

'CLAN'

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THE SECRETARY  
SENATE Community Affairs  
REFERENCE Committee  
Suite 3159  
Parliament House  
Canberra ACT 2600



My story begins in 1959. My first memory is a treasured experience as I opened up my grandfathers treasure trunks in the front sun room of our home. The first trunk had old english smoking pipes in pristine condition. The next trunk had fine china and cloth, I dare not touch. I then peered down our hallway which ran through the centre of our home. My next memory however was very different. I was standing beside our house which was hooked up to our sulky where my mother and two sisters were seated. Three bad men from down the road came up and smashed a milk bottle across my mothers face. She began to bleed and I saw my father come out of our home with his stock whip and chase the three baldy men away. We then went to my uncles place where my next memory was of my uncle holding up a pair of school shorts telling my father to send me to school. Then came my next memory which unbeknowns to me, would destroy our family.

This memory happened when we arrived home from my uncle's place. I looked through the front gate and all I could see was a rectangular carpet of ASHES where my home once stood. Then I remember living in a caravan on my grand father's property at the end of my street which was Kent St. Conventry.

I have found out in recent times that the police from Middlesbrough collected my father assaulted my mother with the milk bottle because I had burnt down the house. I've also found out that my mother had a SUICIDE DETACTO LEVER who was a bank manager by the name of MOLLY PIKE whose sister was a doctor. Well, he certainly got "sweet revenge" but for me the road was very shakey and rocky and one which would leave me destitute in every sense of the word. I had several memories whilst living in that caravan one of which was looking at our black mare which was standing under a tree in the heat of summer. I stalked up at the back of the horse thinking how good it would be to stick my hand in there. I noticed its eyes were closed and decided to climb up in the tree and drop myself on its back, which I did. The horse didn't know what was going on and quite rightly through me over the fence where I caught the barbed wire which left a scare. My next memory is having a smoke with my sisters perched up in a small tree.

How-ever, my next memory was hiding

Under our caravan with my sisters being chased by Police who had come to take us away. I then remember being in the GP shop with Police and taken to a home. We had brown uniforms with yellow pinstripes and I played with blocks. I was fed vegemite sandwiches and slept in a cot. Then one day I sat set in the sun room watching T.V. where I saw Johnny Ringo shoot it out with the Crooks. The next thing I remember was walking down the front steps with MR & MRS E.H. PRYER. As we neared Singapore we were singing Eara sharka and so began my life as a foster child with the Pryers. The first 6 months were good but then my foster mother began teaching again and her thoughts of having two more kids to look after soon scored. She wanted to send us back but the Grandparents couldn't hear of it. So began a lifetime of psychological and emotional abuse. We were treated as subjects in the house and Mrs Pryer made it quite clear we were not part of the family. We washed our own clothes and constantly roared on for things as minor as not hanging our clothes properly on the line. We were assaulted on a ~~day~~ daily basis with her closed fist and I was made to eat breakfast outside because I was nothing but a pig. Well I must admit it was hard to eat with my mouth closed with all this violence going on. Most of this occurred when we moved to Muswellbrook.

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I lived in the back sunroom portion of the home and rarely went indoors. I studied music at the Convent but it was hard to practice because my foster mother would pull my ears and hit me if I didn't play right. In first year at school I came fifth in my year even though I was in C grade but also picked up the award for the most number of canings in one year. The school record was 67 cuts but I easily doubled that but I was conditioned fully to handle pain. Of course I topped the music class but my fellow students were so insensed they plastered the class room with mud. Of course I got the blame and received another 6 cuts. I was also introduced to cigarettes and because I never extinguished my smoke properly, I had smoke billowing out of my top pocket in class. Yet another six cuts! Quite rightly so. I settled down somewhat in 2nd & 3rd year before my foster mother decided to move us out. I went to my uncles place at Lake Munmorah and my sister Sylvia went to my Grandparents at Sed's Rocks. My foster mother's parting words to the rest of the family was that "Joan's the good one" and "SYLVIA'S THE BAD ONE". LITTLE did I know she had sown the seed for my future destruction. I completed 4th form (Year 10) at WYONG HIGH SCHOOL and my UNCLE WYNN managed to get me an apprenticeship as an electrical fitter at the Coal mines where he worked.

My sister on the other hand was sent to COTAMUNRA GIRLS Home because she was running amuck. She wrote to me several times but I didn't reply because I wasn't used to writing letters. So during the course of doing my Apprenticeship Sylvia and I grew apart but little did I know that Roy had planted a bad seed in her head. She was doing all these bizarre things and at one stage was admitted to WAT ST PSYCHIATRIC clinic in Newcastle. I tried to help her but she went back to Sydney and scored herself a job. But Sylvia and I had one basic floor in our personalities, and that was communicating with interpersonal relationships which should have in normal circumstances, developed at school. Speaking for myself, I could not mix with class mates because I was shy of the fact that I was a foster child. Instead I hung out with kids in lower grade because they were too busy misbehaving to worry about my situation. I guess I was always played as the fool which is why I found myself at the headmaster's office with feed remnants covering my school blazer after they'd all spent their lunch on me "another six cuts". Anyway, I was a poor communicator and my ordinary pass in English is testimony to that.

I completed my Apprenticeship and went on NIGHT SHIFT and so began the ruins of a poor social life.

Women avoided me like the plague and the relationship between my sister and I became even more devoid of common communications. I tried to bridge the gap but things just got worse because of all these disputes with my cousins at Sed's Rocks. I was living alone in my flat at NORVILLE when one day I received a letter from my eldest sister Beverley Molley. They arranged at work for me to go and sit in on a Union matter in the ~~the~~ INDUSTRIAL LAW COURTS in Sydney so I decided to go and visit my sister in LIVERPOOL.

It was a major moment and I blushed up when we first hugged each other. I was very much embarrassed, luckily Bev never noticed. After a few visits Bev took me around to visit our parents at Quilford and the experience was shock horror because they were in a very bad way. Dad was upset at having his kids taken and at land disputes with HORROD Council. It was very frustrating looking through records at LINES TITLES and DEEDS and was smothered taxing to say the least.

Then one day at my flat at Norville my sister Margaret, who I knew nothing about turned up complaining that Beverley was controlling her life. It was a very unusual meeting because we knew absolutely nothing about each other except that we were brother and sister.

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I tried to make her feel at home and comforted her as much as I could. That night Margerite crawled into bed and made love. No one contemplated it, it just happened even though I knew it was socially wrong. Little did I know she'd go back to Bev's place and use it as a pawn in her argument for moving on. Bev was furious and told my Aunty Faye and with much embarrassment, denied it ever happened.

Beverley could not speak to me and my father's situation became desperate because both Bev and I wanted to relocate my parents to a nicer environment. And so began Beverley's acts of treachery and "stone walling". I became depressed and SYLVIA was also engaging in acts of deceit and treachery even accusing me of attempted rape over an incident where her top came off and she ran into a local pup and accused me. I was so sickened by her I eventually lost my job because of poor attendance.

I visited my father many times becoming more and more frustrated before I lost my job and decided not to have anything more to do with him. This only made me more depressed. My Aunty and Uncle tried to encourage me to come and stay with them but I felt "ill at ease" and just moped around living in my car.

I went back to my father's place several more times and noticed that he was provoking his neighbors in the Commercial premises next door. I remarked that they might cold his house down but then he drew my attention to the house that was on the back of a semi in the adjoining Council depo. I came to the conclusion that he was fishing for this type of response that they'd do something to his house so that he'd get a new one. I left his place thinking that and went back up to the Central Coast. One night I pulled into a garage to fill-up when the girl at the pump said "here's trouble" I was feeling very cold thoughts and decided to drive down to Sydney and give it one last go and hopefully convince my father to move.

My plan was simple, if I couldn't talk him round, then I'd present him with a situation he could take full advantage of to scam himself a new house. How-ever, I planned to scam him through the courts, without realizing that both my sisters SYLVIA and Beverley would deny me justice.

So I turned up at dad's at around 1:00 AM and ~~unsuccessfully~~ tried unsuccessfully to convince him to move. So began plan (B) where I threatened him going as far to threaten to "burn him out."



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So I drove to a service station and purchased a plastic carry bag for petrol and filled it with 12Ltrs of petrol. Upon arriving back at my father's place I played the situation up to its fullest. Throwing an apple on his foot, bipping the horn and entering his house to see what they were up to. I then carried the bag of petrol to the side of the house and left it there knowing my father would be watching. Upon my return, half its contents were gone so I knew my plan was working well. I poured the rest of the petrol out on the grass and went around to the empty bedroom at the front and burnt holes in the curtain with my cigarette lighter. I then ran back to my car and drove around the block. When I got back to the house I saw the petrol splashed and knew what he'd done. So the next day I turned myself into the police and told them I'd poured the petrol and was then charged. Knowing I was innocent and knowing that the petrol was ignited inside the room, I was confident of getting Bail and proving my innocence and drawing to my parents sad situation to the courts and hopefully getting something done. But Barista submitted a statutory Declaration describing a home invasion and that I'd threatened her life. Even though there was no Police Report of such an incident, I was refused Bail.

Now I had to rely on my sister SYLVIA to help me and hopefully go and take a photo of the crime scene or at least tell me what she saw. But SYLVIA wasn't about to do that because she wanted nothing to do with my parents because they weren't good enough for her and that, unknown to me, she wanted me convicted to show car tester family that I was really the "bad one". Then came the taunts by her telling me all the bad things she was telling to my solicitor about me including attempting to rape her. Then I was shown the photographs taken by Det James McGee from Palmatier C-1 unit and knew straight away they were the result of trick photography because the room was completely devoid of furniture and the walls and ceiling were fibre. The pictures he took were dark enough to give the impression that the whole room was fire damaged. So I agreed to use mental illness as a defense and had a trial with a bomb scare to disrupt my objections. At the end of the day I was sentenced to the Governor's Pleasure and served 7 yrs as a result. Two months before I was released I went out to my parents place to have a look. What I found was minor damage and a rupture in the roof which would have shown Det McGee that there was

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only damage caused by petrol having  
been ignited in the room. But he  
deliberately darkens the photos by closing  
up the Aperture on his camera to  
hide this knowing it contradicted  
my false statement to Police.

I have lodged a high Court  
Appeal which is yet to be determined.  
My brother Robert Stanley (Westaway)  
can substantiate the crime scene  
as I depicted it in my Summary  
of Argument to the High Court but  
my sister SYLVIA has filled his  
shed with possessions and he and  
they are refusing to talk to me.

My sister SYLVIA even had  
me assaulted by a criminal friend  
of hers before this all took place.  
She is a manipulative devious  
poison who deliberately sabotaged  
my life because she wanted to  
disprove my foster mother Peggy Perrow  
and her sporting words.

As a result of SYLVIA's wickedness  
and the continuation of her  
manipulating Police and health workers  
against me, I have no family  
ties except for my mother  
MRS SYLVIA WESTAWAY, who I don't  
share a post with.

Beverly Rowe who lives with  
her husband Ian and children have  
not contacted or spoken with me for  
over 20 yrs. My foster family  
don't wish to know me so at  
the end of the day I'm left alone  
and without a family.

I've been admitted to hospital 11 times since being released from custody and not once has a family member been to see me except for SYLVIA who schitched the health department onto me and once again reeked my life. The Health dept engaged in bullying and kept me on Community Treatment Order for over 4 yrs where Psychiatrists and Psychiatric nurses had attitudes to wards me turning a blind eye to my suicidal condition threatening my life and others saying "it's not the medication, it's you." I ended up with a broken collar bone after being driven by anger and pain and head butting a cement wall in my flat after being bed ridden for over 12 months. My complaints to ministers C.M.O. DR Bastire and the Health Care complaints were unsatisfactorily dealt with. In fact, they weren't dealt with. The reason why this has occurred is because people in the system know I have no one to stand up for me. They please themselves and have no willing to please me at all.

I support Clean because I know how extremely venerable people are when having to deal with society when there is no support from family and friends and that the only accommodation available is a prison cell. There are times I feel so... recent to... of my situation I often

think of retaliating against Merseyside Police and the whole system but I know the people responsible will go on harmed and only innocent <sup>people</sup> will pay. Most of my anger is focused on my sisters Sylvia & Beverley whose acts of betrayal are sickening and criminal. Beverley Molloy, my sister, had her picture in the Sunday Morning Herald complaining red tape was making her quest to be reunited with family members impossible and look at what she's done when she got her way. My sister Sylvia boasts about being a bigger bitch than my foster mother Rose Pryor, at least she had a valid excuse. Sylvia's actions have all been fueled by greed and her own self pity which had me feeling sorry for her while she was ~~at~~ carefully plotting to bring me undone. It is the most cowardly and wicked thing to do. An her excuse for this is simply because I called her bitch as a kid after I watched episodes of ~~that~~ Sergeant Bilko in Black and White. She is extremely abusive towards me and displays unbounded anger and ill will towards me. She is a pathological liar and her voice is as hollow as a murderer trying to justify his deeds. She is **EVIL!** All the hard work I put into my schooling amounted to nothing. Whilst incarcerated I passed an Industrial Electronics Course only to be told by the Health Care Complaints Commission I wasn't a Special Class Electrician.

In fact, I've spent most of my adult life studying in some form or other and whilst incarcerated at Ward 21 Murrumbidgee for the criminally insane or for those who had a bad day in court, I started examining words and letters as my hobby to ~~take~~ <sup>brake</sup> my time. This hobby came to fruition about a year ago when I put to gether my complete knowledge of our language right down to the letters. I came up with the term "ACROSSYLLICAL" which combines letters contained in Prefixes and Suffixes with common simple SYLLABLES. These form expressions known as ACROSSYLLICAL Expressions e.g. EDUCATION becomes "E, DO 'CV See A CROSS, eye on!"

You might think at first glance that this is stupidity to the max but do you know that every letter in our alphabet is actually spelled as commonly used words in our language.

- eg. S = yes
- B = Be
- C = See
- Y = why = Yer "Yer E? YES!"
- W = were
- Q = Que - Join one if you can!
- E = HE
- H = HATE
- L = HELL
- D = DE & Do "the with emphasis"
- P = Per "as per, quote"
- I = as 'I am' or ooo.

Thus you can begin to fully understand such words as BIBLE and EASTER,

Acrossyllably expressed as:

"Be I, Be hell he" and "He a ster."

So whats the difference between STIR and STER the ~~same~~ SYLLABLE. Simple, its a matter of who is actually doing the STIR/STER. It either HE or I and as we know from religion it was actually E who created the STER! I guess thats why our words read

A E! I Owe You,

Can you dig it!

So its all to do with A and E and I, Oh no, not U again. The significance of this is that English is a true expression of our direct emotions and most other languages are either pompous or just plain jibberish.

Acrossyllable can enable you to look at key words or enquired for that matter, in a way which empowers your thinking in a manner not complicated with the sheer amount and diversity of text. It aligns your thought between A as in "A, give me a hand" OR E as in "E's doing what!" E's mad, E's too E-MOTIONAL!

You maybe thinking this is all sheer stupidity and nonsense but let

me say, "there's real method in the madness."

A lot of people are deluded by the word love and get carried away with the "Yes E. X" or "U no longer" side of things. But the word Love simply implies ACROSSHELDLY to protect and draw in a person from the hell side of things where hell E's down it tutt, ask him over." It simply implies to protect someone from harm by being warm and friendly. Unfortunately for some their left to deal with the L's of society without the pleasures of warm greeting from family and friends and just being nice to others doesn't always bring the desired response. You soon get accustomed to being used and taken advantage of until your totally at odds with the world. That's when the HEALTH DEPT steps in and really pulls "DE-RUG" from underneath you. YES DRUGS, the only answer to Jones' emotional problems and psychiatric slander "Paranoid, Schizophrenic. Yes, I spell it with a T" because it's a real pSYC HE AT TRICK type of depression. The word schizophrenia is an expression that no body really gets the jist of. It says infect

YES, SEE HIT, ZO phren, E ARE! and "he are" is spelt "I A!" IN other words, why are you angry with me, no's the one you should be mad at." It's a very emotional word but if nobody understands it including the patients, how the hell are they



Supposed to sort them out themselves  
EMOTIONALLY. Medication (DRUGS)  
should only be used as a Remedial  
type cure to allow the person to  
better understand their thinking and  
all the paranoid thoughts promoting  
the Schizophrenic side of the equation.

I can honestly say in  
the 20 yrs Joe spent as a psychiatric  
patient the health dept have done  
nothing except drug me, dilude me  
and never once sat me down with  
a family member like Sylvia and  
discussed our family problems. This  
has resulted in a relationship with  
my sister that is completely devoid of  
truth and honesty and always ends  
up in an abusive manner which has  
left me emotionally raped and tormented  
and totally devoid of love  
and kinship in any form. On top  
of that I've had to deal with acts  
of outright abuse by the psychiatric  
profession eg. stabbed by a depo injection  
at R.P.A., being given valium intravenously  
by a doctor while the nurse kneeled on  
my chest restricting my breathing and  
all next suffocating me, and walking  
almost 18000 km's in 1 week 21 months  
because the only way to reduce the anxiety  
caused by Stelloxime was to walk and  
this went on for 7 months.

Is the Health depart really trying  
to help people or are they just wanting  
to make our lives an "incurable  
misery!!"

From my point of view and experiences the PSYCHIATRIC PROFESSION do little more than prey on peoples vulnerability and do absolutely nothing to cure their schizophrenic. After all they are the ones who say that schizophrenia is 'incurable' and that they can only treat the SYMPTOMS. In my words this really sucks and sucks big time.

I put to OR Bernardi from RIDE Community Health Centre about 7 yrs ago, about the psychological implications of having a patient feel really bad and then telling them that there's no cure. In my view there are treatable psychological problems with people suffering ~~of~~ schizophrenia ~~and~~ with depression which is curable. It is my opinion that with the aid of ACROSSYLIC EXPRESSIONS that people with schizophrenia can be cured because the complexities associated with social scenarios including religious views can be simply defined and not easily swayed. It allows a person in a vulnerable situation to better rationalize themselves when pitted against the mischief of general society. Instead of procrastinating and complicating things they will simplify and define things stripping their mental rational without the endless jargon of words manifesting into illusions and any crazy act that may follow.

Nwards of the state need better support services as well as better financial ~~incentive~~-ment.

I hope this rather twisted story of my life benefits those who are in dire need. Although I'm rebuffed of the warmth of a family I get warmth from helping those around me in this housing Commission Estate especially the kids who I see as neglected while their parents selfishly consume alcohol and drugs just to make them feel better. I get heat from them but their kids respect me because I do go out of my way and I do get upset because I end up out of pocket while they feed their faces. I'm totally appalled at the way some kids around here are treated and look in dismay as druggies even we father fools generosity to feed their habits. They are bad influences on their kids and other sensible people and cause social mayhem. They commit crimes and are treated better than psychiatric patients. In fact, they rot them too. They want someone to feel sorry for them while they rot society and the system. Yet I am not a criminal but get treated like one as with DR BURUK from Glebe Community Health who had an attitude towards me which endangered my life as well as others. He is guilty of MAL PRACTICE and should be struck off, and I should be compensated for all the lost time and the 3 jobs I lost as a result. Anyway "Be I, Be hell he?" That's what I say.

I hope this story bring positive change to this cruel and uncertain world.  
 Yours positively!  
 John Poyon  
 John Westaway.