

2016 august 2 tue

Fellow called mustafa whose family owns the maya stores near my flat, proving to be a hard core pervert. I go to that store to get drinking water cans - he had given me his phone number so i could order and have the cans delivered (am just a couple hundred metres away) - but after the first couple of deliveries, i found that he would simply pick up the phone, register the order, pretending each time to have gotten the wrong address, and then do nothing. So i am forced to go pick up the cans from the store, where he unfailingly tries to cheat me out of the change. Same fellow walks in the road below my study - the main road side - at night, claiming that he has pornographic videos of my wedding night. Now pretty much his entire neighbourhood is commenting that he's a hardcore pervert, has been keeping pornographic videos and pictures of me on his cellphone and showing them to neighbourhood teenagers. Apparently thinks (like the local police and govt doctors) that he has the advantage over me... these corrupt perverts have their own logic system, which unfailingly steers them towards corruption, bribery and voyeur/blackmail/pedophile (control and manipulation) sex crimes - all the time muttering their justification mantras of 'he is complaining about marwaris/brahmins/kannadigas/tamils - we are teaching him a lesson - nammade raajyam - ..." etc. So while the public makes comments/questions about why the police and govt psychiatrists are giving 'advice' to the neighbourhood sex deviants instead of arresting and convicting them, they swagger around 'nammade raajyam' ...

And they play off each other - now rukshana sultana in the house next door playing the game - school dropout teenagers in her house with loud late night verbal diarrhea about private details of my life. When the cops/nimhans perverts come by to give her 'advice', she simply tells them "i'm not doing anything, why don't you go after mustafa ?"

Radiation at nights is picking up in strength - meghana menon's confidence increasing again. No sleep last night.

There are two male perverts now in the Menons flat below me - the coorgi fellow with the jeep, and another one who parks a scooter in their parking slot in the basement garage. Aside from that they have regular daytime visits from senior 'security company' ex-army type sex deviants.

All the neighbourhood sex deviants are in place - in the building, the 'mormon missionaries' nearby, sultana's house, mustafa, the pakistani -american 'he looks like a 10 year old boy!', the north indian male prostitute, the 'pehelwaan', Nagaraja, his crying sidekick, ... in short 'situation normal, all fucked up'.

2016 july 27th wed

american guy back this morning, telling the 'mormon missionaries' that they had 72 hours to

leave the country. "uncle sam will deal with you when you get back".

2016 July 26th tue

Mid morning, american fellow outside building on basith road side. Calling out to the assortment of pervert "mormon missionaries" - a group of young white americans that have been recruited by these paandis and live in neighbouring flats. A few weeks before, had only heard one woman saying she didn't know where the others were. Now there seemed to be a few of them in the same flat. The perverts claiming that they were now working for the indian government. The guy telling them that their letters didn't mean anything. Then apparently to as a warning to me - "those faroudja guys are louses. they all parroted the same line - that you did not respect your indian colleagues or their sensibilities. All of them have watched the videos". Warning me that they might approach me for support. "jim campbell doesn't know anything about this. glad to know he found someone to appreciate his work".

Then calling out to DCP mulla - 'So none of you have problems with a flaming homosexual retard who likes to watch people wiping their asses clean?'

Mulla replying 'i have nothing to say to you'. After the american left, threats to me "i have a service revolver, I will hunt you down and shoot you!". Then the usual nimhans/police paandi nautanki of 'sir, you have made an audible threat to mr nairs life'. "you have to go to the station" etc. That afternoon i drove out to get a replacement can of water, as I was driving back a few minutes later, saw him walking quickly on basith road - red and black horizontal striped polo shirt. I stared at him as I drove past, he looked straight ahead muttering something. As I entered the basement garage, his wife started shouting out threats to me, and a couple minutes later when I was in my flat upstairs, i heard the usual nautanki from the basith road/main road corner - some mallu police paandi regretfully telling him 'saar nee satyam parnyilla'. That everyone in the neighbourhood had heard the threats. So it was him alright, this is the first time I have correlated his face with the voice - there are a few military looking older men in the neighbourhood that i often see on the street, did not know for sure earlier which one was Mulla. What really struck me about this incident was Mulla's complete deference to a white american issuing orders in his neighbourhood, and waiting for him to leave before threatening me !

2016 July 25 mon

Went to MK retail around noon. Found a shortish white haired woman, very similar features and build to sudha from the kinnaur/spiti tour group. She was behind me at the checkout counter. after I went to their fresh produce stall outside, she came out to check it out, then walked off saying "my daughter is not a sex maniac". "she has not been able to form an attachment with anyone". "she heard some things about you and just wanted to check it out".

This woman Sudha had shown up with a small black quechua brand backpack identical to that of

mine. One day early in the trip, she had apparently "accidentally" picked up my bag instead of hers. I was keeping a couple of flash drives in that bag with confidential information including passwords.

2016 july 24 sun

evening 5pm indigo flight from delhi to bangalore. as i was in the queue for the check-in, the lady in charge giving instructions - 'if there are any instructions for mr nair, ignore them and let me know'. Outside airport, a ruckus - satan jr and pehelwaan apparently sitting in vehicles, one of their bribed airport security guards in argument with the airport security head - sneaking them into side entry without informing him first. pervs were apparently carrying letters from "Director, Intelligence". Then something about signature not matching directors signature. Then satan jr apparently being dragged out of vehicle and being questioned about what he had done in the hospital in trivandrum - the little degenerate quickly transitioning into simpering retard mode, minus the liberal 'fuck you's that normally accompany any attempt to question him in bangalore... pervert giving a full account of the degeneracy - pehelwaan blustering, more threats from airport security head. Saying that he would not allow delhi airport to go the bangalore airport way, that he had ultimate authority over the airport.

meanwhile, checkout clerk assuring the lady in charge at indigo that he had given me an aisle seat. I was in the lounge when i checked, it was a middle seat at the back 27B. Got on plane there was a short woman sitting in the aisle seat 27c, speaking in hindi on her phone. very terse checkout "am switching off phone now" before flight, and checkin "have just landed" after arriving in bangalore. During flight, she would not get up from her seat when one of us had to move out, forcing us to push against the seats in front to pass her. prompting a wag from the area behind to remark - 'aap uthenge nahin, to aapko humaare lund ya gaand to sehna padega'. She found that amusing. A flight attendant very clearly and loudly remarking that this woman and an elderly thoroughly pious looking south indian couple in the row behind me had been identified as perverts. "and there's one more here on the right" - did not see who she was referring to. The old woman in a pink sari was strikingly tall, almost 6ft and thin. There was another tall young woman with a gangsters moll hairdo sitting in the attendants area - apparently an off duty attendant hitching a ride on the plane - another recruit for the perverts. Heard of the same wags commenting that "woh unka saamaan le raha hoga". heard an argument going on in the back - the woman claiming that she was 'carrying some things for friends', a male voice shouting at her.

on arrival at bangalore airport, it seemed a like small group of short goondas walking fast towards me as we were going to baggage claim. I had just gotten out of the loo - they seemed to have missed the opportunity. one of the short thugs giving me the finger as he walked past. other fellow with curly hair and ear ring. in baggage claim area, the nimp was in the security area behind the carousel curtain, calling out to me 'hari! " 'hari! ". Another male voice "yahaan aapko koi ilaaj nahin milega. accha hu aapne tamil nadu mein complaint diya".

nimp was already in bangalore. satan jr was also apparently no worse for wear, not even any apparent delay in arrival at bangalore. They were doing their usual nautanki routine that night itself outside my flat.

There were a couple of perverts on the tour group - one of them an iit kharagpur alumnus subbarao working for Grofers, and a tamil woman sudha e, apparently an ex-HP employee, now at home with her mother. The woman turned out to be a classic stalker pervert - she had a lightweight black 'arpenaz 15' backpack identical to that of mine, and conveniently 'mistook' mine for hers (i had a flash drive with my passwords in the bag) - i had a couple of conversations with her where she would switch off while i was talking to her mid-sentence, and start on her own set-piece routine. By the end of the trip, she was making loud comments about how i was faking my coughing, that she had caught me looking at her backside, then last day of trip - going to a couple of other women in the group (there were 5 in total), telling them "we have all decided - don't give him anything in writing. If anyone asks, we will tell them". Deliberately putting an extra chair down at the breakfast table and sitting in it to block my exit even though there were 5-6 empty chairs at the table... And she lives near to my flat, in b narayanapura. She had come with a couple of other single women friends for the trip - also in their 40s/50s. By the end they were giving her 'advice' - 'Sudha, you need to control yourself. i know you can do it " .. etc.

2016 July 8 Bangalore

Very strong focused radiation on the back of my head, at the base, when I went to bed last night. Meghana Menon on radiation duty. This morning at 10am I can still feel residual stiffness and a slight ache in the location.

2016 July 6 Bangalore

In the afternoon, there was someone at the front door - a caricature of a south indian policeman in plainclothes, complete with army/police shoes. "You ordered sim card ?" About 2-3 weeks ago I had ordered online a free airtel 4G replacement sim card for my existing 3G card. He did not introduce himself as from Airtel, did not ask me for any ID, just gave me a bare SIM card - it was not even in the sealed paper envelope that they come in. Gave me instructions on how to activate it and left, with a weird gesture like a salute with a couple of fingers. I went ahead with the new sim card activation, there was no issue. Later that night, as i was thinking about this, one of the police paandi voyeurs outside the building, maybe the same fellow - "aa simcardille koyapam illa".

guess the real danger is that the sim card could have been cloned - i did not know this was so easy, but just recently read a newspaper report about a young north indian teenager arrested for molestation and stalking a woman, but eventually the cops had concluded that his sim card

had been cloned !

2016 July 02 Bangalore

More surreal stuff going on with my neighbours.

Kamal Sagar of Total Environment giving ultimatums to Balivada and Das, telling them to return control of the building to Total Environment, commenting about two of the owners (Das and Menons) having key access to my flat, vandalizing my vehicle, damaging my flat etc. Telling them to remove the pots and compost khamba they had put on the terrace above my flat, that he was going to fix the water leakage problem All very nice, but no attempt to corroborate or share any of this with me... he apparently sent a formal letter to Das asking him to resign his post as Secretary of the residents association, with these allegations. They had formed a residents association within a few months of the owners moving into the building, and registered it with the government, with 7 of the 8 flat owners as members. I was not included :-).

Then one evening it seemed like a family get-together was happening in Monish Das's flat opposite mine - women, children visiting - all in good spirits, then a visit from a lawyer. He asked MD if it was true about receiving a key to my flat. MD acknowledging that, then saying he had never used it, that he had not even tried to see if it worked on my padlock. Lawyer asking if MD knew a "Gerhard" - that's what it sounded like. MD replying that he knew who he was but did not know him. His girlfriend telling him that he did not have to own up to knowing who he was ! Lawyer advising MD to leave the building protesting "i can only go with what i have". "i am a lawyer. I have lawyer colleagues here" (implying that he was aware of the situation here. Maybe he was not from Bangalore - the Das family is Delhi based). Saying that even MD's security guard downstairs was telling him to ask MD to own up to the truth. Then after a couple days, the Das family party disappeared and it was back to him and his 'we only do gaanja' girlfriend.

Later some Nimhans male pervert shouting in the middle of the night, that the "team" was led by a german professor.

A few days ago, middle of night nautanki in Sultana's house next door to the building. Same nimhans male perv telling them that the middle generation woman (Rukhsana Sultana's daughter) was being deported to the UK. Telling her to get her things and go to the airport... later heard RS saying "I don't know what's going on. The UK embassy told me it's very serious, there are a lot of Karnataka government officers involved".

More paandis on the street outside, on scooters - wearing construction safety helmets - one clicking photos of me and commenting "namma ellam oosa-maare aano?" , one commenting in English "we are not scared of you".

2016 June 27 Bangalore

Now Monish Das commenting that Meghana Menon wants a large settlement from the core paandis to 'retire' from the paandi business and assurances that they will fight any criminal cases against her.

Headache radiation has started again around 3:30pm. Last night it was the coorgi feces psycho on radiation duty, radiation was constant but just low enough to let me get uncomfortable sleep.