND
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 Board/Agency

A report containing no reportable actions is just 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 medical board or regulatory entity. Of the physicians disciplined in 2006, 86% have held licenses in 2 to 35 different state jurisdictions.

Entities reporting to the Federation include U.S. state medical boards and its territories, and U.S. Department of Health and Human Services (Medicaid/Medicare). In addition, reports are received from numerous international jurisdictions including Canada, England, New Zealand, and Australia.

Disciplinary actions taken by licensing and regulatory entities can vary widely in scope and nature. Actions may range from warnings or letters of concern to the revocation of the privilege to practice medicine. Actions may be either disciplinary or administrative in nature. In deciding to seek treatment from an individual who has reportable actions, the patient should closely evaluate the nature and consequence of the action and decide if the action could potentially impact the quality of care received.

LICENSE HISTORY

State Board	Date Issued	License Number
ARIZONA	08/16/1985	15598
VIRGINIA	04/30/1993	0101-049249
VIRGINIA	04/30/1993	0101049249

The licensure history is provided as a resource to disclose states of past and present licensure previously reported to the Federation Physician Data Center. The License History is not to be used as licensure verification and may not be representative of the current licensure status. For the most current information contact the above listed boards. Contact information can be found at www.fsmb.org

MEDICAL SCHOOL

**Topiwala National Medical College, University Of
Mumbai**

Country: India

It takes many years of education and training to become a physician. Typically, after completing a four-year undergraduate or pre-medical program at an accredited college or university, a student may enter medical school. Once admitted to medical school, it generally takes four years to earn a Doctor of Medicine (M.D.) degree or Doctor of Osteopathic Medicine (D.O.) degree. Typically, a medical student spends the first two years in classroom and laboratory instruction, which is often referred to as the pre-clinical studies, and the final two years working under supervision of experienced physicians in clinics and hospitals, known as the clinical studies, where students observe and take part in the care of actual patients. Rotations on clinical services such as internal medicine, obstetrics and gynecology, pediatrics, and surgery are the foundation of the curriculum.

The Educational Commission for Foreign Medical Graduates (ECFMG), through its program of certification, assesses whether international medical graduates are ready to enter residency or fellowship programs in the United States.

ECFMG Certification assures the people of the United States, that international medical graduates have met minimum standards of eligibility required to enter such programs. ECFMG Certification is one of the

'Doctor Shock' charged with sexually abusing male patient

Canadian police investigate dozens of allegations against psychiatrist nicknamed for use of electricity to 'cure' gay soldiers

Chris McGreal in Washington

guardian.co.uk, Sunday 28 March 2010 19:47 BST

A leading Canadian psychiatrist who kept accusations of gross human rights abuses in apartheid-era South Africa hidden has been charged in Calgary with sexually abusing a male patient and is being investigated over dozens of other allegations.

Dr Aubrey Levin, who in South Africa was known as Dr Shock for his use of electricity to "cure" gay military conscripts, was arrested after a patient secretly filmed the psychiatrist allegedly making sexual advances. Levin, who worked at the University of Calgary's medical school, has been suspended from practising and is free on bail of C\$50,000 (£32,000) on charges of repeatedly indecently assaulting a 36-year-old man.

The police say they are investigating similar claims by nearly 30 other patients. The Alberta justice department is reviewing scores of criminal convictions in which Levin was a prosecution witness.

Levin has worked in Canada for 15 years since leaving South Africa, where he was chief psychiatrist in the apartheid-era military and became notorious for using electric shocks to "cure" gay white conscripts. He also held conscientious objectors against their will at a military hospital because they were "disturbed" and subjected them to powerful drug regimens.

South Africa's Truth and Reconciliation Commission heard that Levin was guilty of "gross human rights abuses" including chemical castration of gay men. But after arriving in Canada in 1995 he managed to suppress public discussion of his past by threatening lawsuits against news organisations that attempted to explore it.

Following the arrest, other male patients have contacted the authorities. One, who was not identified, told CTV in Canada that he had gone to Levin for help with a gambling addiction and alleged he had been questioned about his sex life and subject to sexual advances.

The arrest has raised questions about how Levin was allowed to settle in Canada. Canada admitted other South African medical practitioners accused of human rights abuses, including two who worked with Wouter Basson, known as Dr Death for his oversight of chemical and biological warfare experiments that included the murder of captured Namibian guerrillas.

Levin, who made no secret of his hard rightwing views and was a member of the ruling National party during apartheid, has a long history of homophobia.

In the 1960s, he wrote to a parliamentary committee considering the abolition of laws criminalising homosexuality saying that they should be left in place because he could "cure" gay people.

His efforts to do just that in the army began in 1969 at the infamous ward 22 at the Voortrekkerhoogte military hospital near Pretoria, which ostensibly catered for service personnel with psychological problems. Commanding officers and chaplains were encouraged to refer "deviants" for electroconvulsive aversion therapy.

The treatment consisted of strapping electrodes to the upper arm. Homosexu

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