

I, Wesley Newstead Rush (born David Walker, 1966, Queen Victoria hospital, Carlton, Melbourne), am a citizen of the Commonwealth of Australia, resident in Abbotsford, Melbourne, Victoria.

As a citizen of the Commonwealth of Australia I have an inalienable right to protection under the Australian Constitution and the Common Law of this country

As an Australian citizen, the Commonwealth affords me protection from the unlawful and harmful actions that threaten my right to life, liberty and justice from those who would deny me these rights, within and without, the borders of Australia.



Damaged for life! My adoptive father gripped my arm and hurled me, a nine year old boy out of the bath, and sent me airborne across the bathroom, and into a steel cabinet handle causing a deep slash across my top rear right thigh (1976). Because I didn't get out of the bath the instant he commanded, he deemed it in my best interests to angrily throw me across the bathroom with great zealous dedication. Maybe my supposed parents thought it was okay because they told themselves I was the bad illegitimate boy that no one wanted, no one knew, or wanted to know, or cared about. The deep wound required mattress stitching. Neither my supposed mum or dad ever said sorry. No one ever... no one ever gave me cuddle and said sorry...not even when my blood ringed the house's carpet. My own blood even betrayed me. my own blood, I did not know. No one ever protected me from my protectors. No one ever said or says sorry to me. No one ever asks me if I am okay. Are you in touch with my reality? I always lied to the doctors about the causes of my bruises and other injuries because I did what I was told. I wanted to be a good boy. I wanted cuddles and togetherness – I protected my supposed mum and supposed dad and younger adopted brother and younger adopted sister because I didn't want to get sent to the 'government orphanage for bad children'. I tried hard to be 'a real man' and 'not fight back' just like Jesus who loved me. I protected my family with my silence. I protected them with my silence for decades hoping one day I would get a cuddle and acknowledgement of my real self and someone would ask me for my opinion. But they kept on hurting me by ignoring me and saying bad things about me to other people that were half-truths and out of context. For four and a half decades, I fought psychologically alone that I protect my supposed parents, brother and sister and hoped that one day the demonising of me would stop. Outside their church, my supposed parents like to exhibit letters carrying maxims: *Live the truth. Make kindness your religion.* But they don't seem to stick to these maxims, not at least when it comes to me, if I am allowed to speak for myself. Hurting and deceiving others is immoral. Forcing the deceived (by isolation, defamation etc.) and fooling the deceived to deceive others in order to please the deceivers that they may continue hurting and deceiving and escape justice is immoral. Fallaciously blaming the hurt and the injured for being hurt and deceived is immoral. Knowingly allowing and or protecting the hurters and the deceivers when in one's means one can affect change, that the hurters and deceivers may continue hurting and deceiving, is immoral. I've spent decades fighting psychologically to go on, hoping one day the daily crushing abuse and overwhelming sociopathic vortex that stems from Australia's forced adoption system and the fallacious, evil attitudes that spawned festering self-serving criminality, would cease, and I would be allowed to be confident and happy among my supposed family. But it is 2011 and my supposed mum and dad keep me in the 1966 cage. I still hope that one day I would have earned a big hug and a 'sorry', and I could talk happily about some

dreams and aspirations without being growled at. Three and a half years ago, I had a psychological breakdown of sorts . I could no longer psychologically see my supposed family any more. (I talk about this in more detail later.) And then after that, facing the raw, naked pain has been extraordinarily difficult for me, especially when my supposed parents ostracise me and my overseas-born wife with no family here of her own. And now she is pregnant. And I don't want my child to suffer because of Australia's forced adoption policy. And I don't want the harmful wrong-thinking strangers to whom I was given over 44 years ago, i don't want those who force me into psychologically damaging confinement to poison my child against me. so my wife and I are all alone. It's hard to be the one to carry the excuses of deceptive harmful people and all the victims in the family with my pain through their life, because they're standing on my head and shoulders choking upwards for some breath of a sane explanation to an insane, evil reality, they and the government have deceptively kept arcane. I cannot carry any more blame.

Hurting and deceiving, and then demonising, scapegoating and isolating the hurt and deceived, that he take the blame for wrongs done to him that he protect and uphold the reputations and the wrongful ideals and beliefs of his deceivers to his considerable detriment, is immoral.

In the picture of my thigh (above), slightly below the big scar, is a scar from a golf-ball-size boil I got from sleeping in a dilapidated inner-city shed full of damp, mould, empty liquor bottles and germs. But as they say, most of my cuts and slashing exist in places you can't see, like in my brain, my heart, my soul. Sometimes I wonder what the 'good people' were laughing hypocritically and talking about as they were congressing in fallacious blaming ceremonies of ostracism and scapegoating mistaken for familial cohesion and doing what's for the best. Perhaps I was sleeping in the garden shed where my supposed parents made me sleep, in the rain with the snails and spiders and rat poo. Perhaps I was crawling in a garden-bed psychotic from alcoholism and malnutrition caused by me trying to cope mentally and thus survive. *Live the truth. Make kindness your religion.*

In my life, loneliness and persecution has broken me and broken me down. But enough is enough now. It's time to move on. And speak that no baby, no child, no human suffer ever again unseen horrors wrought by fallacious fanaticism.



In this picture, you can make out one of my upper arms, which both still show damage from where my supposed father's thumbs dug into me whenever he violently shook me right up until my early twenties. For a duration approaching half a century, in my adoptive-supposed family I have taken all the blame, remained silent, and lived in degradation and in loneliness, and in the loneliness of not even knowing myself. I tried to do everything demanded of me, to do 'the right thing' for my supposed family and supposed supportive community and society. For what? (photos: self-taken Nov. 2010)

Dear Senators,

What blessedness it must be to have a foundation of family in your life, well, at least to know your heritage, and to know something of your family history. To know who you are...to have that supportive reality in your life, is natural, is surely a human right; right? I have crawled drunk through flower beds, psychotic from alcohol abuse and malnutrition, not knowing even myself, demonised and scapegoated by my own supposed family – a supposed family the forced adoption system gave me and promised was ‘in my best interests’. Is my life something to be abused and used as a means to others’ ends forever? Did I and do I deserve to be abandoned to daily pain because my biological mother was unwed?

**‘All our dignity consists in thought. By it we must elevate ourselves, and not by space and time which we cannot fill. Let us endeavour to think well; this is the principle of morality’ (Pascal, B, 1670, *Pensées*).**

I am here to submit an account of my life experience of being a forced adoptee; of a life harmed, a life nearly destroyed on many occasions, because of Australia’s forced adoption policy and the demonising of me from being a foetus in the womb until now. It can only be a précis of experiences over a duration of more than 44 years. It cannot cover everything of my experience. Nevertheless, I can honestly say my whole life has been poisoned, constrained, forced and negatively dyed by injurious experiences since I was demonised in the womb and ripped from my biological mother and thrown to strangers who took me to fulfil and verify their selfish, mistaken theoretical framework and centric socio-religious purposes. Nevertheless, I will try to be objective, at least from my point-of-view – if such a thing can be applied. Objective at least from my experience that is. To do that I need to go into some detail to explain what’s happened to me including what is happening in my life currently. The negative effects of forced adoption apparently will go on for my entire life. to what extent they play in my demise remains (hopefully for a while yet) something to be researched. But, again I reiterate, I can’t cover everything, I can just offer pieces of my life, which I nonetheless hope will give you understanding and insights. Any lengthier details are beyond the scope of this text, and beyond my endurance in the given time to complete this. Here I would like to ask that you please accept my apologies as I neither have at this time, and in the given time-frame, been able to complete all the editing of this submission. I hope, dear reader, however, most of the information contained herein is easy enough to comprehend.

I write too with the understanding that you have already read or are aware of much of the information about Australia’s forced adoptions, such as, obviously existent Australian Senate hearings which give details about ‘white stolen generations’, suicides of the forcibly adopted and birth mothers... Other research in Australian forced adoption, and some of what I cover in relation to some of my experiences due to forced adoption encompasses:

- Living a life of lies and deception
- Human rights crimes in Australian adoption – The Australian adoption industry – not ‘in best interests of child or mother or community’
- Breaches of Adoption Regulations, Laws & Crimes, Inhumane Hospital Practices equal Torture, treated less than animals...human rights crimes in Australian forced adoption practices
- NSW’s parliamentary inquiry into adoption practices
- From 1950 to 1998 saw 150,000 – 200,000 babies made into forced adoptees – not the same as genuine orphans or genuinely willingly relinquished babies
- Collusion of churches and hospitals; acting illegally, immorally not in ‘the best interests of the child’ but in the selfish, ‘best’ interests of themselves grievously mistaken. Using people as a means. Stealing identity, stealing a baby’s character, nature, heritage, birthright
- The Australian ‘christian’ forced adoption industry. Gaining social standing via evil means.
- Many children placed with heartless strangers, sadists, hardcore ‘christians’ holding preset prejudiced, stereotypical, inhumane and immoral unethical views – i.e. fallacious ‘bad blood’ theory, akin to certain Nazi theory – heartlessly categorising people as problems to be solved without humane considerations
- They already knew the dire damage forced adoption caused way back in the 1960s
- An inhumane experiment with people – failed on nearly every level
- Adoptees vulnerable to abuse, mental illness...suicide
- Civil rights crimes in Australian adoption
- A living death, a living torture
- In many ways, for some, worse than state care (i.e. a forced adoptee is alone with no blood relatives,

- no knowledge of lineage, no solidarity with others, and can be more vulnerable in similar and different ways etc)
- Denial of human needs, rights

Would you happily accept forced adoption for your child or for yourself (though then of course as a newborn, you couldn't be asked about your wishes)? What I am about to describe are, I believe gross flagrant abuses against humanity and nature and against me. Where's the penitence from the transgressors – the purveyors, benefactors and silent tacit permitters of the Australian forced adoption system? Are they above moral law? No, they are not. And I But still today, people and their institutions (i.e. my supposed parents, segments of the Australian christian church congregation and the Australian government, because of their allowance and their negligence and perpetuation of forced adoption and its raft of consequential negative effects) allow cruelty, at least for me, to continue unfettered.

'A society [and family] that do not allow some freedom of choice are morally impoverished' (Day, L,A, 2006, 'Ethics and society' in *Ethics in media communication*, p.29). Not knowing who you are. Indeed having your identity and connections stripped. Not knowing your group. Not knowing where you fit in. Being squeezed into a narrow harmful place without true identity...being twisted against your nature – with parents who know barely nothing of you – won't listen to you and say your feelings are false – who love themselves and their reputations more and who don't know love – who demonise and abuse and show no remorse. Deliberate and conscious or default and unconscious – I believe a mix of both – but their erroneous belief is seriously intractable. These people – the last bastion of intractable white Australian protestant righteousness, of backward, narrow, harmful thinking need to be shown that their beliefs and behaviour is deceptive and causes pain and suffering. These beliefs cum criminal actions had no necessity in the 20<sup>th</sup> century, and most certainly have no place in 21<sup>st</sup> century Australia: self-defined as a forward-thinking, free nation, and today a leader in human rights and equality of rights across socio-economic groups. The forced-adoption perpetrators' actions (allowed by and fundamentally including the government and other trusted authorities) are not commensurate to great Australian traditions and or ideas of freedom, mateship, and a fair go, of doing the right thing grounded in egalitarianism and secular and religious care and harmony.

Not allowed to express oneself, to say what you want, to say that you're experiencing pain or 'please stop you are causing me pain' and not being heard was and is more than hard for me. Do I not have a right to a happy and free life? And not be wrongly blamed, ostracised, shouted at, punched, thrown, shaken, ignored, humiliated, emasculated, demoralised and demonised by those in whom others believe care for me? Can you imagine your whole life trying hard to please, and do what you are told, but only being abused, until slowly you realise you'll always be the scapegoat no matter how hard you try to do 'the right things' demanded of you? Blamed for everyone's sadness and the crimes done to one's adopted brother and sister. You have to behave how others want you to behave – as the shunned one; held in this mental and physical place like a prison cell with no chance of escape. It is not moral that those entrusted to care for me betrayed me. Why should my wife endure her husband being shouted at, ordered about, humiliated, ignored without a jot of a guilty conscience? I will explain further how the negative effects for me have abused me in this submission. In many ways such actions reflect a criminal arrogance, a fallacious and harmful way of thinking – a self appointment by some, as *lords of the world* with an intractable, superior, us and them mentality, a we-know-best attitude, without actually knowing at all what's best, true and moral. 'When people try to act like gods and goddesses and monarchs – nothing good comes from it – only injustices, bad decisions and hubris' (Prof. John Keane, *Big ideas*, ABC24, 6 September 2010).

Abandoned, intimidated, bullied, threatened. I lived most of my life not knowing the truth. But, the more I learn the more that things can be explained and understood, at least to some extent – often however learning bits and pieces unearth more questions. And I am coming to think that the empty chasm inside me can never be filled. I only hope for acknowledgement, an apology and a commitment to help and make real positive change.

I write for the dignity, respect, honesty, truth, justice, and the love of forcibly stolen newborn babies who never felt their mother's breast, that we can come to less suffering within and without ourselves. I write here wondering how many victims of Australia's forced adoption policy are too unaware, too apprehensive or too weakened or otherwise unable to speak of their experiences to make a submission. I wonder for how-many would making a submission about their experiences be just too problematic and hard to do. I wonder how many forced adoptees believe in and base their lives on fallacies and untruths about their very selves. I wonder how many forced adoptees know that such an opportunity as making a submission like this was available to them. I wonder how many are no longer alive due to the pain imposed on them by Australia's forced adoption system, and therefore forever cannot ask for help or speak out and receive information about themselves. I

wonder how many are fearful that making a submission about being a forced adoptee would somehow betray those who have raised them. I write this knowing that those who raised me, fed me, clothed me, housed me and sent me to school, and that worse things have happened to children. But worse by whose definition? Perhaps my experience of being earmarked in the womb for biological-familial-separation and being forcibly taken to live an entire lifetime as a forced adoptee in some ways, and I reiterate, in some ways, could even be worse than for other stolen peoples and children in homes – those who had time with their real mother, knew the loving softness of her skin on theirs, knew their real inheritance and heritage; perhaps knew their real brothers and sisters; perhaps they had their camaraderie among themselves; perhaps they weren't completely alone and isolated and invisible. Anyway, of course it's wrong to jump to conclusions here. Yes, it's a futile and meaningless exercise trying to compare and reckon others' experiences with mine. How would I know? How could I assume I know about others' experiences? Let me say here, I categorically am not, and do not want to belittle any painful experiences of peoples whom belong to other Australian stolen generations or to those kept in state run children's homes. But what I do want, is to contest the often mistaken confidence in people that not much is necessarily wrong with regards to being a forced white adoptee, because being a forced adoptee automatically means you were taken in by good loving people, and you weren't blighted by injurious prejudices, you were too young to experience any suffering and stress, you have had a good life, you never knew what you were missing out on, it was probably going to be far more disadvantageous for you should you have remained with your real relations, and it was 'all for your best interests' anyway. But what loving mother wakes her son with the garden hose, gushing water over his face, over his bed, over his things? Literally I had no alternative of where to go for support; no biological family, no roots; no one to look up to; no one to stand up for me when my adoptive dad punched me over and over. Those, in whom I put my trust, trampled that trust at their will, without a twinge of misgiving, shame, empathy or remorse. I was ignored, ostracised, demonised, scapegoated and made invisible, alone, mentally sick and vulnerable.

An adoptive parent may well have tried as hard as they could. But housing, feeding, clothing and honestly believing in benefits of their actions on me, do not make the crimes and immorality committed against me and the injurious consequences – the invisibility, ceaseless loneliness, mental torture, vulnerability, daily hardships I've suffered – okay. Here I can speak only for my own experiences and for myself. A lifelong pain and suffering are never okay, and never things to tell a fellow human to just accept, and then just expect he comes out of it completely okay. And then when he doesn't, hold up his misfortune as proof of him being inferior and trouble is never okay. Fallaciously defining someone to yourself and outwardly to others in negative, untruthful ways is never okay. Whether inflicted on a baby, infant, adolescent, teen or adult, the following, which I will expound upon in recalling a small selection of my life experiences, are immoral, and never okay:

- Dereliction of duty
- Maiming
- Assault
- Endangering life
- Rendering a person vulnerable, at-risk, worse off
- Criminal irresponsibility
- Emotional neglect
- Theft of identity, theft of one's self
- Victimisation
- Bullying
- Ostracism
- Demonising
- Defamation
- Slander
- Emotional abuses
- Discrimination
- Carelessness of human life
- Lying, deception
- Scapegoating
- Silencing via coercion
- Inflicting fear in a person to control a person
- Robbery of happiness
- Denial of human rights
- Making threats
- Intimidation
- Verbal abuse
- Maltreatment
- Psychological torture
- Inflicting a sense of hopelessness in a person
- Knowingly, intentionally furthering and exacerbating pain, suffering and powerlessness in a person
- Denial of liberty (inflicting retribution for expressing oneself, denial of free speech)
- Intentionally causation of hardships
- Denial in a general sense (lifelong denial of there being a problem for example)
- Causing emotional harm
- Harboring and promoting injurious fallacious attitudes and beliefs about a person and in general
- Destruction and annihilation of a person's natural heritage
- Manipulation (forcing a person to be something which that person is not)
- Denial of common dignity
- Claiming, at least insinuating and driving the idea that I was beneath others (i.e. made to clean toilets; to clean family friends and relatives houses etc)
- Robbery of my self dignity, a normal level

of pride, self esteem, then mocked me  
and held me up as the one to blame for  
unhappiness

- Trickery
- Hypocrisy
- Duplicity, betrayal
- Pretence
- Dishonesty
- Falseness, treachery, deceitfulness
- Threatening a child
- Child abuse
- Kidnapping
- Using a person as a means
- Battery
- Immorality
- Denying a person a right to fight back or stand up for oneself
- Ostracism – Causing insufferable hardships and isolation of a human being
- Making impossible demands and or demands which result in self denial and pain
- Neglect
- Promise breaking, paying lip service
- Rendering a person defenceless
- Kicking someone when they're down
- Gross hypocrisy
- Breach of duty-of-care laws

That an adoptive person's definitions of themselves and of their complicity in an immoral unnatural act of forcibly removing a newborn from its natural mother are 'philanthropic and for the best' without sufficient utility and with many attached fatal potentialities and risks, still somehow makes their act (and ongoing nasty acts) pious and wonderful, does not just automatically transpose as being so for me, a victim, a dupe; the quarry. At my psychological peril even physical harm, my supposed parents automatically made me be painfully and harmfully grateful for being 'rescued' by them, despite remaining unknown to myself for life, for a lifetime of reckoning with myself that I am from lesser stock, and somehow inferior. It was and still is out of the question to even question this 'logic' of me being made to be grateful to them for me being someone without a background worthy of being remembered or even known. How bad could I be that I am from something supposedly so heinous, made from something so heinous that they, my supposed parents cannot even know or understand me themselves – what childhood, what life was that? And I have hardly begun my story yet.

That I am to be ever grateful for these unnatural evil things that pain and bedevil me even now, and probably until my final days – is insidious. On your own from since a baby, growing up not fitting in, trying hard but getting punched and shouted at and called 'ruddy hopeless' that I have to be grateful kills me. Not getting hugs and warmth but left like a thing crying in your cot or (later) in the garden shed and then dumped into the world destitute, made hopeless – what kind of life was that. And I should be grateful and happy? Find for me one photograph of me as a baby being hugged and held proudly, and I will gladly revise my understanding on these points.

Here, I write that I and other forced-adoption sufferers may get acknowledgement, an apology, compensation and real mutual work towards a better future. A future that contains less pain, hardship and torment. So far, despite efforts (of producing 70,000 word emails to family members, despite trying for decades) for such common humane things, I have never got any of these. Being strong and silent has nearly killed me numerous times.

Here, I write this in the hope of a new future; a future that doesn't allow entrusted people of authority to hide, or lie, or deceive, or paint false halcyon depictions of evil. I write to confront bravely the present to forge a future where it's never supposedly okay for people to never know oneself, to never have the opportunity to be with blood relatives, to never be content and confident and well-adjusted, respected contributors allowed to explore their nature and natural inheritance. I want a future where forced adoptees and their true mothers may rest in peace or otherwise may be strong, unafraid and moral in realising their rights, and won't be sullied and belittled by others or by their own learned negative stereotyping of themselves. I write this for a future

where human life is never seen as a commodity, is never used as a cruel self-serving means to a fallacious end. I write this that respect, truth, fairness, honesty, basic respect, human rights, common dignity, morality, community and democracy truly exist for all. I write that those involved with Australia's forced adoption system can better recognise, acknowledge, take responsibility for and own their wrongs. I write that the future is not condemned to repeat such crimes and immorality that demonise, disable and kill innocents and hamper and make hypocrites of communities, nations, civilisation and human rights. I write that the old fallacious arrogant beliefs, which resulted in real crimes including the forced adoption system, are stopped, recognised and apologised for. How many have died never knowing themselves? How many forced adoptees have been falsely thought-of and remembered having already endured a lifetime of being deceived, manipulated and used as things, loved less than ragdolls and then in death, forever lied about on forced-adoption perpetrators lips and thusly in other people's minds as to dead forced-adoptees' very selves – their life story a wrong one, their very selves an unknown? Such invisible horrors including ceaseless psychological torture kill people and pull societies and nations down. The kidnapping of me was just the beginning of a lifetime of silent oxidation consuming and rusting my will and ability to truly and positively live and move forward. Everyday, the silent, invisible loneliness and rejection eats me, and now threatens to eat my dear family orientated Indonesian wife – now it slowly wears her down. She asks 'why does no one in your family speak to you? Why does no one in your family respect you or care for you? What have you done, who are you, how can I be with someone like this and raise a family without support from a family? I write this because I am too old and am chronically ill to survive the lonely hardships and hopelessness of the streets. Should she leave me, I think I could not cope now.

I honestly feel that concerning my supposed parents, my life was, and is, all about them and my servitude to and support of them (and cruel ignorant others) blinded by a fallacious fantasy of helping society and children via actions of and related to forced adoption. But the exact opposites of helping children and society were what they did, blinded by their inflated, yet fallacious sense of goodness wrought from an evil twisting of Christianity and fundamental natural law, moral rules, common laws and human rights. As long as my supposed mum and dad got and get what they want in terms of being seen as the good doers has always been the most important thing. And even then, nothing was all right as long as I silently suffered their zealousness and smiled and said 'thank you' when prodded and shouted at to. Still nothing was all right that I sat on my bruises and wounds on a hard cold pew and sang *All things bright and beautiful, all creatures great and small, all things wise and wonderful, the lord god made them all. The rich man in his castle, the poor man at his gate, god made them high and lowly, and ordered their estate.* Still nothing is all right when an entire immediate family grind their demonising bones sneering in fallacious blaming and ostracism's razor-edge silence forever.

Since being a baby I have been a thing to serve them to their ends and purposes including being the scapegoat. When you know in yourself you have so much to give, that you are good in your heart, that you didn't mean to do anything wrong, when you can't behave like mum and dad do to you – an existence of living death ensues on a perpetual hammering down and down, only propping a stronger and stronger growing in people's untrue attitudes towards you. 'Don't stand up for yourself; don't fight back.' Did they (any one forced-adoption perpetrator) ever truly consider me or any forced-adoption victim as a sentient human being, what I (we) wanted, what I (we) needed as precious conscious being(s) not unlike themselves; fellow human beings unquestionably tied to nature and bound in nature and supposedly protected in law and moral law? Religion is not the same as moral law. (More about this later.) My supposed father giving me, a fishing rod (when I was a little boy), but only grudgingly taking me supposedly fishing once for 10 minutes only to get frustrated and angry is not considering me. I was always scared – entombed in a mutual silence – when I was with him on my own. it's not what you or others think, it's what you know. And no one asked me. It's only creating pain to say you have done your duty when nothing but fear and sadness resulted. (Duty is not the same as love. Fraudulent is the person who impels your belief that fallacious duty and harm done to you is love and, or correct. (More about this later.) Even a little boy knows that the hook must be baited if you want to catch a fish. How exciting, but duped and tricked again. Little tricks and misrepresentations and big tricks and slander...all add up to a theatre of sham and abuse – an actor being shunted and pulled and manipulated and scorned – in a life of smoke and mirrors with a breaking heart with no one to tell and with no one to listen, all alone – in a role of insidiousness – all the while being shouted at to 'smile'. I never received a hug, a vote of confidence, a loving kiss, approval, praise, backing, acceptance, emotional support or a feeling of togetherness and belonging. And yet I had to be grateful because my supposed mum and dad, in whom I trusted, saved me (and my younger sister and brother) from an orphanage, the cruel government children's home, because I was not wanted by my real mum, dad and family. I only now recently learn these are half truths. Write Boush et al ' [A]n omission blended among truthful revelations, [is] a particularly pernicious form of deception...a half-truth is the blackest of lies' (*Deception in the marketplace – the psychology of deceptive persuasion and consumer self protection*, 2009, Routledge, New York, p.57).



Certainly, 'Deception is a major omnibus persuasion and social influence strategy. [But it has never had any place between a mother and her baby or in the management of a stolen baby-adult. And moreover] individuals who allow unnoticed, uncontrolled invasions of their internal psychological world and consequent changes in their behaviour do not survive and prosper' (Boush et al, 2009, p.33). So I ask you, how can a baby, a child, a teen, an adult, alone, ostracised, demonised, scapegoated, demoralised, lost and unknowing of facts pertaining to their kidnapping and their very selves, defend themselves against such powerful evil deception by those – supposed parents, senior family members, church attendees/ good religious people, doctors and most conspicuously government authorities – in whom one is told to respect and trust? How can babies, or adults unknowing of themselves recognise harmful invasions of their psychological world? Immoral and backwardly ancient is the act that constrains and, or denies the natural liberty of another without sufficient utility and against nature.

So alone and lonely in my life. The demonising increased as I grew into my late teens. Always only by myself; made to pretend; demonised for being myself, unable to be anyone else other than act in the strict tight straight and narrow role and hope to remain unharmed. Shouted at, punched, psychologically abused for any tiny indiscretion and for seemingly nothing at all. Not allowed to make a joke, yet told by supposed mother in front of the family 'we would all be happy, if you could be happy'. So alone but for heavy emptiness in the chest and the guts and my mind. Loneliness and pain and degradation drilling into my mind incessantly, turning my gaze down to endless unforgiving footpaths, glimpsing shop windows and staring at cell-like flaking and mouldy walls. Everyday the old white sink and carrying sickness, and alcoholic sickness that covers sickness. Loneliness, rejection and no loving family weighs heavy and it weighs unbearably heavier in the heaviness of unknowing yourself, where you come from, who you are and why, why, why. Heaviness in heaviness in heaviness of unknowing and isolation – too much to consider or contemplate how your own family victimise you – all you want is acceptance. Yet there's only drunken glimpses of grass in the night of pain survival, in the memory of stumbling to your shed or little room, before blackout. Then there's the pain and shame of that, left painfully wondering how you always get back but never got killed. And there's no one to empathise or look up to or offer some care. There's no one else to turn to but your supposed mum and dad and they don't want to listen, they 'don't know what to do', and it's just more fodder for them to hold as evidence that they're telling the truth about you, that of course they're not demonising you. So lonely and hard, on and on, years and years lost being scapegoated by those who are supposed to be your family and claim christianity, blamelessness, yet blame me to save themselves and their standing in the church. The telephone silence is unbearable as if by silence it wants to kill you for weeks and years and decades. And decades is just a word, but by it I want you to imagine the experience of loneliness, demonising, degradation and innumerable hardships including the loneliness of not even knowing yourself for the duration of decades, of real time – a real lifetime without respite.

When I left the garden shed in which they kept me, my supposed mum and dad never visited me once until I was well into my thirties – until seemingly instigated by my supposed mother, the campaign of demoralising one-minute visits to my tiny bedsit began. Actually, my supposed mum did come to visit me once, and only once, when I was in my twenties. She knows what she is doing when I break my ankle and can't get out of bed except crawl. That was the only time ever she came to visit me and she just keeps on saying come on, come for walk, you're all right, you'll be right, come on come on come on come on. I said 'I can't, I have to (literally) crawl down the three flights of stairs at this dilapidated share house in Fitzroy. She just looks at me says moronically, monotonically, 'Come on, come on, come on.' She intentionally causes psychological distress and hurt. 'I say I can't. Look,' I point at my bulbous, flaring misshapen foot and ankle. But her incessant teasing finally means, I shout, 'I can't!' And then she looks so content and satisfied that she made me upset and she just leaves 'oh dear, oh dear' she just leaves me there. Left in this top floor room; no one brought me any food, I had to organise myself to get to the hospital – just always left desperate alone. Apparently, she then had just cause to not ring, not visit, not help – just completely abandon me. Not that she ever visited anyway. Maybe a few times a year she would ring to have me go to a family function where I would get ignored, shouted down and emasculated. This broken ankle event is but one instance of her inflicting intentional harm, demoralisation and hopelessness in not just a fellow human, but in a person she (in a participatory role) stole, and in a person she calls son, a person she originally used as a means to assuage childlessness, and then uses as the demonised one to take the blame for all the ineptitudes and unnaturalness and abuse and hidden crime. Whether they know it or otherwise, not they can admit to anything, let alone listen, the whole family injure me in various ways, to take the blame of all the wrongs they do to me, and all the wrongs already done to me and to them. this is some of what my forced adoption – 'done for the best' – has meant for me.

The demonising and all that's been done and befallen me on the pretexts of lies, deception, erroneous beliefs, hoary harmful myth, bigotry and zealotry are unconscionable and are particularly so when executed by supposed parents who are strict teetotal Christians who in the eyes of everyone else can do no wrong. Here,



particularly pertinent is William Hazlitt's maxim: 'The true barbarian is he who thinks every thing barbarous but his own tastes and prejudices' (*Characteristics, in the manner of Rochefoucauld's maxims*, 1823, No. 333). How can my supposed parents expect, or rather make my innocent wife suffer through the maltreatment of me and the ostracism of us everyday either? Why does my wife from overseas deserve to suffer?

Whether in part conscious or to what extent conscious, their trashing of me and my life ultimately stems from Australia's forced adoption policy. What for? With utter contempt for a fellow human's liberty, my whole life has been used as a means to support strangers' wrongs that they have done to me! Wrongly strangers believed it automatically right to separate me from blood and family before I was even born. Wrongly my supposed parents expected me to solve their problems by their blame of me, and yet never cuddled me. Evil government turned away from me in that no one checked that my emotional wellbeing and physical safety were being cared for. No one checked on me. Did the government check on the other forced adoptees? Did they check on the dear mothers? What is the truth? Never! Never has anyone stood up for me. Never anyone! The authorities duped the biological mums and their kids, and the supposed caring parents, pretty much blindly trusted for people's entire lifetimes, duped the supposed sons and daughters and the whole country by way of fallacious twisted theoretical frameworks and real world ethnocentric religio-social networks mired in superstition and bigotry of their own cognisance. My supposed parents persecuted and blamed me for all the problems innate to themselves and their crimes. They enlisted and encouraged my younger brother and sister, other family members, childhood friends, family-friends and parishioners to follow suit slowly poisoning their minds against me. So callous, detached, theoretically fallacious, and in breach of human rights and moral rules (*bases of humanity, law and civilisation*) – worse than just turn away – those solely whom I relied upon, those only two between me and oblivion, those trusted who deceived, cheated, underhandedly conspired against me and intentionally caused (and still cause) me harm to protect, still justify and boost the efficacy and righteous godliness of themselves and their decisions by hiding behind stereotypes imposed on me and enlisting of my loyal silence and desperate need to do the right thing to please them. I was used as a means to support strangers – even when they abuse me one way or the other, it is to support them. It's all about what they want and to get everything their way. They trashed me to support themselves and that means the bulldozing of a human being; an unnatural treatment, an abusive, intractable treatment at once heedless and deliberately conjuring pain and suffering in me. They refuse to acknowledge anything. 'Wes is the difficult one. And no recognition of what I've given. Worked in all sort of factories doing the most menial jobs because they told me that was what I had to do etc and they cannot even listen and say sorry for hurting me! I always like painting, and writing and music and archaeology... I am not suited to factory work. No one on either side of my supposed family ever did or would ever think factory work was suitable for them. Did they ever listen to me? I believe that so deep is their false sense of reality, their stereotyping of me, they honestly yet mistakenly believe that they can't do anything wrong. They have to believe and maintain that I am the difficult, nasty one – that their church-going and 'good deeds' precludes them from doing anything wrong as far as I am concerned, at all. This has gone on for decades and it will probably go on forever. It is not only that common justice dictates that they should learn how and what they have done wrong (i.e. caused pain and suffering), but also that people in the future should understand the wrongful beliefs and attitudes that have led to the painful and sometimes suicidal situations that I have endured and still endure. You know I am still on a very thin knife's edge. If my wife left me or something happened to her... I don't want to think. But thoughts worm into my brain and guts and very soul – haunting me, and in the past (possibly again) driving the victim to drink and to oblivion – possibly left to rot on the floor for weeks until death's redolence alerted the men with the crowbar – never the phone or doorbell rang. Left to rot. Who would have known?

I honestly feel that what I needed as a baby, a child, an adolescent, an adult, as a sentient-human-feeling-being was rarely if ever given. Indeed, I know I've suffered severe emotional neglect. But I never trusted again and could never seek psychological help after the social worker incident. I shall explain. In my late teens, I was becoming increasingly upset, demoralised and disturbed by the continual shouting at me by my supposed father, the incessant nagging and put-downs of my mother and the flagrant ostracism of me by my siblings, cousins and friends of the family. The abuse and intentional neglect of me by my supposed parents was increasing. They needed to work out a way to keep everything secret and ensure I wouldn't do anything that would compromise them. As usual, their total control of the situation would put things right for them. (My dignity, my mental health, my needs were not an issue and never have been core issues neither with my supposed parents nor with the forced adoption policy. I think around this time, they had already put my bed and things in a small tin rooved garden shed they erected specifically for the purpose of keeping me and continuing the campaign of demonisation. As if always charitable, they told everyone it was my art studio. But there was precious little room for an easel with all my stuff in there.) They got a young student social worker from their church (or an affiliated church) and they already briefed him. Unaware of a social worker's duties and obligations, he was only a year or so older than me, and young, innocent and gullible, easily rendered respectful and obsequious to them by the loud confident arrogance of my supposed father, an elder in the

church. It seemed my supposed parents had already briefed him on 'the situation' regarding me before the joint 'meeting' with me and my supposed parents took place in their lounge room. And this youthful, supposed social worker apparently scared of my supposed parents just said in the lounge room - 'no it's normal that your father punches you and shouts at you and your brother and sister want nothing to do with you. My father sometimes smacked me and shouted at me too,' he said. 'It's perfectly normal.' I said, 'What about all my stitches and bruises and...' But just then, my supposed mum started crying crocodile tears, 'Oh we didn't. Why do you want to be so nasty?' And the social worker not wanting to do anything wrong, continued on his prejudged, practiced spiel, 'No it's normal. Don't be difficult for your parents. Your parents raised you and take care of you. Your parents love you; don't make things difficult.' My supposed mum had the final say as if she knew best, 'Don't be bitter. Don't go through your life being bitter. Bitterness will kill you.' My supposed mother decided that was the most important point to make by way of conclusion. 'You just have to get on now,' she added her favourite maxim for me. And that was that. I went back to the slugs, spiders and leaking walls of the backyard shed with more mental anguish and pain and demoralisation and the continuing and increasing scapegoating and loneliness of this episode that I had to carry on and endure the injurious consequences of for the rest of my life. They just expect me to get on – as if everything was my fault – just left so hopeless and desperate: they seem to even demonise me for my lack of imperviousness to it all, as if it's perfectly acceptable to treat me with the feeling of a block of concrete. I believe they could not handle ten percent of the suffering I have endured. How can a teen, even an adult 'get on' when demonised, alone, without a person in the world who will listen, when neglect, abuse and demoralisation and degradation are considered so normal, you and it are invisible? And you don't even know yourself and have never been allowed to stand up for yourself and be confident?

I can tell you endlessly about how important supportive loving family and social groups are to a person from the other side.

How can justice and fairness be achieved through blind faith in the self-interests of individuals as these, forced into a permanent state of self-deception and deception of others? What greater wrong next to murder, the theft of life, than the wrong of slow murder for life from foetus and birth to be immediately chopped down, never touched, never known, and thrown to the cruel winds of fate like an inanimate thing. That is theft of life too. And I'm told to smile and be dumb for them – all perpetrators of my hardship weighing me down – using my energy. Getting some simple, common, humane consideration has been a fantasy for so long now. So strong and ardently, I dug deeper the holes in myself for them and for them to pull me apart by.

I've been kept in the dark all these years, all my life, about my very self. I've been lied to and told half truths about myself, as have others, and have been abandoned to my fate of being used as a means, treated inhumanely and made to protect my visible and invisible mutilators known and unknown to me who I have had to respect. I had to be so grateful because they 'saved' me (my brother and sister) from 'the orphanage'. That's what they told me in front of my brother and sister as if responsibility rested on me, a little boy, the oldest sibling of the family should we (my sister, brother and me) be sent to 'the government prison' for children. I believe me being the oldest child is part of the reason why all blame and anger went to me – all the guilt of the worst mistakes done to me resulted in scapegoating and continued persecution. Their intense belief in self-infallibility and god-given rights means that even to this day they truly believe they can treat me any way that suits their purposes with utter disrespect for my wellbeing, but with utter conviction that they are rightfully doing the right thing. No one stands up for me. And it seems as if taking away someone's reasons to live is okay if they are taken from me. But if there be such things as social justice and responsibility (for forced adoption and the consequential wrongs done to victims) they desperately need to be achieved through public-understanding, -pressure and governmental action to ensure equality of opportunity, common freedoms and other human rights for victims of forced adoption. Do not governments and people in general have a moral duty to promote equality and justice? How could I thrive, how could I 'just get on' by being abandoned to such evil and to such callous people (at least in their treatment of me) who are allowed to be solely responsible to their own twisted consciences, to consciences so perverted they easily justify their crimes to themselves and to others without a whisper of dissent against them? How could my situation imposed on and constraining me ever transpire into fairness and equality of opportunity? Without the governmental allowance of my right to access information about myself, my supposed parents, left to their own consciences, I believe would happily adhere to keeping me in the dark, from womb to tomb, about myself, about my natural human rights, including my right to speak and be heard.

The people to whom I was consigned in 1966 still harbour nasty old 1930s-style beliefs akin to Nazi policies of social cleansing when it comes to their thinking about me. or so it seems. At least that's what their treatment of me indicates. There is no place in Australia for these beliefs. Certainly, holding questionable beliefs is not immoral or illegal per se. However, when people's beliefs lead to real-world actions which deny another's

human rights etc., requires I would think, some kind of counter-action(s) to resolve or at least halt the suffering and begin the process of recovery for victims. When beliefs become criminal and deeply immoral actions, that is a different thing altogether. There should be no doubt as to the cruelty wrought by the unfounded beliefs, which spawned the systematic stealing of babies from their mothers in the first place, having no place in modern Australia. Not for future Australian sons and daughters and not for those who have already unjustifiably suffered enough, including me. 'Justice is a central moral principle of society' (Day, L,A, 2006, 'Social justice and ethical decision making' in *Ethics in media communication*, p.395).

'They send bad children to orphanages. It's like a prison for children, and it's much worse than here. So you better do what we say.' I honestly feel, at least from my standpoint, my supposed parents' natural (biological) nurturing instincts never kicked in. To this day, I have never seen them kiss or hug one another or even seen them sit on the sofa side-by-side. Being shaken, and punched and thrown and (still today) shouted at and scared to speak was and is more akin to getting a life sentence at a strict Methodist children's home of solitary confinement than getting a good loving family and family home. That the deception and theft of me was the answer to their problems was and still is fallaciously conceived and believed in with a heartless arrogance and selfishness in the extreme. Likewise, any beliefs in the tragedy suffered by married couples without kids, the wrongness of kids outside marriage, the demonising of unwed mothers etc. do not justify immorality, do not allow and excuse crime, do not make wrongs right. They didn't or couldn't understand what caring for a child (me) was. And they still can't. They have not had children of their own. Beyond intractability, they cannot, or refuse to understand what they have done to me, and what the Australian state in the broader sense has done, and how and to what extents the resultant destructive, negative effects continue against me. My biological mother doesn't even know, or can't imagine what it would have been like to have kept me. She couldn't even bear to look at the few black-and-white photos taken of me as a child. She said right from the first time I met her, she just wasn't even given a chance or a thought of being able to keep me. I consider myself very lucky to be alive and in Australia and gifted that I can write this knowing others in the world cannot do likewise. But everyone needs a family – in the true sense of the word – a pillar of society, a pillar of humanity, a pillar of being human and a pillar of security and sanity in an otherwise cruel, cold world, already of limited truth and morality.

Nevertheless, under the cloaking simulation of a normal loving family which in reality confused cold duty with nurturing parental love, a whole childhood, teenage-hood, early adulthood until middle-age has gone by. A life whereby I have to be ever grateful for their duty, grateful that they might tell you to come to a family gathering where no one talks to you, where you're told where to sit and what not to do like a worthless orphan child and endure being shouted at in front of everyone should you say or make the seemingly smallest indiscretion. A life where it's normal to be shouted at to 'smile' and remain silent so you protect the abusers that they can continue with their debasement of you, that in this way they can make you can keep everyone together through everyone's blame and cruelty doled out to you, is immoral. A life that renders you defenceless and makes you have to feign happiness by making you grateful for believing you were 'rescued' and a ceaseless questioning of not knowing why. How often I'd wonder how and why I was given away. It must be very bad I thought. I must be very bad I thought. How bad? I must be as good as I can be I thought. I'd wonder and wonder – something about me is not right with nature. I'd wonder if I was born due to rape or if my mother was a whore. Each new vision brought new horrors or sad realisations of their unreality and untruth and unknowability. So much effort I put in to trying to understand myself, to try and not make mistakes, yet not be able to be what they wanted. So much effort trying to reconcile feelings of being cheated, and not knowing the silence and internalising and repeated overcoming of ill-treatment, entailed a neglecting of myself digging deeper and deeper holes into myself by my enforced self-denial, and yet still smiling. So much effort over a lifetime of trying to know myself, but never achieving it; trying but not knowing how to fit in when. So much effort to reconcile being forced to do and be something not in my nature, so much effort to reconcile my betraying of myself. So much effort just to survive, to appear normal, but only getting worse and worse from being treated worse and worse as the demonising became more pronounced as I got older. I was accepted into the bachelor of painting course at Victoria College but depression, defencelessness, sadness, being lost to myself, being demoralised, insecure, having no self-confidence, feeling isolated without emotional support and vulnerability and raw artistic talent inciting envy saw me getting kicked out in the first year. I got no support from my supposed parents. As usual, they put all the blame onto me for my bad luck and took the opportunity to turn the situation into empirical evidence that supported their stereotypical framing of me in theirs and in others' minds. As usual bad luck was taken as an opportunity to drive the knife further into my back, to make more hurt and suffering by making me sleep in the backyard shed and pushing me into brick cleaning work and toilet cleaning and factory work without hope for promotion. 'Come on, come on' they bullied and nagged with cold cruel ceaseless determination. If I disagreed, that would have been just boosting the 'truthfulness' of the demonising and half-truthful defamation. From six years of age I was told to wash cars. I mowed lawns, did gardening, washed peoples windows, cleaned houses. From the age of 23 to 26, I

found myself cleaning my gran's house once a week for 15 dollars yet it took me nearly all day to get there and get back by bus and train. My gran was the one person who talked to me as something like a human being, my supposed mum being the one who had set up the deal. Once again I had to do it for fear of giving rise to increasing the demonising and reason for the belittling of me. All I wanted was acceptance. But all the while they were forcing me into a stereotype, limiting my liberty as an individual. The stereotyping of me began even when I was earmarked as a child for stealing even in the womb. Stereotypes have reduced me, hindered me, caused me suffering, limited my options and opportunities in life and have imprisoned me. Never were my bother or sister made to endure similar treatment. It was very much the full Methodist missionary treatment and all the scrutiny for me. I was treated very differently. My childhood, teens and early adulthood was often spent (in an effort to please them and do what I was told against my nature, against my wishes) polishing, sweeping, vacuuming, mopping floors, cleaning toilets, cleaning roof guttering, forcibly delivering catalogues in the rain and cold on my bike, chopping wood, and working in factories without training in working class ways. I tried and tried to be perfect even when suffering psychological and physical injury. I did all this work, demeaning and destructive to me, and had to be grateful to them, my supposed parents who were driving me further and further away from myself and closer to desperation and misery and being lost. Now recently, I discover my biological mother is a medical researcher. My biological uncle on my mother's side is a highly respected medical scientist. When I was born, my aunt on my biological mother's side was involved with classical music in Italy. My father was a journalist and photographer and ad man and artist. He has won numerous awards for communication (in New York for example). But me, I am stereotyped into types of work that completely go against my nature. By the time I reached my early twenties, the reasons for living had all but disappeared. By the time alcoholism was taking hold of me around the age of 19, I had spent so much effort trying and trying to 'do the right things' by my supposed parents who said they knew best, but never asked me if I was okay, only conspired to make any potential personal success all but impossible for me to attain.

People 'seek and find common ground in stereotyping...however we should not allow the inevitability of stereotyping to deter us from confronting and rejecting the socially destructive and unjust consequences of this habit. Stereotypes perpetrate real world discrimination, harassment...and...violence against [people] portrayed as outsiders' (Day, L,A, 2006, 'Stereotypes and value formation' in *Ethics in media communication*, p.417). The extreme malevolence of the initial crime of being stolen, which left me completely isolated from my roots, has for me resulted in my suffering extreme, hidden, secret malevolent treatment from the very people entrusted to me. Forcing a child to suffer to maintain a deceptive, phony benevolence to trick others at his expense can only come from a particularly immoral, arrogant attitude. Whether by omission or by straight denial, they've lied many times, and have wrought immense cruelty to save themselves. And they say they are the good christian people, the good, ever-loving parents. What loving parent imposes cruelty on their child and then solely gives denial and more suffering in return, and then tells family, congregation and friends the victim is 'difficult' in return for the victims loyalty and doing what he's told – to 'not tell tales'? indeed the victim (me) protected them for decades without a thank you or a genuine 'sorry', protected them and what did they do? They simply continued on their evil ways of scapegoating and ostracising me. Writes Lynne Namka, 'Scapegoating is a serious family dysfunctional problem with one member of the family or a social group being blamed for small things, picked on, and constantly put down. One of the authority figures (though in my case I believe both mum and dad) has made a decision that somebody in the family has to be the bad guy. The [parents] make[] one child bad and then looks for things (sometimes real, but most often imagined) that are wrong' (*Scapegoating: an insidious family pattern of blame and shame on one family member*). 'The most egregious form of rejection that anyone can ever experience is parental rejection' (Hardy, 2002). Abandonment, both through the forced adoption and the scapegoating, threatens a baby's, a child's, an adolescent's, an adult's very survival. According to Williams, Forgas and von Hippel in their book, *The social outcast: ostracism, social exclusion, rejection, and bullying* (New York: Psychology Press), 'As might be expected from the previous discussion of genetic relatedness, clinical data suggest that step-children, adopted children and foster children are all more vulnerable to being scapegoated, as...children with...of "difference"' (quoting Brody, Copeland, Sutton, Richardson, & Guyer, 1998). I believe the forced adoption policy directly contributed to the social isolating of me, that it provided ready excuses for the scapegoaters, my supposed family. My supposed mum had often said to me and to others as a common response and explain-all: 'He is just so different' and 'Nobody knows what to say to you; you're just different'. Explaining to some extent the callous treatment of me by my supposed parents and then by default by my younger sister and brother, Williams et al go on: 'Scapegoating dehumanizes the "target", to provide the scapegoater with a release from their own guilt. People choose a target or scapegoat, to place "their own sins upon them", and drive them out... The scapegoat is often an "innocent person" who is punished for the sins, crimes and suffering of the scapegoater. And scapegoating is a way to distract attention away from the "self", and the real cause of the problem. Still this does not prevent the scapegoated from developing psychological problems from being dehumanized. [The] fact is, scapegoating does not resolve your personal problems, nor does it resolve any external problems, [it] just promotes them and allows them to fester out of control.' And still it is I who is told to

control myself, when others can't control their emotions, and demonising, punching, yelling...humiliating, ostracism and designs to do intentional harm to me is invisible to them that persist in these very actions.

Did those who partook of my theft from myself and my roots and did my supposed parents expect a little baby that poos and emotes when taken from their biological mum like themselves as babies? Or did they expect a little Jesus who they could make into being just what they dreamed, who could put halos on their heads and make them angels? I wonder if my supposed parents or any people involved in my demonising and forcible adoption are aware of the extreme damage they have done. It appears absolutely self evident, that because my supposed parents' social position and their belief that they are perfect helpful christian people, they don't actually help me, but carefully keep me in a position of difficulty, of demoralisation, of defencelessness, of denigration that I must be reliant on them and on poverty (not that I have ever asked them for money), that I stay unemployed, that I stay frustrated and angry; that they make my endeavour as a journalist/freelancer working endless hours on my own in a little flat (in my thirties) even more difficult because it's not in their interest that I become successful. It's in their interests that they prop their half-truths about me and prop their social status and keep me as the one to blame. That is they use me as a means. So immoral are they, that they're prepared to sacrifice another person's life – mine – to protect themselves! This is what the forced adoption policy has resulted in for me. This is insufferable, criminal and extreme hypocrisy especially in light of my supposed parents belief in christianity, their assertions of good-doing, and in light of Australia's holding dear of the fair-go and common human rights and democratic ideals and the like. I am invisible and no one I knows who I am.

Never have I received from my family or been given consideration by anyone responsible for my forcible adoption and harmful consequences, as: 'Gee, perhaps this is doing psychological damage to him (me). I was never given an opportunity to be heard. Any complaints or signs of my ruination were 'omitted' or dismissed as me being silly or difficult or deserving of hardships and misery. Solitary confinement is a well-established technique for breaking down resistance...prolonged silence of everyday noise as conversation, can be very destabilising. It's really hard to describe in ways that make you understand how difficult my life is and has been. How hard I tried. I believe it was always going to be doomed for me – because my starting position was one where my future was engineered and preset by the strangers who took control of me. Even today, aged 44, it is very hard to be confident and try to find myself, to know who I am, to take pride in and sell and inspire confidence in others of my achievements. The shouting of my supposed father and the humiliations and emasculation and control of me by my supposed mother replay over and over in my mind. The fears of being punched or castigated limit me. *Myself* (whatever that is) is caged and always struggling to come out, struggling against invisible threats and mental sickness holding me back.

The forced adoption policy has for me resulted in a lifetime of suffering shocking inequity, being deceived, scapegoated, ostracised...and defamed by those who are meant to be my family! With a persecuting mother, father, brother and sister who exist in name only, I got a lifetime of deception, a lifetime of sham, of torture. A life of limited positive choice. A life forced as if by many hands on my head, forcing me into this tiny airless dark place; like a holding of my head under water and then my supposed friends and loved ones deriding, bullying and sneering at me about the fact I have to gasp for breath. It's immoral to steal someone from themselves then bully and maim that someone we call 'son' and then demand he do everything we want whilst continuing to abuse him and deceive others as to our goodness and his invented stereotypically negativity and then make him take all the blame and isolation so that our wrongdoing is transferred to him the serial victim. We don't as moral beings, recruit others into an evil, false mindset about an innocent. And we certainly as humanity, as people, as other family members should at the very least stand up for the wronged and at the very least we should talk to the perpetrators. We should not just turn away and become complicit ourselves. Knowingly continuing and worsening pain, deception and suffering of the victims, for an immoral, wrongfully selfish, protective utility of the abusers and criminals, is unethical and immoral in the extreme.

As a little kid I remember thinking that I couldn't wait to grow up and be free and happy. I couldn't wait until the hell of my childhood – of ceaseless demands, lovelessness, touchlessness, empty promises of happy family, bullying, shaking, throwing, punching, verbal abuse, perpetual anger and frustration at me, teasing comments, nagging, impossible demands, intense omnipresent scrutiny for tiny 'wrongs' and 'indiscretions' – was over. I couldn't wait to grow up because grown ups are respected and feared and so then I could do what I wanted and be happy and free. When I grew up I wouldn't be hit and shouted at anymore. I would be strong and confident, and I'd be treated well. I never imagined things could and would get worse.

So strong is their belief in their own lies, omissions and half-truths, so narrow is their way of thinking, so false, inhuman and harmful to me are they (as it is from my standpoint) that they are impossible. But it has taken me more than four decades to realise. And yet still I have no choice. Now the isolation and the pain are even more

mentally virulent. It's hell if I acquiesce to their harmful association. It's hell if I ask for a family meeting and just get increased loneliness and rejection. But I can't be forced to be in the situation of pretending and suffering in silence. I can't like being shouted at to 'smile, smile' for all the good people (which I did) after being beaten when I was a child. I can't look at myself in the mirror if I do that and it leads to drinking and disaster. I can't suffer it anymore. And so every Christmas, every day what do I get for all my troubles, all my efforts, all my pain, all my isolation and loneliness, all my dedication to doing the right thing, all my dedication to the idea that the buck stops with me, that the abuse stops with me, all the mental anguish of their voices in my head every spare waking moment night and day? What do I get? The only intentional harm I did anyone was to myself.

It's a most destructive insanity for supposed parents in whom everyone else believes in and supports to actually tell me, nay insist, that I put up with the abuse. That no one talking to me, being left alone, being made to live in the garden shed, that my brother and sister sneering at me, being punched, called ruddy hopeless, being slandered and defamed behind my back by my own supposed family and family friends and congregation, that all these things are perfectly acceptable for me. They actually say, 'Oh come on, come on' as if it is perfectly acceptable to just forever make me suffer; as if there is absolutely no wrong done and nothing to complain about. I've never got any credit for all the years I in fact didn't complain but suffered in silence for the good of the majority.

After those who were in an orphanage or 'home' turned 15 or 16 (whatever the case may be), they didn't have to physically see or hear or suffer the abuse of their abusers anymore. For me I cannot escape from them. Whether I see them or not, I'm reminded of them and asked about them by others. I am thought of as bad for not seeing them. even my few friends do not understand. I'm like an indentured slave who has no choice but to suffer and go on serving them through my isolation and demonization. Everyday I have to suffer this. It seems I still have no choice but to forever be used as a means. It just goes on and on, insidious. They won't change, they won't listen, they won't acknowledge. They need me to be the bad one. They infer to others that I like to cause them difficulty – that they are the great ones doing the Christian thing. Nothing could be further from the truth.

I don't know how many thousands of times I've forgiven them, not that it was ever asked for or given after any apology or guilt on their part – and not that they would acknowledge that they'd done anything for me to forgive them for. Where else could I go? and I wanted acceptance and happiness so much. They wouldn't call it 'forgiven', because they believe they have been given by the government, by the church, by Australian society a right to do whatever they sanction as being in their best interests. And my best interests can be defined however anyone they please. There's no way I can cover here, everything, in order to calculate the amount of suffering in silence, as a consequence of the forced adoption policy, I've done. I've done so much in my life demanded of and imposed on me while my heart and soul are breaking that recounting most of it would fill volumes.

A human being needs faith. Faith in family and in other people that they accept and care and love you. Faith that they stand up for you. My supposed parents never stood up for me. They taught me not to stand up for myself and literally told me 'to turn the other cheek'. 'Don't fight back' they told me. 'Jesus didn't fight back.' These illuminate but one example of what was demanded of me and what I did. I never fought back. I was just a little defenceless kid vulnerable to isolation without identity, without knowing myself; vulnerable to abuse from others and from myself. But nothing was good enough and the demands never stopped coming. No one defended me. No one said anything about all my bruises and stitches. My supposed parents never said anything after they found out a co-worker of my supposed father's had taken me (aged 14) into an empty shower block made me strip and then violated me using gushing freezing water from a hose against my naked skin while I shivered on the tiles. 'Stand up' he ordered me as the frigid force of water like cold acid burned my heart to mush. I was taught to be silent. When other young teen youth-group kids were forming boyfriends and girlfriends and having breakups and deep and meaningful conversations, I was alone, without anyone to talk to. I had a few acquaintances for smoking and sipping beer, not for conversation. It's hard to understand why I seemed to attract the kid who said 'hey we can have one of my older brother's beers, let's skip Sunday school. But I couldn't stand up for myself. I was never taught to assert myself or say 'no', no one taught me how to speak for myself and not be frightened. I'd be shouted down by supposed father or monotonically be badgered and quietly tormented into humiliation and emasculation by supposed mother if I tried. My supposed parents expressly told me not to stand up for myself. 'Don't hit back.' 'Don't say anything back.' So I never hit back, so I never said anything, frightened to do the wrong thing, and oh so wanting to be loved and a good person. I remember from as far back as my early childhood years, whenever I'd been insulted somehow by another child, my supposed mother expressly telling me to not stand up for myself. But this *multiple abuse* – i.e. (a) the initial injury from another kid, (b) my mother's betrayal and uncaring allowance of bad treatment

to her supposed son, (c) the pain, entrapment, thanklessness and injustice suffered for my own defencelessness, (d) the denial to me of some form of common justice, (e) the addition of this to the burden of existing harms and hardships already imposed directly or indirectly on me via the Australian government sanctioned forced adoption policy, (f) the constraining of me and common rights by way of unreal, damaging demands – of which my forced defencelessness is but one simple example, became a recurring standard in my life. In my life there has been the cold insidious imprisonment of having no way and no one to challenge for some support or answers or defence. How could I fight the darkness without a candle? I've had no way to ask for help for fear of disloyalty and even worsened consequences. I had no way to say stop or even recognise a lot of the evils. If I am shaken, punched, thrown and shouted down and told to 'stop being silly and difficult' when I didn't mean to do anything wrong, what would happen if me, a kid, told the police? Was that even possible? I doubt it. I've tried talking to my supposed parents for decades. Nothing ever changed. My wife and I, unable to stand the demonising of me any longer have waited for more than three and a half years for a family meeting to try and talk openly and get things sorted to get some acknowledgement of the situation and to work to a better future, and only we've got silence and straight ignoring of our simple request. This is the first time I've tried to really stand up for myself and get some resolution – and they make it go on forever. And I've got nothing but total silence on the issue, and pretty much straight out ostracism. Late last year I sent to family and the few church people for whom I have contact details, emails with attachments accruing to more than 70,000 words for each, trying to explain my situation and ask them to ask my supposed parents for a family meeting, and still no change. And now I am 44 years old. So I know that me a little kid, a teen, a twenties-something, a thirties-something could have done anything alone either.

Those – government people, my supposed parents and those silent approvers – who have taken and trampled my liberty and human rights must be made accountable for the consequences of their decisions and actions that have caused so much suffering and disutility. As a child and even as an adult, it's been like I have had fewer, and in some cases, no rights as compared with other people. I've had no rights and, or, no way to protest, no right to speak, no right to be heard, no right to question, no right to complain, no right to know and, or, be myself. I've had no right to get emotional care, no right to ancestors, and no right and a truly caring, biologically-bonded family. I've had for a period extending into decades, no right to truth about myself, no right to the foundations of who I am and where I fit in, and no right to medical history of my biological relatives. I've had no right to common respect or consideration to basic human dignity. And I still don't fit in anywhere. I've had no right to physical safety – I was thrown around, punched and shaken like a ragdoll. My rights to psychological security, and to having reasons to live, have been breached. I've endured having hope crushed, but for an insidious dangling carrot of the hope of positive acceptance vexing me. Surely a baby has the right to a future that does not consist of a twisted acceptance of being the fall guy, the blamed one, the falsely believed bad one and then be made to further suffer to help achieve the deception and evil conspiracy of others of yours being a proper family rendering him hidden, fallen between the cracks. A baby has no right to enduring a lifetime of sham. No hope comes from deliberate acts intended to crush the spirit, isolate and cause anguish, hopelessness, dejection, depression, misery and loneliness. Where was my fundamental right to challenge mistreatment – how would I know where to go and do so in such a way as to not result in my additional suffering or even worsened hardships and mental torture? My supposed parents and their church congregation are proud of their social work and of their church's counselling care centre, but I would never be able to go there. How can a newborn baby challenge anyone? How can an alcoholic, crushed, lonely, lost demonised man challenge anyone or fight for his rights? Was this an intention? So it seems I've had no rights. But, all people have rights, don't they? And, if all people have rights, then am I not human? For I am human, and thus rights of mine have been trampled and, or, withheld and, or, denied. Can you, reader, help me?

My supposed parents and those involved in my kidnapping never got to know me for me, only cast me in their imagination and to their purposes; and even I still struggle and flail for the knowing of myself. My supposed parents never got to know my life as I ever knew and know it. In accordance with justice and other basic rules of morality and human rights, all the sadly misguided people involved at all levels of the forced adoption policy, after all these decades, need to be shown how wrong they are and have been. This should be so, not so much for reasons of punishment, but first for stopping the suffering of the policy's victims (including me) and for the beginning of making positive change and amends. My supposed parents still go to church as the 'saviours', as the long suffering good doers who have done their best for me, for the betterment of society. They are seen as the good people, the goodly servants of god and I am seen as the difficult one. But all the misguided evil doers of the policy are in like ways still doing this harm and will continue to do harm without hindrance if there is no intervention. I ask you to intervene.

I was kidnapped, abducted, given no right to liberty including freedom of choice, no right to a natural, socio-genetic inheritance. I was forced to submit, and was psychologically tormented, even mentally tortured many times, and always anguished and confused, not knowing who to be, left destitute and alone, physically



injured, verbally abused etc. by my very supposed parents whom I had to support in silence and could not challenge or complain about. And they say, and they are believed by others, that they are the moral good doers. And there is no case to answer for? Indentured to them and their evil intractable attitudes harmful to me, indentured to them, the only people in the world in whom I hoped for care and love. And there is no case to answer for? And, I still deserve their ostracism and scapegoating and even worsened vulnerability and pain – because I have refused – for the last three and a half years, to play the part, to be the dancing puppet of demonization – so as to cope with the sneers and put-downs and humiliating orders and being shouted at and the enforced silence and ignoring of me. I do this not because I am ‘difficult’ or ‘nasty’ but because I need to protect myself from complete mental collapse; because I simply can’t go on? And, according to my supposed family and purveyors, benefactors and silent tacit permitters of Australia’s forced adoption system, there is no case to answer for? And they have to punish me more with ever harsher and crueller treatment? They have to deceive and abuse my wife which adds more pressure and ever-present mental torment in my daily survival?

At one senate enquiry (submission 420, [aph.gov.au/Senate/.../clac\\_ctte/mental\\_health/submissions/sub56c.pdf](http://aph.gov.au/Senate/.../clac_ctte/mental_health/submissions/sub56c.pdf)), Mrs Lily Arthur, State Secretary, and Office Coordinator Origins Incorporated, SPSA, New South Wales’s (NSW) Branch, and Ms Linda Bryant, the Queensland Coordinator of Origins Incorporated, SPSA, described those afflicted by Australia’s forced adoption system as ‘forgotten Australians’. They said, ‘The main focus of our organisation has been on the known mental health damage.our research goes back to the 1940s, when they recognised the damage to our children and the unlawful practices...such as the incarceration of mothers. During...birthing experiences women were tied down to the bed, shielding them from any eye contact with their children so they did not bond. There was the overuse of drugs to stupefy mothers and the use of carcinogenic drugs such as stilboestrol to stop them lactating. Mothers were forbidden to see their newborns and were transported away from the hospital and away from their babies while they were in a stupor. Mothers were forced to sign legal documents surrendering their children without any type of legal representation or caution about the effects of any adoption consent. After an [NSW] inquiry that we called for in 1997, hearings were held for 2½ years and in 2000 they handed down the report, where they said that the practices that were occurring in most hospitals in NSW were unlawful and unethical. [These practices operated all over Australia.] When we started doing research into the mental health issues of adoption, we found a mountain of information. Papers in medical journals etcetera about the known damage that it did not only to us, but [also] to our children. We say that since the 1960s, when the peak years of adoption were in progress, the state governments in every state in this country breached their fiduciary duty to the mothers by avoiding the statutory requirements to prevent the fraud that was occurring within the hospitals. They knowingly ignored the statutory requirements of the adoption acts by denying mothers their inalienable right to see and have unrestricted access to their children before a consent was signed. The mother legally was the sole guardian of her child until an adoption consent was taken. They were taking children from the birthing table and hiding them in the confines of the hospitals, forbidding mothers to see their children that they had given birth to. They failed to protect our best interests by depriving unmarried mothers of the same standard of care that was afforded to other mothers, those who were married. We got different treatment altogether within the hospital. They failed to protect our mental health and our emotional health. [A mother] did not even know if she was surrendering the right child. They wrongfully took possession of our children at the moment of birth and deprived us of them permanently through fraudulent means. They coerced mothers into signing consents to legalise their unlawful actions, knowing full well the potential for mental health damage that they were causing while they were doing it. I can honestly and categorically say that the state of my mental health is completely due to the unlawful practices that were committed against me. There is an awfully high suicide rate amongst male adoptees. Adoptees feel a lack of identity. They do not know who they are. They have perhaps never fitted into their adopted families. They have different personalities and abandonment and separation anxiety. Many of them have ongoing problems with relationships with the opposite sex because of abandonment issues. There has been a fair amount of abuse of adoptees by adoptive parents, both physical and sexual. Adoptees have to deal with that as well as their adoption. They have self-destructive coping mechanisms like drug and alcohol dependency. Many of the serial killers are adoptees. These adoptees have actually lost the culture of their original families as well. Julian Knight, who was the Melbourne Hoddle Street murderer, was adopted. The Strathfield murderer, who killed seven people, was adopted. There is a whole list of them. ...They give people like us generalist counsellors when we should be seen to by professional trauma psychiatrists, because they did not just cause loss and grief for people whose human rights they abused and took away; they caused major psychiatric damage, particularly in our children who, when they were separated from us at birth, were left to languish in hospital nurseries for anything up to three months without any bonding of any kind. No-one can tell me that a child that has been through those sorts of situations early in its life would not come out of it without some sort of major trauma. You have the most hideous human rights abuses committed against you and when no-one is accountable or acknowledges the mental health damage and everything else, it creates a further problem with mental health because there is no resolution to the human rights crimes and the damage. There is no resolution for you because the fact is you cannot change what has been done. These babies are in grief. They have been in their mother’s womb for

nine months, hearing her voice, knowing her smell. They are born and that act is very violent because they are not allowed to be on their mother's breast or with them. They are just taken straight from the room. They are left, usually, in a part of the nursery near where there are babies of married mothers. There are people coming and going to those babies, but these babies are isolated. Then they are taken home by strangers at about three weeks old, and the strangers do not smell right, they do not feel right, they do not sound right; they are actually traumatised. That is what has been coming out: the children have been traumatised as well. We know now that when a baby is born the first thing that should be done is to put it on its mother's breast and have its mother stroke it and talk to it to reassure it that the trauma of being born is okay and that she is still there. Our children were denied that.'

Writes Dian Welfare in ***A historical view of adoption - civil rights crimes in adoption or I will not live your lie***, (Origins Inc. NSW, <http://www.originsnsw.com/id11.html>), 'In their rapacious quest for newborns, the adoption industry rather forgot the law - in having introduced hospital practices and counselling procedures that contravened not only their own manuals of adoption practice since 1958, but also the protection clauses of the Adoption of Children Act of 1965, in their entirety. In having exploited the fertility and trust of defenceless young mothers, by systematically denying them all knowledge of their legal rights and options; by using both overt and covert methods of coercion to obtain consents; by actually promoting adoption - rather than following their legal fiduciary duty of having to warn mothers' of the potential harm such a course of action may cause them. In having introduced de-humanising labour ward procedures of violently snatching newborns from their mothers wombs during birth, at a time when still in labour, a mother was bound by stirrups, awaiting the expulsion of the placenta; by introducing policies forbidding eye contact between mother and child to prevent bonding (culminating in a violent trauma to the female psyche from which no mother is ever able to recover). In preventing lactation by the use of drugs or breast binding prior to a consent being taken; by sedating mothers postnatally with hypnotic barbiturates: by hiding babies from their own mothers therefore denying mothers free access to their own babies; by separating and transporting mothers without their babies to distant locations - all without due consultation, permission or written consent from the mother, and by taking unenforceable (and therefore invalid) consents from minors: I contend - were all violations of the law. This was adoption Australia-style. These practices constitute coercion, undue influence, duress, abduction, kidnapping, professional negligence, breach of duty of care, assault, improper consent taking, and breach of fiduciary duty both by the department of the then Child Welfare (now the Dept of Community Services) in collusion with the Department of Health - in having violated their right to be free from cruel, inhuman and degrading treatment, to be free from discrimination, free from arbitrary interference with their families, and their right to be entitled to special protection as mothers. I contend that those involved in these sadistic violations were fully aware of the potential for psychological harm inherent in adoption separation, and therefore are guilty of committing major human rights crimes, and major civil rights crimes of gigantic proportions, to which the Australian Government and their licensed adoption agencies are now fully accountable. These practices now bring into question the legal validity of possibly every adoption consent taken since protection clauses were introduced into adoption procedures in 1958, and reinforced through legislation in 1965. Based on supply and demand, the adoption of newborns, under the guise of christian morality, relied on perverting the principles of nature (or God's master plan) in treating unwed mothers as breeders, devoid of human instincts and emotions, giving rise to the diabolical concept that total strangers (guaranteed a waiting period of no longer than 12 months for a newborn), were entitled to claim an already developing foetus, or one yet to be conceived - as their own. So permanently traumatised by such unspeakable inhumanity against them, and being then accused of having given away their own babies, the young mothers themselves were unable to give voice to their horror, and those who did try to speak out during the 1960s-70s and 80s, were conveniently dismissed (silenced) by both the adoption industry and the courts themselves. Thus the public remained unaware of the workings of this wicked system until recent years. I also intend to refute the myth that adoption was ever "in the best interest of the child", by explaining how the true meaning of the term has been misrepresented with malicious intent, to be used as the key to the smooth functioning of what began as a monstrous (but illicit) social cleansing campaign that ran away with itself, and came to be seen as 'a wonderful community service' for childless couples.' Dian Welfare talks about why forced adoption occurred, and backs up my long held feelings of being used as a thing, as a means: 'By the late 1950s, having debunked the bad blood theory, through the nature v nurture debate, social workers had effectively unleashed a monster in having instigated a frenzied demand by childless couples for babies. By the mid 1960s, the media, adoption agencies and politicians had become inundated with complaints of how it was taking far too long to obtain a baby once the decision to adopt had been made. Hansard reports the problem was not that of administrative delays - there were simply not enough babies to go around. Eventually unwilling to take older children, with everyone demanding only perfect newborns with a clean slate', by the early 1960s a policy was being engineered to kill two birds with one stone - to control illegitimacy by using the babies of unwed mothers as a cure for infertility. But it meant having to promote adoption as being in the best interest of the child to meet social approval. It also relied upon disregarding all legal regulations and protection clauses

in relation to the treatment of unwed mothers in order to fill the orders placed for newborns. The promotion of adoption in light of mountains of psychiatric case studies clearly indicating the long-term detrimental effects and problems associated with adoption and maternal deprivation on the child at or soon after birth – dating back to the 1940s, all of which, having been totally ignored by the adoption industry, is a clear act of negligence (if not child abuse) and is certain indication that the interest of the child was of no more concern in the adoption equation than that of his mother. According to their own documentation, the adoption industry's main concern was the effect of infertility within marriage, with the overall success of newborn adoption being based solely upon meeting the needs of childless couples - the premise being that emotional issues pertaining to infertility could be alleviated by providing an infant young enough to be 'just as if' born to the adopting couple, not to mention the worker's own personal satisfaction of playing God (their words) by using a child as a placebo in providing a family where before one did not exist - a fact compounded in more recent years by the adoption industry seeing itself as being in 'crisis' as a result of adoptable babies being in short supply. In a less savage society it is the abandonment of babies that would be seen as the 'crisis'. Dian Welfare also talks about 'Unwed mothers as breeders, psychological abuse & and mind control, social betrayal. Realising too late that she had been a victim of the ultimate social betrayal, her shamed silence coming not from her out-of-wedlock pregnancy as is assumed, but from signing a document that surrendered her own baby to be exploited by a system that had preyed upon her vulnerable state, and offered her no option but adoption. It was that alone which resulted in a social stigma by far greater than becoming a sole parent could have ever been. Condemned by her community for her out-of wedlock pregnancy, betrayed by her own family, and deceived by an industry that promoted adoption as being in her child's best interest, society needed a scapegoat to justify the social raping of her womb during birth - and so the de-babied mother (often little more than a child herself) conveniently became: 'the sort of mother who could give away her own flesh and blood'. Simultaneously, the child in whose interest adoption was meant to be, traumatised by having been snatched from his mother's womb as if a living stillbirth, was to live with the pain in being led to believe his own mother willingly gave him away, resulting in oppression and a social rage that comes with the stigma of being labelled - an unwanted child.'

But totally unwilling to acknowledge and care for me as I became more and more impoverished in general degradation, as I advanced through my adolescence, my supposed parents actually got tougher and tougher with me – as if punishing me more and more would help. Doing whatever they wanted to me begot more punishment, cruelty and demonising. No matter how hard I tried to smile and be the good son, nothing was good enough. I am to this day trying to cope with all the consequences of forced adoption including surviving all the abuse and emotional neglect from my supposed family. But I will always be the demon, the one for whom sub-human treatment is normal and acceptable. There is nothing I can do. I have no freedom. I am a sitting duck, a patsy. They think we have to make him become what we say he is. They have to make me what they say I am at every opportunity. If I was a new member of the congregation asking for help, they'd give it. If I was a dog yelping for help people would be considered cruel if they didn't give assistance. Am I worth less than a dog? (Now this is about human beings – me and others seriously violated by Australian forced adoption practices. For too long we have been ignored and left to rot. Enough is enough. Time to compensate us now and make change through real hard work and dedication to putting things right. If not then may Australia God damn.) No more should my adoptive parents (or any purveyors of forced adoption) be allowed (at least not without public recognition) to just ignore me (us) unless I (we) play the role of the dejected loser who sits in silence scrutinised and sneered at by those who call themselves family and fellow countrymen – this is inhumane, unjust, insufferable. My life has been injured and all but completely ruined on numerous occasions by sanctioned and, or, invisible, inhumane callousness. My supposed parents can't even listen to me, their supposed son. They don't care if I say, 'Why is it okay that I had to beg you for my brother's email address and then why is it okay for my supposed brother to completely ignore every single email I sent him about my wedding? Is it because I am 'just so different'? Why is it okay that we didn't get any presents from the family even though I got married in Sumatra? Where was our reception upon our return after I nearly died twice, and you left me there? When my cousin returned from her marriage in England she got a full reception and presents and cards and speeches. Insufferable are my supposed parents denials and shout-downs and prohibition of any 'untoward' 'unacceptable' communication by me. They can't even begin to think that I, like any human, deserve common respect and a basic dignity of treatment. But they don't seem to have any trouble convincing themselves that for 44 years all they've done to me is justified, and beyond reproach. Is all I deserve (and now as a married man), just a treatment of detached arrogance, shouting, ordering, ostracism and callousness born of ignorance and stereotypical scapegoating? How can I elicit understanding in others of my lifetime of pain and sickness of it all? How, when the demonising and negative stereotyping of me conceals the government's crimes and my supposed parents crimes against me to justify their feelings of superiority and to justify their cruelty? How, when they use people's belief in the seeing-is-believing epistemology against me, when no one remembers that it is the abuse which has made me how they see me? How, when this cruelty is not just confined to the immediate family, but to family friends and members of the church congregation and

to girlfriend, wife and boyfriends of supposed sister and brother? How, when my manufactured false reputation always precedes me? The lack of recognition as me their supposed son being a human while I have to suffer their caring consideration of others that they accord them common dignity and respect of basic human rights, is insufferable. Never have my supposed parents made any attempt to listen to and understand me. They've already made up their mind before I even open my mouth.

Allowing this negligence to continue is immoral. Why should I or anyone, including the Australian government acquiesce to these shameful behavioural paradigms of abuse or give tacit approval via an inference of silence on the matter? Why should my supposed parents be allowed to intimidate me with ostracism and goading; why should they be allowed to intimidate my supposed brother and sister into demonising me too? Do not be intimidated by them and remain silent as they have me, to my recurrent near destruction at many times in my life. 1966 should have been the time, but no one intervened for me. And so again now is the time, always is the time, to give a voice and a voice that is heard and heeded on these matters. Please know I am not doing this to make trouble per se. I stand to lose more than gain. But I can't afford to give any more silent suffering and time self-destructing. 44 years of waiting; 44 years of chances for justice, care and common morality – 44 years of silence to serve my supposed parents as they have demanded of me, and what for? 44 years is a long time to wait for a cuddle and a 'sorry'. To aid the continuation of my own maltreatment for 44 years with no end in sight, is too much to expect. It's too much to tell, and expect, a little stolen boy: 'Real men don't cry. Real men don't tell tales. Come on be a real man,' as my supposed mother used to tell me countless times after being punched or demeaned – whatever the case was.

I don't think someone could give much more to people – to a family – without dying. And I've already died inside. Life became for me a matter of just survival and drowning pain. Indeed, I consider myself very lucky to be alive. Though much of the time I don't feel lucky. I've gone off the rails on drink and drugs and been in very dangerous situations and my life has been unnecessarily extremely difficult fundamentally due to the forced adoption policy and its destructive influence and consequences. It's so hard when you're smart enough to sense some of the hypocrisy and immorality, and be caring, sensitive (and have these attributes forced onto, and used against you) and being raised by immoral monsters who say and have others believe that they are the good people. What for? What do I get for all my troubles, for all my life suffering and trying to be normal against all the hardships?

I grew up washing their cars and mowing theirs and the church property lawns starting from the age of six, trying desperately to do all the things demanded of me; being shouted at, thrown, shaken, cut open; being held down with my supposed father's knee in my spine whilst he punched my legs and arms and buttocks and back, black and blue. As I got older my comparisons of myself with others grew ever stronger and ever tormenting and harder to take. Why was everyone else, including my brother and sister, never ever treated similarly? Being on the receiving end of extreme hypocrisy, when I am struggling to survive and do the right things made impossible, for over 44 years, has all but destroyed me many times. Maybe it wouldn't have been so bad if they were disposed to nurturing a bond, a common dignity and mutual respect and commonality – but they weren't. Why should I suffer any longer the destructive discrimination and dissimilarity of myself as to others in my own supposed family and in society in general?

I've suffered decades of emotional trauma. A lot of pain and vulnerability still emanates in real negative ways for me from the original nasty attitudes, held by those involved in forced adoption that gave rise to the immoral, illegal, state sanctioned policy of kidnap and consequential breaches of human rights that an unmonitored, cold, serendipitous fate brought.

In my lifetime, will there be truth? Will there be an official recognition of the gross negligence and contraventions of ethical principles, true moral philosophies, laws, religious tenets and even nature itself, including the theft of my own identity? This was intentional. And seemingly there was no heeding moral law, common law or natural biology. And I speak for all forced adoptees here. As for myself, it is not me doing the punching, the scapegoating, the inflicting of unnecessary pain, the callous uncaring, the lying, the defamation of myself or others, denying someone consideration, acknowledgement, humanity, causing ongoing suffering to a stolen person, who is used as a means to his detriment and left alone, sick and violated and vulnerable. How could I alone afford human rights lawyers and years of litigation? Where is the democracy and where are the rights and equality in which we can all supposedly share? Will there be truth and acknowledgement? What ground is there without truth and acknowledgement? Saying a true sorry always precedes real change too. Do we forget, do you contest that?

I was just a good little boy who only wanted acceptance and a proper chance at my life and not be used for others' lives and beliefs. I was a little boy trying to do everything demanded of him: turn the other cheek,

never stand up for myself just as my supposed dad shouted at me and my supposed mum monotonically nagged me to do. I lied to doctors about my bruises. I clearly remember a couple of times, my childhood doctor (circa 1971-78) asking my 'mum' to leave the examination room to ask me alone about my coverings of black bruises over my buttocks, back, thighs. 'Do you want to tell me about these bruises? Did someone do this to you? Did you just fall over, did you?' my doctor would ask. I have vague memories of just nodding and shaking my head. The strongest memory is feeling that something was wrong but being scared to tell the truth and the urge to protect my supposed family. A little boy who tried so hard to impress and do everything and anything to avoid being screamed at for any tiny indiscretion as honestly, accidentally knocking over a glass of water at the dinner table, and then getting thrown onto my bed and punched with a knee pinning me down after getting dragged to my room by my ear or dragged by the arm and literally shaken and screamed at. It was always me who had to go to my room and get a bashing, a shouting and no dessert, left alone, languishing, crying in my room. And never a sorry. Never a commitment to be concerned about bad effects. And my sister, brother and 'mum' and 'dad' would just go on eating and talking in the kitchen. These are just a few incidents in a lifetime process of demonising me, of blaming me, of unnatural, cruel treatment as normal, a 'it's all his fault' mentality. No one did anything to stop this behaviour or impede it. I clearly remember at the dinner table some years later (aged circa 9-12 years of age) my sister told me in front of everyone that 'when you die I will dance on your grave' and she said it like she really hated me and neither 'dad' nor 'mum' said a thing. If I said such a thing I would have gotten punished, but my sister just has total immunity. I remember the shock and the hot pain in my little head, wondering what did I do, what did I do? The words really hurt me, the silent acquiescence and allowance of hypocrisy hammers me. By this time I was unable to cry. There was no way I could get help. No one ever did anything to stand up for me. I protected my brother and sister i.e. at the doctor's examination room for example, so we wouldn't have to go to 'the orphanage', and they've repaid me with blame, scapegoating, defamation, ostracism etc. So even from as long ago as being a little boy, I had to reconcile a painful, unfair chasm of being punished for doing, and disallowed to do, to others as they did (and do) to me.

My life is full of memories that torment me. When I was only four or five years old, I raced a cousin who was one year older and taller than me at the beach in front of his family and my supposed family. I ran my heart out over the sand. He only just beat me. He was lauded – clapped and cheered loudly by my 'dad' and 'mum' and loudly and proudly by his father and mother. I got no recognition for the strong effort, the near victory, the courage, the contestation. No recognition for trying. No recognition at all. I felt cheated, so denied, so isolated, hurt and sad as I plonked down on the sand and sat left alone. No one said 'you did really well'. My cousin got an ice-cream 'for being the winner'. There was nothing for me. No pat on the back. Thinking back on it, it was like they thought I proved my inferiority. It was good that I'd failed. They'd have a harder job should I get confident and taste success. They just looked out to the swimmers and kept conversing. I remember feeling a growing pain in my guts. I complained where was my ice-cream and it was like I was being difficult and the source of anger, frustration and raised voices again. Were they determined to make me fulfil a role – a role which put me under them not as a child-parent situation, but as a superior-person over and inferior-person situation which proved their attitudes, their undying charity to do something for another in their best interests even then when I was aged (approx.) six; even then when I was just brought home a near newborn? It's obvious the stereotyping and demonising of me actually began before I was even born, when I was still in the womb. Surely such attitudes made the very forced adoption policy and forced adoption system possible in the first place.

'Do to others as you would have them do to you.' Would it be acceptable to you if you or your children were stolen at birth and given to cruel, heartless strangers with their best interests at heart, and they lived as separated strangers to themselves, and were demonised and endured forced unnecessary hardships for life? For a moral reality to transpire, you must first ask yourself this question and like questions and truly respond? We don't or rather, we shouldn't fabricate (un)justifiable fallacies to steal your kids at birth in a civil society, do we? Should we, Australia, even call ourselves perfectly civil? Is that hypocritical? Or would doing so be telling an untruth? How can people do these things, and then parade around as if they're the good people, while the victim is made to protect the wrongdoers with a lifetime of suffering? Deceiving me, making me defenceless, telling me half-truths, causing me psychological damage by manipulating my unknowing of myself, my knowledge of what's right, my understanding of what rights I am entitled to, my not knowing from where I came from... I don't discriminate as to what skin colour you have, or what background you come from – you need to be civil. What utilitarian teleology had these purveyors of forced adoption and discrimination and family breakups were they following? Or was it all about power and fallacious egoistic superiority and imagination? You don't do this stuff, and then call yourself family, or say your society is a civil one, do you? This is 2011, and yet the evil for me goes on and has been continuing and impacting me in various ways since 1966! My whole life has been a struggle to survive multiple and compounding injustices and unnecessary, imposed hardships. What is a democratic government for if it sanctions such horrific injustices and forsakes me

(and potentially thousands of others) to a cruel future? Why is it okay that the fundamental values of truth, honesty, respect for person and fairness (Day) seemingly do not apply to me on an ongoing basis for my entire life? If these things are not okay, then why isn't anything being done to rectify the situation? And then if it is okay for these things to be done to me, then why not for you too? Would it be okay for your children? It's relatively easy to fabricate some fallacious theoretical framework and then employ it in such a way that it serves me and my kind. Would it be okay? Why should I have to help keep society together by my unrewarded moral behaviour, while allowing others to trample all over me? Would it be okay for you? When will my day of recompense come? Is Australia floating in fantasy? What will the rest of the world say? My wife is keeping her mouth shut on this to her parents. But for how long. Word travels fast among people in Indonesia. For how long do I have to live a sham, even having to pretend to others about my very self, because I simply don't know, because it is too hard to tell people about my supposed parents, where I come from, or if I have or don't have Irish blood in me etc. etc.

It's not acceptable to actively seek and endeavour to keep me down for my whole life – shouting at me, ordering me, humiliating me, gagging me, telling me not to speak, not to say this, or do that – in front of others with such shamelessness and tacit and open all-against-one support. It appears that the entire immediate family and most of the extended family are brainwashed into believing this is normal (or are part of this normality) and not worth a thought – normal that is when it's done to me. They wouldn't concede it even after I detailed volumes in numerous anecdotes supporting such a charge. They certainly wouldn't accept like treatment for themselves. But I know they in fact treat me as a sub-human, someone less than human. They will act shocked and insulted I know. I ask would it be okay for me to keep you in a garden shed with the snails and slugs and shout at you to smile after I wake you with the garden hose. It seems no one even thinks about me and my circumstances empathetically. I say 'empathetically', because certainly concerning my supposed mum and dad, much circumstantial evidence exists for their intentional harm to me. but they are in a fantasy about themselves. It is impossible for me to stop this stereotyping, abuse and demonising of me by myself. It is so ingrained and natural to them – this misrepresentation of me as 'difficult' as someone wanting to make trouble, as someone undeserving of never being granted a hearing for 44 years – my entire life thus far. I write for some acknowledgement, some redress, some acceptance, some positive change. Will you help me?

Of course my supposed brother and sister are probably also dealing with abandonment issues and fear being shouted at. Regardless, they never got shouted at or hit or etcetera, so since their infancies it's been natural for them to believe, assisted by the parents and then tacitly or otherwise by others, that they must be okay and I must be the bad one. About all they could do was support an immoral supposed mum and dad and demonise their supposed brother. What choice did or do they have, they rely on the 'mum' and 'dad' for security and for being the only people to look to in the entire world just like me. Perhaps one day they will come to understand they were duped too and they were deceived into doing harm and into believing that their pain and loss were my fault. When will this hope for teleology out of evil end? It seems that still they can't see that I'm just being used as the fall guy, though you'd have to ask them. Still they seem to honestly believe that their actions and attitudes are warranted. Again, perhaps they have no choice, they don't have the strength to do otherwise.

No one supports me in terms of being treated fairly or stands up for me. This is such a tough reality burdening me with a sense of hopelessness and worthlessness. So lonely and hard and bitterly unwarranted, the crushing of opportunity and options. Being demonised means I could never ask for monetary help, because that would add more fuel to their stereotyping and belittling. Actually, when I aspired to being a journalist aged 29, I asked for a loan for a computer – the only time I ever asked for a loan. My mum point blankly refused. I worked washing dishes at night for a year whilst going to school fulltime until I'd paid back my then girlfriend's father every cent. (And I continued washing dishes.) The main thing was for my supposed mum was to secretly make the achieving of my ambitions as hard as possible for me. If I tried to express myself about something that I'd learned or something I might achieve, I am scoffed at or met with silence or a sigh of 'Oh dear' or a prohibitory 'alright, alright' from 'mum' and then shouted at in concordance with her demand for silence by my supposed father. Always at least two against one.

Never ending torment of believing or continually wondering if I'm the son of a whore, or that I must be a bad person, or the asking why, why me. And I'm meant to be succeeding, expected to get on with life. My supposed parents made things difficult for me and whenever I failed they made sure they showed everyone their 'achievement' by way of strengthening the 'truth' of their demonising of me by telling them. I became victim to a vicious cycle of ever increasing disaster of impoverishment and misery and having nothing to live for. All through my twenties and into my thirties wandering inner city streets in the rain, drunk and lonely, vulnerable, lost, heartbreaking and hopeless, I have almost nothing. I have no realistic hopes – except to be a musician or something, you're not really sure. There is nothing to guide you. You're guts and heart have been

ripped out. So hard when all your confidence and all your life has been swept away. There's no one to whom I can turn to get a little solace and encouragement. There's no family from which I can draw strength because no one has the courage to take on my intractable supposed mum and dad. It seems they are all against me though they would not admit it because no one is willing to empathise with me. They refuse to ponder, they can't see themselves and their actions for whom and what they are. When someone is manufactured mentally as being totally bad, when someone is supposedly so evil and nasty and inferior, then it's easy to say 'what we have done is all warranted'. For justice, for civility and for sanity, the purveyors and receivers and all those deceived into unnecessarily immoral actions concerning Australia's forcibly stolen newborn human beings must be made to see the truth of how and what they have done to me, and to us all regardless of skin colour or ensuing circumstances post removal. Responsibility must be publicly taken. The blame must be taken from me, from us, and must go to the forced adoption policy itself and to all the evil, backward, unnecessary, fallacious attitudes that became actions that went along with it all. Public education towards acknowledgement of truths would be a positive beginning in the process of real positive change.

It's not all right that my family bullies and scapegoats me, that no one in my supposed family talks to me. Family, hospital staff, religious people, church ministers, government are not apart from responsibilities to moral care required in wider democratic society, especially when the government sanctioned my theft and gave me to these people who had promised to have my best interests at heart. Is there not a case to answer for here? Would it be okay for you or your child? Would it be okay? It's not all right that whatever was done for me, was done purely out of a sense of duty, and I was made to be grateful for it. Many times I hoped it was for love but then I often realised it was only done just for a cold duty that had to be done so others would not notice the evil. It's not okay that getting me anything like a toothbrush means I pay for it by my compliance to doing whatever I'm told without caring about my feelings, my self-esteem and common human dignity. It's not okay that I am treated as a thing, as a means to others' ends; to be told lies like 'we rescued you, how dare you complain'. A child's (or anyone's) emotional wellbeing, mental and physical health should never come second to supporting selfish objectives of others and should never be sacrificed as collateral for protecting their wrongful malicious practices against that child. Still today I'm imprisoned and negatively affected by the preconceived notion others have shackled me in. I have been made to suffer the negativity that comes from others for supposedly being an 'unwanted baby'. This is a double-edged deception and cruelty. Would I have been an unwanted baby without all the government-sanctioned artifice of the adoption industry and real-world injurious attitudes bearing down on my 19 year old mother? Almost certainly not. I was abandoned, and left for a lifetime and deceived into believing and having to reconcile the bad feelings that came out of this. It wasn't true, but how could I know that? And I had to endure the discrimination and the being treated differently. People don't realise that the effects of me being treated inhumanely have become a part of me. And I don't know what's what – what's original in me and what's a result of the forced adoption industry. How can I ever be natural, content and confident within myself? How can I know? It is not my fault. Once again, I'm deceived and plundered of myself. And even though I made my supposed parents paintings, drawings, poems, handmade cards, writing, music and suffered in silence and unrecognised stoicism to the point of injuring myself, they had to make me fit their negative mental simulation of me and set out to destroy me by hook or by crook. And all my supposed mum can do is repeat her monotone glib depressed mantra to me: 'We don't know what to say. You'll just have to get on'. But how do you get on, and where do you get on to, when you're literally falling apart and you have no where to go? – invisible, unsupported, persecuted, lonely, thinking about suicide? So give me strength, give me some natural contentedness – change your attitude, change others' disgusting cruel attitudes and fight for me, for us, your Australian forcibly stolen newborn baby brothers and sisters, and change attitudes for yourselves and your own children and families that nothing like this ever happens again. Fundamental moral directives do not change over time – attitudes do! Let's think well to a better Australia. Would that be okay for you?

No one ever asks me for my point-of-view or a right-of-reply from me. They and you don't know how good, brave, wide-ranging, long-lasting and puissant my effort has been, how much of an enslaved struggle I've made to remain silent for more than four decades, knowing everyone in the immediate family blames me (and in the extended family and church friends tacitly go along with it) and talks in defamatory ways about me and in ways ignorant and blind to context or what's been done to me. It appears to me that the main overarching bond my supposed family have is their blame and demonising of me. It is like I have to suffer them all standing on my shoulders and crushing my head down with their shoes. It's like I am holding them together, and doing all the really hard work, giving them the strength – keeping the family together by having their scapegoat and yet I get nothing for it. I've given more psychologically and through that physically, than anyone in keeping the family together, and I'm treated worse than a dog. They didn't care that I was completely unsuited to work aged 20 in factories, cleaning toilets, doing lawns, washing windows for a pittance, when I had no experience of working-class ways. I was thrown out a stranger to myself and to working class ways. But I wanted to please them to be accepted to get some kind of love and affection from them. so I cleaned bricks in the mud and rain.



There was always a constant hammering of my ego as if they were experimenting with how low someone can go by trusting devious people in whom others believe are good people. I often felt I was part of an experiment, even as a child. I wondered about that. That's how it felt even as a little child!

You don't just obtain a child like a material object, and then decide it is to your convenience and benefit to blame that child for wrongs done to him by you and the likes of you. You don't blame a baby after you've stolen it, ripped it from its mother before it could even touch her. At its base, this evil stems directly from the state sanctioned forced adoptions policy.

So to save my last shreds of sanity, to fight that I don't end up without a wife and back on the streets drunk and hopeless, all I've done is walk away from the supposed family table, because of being so sick and hurt. I have waited alone with my wife for three and a half years now to be listened to, and for acknowledgment and an apology of the pain and injuries inflicted. All I did was walk away from the table, walked away from being told not to look at my brother's wife, to not sit there, to not do this, to not say that, to sit in silence...to behave in the role of the foolish, bad demon puppet. But enough was enough. My wife and I have waited for more than three years for a 'sorry'. Waited for a family meeting that my supposed mum promised by way of lip-service four or five years ago. And they have waited for my eventual demise and destruction. But the carrot of false promises dangling at the end of the stick got mouldy and fell off the string. I just want no more lies, no more false promises, no more deception, no more manipulation, no more conniving, no more denial, no more defamation of me, no more ostracism, no more demonising me, no more scapegoating me, no more shouting at me, no more psychological abuse. No more painting false, defamatory harmful pictures of me in the minds of others; no more deceiving others against me rendering me defenceless and keeping me banging my head against a brick wall. No more bullying of me. No more sneers and abusive comments about me under my supposed fellow family members' breath. No more invisible loneliness, no more invisible forsakenness. No more deceiving others about me by pretence, decontextualisations and half-truths. Just because my supposed parents visited me for only one minute to give me a can of baked beans and to tell me, 'no we won't stay for a cup of tea. We are going to lunch with your brother and sister', doesn't mean they visited' me to 'give' me 'some things, and 'see how' I am doing. They began doing these destructive visits in my thirties, because it seemed I might get a little too successful as I was struggling at working as a writer/journalist, often for 16 hour days alone for five and a half years from a tiny one room studio flat. One Christmas they brought me a box of containing things like sardines and toilet paper as a 'caring present'. They left straight away, just left the box on the floor, 'there you go mate' as if they'd done their duty, and promptly left me alone to another ten months or more of isolation and loneliness until my next birthday or whatever when again for that hour or two no one spoke to me etc. They couldn't have their scapegoat change into something that didn't fit his stereotype-straitjacket. No, these supposed visits were planned attacks with the intention of causing demoralisation, discouragement and psychological pain. Now all I've done is walk away. And I have been waiting for them for over three and a half years and not even a phone call, but ostracism and only one letter two years later putting all the guilt on to me, inferring that I am the silly, difficult one causing the difficulty even though there was not one word asking how I am I, or any acknowledgement of anything I was asking or trying to talk about. It's utterly infuriating and demoralising, and completely emasculating, and worse than humiliating suffering their blatant disregard, their blatant cruel disdain, their complete lack of acknowledgement or apology, their blatant ignoring and continuation of causing pain, their blatant hypocrisy and demonic madness of how they can justify themselves and how they deceive others. But that's probably the idea. I've tried to do everything they want at immense suffering and detriment to me – now they can't even say sorry. Ignoring what small concessions I want by asking I do something i.e. meet them on their own – 'we can't wait to see you on your own' as usual out of which absolutely nothing will change. Time and time again they've kept things all under wraps to give them time to wear me down, psychologically blackmail and manipulate me ('Why do you want to be unhappy? What would the whole family think?') and pacify me so all the blaming and scapegoating can continue without a whiff of suspicion of their manipulation and deception, and completely uncaring to the fact these such actions perpetrate more hurt and wrong on me. There is no change, and never is their change. They actively and intentionally fool me. They actually have brainwashed themselves to think nothing of keeping me in a perpetual state of deception and lack of self-esteem. They might think they are clever, but what's so painful to me, is that I know they are fooling me and getting away with it. In the past I might spend weeks just to argue one point. And then they are doing exactly the same things that I tried to talk to them about as soon as you can say 'adoption'. I've been at the end of my tether for decades. For three and a half years now, they are really proving their mettle, albeit evilly employed, of going to extraordinary lengths no matter what to not give in. I honestly believe that with their attitude as it currently is, they would not stop their denials and their maintenance of an abusive, destructive demonising of me until I'm dead and even not then, for it would be carried on as family mythology of blame and explanation. That is I say even if they knew I was suicidal on the street, it wouldn't mean jot to them if I still refused to play the role they have imposed on me. Only when I play the their abusive role for me, can I attend the occasional family get

together. Everything's fine for them then, but it destroys me from the inside to be shouted at, kept in silence, told not to talk, not to look at my brother's wife. And they expect my wife to put up with it; perhaps even hope to instigate a divorce. Circumstantial evidence suggests this. Why would my supposed mum secretly search my things to find the ring from my one another girlfriend from years ago, and then present it to my wife and tell her she can pawn it to get some money? This is so hard for me and for my wife. Why does my supposed mum insinuate that it was my wife's fault that I nearly died twice in Indonesia? My wife saved my life. they didn't even come. My wife had to ask them for one thousand dollars while I was in a coma if I was to survive, and so the doctors would start researching what was wrong with me and treat me. Why does she say in front of people over and over that my wife buys her clothes at op shops?

No one touches me. No one hugs me. No one talks to me. No one listens to me. No one tries to understand. Only my wife touches, hugs, talks and tries to understand me. And then my supposed mum designs to undermine me and take her from me? *Make kindness your religion?* It's so hard for me when others in the family ask my wife, upon our arrival in Australia and meeting her for the first time, after we got married and I nearly died twice in Indonesian hospitals, out to lunch and talks to her, and no one talks with me, but just sneers at me. Do they know what they do, or is it just so ingrained and unconscious? Such malevolent ingrained unconsciousness needs to be stopped by revealing it. In my immediate family nobody really speaks with me. My supposed brother and sister and their partners just look at me sneering a look of disgust or hollow silence, cold with unfounded contempt – and I am left feeling so hurt wondering what I, and now my wife, have ever done to deserve this, wondering what's been said without an opportunity to know or defend myself no matter how hard I try to do 'the right thing'. I've walked down a street when I came upon a cousin who did not even say hello. Another cousin (a church minister) utterly ignored me at grandpa's funeral – 'Hello,' I said but no answer came back, he just turned away. A church congregation member pinched me so hard in the guts at my mother's mother's funeral I winced and bent forwards – 'G'day maaaate'. Everyone just smiles dumbly at me including my own supposed mother. Of course no one stood up for me. No one gave me dignity. Of course I couldn't risk being seen as 'bad' by standing up for myself. Then of course my supposed mum had to organise it so the man who had humiliated me drove me to the tram stop so I could go back to my little studio one room flat alone where the phone never rang except once or twice a year when they needed me to turn up to get ignored or maltreated at another family gathering to save their face. Have you got any idea of what it is like to nearly die in Indonesia twice...and then discover the contempt and defamation has continued when you get home? My wife saved my life. They couldn't be bothered to come to Indonesia to care for me. Do you have any idea of the hardships and difficulties because no one in my family ever bothered to talk to me to see how I was going? I blindly trusted them and compartmentalised all the suffering for years. And when the suffering became too much, I drowned myself in alcohol and drugs. And then that was reason for more punishment and more demonising. I believe my reputation has been manipulated and that bad, untrue and de-contextualised information has been widely disseminated about me. I do not want to die with untruths told about me. would that be okay for you?

Upon my return from Indonesia at the one gathering organised by supposed mum so she could say ours is a good family to her church friends, I met my then brother's girlfriend (now wife) for the first time and she was sneering at me, I never met her before. Obviously bad things had been said about me. No one talked with me. I was just left sat on the sofa in my dressing gown, still so weak from nearly dying in Indonesia. 'Oh there's nothing to talk about.' And then 'Oh, oh, oh' as if its me who's making the upset. There's nothing I can do if I don't want to be embarrassed and cause a scene – still well into adulthood I am defenceless. My brother's wife (...) never spoke to me once. She had never met me before she married him. Have you got any idea what they have done to my wife and the pressure they have put on me and my wife and our relationship? Interestingly, even when I first met my now wife, she asked many times, 'Did you have an unhappy childhood?' I never said anything bad about my family. I hoped that me getting married and working as a teacher in Indonesia would somehow resolve everything and I would get a modicum of respect. But I fooled myself with fantasy for years. But then I come home and find that they've been doing their defamation and demonising, having briefed a new family member, my brother's girlfriend, soon to become wife. They don't even want to find out that I couldn't even stand up in the hospital, and then after coming out of the first and second comas I couldn't stand up from the toilet. My mum rang the consulate but not me, except once in typical style she got my two siblings together one Sunday afternoon and I could hear the sham, as no conversation passed between my hospital bed telephone and the one in my supposed family's home thousands of miles away. And I am left doubly weak. No one cares that it is me deathly weak who had to, barely able to walk, negotiate Jakarta to try and find tickets home after my second coma – to get money out of ATMs over a period of days and then for weeks look for a place that exchanges rupiah for perfect mint US dollars because no travel agent accepts anything less. I got more care and warmth of feeling from the Australian Embassy employee than I did from my own supposed family.



'Don't fight back.'

My supposed mother has even blatantly told me or made me to do such things as not interact happily with a cousin's child. I came back from teaching English in Indonesia including teaching little kids. I enjoyed teaching kids partly because it gave me an opportunity to be a kid and have fun. I really related to and worked on the fun and games aspects of teaching English. I didn't need to be told by the boss that I was possibly the most popular teacher the school had ever had. So, upon my return to Australia I found myself just starting to have fun with and coaxing a laugh from a cousin's toddler when my supposed mother found us and just gave me this snort and exhortation like a dragon with a look of complete disapproval at me to desist. And the little boy just walks away with his finger in his mouth confused, and I keep my head down to the kitchen bench with a knot of loneliness and despair growing in my stomach. My adoptive parents just can't afford to have others see a good side to me. There is no way to stand up for myself. If I just ignore their directive, the situation will be escalated by them into me being shouted at and everyone seeing me as the bad one who caused the nasty situation. If I shout back, then ditto. For more than four decades, it has seemed that the only option is to hide into myself, and thusly deny myself, at my peril for their wrongful, thankless gain, and not complain and stay impoverished on many levels – and just do what I'm told, and still remain the demonised one, the scapegoated and ruinously defamed one, anyway. My right to a liberty to simply be myself has been sacked.

My own supposed family has engaged in the defamation and destruction of reputation of someone they call son. While most of it is evidenced only by negative treatment (sneers, wide eyed staring silence) by others, a few times someone would let slip that they'd heard how I was supposed to have 'teased my sister so badly', or that 'I am so difficult'. How is it acceptable for people to go around making defamatory imputations or otherwise about someone and publicly hold those things to be true for a person's lifetime to that person's detriment, plus take social power from that as well? It is especially immoral when you call yourself a mother and an exemplar of trustworthiness, godliness and goodness when you're supposedly achieving and proving those attributes in other people's minds, via deceptive, harmful such ways as I've described. What do you think it is like to be told by your supposed mum that you're 'wanted' at a family-and-friends party, and then when you go and do the 'right thing' by going, no one even talks to you, but look down their noses at you. You can tell by their distant staring eyes and their dismissals and cold shoulders, someone or some people have told them bad things about you. And these are the people whom you're told are your church friends and family. As a kid, these are the only people you've got in the world. I find it so difficult to write this. And everyday I'm burdened and crazed – shouting to imaginary images of my supposed parents, shouting in the shower as soon as I get up, and struggling until I fall asleep at seven in the morning – 'That's right! That's right! Well?! Well?! Well?!' I feel that the whole evil of all the consequences of the forced adoption policy including my demonisation, creates an aura around me that puts me at a disadvantage with people in general.

What kind of a crime is making others believe a good person is bad, and believing bad people are good and their bad is good? What kind of a crime is making an innocent, lonely vulnerable good person bad to take the blame for another's wrongs? A hidden, invisible abuse spawned of the selfishness and blackmail of those entrusted and believed in is a most insidious abuse. The emptiness and desperation that comes from the fact that no one, no family member, no one part of the supposed familial community, no one within the church community want to care or intervene for me. They give to charities and self-promote, if not openly, then tacitly, among themselves in hubris of their care and love of God. But the reality of the forced adoption system and the reality of the cruelty dealt to me is never told and so is never acknowledged, and it has left me cold, drunk, hopeless, lonely...

The forced adoption policy has left me disadvantaged. It's hard to do well in life when all your waking time is spent without confidence in yourself, anguished over questions and not knowing whys and whats, and carrying a heavy emptiness and sadness, and all the while have others exacerbating it and ramming you and shunning you. I didn't know if I had aboriginal blood in me or Arabian blood in me. I could only look to my skin, my face. Even my white skin betrayed me. The not knowing and isolation alone were always eating me up and compounding with manifold other difficulties and hardships. I believe something very primal is missing inside me. There is deeply inside me, an emptiness, a desperate unfulfilled, sometimes unbearable need that's easily antagonised and can easily send me over the edge into silent, lonely depression and drinking, a life and death struggle against invisible dark emptiness festering and eating me inside. Why is it okay that I get a tea-towel displaying a black sheep midst all the white sheep for a Christmas present? Why is it okay that I get sardines and toilet paper for a Christmas present another year? I feel this is intentional discouragement.

In a world already of limited truth, it's important if we say we are caring and loving, that we in fact be caring

and loving, and not let the sorts of things that have happened to me to, happen at all to our best ability. That we as self-defined caring people – and as a supposedly caring, moral nation, respectful of human rights – stand against deliberate, thoughtless non-caring and injustice. The forced adoption policy and my supposed parents have deceived not just me, but my supposed brother and sister, and friends and wider family and the church congregation and wider society. They've made a mockery and travesty of the fundamental notions of fairness, the do unto others rule, and the notion of human rights, and brought fair charges of extreme hypocrisy not just to themselves but to Australia and the Australian people. It's not what you think, it's what you know, and they didn't know much. My supposed parents just thought that they could obtain a child ripped from its biological mother and native roots, and magically everything would be okay? Did they? What were they thinking? Will they speak? That because they only had to imagine it was all for the best, it would be so? That all they had to do, was to do and be who they liked because they had God's and the church's sanction, and the sanction of the government and hospital that told them by inference and directly that they were doing God's good work and a great service to me and to society? And because that's how they understood it, therefore they could do no wrong. And they still stick by and defend this after a duration of time that is approaching half a century, and it is insufferable and an absolute disgrace! It's 2011 for God's sakes. These people who made forced adoption possible have an absolute responsibility to ensure my happiness, security and wellbeing! Arguing that what they've done to me to 'save me', far outweighs any 'little wrongs' that may have been done to me along the way, is absolute nonsense. To assert tacitly or otherwise, that I am subservient to them and indebted to them, is absolutely immoral. Are they angry with me because they feel I should be more grateful to them for their good duty? How more grateful could I have been?

Never is this indebtedness a two-way though. It's all about keeping me indebted to them and never them to me. It's all about keeping me in a demonisation prison. For example, a month prior to me falling into a coma in Indonesia, I spent days in Melaka alone writing a poem for my grandma's 100<sup>th</sup> birthday. Never before had my eldest cousin (a good woman much older than me) asked me if I wanted to make a contribution. I asked the cousin a number of times how the poem reading went. Finally my supposed father sent me an email saying: 'Your poem wasn't read'. I imagined his loud arrogant bullying hubristic words to my cousin in my imagination: 'Oh no, no, it doesn't suit. We can't read that. NO.' When months later I'd survived saved by my wife and the Australian government, and returned myself to Australia, I asked him why no one could read my poem especially written for grandma, and he answered me just the way I had imagined – loudly, arrogantly, bullying and hubristically. The point here is that if they think they can get away with it, my supposed parents actively deny me any sense of giving to the family, of positively belonging, of appearing as anything that doesn't suit their demonised image of me. They intentionally do harm to me in this way (and in others). They can't have me doing anything that might boost my status. I can't be seen as a good guy. I have to stay down and allow myself to be held low in others' minds. Keeping me being a good, silent boy, 'not telling tales' means others (at church, in the family, neighbours) relied and still rely purely on their testimony about me. 'Thus by everyone judging [me] to a grossly misguided stereotype, they have undermined [my] right to self-determination, a basic value within society' (Day, p.419). I would have thought parents and government have a responsibility to forced adoptees 'to maintain a steady vigilance against stereotypical portrayals [of me] that perpetrate real world discrimination' (Day, p.419) and other hardships. I would have thought they have a 'responsibility to understand the differences between stereotypes and reality' (Day, p.419). And yet the forced adoption system kept my own supposed family (and biological parents/families) from knowing anything at all about me, my heritage, my real mum and dad, my genetic medical history. It wasn't *all creatures great and small*. Maybe it would have made a big difference to me if my supposed parents owed obligation to those entities. Sadly often people resort to stereotyping someone to make sense of something, particularly when in their deep consciences something very bad and immoral has been done. Sadly though, no one cared about what damage was being done to me by the endless piling of endless additional hardships on me which I had to endure and somehow cope with. As a child, I was unaware of the extreme damage being done to me. A child can live in the present somewhat. He doesn't understand, and can mentally compartmentalise and avoid thinking about nastiness done him. As I got older the pain and the verbal and psychological abuse and demonising increased. Ever more, I would become aware of it. So my life grew and grew in painfulness. And it was all my fault. Would this be okay for you or for your first baby?

It is true some people should never have children. Responsibility needs to be taken for the fact that no measures were ever taken to assess or to ensure the care of my overall wellbeing – that I was properly cared for and truly loved. People who can't have biological children have no experience of the attachment one feels for their own child. Were my parents properly and thoroughly assessed that they must be especially caring, child-focused people, and not hardcore, egocentric, 'illegitimate-child' attitudinally harmful, fallaciously narrow-minded zealots with no understanding of the genes of, or the hardships caused to, the child they rip away and rip-off? There should have been extra care that people unable to have their own children were well disposed to caring for a child not of their own blood. I believe, evidently, this was not done for me. It was

enough to just say you 'really wanted a baby, would certainly care for it', show proof of marriage, proof of some income and say you went to church once a week. That does not automatically mean you are a deserving couple to have children and therefore abandon the child to his fate. In terms of both deontological and teleological strands of moral philosophy, it was immoral to market babies, farm babies out to married christian strangers in Australia. The very basis for doing so was fallacious. Evidence of the time already indicated that the overall utility of stealing kids was unknown, even non-existent. This is not entirely true, some psychologists were already warning against it in the 1960s. But no one listened. And still the silent purveyors and tacit acceptors of forced adoption and demonising remain silent. It doesn't concord with Kant's categorical imperative – 'act only on that maxim through which you can, at the same time, will that it should become a universal law' – or his second formulation of not treating people as a means to an ends (no matter how much utility is thought to result) but as an ends in themselves. Teleologically speaking, stealing babies unless for the most extreme situations, does not reduce suffering but quite the opposite. Continuing pain, if things don't go as imagined, or for whatever reason(s) to protect oneself is especially immoral. Viewing me as a problem, making me a scapegoat and constantly haranguing me, to force me into something they think I should be; making impossible demands to be what they want at risk of reprisal to the victim – these things are certainly not in my best interests. Are they? Would it be okay for you? The government-sanctioned system of forced adoption instilled a wrongful, harmful belief that whatever my supposed parents did was always going to be far better than what I would have ever gotten otherwise. This helped render me vulnerable. This is immoral. Violating a person who cannot protect himself is immoral. On every level, the forced adoption policy was immoral and is immoral because for me the bad effects continue. Where's the recompense? And if there is no recompense then let Australia be forever justly sneered at and damned for its callousness and hypocrisy.

I can't simply say in a few words how much Australia's systematic forced adoption has disadvantaged me. Not only do I have to suffer the negative direct effects of being torn from my biological mother, but I have to endure the demonising of me by my own supposed family and all the things I have here described and not described, including the hardships I suffer from people sensing that 'not all is right with this guy'.

I tried so hard to be a 'good' person and to get nothing in return has done so much damage to me. No one asks, and so no one knows that I only want a caring mother and father and sister and brother, that I only want to be accepted and secure. But always dragged down and kept down. I can't be myself and my supposed parents won't even let me define myself if it doesn't fit into the constrictive role they force me into. If defining myself does not fit with this role, they won't support it or encourage it. I'm not good at sport, and don't like cleaning toilets and were never occupations I aspired to. Why did they force me into futureless jobs like cleaning toilets? They knew I liked art and writing. Don't they remember how many pictures and poems and drawings and birthday, Christmas, fathers day and mothers day cards I'd made them? far far more than anyone else in the family? So, I am trapped because they'll do the defining of me, and they shan't even have me listening to myself if it doesn't suit their programme. Especially because all the ties and knowledge of my roots were severed, I particularly needed and wanted to define myself, to be able to know myself. Other's should not be allowed to define me (or anyone else) with lies, omissions and de-contextualisations in ways which shield and blind others to their wrongs, in ways which allow them to continue their wrongs unchallenged, in ways which falsely simulate me in the minds of others, and in ways that seriously harm me. In the last couple of years, I asked my biological mother about my heritage. She said, 'Oh you've got a bit of Scottish in you, a bit of Irish, English, French. All of those, I just kind of think we're all Aussies now. And you've got quite a bit of Jew in you. And everyone laughs. 'Are you serious?' I asked. 'Yes, yes,' she answered. And I still don't know if she was joking or if she was serious. It's so hard for me when no one knows what it is like and what it has been like for me. How can I relax and laugh? People don't know what's happened to me, and that it is not my fault. When nasty attitudes turn to nasty actions and unreported crimes for fear and shame and demoralisation, surely some payment is required. If you want to turn nasty attitudes into real consequences, payment is required, isn't it? You don't get away with it for free. Why should I pay with my whole life for the wrongs? From womb to tomb – born to suffer? What did I do? Is that okay for you?

Ripped out, a baby crying, abandoned, terrified alone and lonely, treated as a thing, as a means from then until now – all of 44 years and still no end in sight. Will writing this just raise my hopes only to be swept away again? Yes I was and am used as a means to cover the invented social shame of being a childless couple then they were 28 and 33 years old – because they believed 'it was for the best'. They imagined 'the good' that would come to them, but did they truly consider me or my biological mum? Did they believe the Lord would take care of everything? That the Lord would play with me? That the Lord would cuddle me? That the Lord would replace what society, the government, the hospital staff and my supposed parents ripped away from me? Because if they ever put my fate in the hands of the Lord, then they and their Lord are culpable. No Lord helped me in all my loneliness and desolation. My biological mum said, 'Maybe I would've liked to have had you, if I had a choice. I was just young, only 19 years old who didn't know I had rights. It was like there was no

choice. It was like they brainwashed me - all the nurses and doctors and staff at the women's refuge where I was kept for months. I didn't know I even had any options.' ('Did you hold me? Was I with you for a little while?' I asked her hoping against hope, as the emptiness inside me overwhelmed me, causing a malaise inside me.) 'Nup,' she replied. 'I wasn't allowed to even see you. They held a board to shield my view of you [when I was born]. I didn't even see you.' Again hope is crushed and I feel like a thing, a sub-human thing. Would this be okay for your little baby?

Though I can't prove it, I strongly feel that my developing in the womb of a stressed mother, being ripped away from her, being kept lonely and unloved and untouched in the hospital (possibly being treated badly by hospital staff, who knows) have deeply and negatively affected me, and these effects are for life. An initial 30 day period where I could have been taken back after my supposed parents were given me, possibly added to my ill-treatment. and it seems what was started couldn't be stopped – the demonising and sub-human simulations of me – right from the start. Research has shown this period worsened the possibility of bonding with the supposed parents and the stolen baby. I believe this happened to me. And I believe there was little cuddling and bonding on the breast of my supposed mother. I cannot find photos of me being kissed and cuddled and held as a baby on my supposed mother's breast, or in my supposed father's arms. And still no hugging and togetherness today, 44 years after my birth. And is that my fault? I know not. I remember lying alone in a good bed but in a cold room, feeling like a thing, feeling not right, feeling very frightened with unreasonable authoritarian distant strange people who don't have an ounce of natural affinity with kids. There is no blood bond, no natural affection. And there is no knowing yourself or where you fit into the world. No knowing where you come from. Welcome to life! here abnormality and pain is normal: 'Be a real man. Don't cry. Real men don't complain. When you're happy, we're all happy. Smile. Smile! Ahhhhhhhh ruddy hopeless!!! Ruddy Hopeless!!!!!!' (punch, punch, punch.)

And I am expected to be happy and normal despite being a victim to multiple immoralities and hardships including but not limited to hopelessness, indignation, emasculation, teasing, kicking me when I'm down, deliberate incitement, never being heard, disregard for common dignity. A little human all alone. Slaves can have some cohesion of their group. Indigenous minorities may have some group security, but I'm invisible and all alone without group security, without society. No one hears me. No one knows me, not even myself. It's hard work to love and be enslaved to attitudes harmful to you and to shameless hypocrite authoritarian strict methodists who believe they can do no wrong and won't hear any silliness that says different. Throwing me and bashing me and slicing me open is fine. Being treated without dignity and making me to sleep in the garden shed in their backyard is par for the course, and waking me with the garden hose is what I deserve. Later in my twenties, when I was living destitute and alcoholic in a Collingwood shed next to six lanes of traffic, when the seriously alcoholic man in a waking blackout who lived in the house smashed a beer bottle over my head and stomped down the hall holding the jagged glass to my throat, when I escaped out onto the street, losing my bed and the last of my things, I couldn't go to get help. The only people I knew to go for help would have been my supposed parents, but I couldn't go to them because they would ignore me and I would be ashamed and they'd say, 'we don't know what to say, you just have to get on' – and they would use my hardships to strengthen their beliefs that they'd done all they could, that their stereotyping and demonising were valid. They would blame me. They would take satisfaction in their righteousness, that I have to pay for my sins. So lonely and alone, isolated and crushed down. Just wandering city streets drunk, blacking out in parks, sleeping sheds, not knowing if it was tomorrow or the next day. Just trying to survive the pain. Freezing in a shed that stank of mould and damp, mentally sick and physically sick. Dying inside. Broken. Only eating two dim sims a day. And never a visit, never a phone call from them. would this be okay for you or for your wife or your partner or you baby? Am I not, are we all not, one of god's creatures great and small?

Considering a person as an ends in themselves, according them common respect and dignity, and a whole lot of other morality requisites, require you to listen to how you're truthfully causing someone pain when they are telling you, and that you acknowledge it, show contrition, and strive to make changes for the better. You can't take a permanent contrariwise default position and not consider the feelings of someone for their entire lifetime, and still be able to call yourself moral, upstanding, fair. Can you? It seems some can! Am I not one of God's creatures great and small? if someone says so, surely the onus is to make it real. It is so vicious to enforce silence and expect that bullying and holding old evil nasty attitudes against me, and then pretending to everyone that I am the difficult one, that they have charitably tried to save, is perfectly acceptable. The psychological damage, the physical and emotional abuse, the stigma and victimisation has extremely disadvantaged me. All my life I've had to fight internal torment, pain, loneliness and the problems that come from the government sanctioned forced adoption policy, including the neglect and demonising of me by my supposed parents. It becomes extra hard to be normal and achieve. Such a struggle for just a little bit of self-worth and feeling of achievement, and then deliberately brought down by those who say they love you to others, but whose actions sting me with the opposite.



My problems compound and compound, and it's so hard to handle and achieve everyday things, have a say, have a go, and get along with people when you're spiralling deeper and deeper down. If already it is an impossible struggle just to get a little bit of self-esteem from your supposed parents, what hope have you? Yes parents may need to get a bit tough from time to time. But to be permanently, cruelly tough and intentionally cause harm and disadvantage and etc. are different things altogether. For sleepless nights and waking day time hours, I internalise problems, churning over and over. Sleeplessness affects me at night for some reason. Ever since I was a little kid I have had trouble getting to sleep at night, often taking hours for me to nod off no matter how tired I am.

I am a victim of systematic unlawful, immoral, unethical behaviour and treatment sanctioned by and then neglected by my own government and those only two guardians in my whole world entrusted to the care of me, in modern times, in living memory. This is 2011 and 1966 is not ancient history. But I try very hard not to let it define me, it inevitably wields a lot of unwanted influence in my life. My wife is all that keeps me going. Because I've made a stand with my supposed parents by asking and waiting for a family meeting, not a meeting with them alone where nothing ever changes, and am otherwise completely alone now, I am very vulnerable. Without my wife, I would be completely alone. Now I have type 1 diabetes, something rarely contracted by an adult (I was aged 39). Losing my wife, I feel would really be the end for me. Without support or some human contact, I think I would die. I couldn't afford a house/flat on my own for a start. What's really evil, is the idea that my supposed mum and dad with all their retirement paid, with their big house and land they bought dirt cheap in the early sixties, with all their supportive church friends and community and family, my demise would prove them right, and I doubt they'd be too sorry. I am sure they'd try hard to emote sorrow for the show, but where was the emotion of sorrow spawning concern and assistance for me when I was alive? Why won't they change for the better? Why won't they listen to me and treat me like a feeling human being? Why do they want to provoke pain? Why does my supposed mum tell me, 'Your dad and brother went to the cricket', or, 'We're going out to dinner with your brother and sister' as if I'm meant to be happy about that, when she knows I'm always left alone? 'Here's a [\$2-shop floozy] dress for your wife [that does not suit her and in which she would look ridiculous and embarrassed]. I would love to see her wearing it.' this what my supposed mum says and does. 'Can you frame this photo of your wedding; the worst photo of you, the one of you looking really stupid. Frame it, and I will pay you a few dollars and then I will put it on the wall as a comparison to the professional looking photos of your younger brother's wedding.

If they could change their attitude, they could recognise and discourage the demonising, say sorry, treat me with basic human dignity, they could stop some of my suffering imposed upon me, and then maybe I could write about my childhood in slightly nicer terms. I could talk about playing in the backyard, riding my bike. Of course it's rare for any lifetime to be black-and-white. As a little kid I played cricket with my brother and other friends of the family's. But in a few years, I'd be suffering the anguish from their ostracism of me, not knowing why they did not even talk to me anymore and were unwilling to be in my company. Having a bike, alone does not make a child happy, wanted, mentally healthy. Having a good bed and a bike don't make wrongs and immorality right. No one thinks a middle class, christian, household, the two heads of which everyone intractably believes are kind and good, has equated to 44 years of invisible suffering for me. Sadly, I can honestly say they never considered my wellbeing more important or worthy than their beliefs, their actions and their reputations. I think they never even questioned themselves, but rather just pushed on like good christian soldiers fighting the good fight, rightfully stoic in their faith, believing they were doing the right thing, and an illegitimate child was lucky he didn't get much, much worse. They pushed a mistaken 'we-know-best-attitude' based on a fallacious demonising into my adulthood and took it to hellish depths with hubris, wrongful righteousness, vengeance and un-abandoned recklessness with an astounding contempt for a human life. The worst scars I have are the ones you can't see.

Because I was perceived and defined as servile, as inferior, as a problem, as the fall guy, hard manual labour and a strict methodist work ethic would be the fix. Not that they'd stoop to, or want to be defined by such work themselves. They looked up to the christian thinkers and the university men and got excited about hymns, singing them loudly, proudly on the spur of the moment; left me alone. Left me to suffer their religious zeal and unbounded happiness in the hymns on Sunday night radio, and looked down on me as if they were god's chosen people that they had Jesus' joy and I didn't and I wasn't. I'm truly sorry I innately couldn't take part in and therefore couldn't any longer suffer their joyous pride in and go on giving admiration for things like my 'dad's great' church performance of his 'very clever funny' limerick or whatever. After decades of suffering my 'mum's' quashing and undermining me by encouraging me to give admiration to another, when none is given me, maybe it's for the best I cannot psychologically any longer take part or see them anymore.

They manipulated in me the expectation to be nice and civil. (And I believe in part this was the case with the

unmarried mothers who were made to forcibly hand over their babies.) I wanted to please and I was made embarrassed by and entrapped in that. They used that against me. To be nice and civil, to be polite, further disarmed, further exposed me, a helpless child, teen, adult. I was always trying to do the right thing to get their acceptance, but that meant I was completely vulnerable to them and later in life to others. As a child I trusted that they are right. And my supposed parents trust that they have God and government on their side, that they have governmental permission, trust and blind faith that no matter what, they will do the right thing. Of course they know best, they can do anything, as long as they are nice about it and can square it, or twist into and with their understanding of christianity. (But religion is not a moral philosophic system. More on this later.) They can do whatever they want as long as they define the situation to their benefit and no one finds out. But when I finally get up the courage and finally can start seeing things for how and what they are, when I ask them for a family meeting to reduce my pain and the injustices, they won't do a thing. They simply ignore me and ostracise me. They just say we won't have you unloading all your silliness onto us. We won't have you upsetting us. It seems the forced adoption policy has resulted in me always just being swept under the carpet. They never ever said sorry, not even for cutting my leg wide open. So hard and cruel and 'you'll just have to get on' but left alone, they never considered my feelings, or try to help when I say this or that hurts. 'Oh come on, don't be silly' my supposed mother would say, and if I said it again I would be taken as being difficult and my supposed father would start shouting at me, and possibly start punching me and shaking me if his violent temper, taken mostly and most violently out on me but on other children too (at his job), got the better of him. Whatever happened, it was always my fault. A lot of the time I didn't even know what I was supposed to have done wrong. They shout at me to smile and they wake me up with the garden hose when I'm in my bed and, I am just woken with a gushing freezing cold garden hose. When I was a little kid I was told in front of the rest of the family, that 'the family is only happy when you're happy' as if it was all my fault. Just a little kid who never had anyone to stand up for him. Both mum and dad, always two against one. Told to smile, but they never held and cuddled me, never talked with me; just demanded me to smile like I was an unfeeling, inanimate thing. It's hard for a little boy to feign happiness when he's treated as an inanimate thing. But I tried to smile, I tried to fake a smile, with my guts crying. I'm sorry I got punched because my smile wasn't real enough.

And so at the kitchen table of cold, strict, scrutinising Methodism, of scared silence, scared any minute the designated 'father' could start screaming at me because yet again I was apparently deliberately using my fork incorrectly, my supposed brother and sister learned to blame everything on me. I was a convenient thing to blame, and I believe I became the cover-up for my supposed brother and sister's lack of being held, and for their inner, unspoken difficulties due to forced adoption and being place with these people, the only guardians they have in the world. I mean here is this man who society and people believed is the intelligent moral one – yet in private family moments his face would suddenly turn bright red and he'd just start screaming, and shouting complaints about me, an uncontrolled zealot. He never stands up to my supposed mother, who moronically and monotonically nagged and teased and manipulated and controlled.

All the while the ostracism (great loneliness) hopelessness, defamation, denigrations and put downs erode me like sleepless rust and beating hail. The very loneliness and silence, its presence is ever heavy on me, reminding me. It has at times in my life rusted me psychologically, driving me down to alcoholism. It is always there. Everyday is just a struggle to get up and get something to eat. No one knows my mental anguish. No one helps. As a kid I tried to 'be brave' because I did what I was told. No where to run, no where to hide, no one to go to for help, no one to hold responsible. From conception to childhood to teen to adult, I was ever the little boy ignored, neglected, demonised, abused and lonely in a loneliness with uncertainty, guesswork, danger, betrayal, blinded, obscure even to my own self. And the worse I got, the more evidence they had to say 'he's very difficult', he did this, and didn't do that. The older I got, the more they had to make themselves right, and ever worse things became for me. My own grandma said 'maybe you've got alcoholic genes' – so insidious that no one knew anything, nor had the foggiest idea. It was just all blame and the blame created more pain and suffering in many different ways. I didn't have a clue, and still have a very limited understanding about my genes – compounding the adoption experience, and making possible a whole raft of wrongs done to me: brutalised, demoralised, teased, bullied, humiliated, hoodwinked, condescended, demeaned, denigrated, undercut, belittled, talked down to, patronised...disbelieved even when talking about his inner self.

I have said straight out to that my heart feels like it's been smashed. But that doesn't sow any seed of concern, and bears no fruit of common care and compassion within the family or few church people for whom I have email contacts. No matter how many denials, omissions and twisting of morality and reality the purveyors and benefactors of forced adoption make, I know I do and did not invent or create for myself what I have lived through, what I have survived, and what I survive every day.

Feeling connected, feeling wanted and belonging looms large as factors to one's wellbeing and happiness. Being kept lonely, falsely blamed and accused and isolated is not humane, is far from christian and goes against

human rights and moral law. It is inhuman not to say sorry, not to care for someone, to knowingly exacerbate pain and still blame him for all the wrongs and lacking, and use him to that purpose. Being denied love and happiness and friendship of family and family friends is unethical. You can't just go around telling people you are good and believe in Christianity and peace and family and kindness and then deceive them and then do wrongs to and by someone, especially a forcibly relinquished child – it is hypocritical, duplicity, immoral, even evil. The important thing to remember in this here curtailed revision is that whatever name you give it – adoption for the best interests of the child, forced adoption or kidnapping – serious harm and wrongs were done and still occur for me.

It matters not that I wasn't born today. Today we might better stand for the rights of babies, pregnant women, mothers and children – among the most vulnerable citizens. Stand against, acknowledge, compensate where necessary and apologise for forced adoption and the immense hardships people suffered as a consequence. Stand against the familial scapegoating and stereotyping and deception and confusion and suffering it resulted in – things that can end in the suicide of innocents and the loss of potential puissant contributions to society that are so snuffed. Bullying in families is still bullying and it is the worst form of bullying. We must stand against bullying and domineering and unfair authoritarianism over children and over people in general. We must stand against people entrusted with the care of children haranguing children, barraging them with unrealistic expectations, hanging on to false, harmful and fallacious beliefs and hiding behind a public face of false goodness to the detriment of a child. Such wrongs are greatly magnified when committed against you by those who biologically do not belong to you. Such a child already is on shaky ground and when you use the child's unknown origins against her or him (i.e. 'what we know is that your mother gave you away because she couldn't care for you. Perhaps your father was a bad man'). If good moral people don't stand for love for babies, truthfulness, for fairness, for care, dignity and respect for children, then such things mean others can fairly call us immoral, cruel, heartless, hypocritical.... Is this okay for you? Moreover others may fairly surmise, 'If it is okay for you to get away with doing so, then it is acceptable for me to do likewise.' Dignity and respect should have been guaranteed me, not a lifetime of the opposite. There should have been protection for me from supposed parents who stand (and seemingly still stand) for fallacious concepts and harmful outmoded attitudes and practices proven as harmful and pain-making. Without the slightest consideration of revising of the things they do, that do cause me harm, means they are putting pride, refusal to listen, greed or whatever (non-utilitarian) self-serving reason above a fellow human being, and a fellow human being whom they call son, whom they partook in the kidnapping of, and to whom and to Australia they promised care.

Hundreds of thousands of mothers and their children were given no chance to know one another ([aph.gov.au/Senate/.../clac\\_ctte/mental\\_health/submissions/sub56c.pdf](http://aph.gov.au/Senate/.../clac_ctte/mental_health/submissions/sub56c.pdf); *Overview of adoption in Australia*, <http://www.dianwellfare.com/id22.html>). As already noted from my experience, there should have been better scrutiny of prospective parents, that they were suited to loving and caring for a child not belonging biologically to them and for whom they had no knowledge of. So easily was I stolen and given to them that I hypothesise that it told them I was lucky to be given to them, and I was just a thing, deserving of less respect, deserving of being treated somewhat inferior, right from the beginning. I feel that tarnished their view of me right from the beginning. By the time they got my sister and brother, they knew a bit more of what to expect. I, the oldest sibling, was to be the guinea pig and the most conspicuous sacrificial one. I was something that had to be ever grateful to them for 'saving' me, but never them being grateful for me. They may say they are caring with me, and say they wanted children of their own, that they wanted to 'help' a child, but it seems I could not ever be anything but third best. Other than my adoptive father having a somewhat respected job (a school teacher at a private methodist school, and both my supposed mum and dad saying they were christians wanting a baby of their own – was there no other checking? They didn't experience a long pregnancy, and biological bonding, and I believe there was no feeling of me being theirs. It was like plonk! 'Here's your baby. I'm sure he'll do better with you than with his real mum.' They just handed me to them, they walked out the hospital door, put me in the car and drove me back to their house. That was it. There was and is always in me, a feeling of being a stranger in both my supposed mum's side of the family and on my supposed dad's side. That I was an ungodly child that needed stern remodelling. And they were absolutely determined to do their utmost to make me like them – to 'fix' me, to make me better. For most of my life via inference and being told directly, I believed I was truly better-off for not having any knowledge of my roots (though insidiously no proof was ever given me). But this enforced belief did a lot of damage psychologically to me. But my supposed parents still carry with them the concrete conviction of having the right on their side – that the government, the courts, the doctors sanction what they do and still sanction what they do and what was done to me right from the beginning more than 44 years ago. Do you sanction this and these attitudes and actions? It seemed to me that whenever my 'parents' and I met someone, that they were the hubristic high and mighty ones and I was the lowly, dependent one for whom they were being so charitable to save. It's felt like that right into my adulthood. But seemingly undeserving of a lot of what Christianity stood for others, I was stolen for and by those who call themselves 'christians', the self-appointed, self-defining 'good ones', who are still allowed to

remain blind to the painful reality. They have been allowed to get away with cruelty and are seen as the 'good ones'. They are part of the group of the dumb deciders of all the 'good' that slices me like razors, who helped make forced adoption possible. And I had to try to love them. As noted I made them paintings...tried to remember and practice all the rules of etiquette and politeness including turning the other cheek and not standing up for myself or fighting back. I had to rely on them. I was just a little kid, frightened and stressed, dreading having to sit in silence in the car alone with the silent angry man who was meant to be my dad. They lied to themselves and to me about me, and about my feelings. And so I'd get dragged along by the un-questionable good doers who never cuddled me. And everywhere they dragged me I'd often feel strange and alien and scrutinised, my supposed parents ready to pounce on me for the slightest indiscretion in front of anyone. Never stand up for me. It was, and is, like they consider it their job to criticise and get angry at me. Strict 'care' grounded in not knowing.

So my supposed parents, the government, the hospital and doctors and nurses and the church, institutions supposed to protect me and be responsible, entrusted that they were taking care and respecting me, gave and give me no choice in life. And even until now, no one has talked to me to see how I am. How could a little kid, a teen, a demonised adult without access to information going to go against the powers that be and upon whom I relied? Dad may strike and shout at me. Mum will humiliate and tell me not to say anything. My supposed sister and brother and their boyfriend and wife will sneer at me and defame me and take on the demonising with my supposed parents sanction. And that's what I get. And that's fine. That's it for me. That's fine. There's nothing to complain about – 'That's right!!! That's right!!! Well?! Well?! That's right!!!' I need support and they ignore me. I say after more than four decades that I need to talk, there needs to be understanding, that I can't take anymore. Yet they maintain to others that they are the ones who are so hurt, inferring that it is me who is being nasty and difficult. No one asks for my side of the story. They get to have the voice, to be heard and receive understanding. And I'm left in their garden shed, invisible. I am never heard, never given a chance. Even worse, they knowingly continue the situation to make it worse – to grind me down, and damn me should I go off the rails or worse – indeed that would make what they say true. It seems that they couldn't care less if loneliness and hopelessness kill me. I can hear my supposed father saying angrily, 'Oh rubbish!' But has he ever considered the anecdotal evidence of over four decades, and the findings on scapegoating, not to mention the rising tide of research on forced adoption?

Placed into the hands of strangers, sadists – nasty people with twisted ideas about their rights and children of unwed mothers – at least it seems when it comes to me. Inhuman people with no real love to give, my supposed mum and dad's 'love' leaves me shouted at, punched, shaken, injured, psychologically damaged, ostracised, isolated and demonised. They are people who believe they are beyond reproach while point-blank refusing to ever see their actions or me (a human being) for what they truly are. Can I go around screaming at people, throwing them around, taking babies, making them stay in a shed? Would that be okay if I did these things? Just because many people believe something is right, does not make it right. These are people who live narrow insular lives who believe they are the best for the job, believe they are god-chosen, just like Hitler or any other dictator believes with an unshakeable certainty in himself doing 'good that's for the best'. Writes Dian Welfare in *A[n] historical view of adoption - civil rights crimes in adoption or I will not live your lie* (<http://www.originsnsw.com/id11.html>) under the sub-heading, 'The adoption of children act 1965, social cleansing & what it was based on': 'Just as Hitler began his social cleansing campaign by first sterilising anyone considered to be social misfits,...so too did Australia follow a social cleansing campaign based on a yet another predicted trend coming out of the USA, (this time) to eradicate unwed mothers from society. In his highly referenced book...*Unmarried Mothers*...in 1961, Clark Vincent explains the propaganda on which the new Adoption of Children Act 1965 would become based, and how the term 'in the best interest of the child' would become the tool used to pry newborns away from their own mothers at birth to supply the demand. Vincent's book concludes (in part) with the prediction that: 'If the demand for adoptable babies continues to exceed the supply... then it is quite possible that, in the near future, unwed mothers will be "punished" by having their children taken from them right after birth.' He explains that: "A policy like this would not be executed - nor labelled explicitly as "punishment". Rather, it would be implemented by such pressures and labels as, 'scientific findings', 'the best interest of the child', 'rehabilitation of the unwed mother', and 'the stability of family and society.' Vincent had let that (socially engineered) cat out of the bag in 1961. But it took a further five years to engineer a networking arrangement between 314 various departments and agencies within NSW, to implement Vincent's predictions thus ensuring the successful functioning of their new social cleansing campaign. The peak years of the closed adoption policy (between 1967-73) proudly referred to in social work circles as the 'bumper adoption era' was to last as long as Hitler's peak reign of terror. Six years.' Having quoted this however, it's true of course, that forced adoption remained functioning in Australia for decades. and the negative, debilitating effects go on – it is 2011. And so like other narrow minded dictators who falsely believe with all their heart that they are doing wrong to do good, that their cruelty is tough love, my supposed parents are people who only surround themselves with other like-minded zealots, with other

church goers who also believe what my adoptive parents believe and say unquestioningly, burdening me with pre-supposed harmful stereotypes. So there was never anyone who had a different opinion, there was never any hope for me that someone would stand up for my wellbeing. Sadists get a lot of joy from bullying, and being cruel to a child, telling him to 'Smile!' after punching the kid for no good reason, after blaming him in front of his younger brother and sister that: 'When you're unhappy, we're all unhappy'. I believe they stole any support or mateship I might have enjoyed with my brother and sister. As noted, the same punitive and bigoted treatment was never doled out to them, at least not from my observations. They learned that I was the 'bad one' as part of their lifetimes of infantile development and socialisation. They learned from their supposed parents that it was acceptable to not converse with me and treat me as bad. And this has gone on all my life. Yet they have been deceived and missed having a better childhood too. They had to witness me being punched and treated unfairly. They were scared. They were given no other option. This sort of attitude and respect for authoritarianism and scapegoating – of them never being shouted at or treated similarly – that they were unknown to themselves, and mum and dad were their only carers – constituted their only frame of reference. After all, if the entire family seem to go along with it, then it must be true. It must be true that I am the 'bad one', the one to blame, the one whose fault it all is. And any chance to speak with anyone to get help was stolen too. 'Real men don't tell tales. Real men don't cry. No one wants to hear a man whinging. Real men don't do that. No one wants to hear your nonsense.' These things my supposed mum began saying to me when I was only a little boy.

Yes church friends, family and teachers saw I had polished leather school-shoes, but no one checked that I had love and emotional care. No one talked to me, no one checked if I was okay. The most important thing was that others saw a veneer that I wasn't going without. But where were the hugs, the cuddles, the kisses, the conversation, the laughs, the togetherness, the emotional support, the encouragement? I remember, I walked to primary school by myself not long after I started Year Prep, 1972, 5 years old. Other people might fairly say 'me too'. But the cold, revealing memory for me here is, I was always on my own, trudging up hills in rain and summer sun. I can only remember one time when I walked with my supposed sister and made it as far as a few metres together with her. The isolation and demonising were already well underway even in the mid 1970s. And seemingly no concern occupied the thoughts of the ones who call themselves mum and dad or in the ones who call themselves family-friends, or part of a supposed Christian community. As long my supposed mum and dad were okay in the eyes of others, there were no qualms in making me the one to cover their secrets, their ineptitude, their lacking in natural affection, their abuses, including their burgeoning crimes and serious problems; they being all too aware of having to protect against the possibility of some or all of it being 'revealed'. As I was saying, I remember mum one morning as usual telling me I had to be the big one to protect my little sister and brother, that it was my responsibility to be the strong one, that I should walk my little sister to primary school. I remember I was so proud I was given the task to look after her, at least in this way. But I have a clear memory of her walking slowly behind me. That was the first and last time I walked with her. I believe by the time my brother started school, I was sort of already being rubbed out of the picture so to speak. I can't remember if mum drove them to school or if they left before or after me to get to primary school. But all I remember is always walking to and from school alone without my brother and sister, not even just a few times with them. These are sad haunting memories because I wonder if I was already being scapegoated and a person already tarnished by all the shouting and shaking of me way back then. I have many memories along these lines. I don't know what or if mum used to say anything negative about me to my brother and sister from the early-childhood periods of their lives. I wouldn't be surprised. You'd have to ask them, possibly when they are under the influence of truth pills, to find out. Perhaps at that stage, nothing was ever needed to be said to them for them to get the negative message. Communication of who I was and attitudes others were to apply to me, could have been achieved via fear and parental and church behaviours to me and so on. Nevertheless, it is a given that negative communication of me would have come in part from their witnessing bad treatment and reactions of 'mum' and 'dad' to me. Insidious memories go back as far as I can remember, making me mentally unstable, sick in my guts, sick in my mind, sick to the core. I can remember being taken to the top of a steep decline at the corner (of Davis street and Holland Road) on a tricycle, and my father letting go, sending me rolling down the footpath and crashing over the nature strip and crashing toward the road. I was three or four years old. I still can't comprehend how you could take a toddler specifically there on his trike past the end of our road to the top of a steep decline in the first place and then 'accidentally' let go. Moreover, I can remember when I was very young, possibly when my sister was only months old, some times I would get into the warm double bed of 'mum' and 'dad'. Soon however, my 'dad' would carry me back to my good, cold bed and lonely, cold room, and put me down. I can remember wanting that feeling of only a few seconds of being held to go on and on. I didn't want it to stop. These are the only times I can remember being held. It is an extremely strong core feeling as much as a very strong memory – that yearning from my deepest core to be held, to feel warmth, to feel cared for, to feel something. But I got nothing of this.

How would you like it if you were stolen from your mother and complete strangers were given the authority to

do wrongs to you that they convinced themselves were utterly right? How would you like it that they make you silent and hide anything from the eyes of others who may deem their ill-treatment of you as being somewhat questionable? How would you like it they control your innate, natural independence of thought, your inborn independence of countenance, your instinctive independence of self. How would you like it that they wipe your mind of ever knowing where and how you fit in the world. They erase your mind of who your father is and what he does, and who your mother is and what she likes. You have no related uncles, aunts, cousins, brothers or sisters. Nothing. No one. No where to go even if one day you can escape. There is no escape. You are held out as being somewhat inferior and your natural inheritance of your path in life, any natural taking to a career, is annihilated. They can put you over there, make you do things against your will, against your inborn nature. They tell you your real heritage is not worth knowing. 'It's better you just get on.' They drag you along to church, something you're told is good and likable, but it's a place where you feel different, scrutinised and where some others with prejudice against 'illegitimate' children poke fun at you and treat you like you're a moron. Perhaps not all the people are prejudiced, but no one comes to your defence or asks about you from your point-of-view. No one stands against the demonising or checks for any untruths said about you. You sense that something is unjust, but have no one else to trust but the strangers you were given to, your abusers. No one knows you. You're stereotyped and made into someone that's not you. You have to suffer in silence, including suffering the ever-present torment of comparing yourself with others, everyone else who is afforded different, dignified treatment. You have to suffer the always present, yet unknowable false, assertion of friends: 'They are your real parents, they saved you.' You don't get caring consideration and respect like everyone else. No one asks if you like or want the strangers you have been enslaved to. You are forced into an injurious charade you are meant to go along with for your entire life. You have to accept being deceived and accept the deceiving of your very self. You have to do everything they tell you to without consideration of your real needs, of who you are, of any dignity. You have to feign wellbeing to protect the strangers. You have to trust that they know best. You have to do everything they demand though sometimes it is too impossible to accomplish every single little detail. So you then have to smile after being defamed, physically abused, verbally abused etc. Usually you don't even know what you have done 'wrong', and ditto, punched, thrown... You have to suffer because amazingly you can do everything they ask, when they want you to fail. So you fail anyway. Then they feel bad, so they have to do worse to cover their guilt. You have no choice but to accept that it is fine for the strangers to take their anger and frustrations out on you, and control you with deception, lies and fear of retribution of loneliness, bruises...and humiliation. Having your feelings ignored is par for the course. How would you like it? Is it fair to say, that if no one does anything to make amends, that means tacit approval of these immoralities, and anyone can do likewise to anyone else? How would you like it?

Being seen as 'illegitimate' and my theft as being 'in the best interests', helped seed a pathological belief that it's okay to give me some second-class treatment because it's necessary, even deserved, to in order to 'manage' and 'deal' with me. These are their words when it comes to me – 'manage', 'deal'. And so, in part, it came to pass that terrible, shameful treatment is seen as normal for me. Indeed, for my whole life, I have been invisible. My suffering has been invisible. My supposed family have only seen a simulation of me. There are all the other people in the world and then there is me. And no one has a chance of saying different. And the horribly biased and prejudiced attitudes enabled a false, deceptive seeing-is-believing in other people. Any little indiscretion, any time I got punched was falsely held as being empirical evidence of me being the bad one. Fear and stress was the norm, not familial love. The malaise in me, born of manipulation, shameless social controlling etc. always bubbles near the surface. Knowing what I know now, without my wife, I don't think I could survive very long. The intensity of the pain and mental torment is more than ever unbearable when she so much as goes to the shop.

It doesn't matter if it's killing you or injuring you it's got to be strictly my supposed parents' way! They will deliberately deny me consideration. I told my supposed mum for 40 minutes on the phone, it would be so very difficult for me and my wife to go to my brother's wedding after he completely ignored ours, after how hurt I am. He didn't even reply to one email. He sneers at me and has evidently told his wife-to-be awful things about me by the way she won't have anything to do with me. We went to their engagement party and they both openly scoffed at me and didn't talk to us. Even though I knew this wedding was going to be a persecution-of-me party for my 'mum' I finally gave into her nagging as usual, to do the 'right' thing, and go to the wedding. I said, "Okay, but please just put the invite in the mail." She and 'dad' immediately came around shouting outside our window with complete disregard for my wishes, as if I was a thing, not worthy of consideration – 'We here with the invitation'. It seemed a deliberate attack. My wife and I hid in our little flat, my wife crying: 'Why do they ignore you, why do they disrespect you so much, why don't they care for you?' Something literally snapped inside me that day. I didn't go to the wedding, I was simply unable psychologically to go on anymore. I had a psychological breakdown of sorts and am still trying to recover from it. I can't see them. I was never allowed a mistake, but punished for every one, and yet my supposed parents are entitled to do all this? I say I am allowed to make mistakes and not have them employed those mistakes to further my

suffering by way of demonising me and forcing me into harmful false stereotypes and to an injurious, lonely mental place where I can't seek help. Everyone is entitled to make honest mistakes, but 44 years of harmful maltreatment cannot be thought of as mistakes. Ostracism over the course of decades cannot be considered a mistake. Deliberately ignoring someone's wishes, doing something that someone has expressly said 'please don't, it will hurt me' and do the opposite to emasculate and hurt a human being cannot be considered a mistake. They have intentionally caused harm. The insanity of trying to reconcile that things done to me cannot be undone, and aren't things I am allowed to do to others, has caused me much suffering. I am not against God, I'm not against nature. I am a human being with a right to basic dignity and respect. Why aren't I treated as such?

Will the Australian government publicly assert these criminal practices of forced adoption and the immorality, crimes and pain stemming from them, are most definitely disallowable, immoral and in the past, as are the fallacious attitudes which spawned them? Know these criminal practices and attitudes most definitely still exist for me now in 2011, and in other quarters of forced adoption Australian society, as the growing mountains of forced adoption findings and testaments attest. I have a right to be free and vindicated. Such vile poison must end. Positive change should include compensation for the damage done where deemed as deserving to do so. Already 44 years (and counting) of abuse and neglect for me. Do not follow those to whom I have cried for help, and yet even after being made well aware of all the evidence of immorality and crime, still refuse to make the smallest of amends, albeit entirely in their grasp to do so. You wouldn't accept emotional abuse of an animal. How can we say we are better than animals, if we do nothing about seriously wronged fellow Australians, human beings? 'Justice is a central moral principle of society' (Day, p.395). If we may only fairly deny someone their freedom when they have transgressed against others' freedoms, what did I, a foetus, a newborn baby ever do to deserve all this abuse, pain and suffering? Will the Australian government publicly assert these criminal practices of forced adoption and the immorality, crimes and pain stemming from them, are most definitely disallowable, immoral and in the past, as are the fallacious attitudes which spawned them, because almost certainly my supposed parents will not stop the ongoing unnecessary difficulties perpetrated against me, and now my wife and unborn child who are absolutely innocent as am. For my supposed parents are just biding their time, letting the pressure of loneliness, denial, ignoring and ostracism over time break us down. No apology. Just cold isolation and the offer of acceptance only for the role-playing puppet me. Does not morality and Christian duty apply to me? Are they proud they've ignored our pain, ignored us for three and a half years? For all my life I have been stigmatised, deceived, cheated, lied to, put at risk of 'accidental' death, suicide-ality, left vulnerable to self-harm and instability – will the government care? Because it seems my supposed family – those entrusted with my 'best interests' – cannot.

Even after directly asking them and waiting for over three and a half years for a family meeting to acknowledge and work towards positive change, they've all the while very much perpetrated and hid behind an assertion that I was and am the difficult one. (I have come to know this recently by being in contact with an uncle, the only one to contact me empathetically after some years of sending emails to get others in the family to ask my supposed parents for a meeting.) And so, my supposed parents just do like they did whether I was a baby, a toddler, an infant, a teen. And, they've continued the secret bullying, teasing, emotional abuse, and carelessness on into my adulthood, and all through this recent period in which my wife and I patiently have been waiting for them to make a start to say sorry. I strongly believe, whether consciously or not, that they've tried hard to make a good man bad and lost, to protect and immunise themselves of the real wrongs and to maintain a false feeling of superiority. 44 years of maltreatment is not a mistake. After getting bashed or abused – I had to handle their haughty attitude of salvation and impromptu hymn singing as if nothing were wrong. Then they'd blame me for being unhappy. Was something genetically wrong with me because the Lord wasn't entering my spirit?

As noted, the one uncle (who has recently offered his support to me, which has been a ray of hope) said my mum is telling others that I am 'being difficult' and she 'feels so sad'. I talked with him on the phone in December 2010 and he actually agrees the treatment of me is wrong. 'I'm horrified they are still ignoring you,' he said, but at the same time admits he himself, and thus his immediate family, risks being demonised and scapegoated from 'the family' should he speak out. Only after completing the first year of a masters in communication and my emails with attachments totalling more than 70,000 words, this year finally did I get through to someone – this one uncle. So I managed to get some emotional support this last Christmas. I am very grateful to him for his support. He says he rang my supposed parents to suggest a family meeting. He said he got a response like, 'they were not very happy with me'. He said, 'please tell me, so I'll know if they aren't complete liars' and he asked me if I was told about grandma's 105<sup>th</sup> birthday. I said 'no'. He said 'I spoke to your father and eventually convinced him that he should tell you (me) and your wife of the birthday-get-together; that he had a responsibility to tell me. And your 'father' eventually agreed he would tell me.' But I swear no one in the family phoned me. No one in the family emailed me. No one in the family

invited me. No one in the family told me where Christmas lunch was being held for the last four years. My supposed mum didn't even reply to texts and calls to her mobile on Christmas day from my wife. These are not abusive or mass texts in any way. Just my wife asking 'why don't you call your son? Why don't you reply to my missed (unanswered) call?' This year I found where the family Christmas was through my uncle. I had to directly ask him where it was being held. But he did tell me. He only told me because I asked him, but I am grateful that he did tell me. In the end I couldn't go anyway because I psychologically couldn't face it if my supposed parents started with their nonsense. So it was a very hard Christmas alone again. In the end I'm not included in the family, unless I play the demonised role and deny myself. He's in a difficult situation. In a way it's easier for the family to ignore me and let me pass away unnoticed. But why should I suffer more and acquiesce to a teleological outcome for the rest of the family that they may get away with immorality, perhaps again in another form? I say that it is no utilitarian outcome to let the family remain deceived into the future, and deceiving me, my wife, my yet to be born child and themselves and letting us live in pain. This does not concord with any notion of justice. The utility is evil to begin with. What happiness comes to me and my wife, our unborn children and to the rest of the family by allowing and acquiescing to evil? No one is saying to my supposed mum and dad, 'Are your son and wife coming to Christmas lunch?' No one says to me, 'Don't worry, we'll talk to your mum and dad for you; we'll see that this gets sorted out.' The amount of ignoring is incredible, and just because I can no longer take the abuse of playing the demonised role any longer, and would like to speak up and get an apology, at least be heard. To not have a family on one's side, to fight for me, to stand beside me, support me emotionally, to provide implicit mental support, and be always there for me and concerned for my well-being, disadvantages me, and betrays their promise of everything being 'in my best interests'. How can a family call itself a family when members of that supposed family endeavour to bring me down, demonise me, demoralise me, falsely stereotype me, and in actuality could not care less about me. No matter how much they deny it, they need to confront the reality of their actions. My life is hell, fraught with worry; it is a disgrace you wouldn't want your child to suffer, for life. While now I don't have to suffer their abuse of me face-to-face, because I have removed myself from them until they can supposedly start to make amends, the suffering is intense, that they simply will go to any lengths to protect themselves. I cannot go on, their treating me like this, being unconnected, yet being further abused for refusing to cover their disconnectedness; having blamed me, marginalised me, talked about me in ways that harm me, my reputation marring and trampling opportunities in life, and dishonestly framing me as I am not. My supposed parents and the government have always meant to be protecting my basic human rights, my wellbeing but have not in ways pertaining to my forced adoption. Do nothing now and something similar could more easily happen to your grandchild. Yes my 'parents' fed, clothed and housed me, but those things don't make punching, verbal abusing, isolating me, deceiving me and etcetera, right.

Surely it is my time to speak and to be heard now. It's been more than 44 years now. Come on. I thought real mothers and fathers wanted to listen to their child, and did not want to harm their child, or use them in ways harmful to them out of spite and, or vindictiveness and, or a sociopathic drive to control and maintain status, or to hide behind their child, or to use their child to their child's detriment to promote oneself to others as something great but in truth as something less than truthful. Mothers and fathers are concerned if their child is suffering, and want to care and stop injustices done to their child, don't they? A real mother wants to make things better. Some babies may have been treated okay by their adoptive mum and dads. But not me. I was treated inhumanely. What about a family meeting? I remember my supposed mother's words: 'Sometimes you have to do things you don't want to do. Time to be a grown-up now.' Put yourself in my shoes. Imagine getting woken up with the garden hose. Not that you had any real choice, you've already done what they want by sleeping in the garden shed and they're still not happy. They wake you up with the cold garden hose. Your supposed mum puts the hose through the gap between the little wooden door and thin slatted wooden wall of the garden shed, sending gushing icy wet coldness all over your clothes, your blanket, your face, midst the snails and slugs on the bed. 'Come on, time to get up. Come on, we're not putting up with it anymore,' said my supposed mum with her moronic monotone, with the way she only speaks to me as she poked the hose through, adjusting the angle to get a good aim. What wasn't she putting up with anymore – the fact (at least in her mind) that I was still hanging on to some shred of self-respect? Did she want to completely break me? Kicking someone when they are already down by your hand, must surely be doubly immoral. Please try to grasp the seriousness of the crimes against me and what's transpired, and what mental torture, vulnerability and incapacities every day harbours for me. This was not a fun little bit of splashing. This was hardcore abuse down to someone already obviously falling down and down into hopelessness and mental illness.

What's been done to me and taken from me, have permeated my entire experience and have sabotaged and robbed me, and at times all but wrecked me. What I've been through during my 44 years cannot be removed. But people can always make positive changes. Change can be made just by people altering their attitudes and acknowledging wrongs done. Just by patting someone on the shoulder and truly listening would at least be a start. It seems so easy. And yet no such steps are ever taken. Never are the concrete barriers of wrongful,



hurtful, hardboiled attitudes cracked. And all those years I cannot get back. And the years just keep accumulating. Years of hurt. So hard to stand when so alone and broken. Certainly compensation may alleviate some of my problems. Compensation of some amount at least. But compensation cannot give me back those years, cannot give me back myself, the knowing of myself, the happiness that comes with being free to be oneself. And still no one responsible for the forced adoption and theft of myself (and the hundreds of thousands) comes forward. Still, neither my supposed mum and dad care to do a thing, and still care more for their reputation than a human life. They don't see any need to better themselves for me, for my supposed brother and sister, for the family, for the church, for the community, for Australian society or for the world in general. They are missing out on humanity and hugs and strength too. Is all you need to do, attend church once a week and apologise to, and get forgiveness from, the Lord for your sins, to go back to commit them all over again the coming week? What about saying sorry to a human? Can they even look my in the eyes and openly say sorry truthfully?

The forced adoption policy has ultimately caused an overwhelming of me with a compounding of so many factors of hardship one on top of the others, until any little problem or comment could send me over the edge into a maelstrom of mental agony, increased difficulty and increased self abuse, vulnerability, risk to life and real losses. And there are other sufferers of forced adoption, cultural destruction and immorality who have suffered more than me. I am by no means the only one who has had their life crushed and the pieces swept under the carpet. At the moment, I am probably luckier than I have ever been. Being blessed with a supportive wife has meant I can achieve more. I can have the strength to write this for example, not that she has encouraged this or my asking my parents for a family meeting. As an individual in the past, I could somehow suffer stumbling through life drunk and lonely and alone, but how can I suffer my wife's tears when my supposed father shouts at me in front of her because I asked for some more ice-cream. I hoped against hope that finally I would get some respect after getting married. I guess I fantasised that things could be somewhat normal for her, and have a supportive family in Australia. But he just shouts at me, and they ignore me, and the supposed mother starts playing demeaning tricks on her and me. How can she handle it when everyone talks to her and not one person talks to me? Seeing my treatment through her eyes and being older and wiser and thinking more clearly, I just can't take it anymore.

Most times it seems, and possibly in actuality it's true, my wife is all I have in this world. Without her, I don't know where I would be. I certainly would not be able to write this. I have done better without my supposed parents in the last three and a half years, but it has been so hard. One way or the other, it is so hard. But rather than usually living in a kind of brainwashed daze having compartmentalised a lot of the pain by drink and drugs and avoiding confronting any wrongs, and just going along numb in a kind of slow death of suffering, now after my psychological breakdown over my supposed family, every day has been a maelstrom of intense mental torture cutting like razors. Sometimes I have been really close to insanity with pain and anger and bad memories, and the shouted and monotonic words playing over and over in my mind. Now, no longer am I confronting or not confronting huge difficulties and questions lonely and alone with no one to talk to and no one to put their arm around my shoulder. Now I have to think of someone else, my wife; now I have to think about my unborn child. There is no way that my child, and there is no way that I or my supposed parents could survive should they start brainwashing my own child against me. There is no way my child should suffer being demonised also. Already my child and my little family are probably never going to have an extended family as it is. Why should we suffer anymore? The truth is that is completely become psychologically impossible to see them until they can be reasonable and treat me humanely. I cannot face their denials and shouting at me and their telling me to 'stop being silly' one more time. I cannot accept one more time one iota of intentional teasing and intentional planned harm creation like my supposed mum bringing giving my wife my only other girlfriend's gold ring that she can pawn it and get some money for it'. So you see I am in a very precipitous place. If any little thing goes a little bit wrong in my life – if something unconscionable happened to my wife, I truly don't think I could face this life. Who knows what could happen? And if something happened to my wife or to our relationship, it wouldn't automatically be my fault, and I wouldn't automatically deserve it, and I wouldn't automatically deserve all the isolation and pain I'd get from thinking about the sadistic pleasure and demonising mileage my supposed mum would enjoy by my loss! Because I cannot stand to be degraded by my supposed mum and her seemingly mindless henchman (supposed father), who simply just expect me to keep copping the sneers, injustice and cruel outcomes forever. This is criminal neglect and intentional harm. Would you wish this upon your daughter? Tell the truth.

It's impossible to clear my mind and my very countenance of the maelstroms of ruinous stuff. Everything evil forced onto me just festers and runs rampant through my mind. Even when my wife goes to work, or goes shopping, the torment starts. Only when she is with me, or I am immersed in an assignment does it subside to a sufferable level. But then when I lie in bed, it starts-up, filling my mind with torment, already tired and exhausted, yet engendering real physical responses as muscles tensing and causing stress, sleeplessness eating

me. Thoughts and powerful emotions, feelings of betrayal, bad memories, worries and vulnerable present situations and possibilities whirl over and over and soak through me. It's like my brain is shouting at me the way I was as a child with my supposed father shouting, 'Ruddy hopeless! Ruddy hopeless! Oh look he can't even butter the bread!' over and over with his really loud voice forced high in utter impatience and abhorrence of me and his concentrating on my young inabilities. He's screaming at me and about me to my supposed mum in front of my scared brother and sister. He's shouting about my supposed failings to everyone; even the neighbours can hear. This churns inside me, attacking me at any alone moment. It's there as soon as I wake. I find myself shouting it in the shower. I'm remembering being thrown for something so trivial – I can't remember most of the times what I was meant to have done wrong. I didn't mean to do anything wrong – I didn't know what I did wrong. But thrown into my room before my supposed father stormed down the hall, got my bowl of *vita-brits*, thumped back with them, made me hold the bowl and then came back to me crying on the edge of my bed and threw the pineapple slices in my bowl sending the milk splashing over my face and clothes. 'And here's your ruddy pineapple.' Again, I'd have to suffer the injustice of being demoralised and belittled in front of my silent, scared younger sister and brother, and endure the fact that such things never got doled out to them or anyone else in the whole family and congregation. Then I'd be ordered into the car crying in the front seat with him angrily driving, nothing to say. And my younger brother and sister sat in the back, silent, scared, having no where to go but to demonise me and stick-together against me, as the angry man drove us to secondary school and to his job, both one and the same place. I was already 15 and should have been getting stronger and more confident. They shouted at me to be a man. I felt it was impossible to be anything much. And so we'd go to the christian private secondary school where my supposed father was a teacher. He'd shout at kids all day, just screaming in all his lessons. I literally used to cringe. Students called him 'fobbsy' or fob (fucking old bastard/ fucking old big balls). They didn't have such bad names for any of the other teachers. In my early years at the school, I'd have to wait for him after school while older boys threw darts and billiard balls at me because I was fob's son. I wanted to tell them I was not his son, but what then; maybe that was worse. Then he'd drive me home silent, frustrated, up-tight. I'd always have a huge steel ball in my guts. Never, never did he stand up for me to my mum, to other boys, to my brother or sister. I am completely vulnerable. As noted, my supposed sister, already sneering at me and apparently already despising me, aged seven, would say at the dinner table in front of everyone: 'I will dance on your grave, I will be so happy when you're dead.' My supposed mum and dad remained in tacit silence to my utter despondency. They wouldn't castigate my sister. I was made defenceless and helpless. In isolation, away from the eyes of outsiders and the insiders, each thing that occurred to me could be passed off as insignificant – 'Come on, come on, real men don't cry, real men don't' complain, real men just get on. You'll just have to get on.' In my early teens, I began to suffer, if not understand, and intensifying of the compounding of negatives and nastiness in my life; a constant barrage of cruelty and loneliness of experience. How strong I am. Without such strength I would not be weak. I would be dead. How big an effort it has been for me, just to be able to say, I am still alive. Perhaps this great effort would have made me a millionaire in another life. For never have I gotten an apology, never a cuddle, never listening and everything is just compounded, compounded. Compounding the mental anguish and real world isolation, stereotyping and disadvantage. How can someone get on with life when you're forsaken, when it is such a monumental task just to deal with all the pain, just to deal with acting normal, just to get up hung-over from yesterday's efforts. When the moronic words of my supposed mum, replay over and over, 'Oh we don't know what to say, you'll just have to get on.' You'll just have to get on. But where? But how? How dare they mindlessly, unquestioningly blame any inabilities I've sustained on me! I write this for all the dead and living victims of familial and state-sanctioned/ignored bullying and blame.

I write this because I don't have a choice to get some redress via my supposed family. They just ignore me, and the loneliness rips me apart everyday. And still this just adds to the compounding of hardships. I honestly believe they keep me alone and apart and 'different' deliberately. I often wonder if they'd care for me or my wife or child if I died. To me, it's sociopathically, even psychopathically perverse that 'my mum' can say so coldly about one of the child suicides at their church, as if he deserved it: 'Oh he was listening to demonic music and saying silly talk to his mum. She couldn't even understand him. He was taking drugs and doing stupid things with the wrong crowd. If he had to be silly, then what can you do?' So I wonder. So I write this in the hope that the lies about me do not become a perceived, though seriously wrongful and harmful truth forever implanted in the minds of future generations. The dead can't defend themselves or their loved ones against false mental simulations (of themselves) that bear disadvantage for their memories or for their loved ones. This is a main fear of mine, and a serious immoral act utterly devoid of any lawful utility. And as regards my asking my family and the few church people for whom I have email addresses for help, they betrayed my and my wife's suffering, belittled the charges against them, and the charges against those who allowed my forced adoption and abuse of perpetuity. They further degraded me by never replying, or undermined me and only said they are good people, 'I won't say anything to them', blamed me, said I was difficult, or solicited online chat about me using only very narrow half truths and ignoring the vast evidence to prop up their

bigoted nasty position and attitude. I have heard all you have to do is ask for help, and people will want to help. But this seemingly is not true, at least not with my family and their church friends. Even my own supposed godmother said she didn't want to get emails from me. No, they betrayed my requests for consideration – to simply acknowledge, apologise and work together for positive change for the better of everyone; that we can all speak freely and consider one another without fear; that we can learn to laugh and empathise and get to know one another. But no. How do they think I am meant to feel? Is their arrogance and self-inflated sense of themselves and of what has been done so twisted that they can't even imagine me speaking out? Who do they think they are and who do they think I am? The forced adoption policy has resulted in me and my wife and my unborn child being kind of orphaned and rootless, two things the forced adoption policy promised I would be prevented from suffering – 'for my best interests'. It wreaks havoc in me and on me, and I hate to think that those who say they love me, those who promised me my best interests were taken care of, that those who say they are my mum and dad set out to fool me, abuse my trust, deceive me, pull the wool over my eyes, cause a whole lot of pain and trauma and then neglect and betray me and run away and hide behind my demonisation and scapegoating. 'You'll just have to move on' necessitates a joint effort of commitment in this case. This is not something that can just be forgotten, like moving on from losing your job. This stuff is about people's very lives and souls and liberty and human rights and justice. There is no where else to go. I will stay on people's souls, liberty, human rights, justice! Would it be okay for you that your child had done to them, what has been done to me? Do nothing and someone down the track may fairly say if it was okay for them, it is okay for your child's child for whatever trumped-up, fallaciously ethically egoistic reason. To 'move on' necessitates breaking the wheel of nasty attitudes which manifest terrible treatment, if we are to truly move on. As it stands 'move on' means do more wrong, arrogantly, selfishly make no change, makes it worse; add to the suffering, continues the isolation and just creates and continues both more of the same problems and even more new ones. For example they just expect my wife to accept their disregard of me like there's nothing wrong at all. But my wife isn't from white Australia, she got to know me outside white Australia, got to know me and not false simulations; she can't understand it, won't accept it, can't accept it, finds it abusive to her and to me. It adds more burdens which are expressed in my wife's inconsolable misery, her face crumpled in tears, completely due to the maltreatment of me by those who were entrusted to me and promised they had my best interests at heart. To her it is nothing less than deceptive and abusive. What can I say when without a loving family in Australia she cries, 'No one replied you. Everyone ignored you. They injure us. No one feel sorry. No one feel concern. Everything we try, nothing works. It's just so difficult. I come here from Indonesia. And I have no family here. No one, only you. Why? Why? Why they treat you so badly? Reason after reason – your sister has to ride her bike, your brother is too busy. Obstacle after obstacle. Why can't your family meet us to work things out? They do nothing to help. Year after year. Your sister doesn't even answer your emails. Your brother never answers one email – he didn't even email us about our marriage. No one give your brother's new email. No one give your sister's phone number. No one give you other people's email. We ask and ask. Year after year this evil hanging over our heads. They call themselves family but no one care of us. No one care of you. We have to live like this. No family. They can't even try to see us as a family. My husband can't sleep, can't be normal like other people. We suffer. Your own dad shout at you for nothing. Your mum just deny and speak rubbish. Everyone say hi to me and never talk to my husband. Always an excuse. What about us? What about us?' Know my darling pregnant wife from Indonesia is here alone should something happen to me. They give her no choice, no consideration. No consideration but for themselves. They impose on her the expectation that she has to be like me, accept their prejudice and harmful actions. She can't ask them for help, or expect any support. Why would she want to stoop to them after what they have done, and how they have treated me, and her? They deny her the dignity of family, and dignity or respecting her, if they disrespect me right in front of her. They expect they can and then expect her on their side. They expect they can belittle me and turn my wife off me. They give my wife no choice but to suffer the ignoring of me, the demonising of me, the sneering at me, the ordering of me, the shouting at me. And there is nothing to complain about? And it is me being difficult? And they can sleep at night believing their treatment and attitude are perfectly acceptable? It's only lucky for me, my wife stood beside me and saw through the nastiness. Luckily she believed it was them and not me. Or otherwise...? And yet I have to live with the idea that one day she might be broken by the enforced isolation, the demonising of her husband, and she might leave. It is so lonely and unnatural for her to have no family around her. She's going through her entire pregnancy alone, but for me – no baby shower, no family care.

I can honestly say that I have suffered in manifold ways due to the forced adoption policy and all that it has allowed to consequently happen to me. I reiterate that holding an attitude is not illegal or immoral per se, but when it turns into real-world actions that cause pain and suffering, lies, deceit, injustice, constraints, criminal acts, broken human rights, immorality, then those acts need to be stopped and the victims redressed.

I am not a servile person, beneath common considerations. It is supreme conceit that enables my supposed parents to decide what's falsely 'right' under the names of compassion, righteousness, and what's 'for the

best'. This policy gave others the 'right' to mislead me (and others), and to be 'cared' for by people who believed immoral acts (ie stealing babies to give to married christian couples). This was acceptable and right and justified (albeit fallaciously) from the very outset, even as I was a foetus in the womb. But no matter what spin is put on it, fundamentally my theft was founded on evil ideas justified, just as Nazi horrors were justified against those collectively described and demonised as 'Jews'. There was a false nasty us and them mentality seemingly officially sanctioned from the very beginning when I was a foetus in the womb. It is, in part, like this for all the stolen peoples. These attitudes were not my invention. Do they honestly, though gravely mistakenly, believe they were, or are or have given their all to the holy job of cleaning-up society and doing the right thing? And then if things seemed post-adoption to be not going exactly to plan, did that help pave the way to me being treated as less than an animal in order to have their 'Jew'? I believe they needed a scapegoat, a reason to give them and their actions meaning and or a cover-up, that they didn't do anything wrong, that they were the christian soldiers leading onwards to the new world that they were socially engineering. Sadly and ironically, when faced with the reality, it became one of the 'saved' that had to be 'sacrificed' to divert attention from their evil goodness. Still, today the tricksters are allowed to feel and seem to be superior. Still, today they are uncompromisingly inhumane when it comes to me. These people that describe themselves and in who others believe as good, have spent my entire lifetime doing wrongs to me that they deny, lie about, keep secret or say are good. It was very much a prejudiced, bigoted, fallacious and conceited vision right from the beginning. It had to follow that the real world outcomes in some instances would turn out as being as bad and far worse to boot. For example the forced adoption system put me in a position where I had no choice but to forgive the abusers who I had to trust as mum and dad, so they could do it again and keep me in a perpetual state of enslavement, knowing no better about deception and manipulation. The forced adoption system ultimately manipulated and trashed my trusts and hopes. All those who serviced and 'profited' from the evil Australian 'adoption system', held attitudes which caused and drove criminality and led to seriously disadvantaging children and destroyed people's lives. What kind of life is this, that I am expected to be grateful and 'smile'?

Being disallowed in my supposed family to feel good about myself has left me devoid of self-efficacy, confidence, feeling good, strong and self-supported. There was always the tacit inference and the gruff, grumpy irascible, grumbling of discouragement that my studying painting would amount to nothing. Ditto when I performed and played music. They never came to one performance of mine despite me inviting them and giving them concert flyers. When I began writing for magazines aged 31 that prompted previously unheard of visits from my supposed parents so they could give me discouragement presents of backed benches and toilet paper as already described, even though my supposed mum bought the magazines carrying my work, not wanting to risk accusations of neglect and uncaring. Yet I did everything they demanded of me until my brother's wedding. They never came to one special thing of mine and this was very destabilising and compounded to the my psychological abuse and to my already existent loneliness. To me it is scary how a family and a whole community did not say anything, never questioned, but just blindly accepted the bullshit. Circa early-mid 1970s, I clearly remember saying to my Gran (my mum's mum) while pointing at all the bruises on my legs extending below my little shorts, 'This is not good Gran.' Needless to say, this did not result in any change of behaviour in my supposed dad or mum. They apparently didn't, and still don't care if I'm left weak and an easy target and a piece of detritus in the street. Indeed, I contend that they actually nurture and intend such things, that they used, and use such things as a weapon against me so I keep quiet, unable to query them, or expose their immoralities. How could it be not so, when what I describe is true? I am not shouting at them except when driven to madness begging their understanding that they desist. It is immoral that they use these instances against me. In actuality, it doesn't matter how I ask them for understanding. So know it was not me punching them or demonising them or a little child stolen and abused, for 44 years. I only wrestled and fought anguishing alone with what they have done, and what the forced adoption policy ultimately wrought, wondering who I am, and why what was done to me for too many nights and days to count – only 44 years worth and continuing. Is this fair? I should bet you wouldn't want this to happen to your son.

Legally and morally, serious wrongs have been committed against me. And grasping at fallacious straws, blaming an abused, victimised human being for evils he's suffered on unfounded and erroneous concepts and attitudes, such as me 'being difficult' is beyond the pale. There have been gross breaches of trust and responsibility. Behaviour that impairs the health and life of another is criminal behaviour and it is still criminal no matter how good you are at hiding it, and denying it, and no matter how many people mindlessly, without research, support you and your ends. To these extents among others, my brother and sister have been deceived. They and others have been led to believe something else, other than truths, altogether. They have been made into scapegoating, demonising people. They have been duped out of being able to stand up or think clearly on these matters for themselves. They have been duped out of having a loving, supportive brother. God knows I wanted to be.

I believe my supposed brother and sister have been so psychologically and socially twisted they honestly believe it is my fault that dad bruised me, slashed my leg open; and my supposed parents ignore me. These crimes and immoralities not only involve immediate family, but extended family, family-friends, congregation and even the wider community to varying extents of denial and ignoring and with regards some active participation in scapegoating. The mass holding of harmful, wrongful mental simulations of one victim (or many victims) and turning one's back when asked for help, or otherwise, it is entirely in one's grasp to help, are immoral actions. Simply swallowing hogwash without question out of moral laziness, helping spread nasty, wrongful, half-truthful information about someone, pinching and teasing someone for fallacious reasons, remaining silent and never standing up for someone's rights when entirely in one's grasp to do so, are immoral actions. And my supposed mum and dad, their wrongs, and the wrongs committed against me by the forced adoption policy and market-in-children also deceived others, as my godmother who (I believe) truthfully believed she was doing good, and took me to the royal Melbourne show when I was a child, yet not knowing (or ignoring) the wrongs being committed against me, could therefore never give me, and was thus deceived into believing I was being given, a primal contentment, happiness and advantage in life. These actions and omissions are immoral. Having said this, despite my Gran and godmother's hearts being in the right place, they never intervened to quell the abuse, which was evident in my childhood bruises and was evident as a teen and adult in my depression and my living in the garden shed for example, even if much of my abuse was admittedly cunningly kept arcane. Being aware that I am far from perfect, I don't deny people the right to make honest mistakes. However as noted, to knowingly perpetrate evils are not mistakes. False, mistaken mental simulations, and, or ways of thinking – classifying people, holding them prisoners to false ideas that tie them, bind them invisibly but with real, sometimes dire consequences – limit people, and force them into suffering. This is immoral.

It is no way to spend a childhood tense, stressed and perpetually in a hopeless situation of trying to do all that is demanded of you, and yet be scared at any moment, for any little reason you're going to do the 'wrong' thing and suffer a tirade of shouting and punching. And then on top of this you're going to suffer the wrongful, mistaken, silent castigation and blame of the family of that abuse plus get the blame for the family's sadness and ineptitude in the parents for creating a happy, kind, nurturing family. You don't blame a little kid, as if it is all his fault!

Just because the systematic kidnapping of newborn babies from their real mother, from their real roots was based on discrimination, bigotry and fallacy did not mean that those who called themselves mummy and daddy automatically were given a right to victimise and impose a continuation for a lifetime those wrong ideas on an innocent child born to an unwed mother. 'If we are to enter into agreements with others...we must be able to trust one another to keep those agreements, even if it is not in our self-interest to do so' (Day, p.24). Did they even think about the ethics of what they were doing? It seems not one person in my 44 years has ever talked to them about their attitude and behaviour. They said they were helping and giving me a better chance, yet even today they perpetrate and worsen my pain. For example, they completely ignore my and my wife's requests for a family meeting to seek an apology, and foster understanding and common consideration. They use my demoralisation to their needs. They keep me weak, unload all the guilt and shame onto me, demonise me, and imprison me by way of holding and spreading in others, false mental concepts of me.

Figuring what compensation is owed me, if anything, for a lifetime of lost opportunities through psychological damages, destruction of self-esteem, forcing me to be something I am not, not knowing myself, having no confidence, being lost, and all the difficulties would be a daunting task of quantitative and qualitative inquiry. What's easier to understand is knowingly continuing to limit my choice, my chance for a happy life, further injuring me by blaming the already injurious situation on me and then doling out extra punitive treatment, is immoral in a number of ways. Despite asking them to listen and displaying various signs to them of desperate stress and real need for a family meeting, it appears they are actually determined to perpetuate this evil immorality until I break, even at nothing less than my life as noted. I have a right to life as anybody else. But for my supposed parents, given me because of the forced adoption system, it is permanently okay to ignore me, and hold me in their minds and the minds of others, as someone for whom normal rules of human decency don't apply. This is part of my reality! 'A society [and family] that does not allow [some freedom of choice] is morally impoverished' (Day, p.29). Trampling, defaming, deceiving my character limits my choices, limits my freedom and is unfair and immoral.

Inequitable treatment is un-Australian. It is threat by intimidation when for example without hesitation my supposed father psychologically threatens me by saying, 'The family will always remember that you didn't go to your brother's wedding. You have to come. You don't want everyone in the family to forever say, 'Oh you didn't even go to your brother's wedding'. He knows full well my brother, with impunity and aided secrecy,

utterly ignored my wedding despite me hassling mum for his email address and sending him many emails. This sort of psychological blackmailing and inequity is rightfully infuriating and deliberately meant to cause fear, helplessness, hopelessness, degradation, loneliness, denial of myself and extract the wanted upset response without care for common dignity of another human being. They wear me down and crush me. And yet I have utterly no way to get a proper decency of treatment and a commonly ethical friendly interaction, let alone protest.

To better avoid being punched, shaken...thrown as a child, and then shouted at and emasculated, undercut, belittled, ignored, silenced, patronised into adulthood, I must remain silent and not myself. Of course my supposed parents want me to be a part of the family, as long as I remain a non-person, silent and easily manipulated to be used as a means and alienated, singled out and thought of as the bad one, the one whose fault it all is. I tried and I tried. But I am not a machine. And it is too much to bear. For decades I abused myself and didn't even realise. How could I be a non-person – a robot without feelings? Fatal error. This does not compute. And this imposition and constraint was a constant every single day. And it still goes on for me. a constant overbearing – every day pressure. Every day an interrogation, constant scrutiny and paranoia of and in myself. And the scrutiny became for my siblings, a silent fear of me that I would be the cause of an upset of 'dad' screaming at me together with 'mum's' moronic whining at me. It only 'confirmed' my bad 'difference'. It confirmed I was the one to blame in my brother and sister's mind and reinforced it in the minds of my supposed mum and dad. Any convenience taken to their nasty purposes would be taken and waved like a flag of proof. The myth of the supposedly difficult boy would grow each year stronger and stronger, and more complex in falsity and deception of me and themselves. It is like they've got themselves onto a track they have to continue along no matter the consequences for me. I've seen convicted murderers on television with a family waiting and fighting for them. What have I done so wrong to not have this?

Being seen to be doing good while deceptively defending themselves matters more than me. As long as I performed for them like a dancing monkey – as long as they could keep me stupid and unknown to myself, keep me dumb to basic human rights, the idea of common human dignity, freedom of thought, freedom to be myself, keep me trying for the carrot, keep me not comparing myself with others, keep me wanting acceptance, keep me down – that is all that matters. They don't really care and yet I've spent decades yearning for and earning their love and trying to get it out of cold stone. Even if someone had told me not to expect something from people who can't give it, I doubt that would have stopped me needing it. So all my life I've been suffering the fallout of the forced adoption itself and then the pains and ill-effects of my supposed parents' lying denials, and defamation of me by way of half truths, decontextualisation and omissions of information – and keeping me separate, keeping me unable to talk to anyone, keeping my brother and sister separate from me. They can't even say sorry? A little boy covered in bruises all over his legs, back and bottom, and no one said anything to them? But apparently there's nothing to worry about? There's no reason to say sorry? Nothing at all? Poor 'mum' and 'dad' who had so much difficulty trying to better me, christianise me, show me the right way, the way of the Lord – and look how he turned out – 'so difficult, so angry'.

I wanted to please my supposed parents so much, and do what I was told. I never asked why I had to wear all the hand-me-downs. But why is it okay when my supposed brother knocks over a glass of water and doesn't get shouted at or punched and kept in his room isolated? He never got hand-me-downs. My supposed father always just screamed, 'Don't compare! Don't compare!' when I was 18 years old and had a beer at my mates place, upon my return 'home' my father began absolutely screaming at me in an extended interrogation lasting hours: 'Did you drink beer? Did you drink beer. Five or so years later when my younger brother was the same age, he was allowed to keep alcoholic drinks in the family refrigerator! He never got hand-me-downs and his wishes and his self was respected. I was kept in a low-psychological place. Whether I just didn't fit in, or to what extent it was engineered, I was made to feel and be inferior in that I was described as the one who 'is different'. I was held up in the radar. And any struggle for a scrap of self-dignity would usually result in me being shouted at or 'mum' humiliating me and the negative stereotype of me being strengthened.

Never did my father or mother stand up for me one against the other – it seemed both mum and dad are against me, each supporting the other in opposition to and hyper-critical of me. It appears there was little or no natural protectiveness of me in my supposed parents, and this made me very vulnerable and in the end helpless and overcome with pain and hardships.

They distorted religion to become a weapon, a tool by telling me I have to forgive everything. There are many victims of distorted socio-religion weapons in this stolen generations era which still exist in people's lives today. And so I did forgive everything to my degradation and self-denial and near destruction. I believe they use religion as a shield in that others at the church and elsewhere automatically give to them a holiness and are unwilling to believe they would ever do anything contrary to christianity. 'Jesus always forgave. Jesus never

cried. Try to be more like Jesus,' my mother would tell me, just a little boy. A sense of worthlessness, servility, being less than human grew in me over time, and in part came from the knowledge that the attitudes and deeds given me are not acceptable for others. It seemed the whole family, the whole congregation looked down on me – so I am constantly in upheaval inside and this wrought so much damage to me. Did anyone care about my psychological state? Discontented and sad, it is little wonder that a violated person struggles just to get out of bed, let alone can contribute something great to society and prosper. As I grew up I had more and more to contend and suffer. Hard things for everyone else become insidiously harder to achieve for the violated and demonised. It's so hard for me when other people tell you not to do something they don't like, and I have to desist. And yet I had no way and no power by way of my 'parents' endowing me with self-dignity, confidence, rights etc to ever ask them or anyone else to desist doing something that hurts me. I just had to stay silent and be 'a man'. Regardless I would still get punched, shouted at and put down or suffer something designed to debase me for seemingly no reason at all on occasions. And being demonised and suffering when I felt that I did everything they demanded really cut me.

Because of the truly evil forced adoption policy, I have suffered needlessly throughout my life, drunk, distraught, abandoned to various states of mental anguish; left lonely, defenceless, unable, unknowing how to get help, deceived and maltreated. Invisibly white. The policy in combination with my 'parents' treatment – parents given me because of the forced adoption policy – has left me vulnerable and unable to protect myself. I believe it has nearly killed me on a number of occasions. I hypothesise from a 1960s Australian forced adopted person's point-of-view that this policy has meant Australia has lost opportunities for what otherwise talented and intelligent people could have given, were it not for this policy, and babies could have remained with their biological mothers and relatives. Words alone cannot make you experience the harsh, painful, tormenting realities I have endured over real time. Babies don't have the option of being conceived. Even in the harsh spartan conditions of a 1960s unwed-mothers home, a little developing baby hopes for a happy bright future, even midst the stress and sadness and unkind directives that translate to the womb. Even midst the soulless orders and treatment of the baby's mother kept in the baby factory of unwedded mothers, does a baby still hope? Just a new tiny baby, and it is demonised, ripped from the uterus, ripped away from its mother without a chance and kept in the hospital where no one visits and no one holds it – crying and alone for hours. Only minutes, hours, days old and it's like the baby is in prison being punished. Just a tiny newborn babe – how can a little baby sin? What about the love and care? What did I do wrong? I developed perfectly – I was a perfect baby! But ripped and thrown away right from the start – demonised even before I was born! And thrown to hard cruel methodists who punched, shouted at, shook, nagged, belittled, stereotype-straitjacketed, demonised, scapegoated and ignored him. Would you have like this to have happened to you or to your child – never to be seen or known?

Can we as a community, as a nation allow this to go unacknowledged, to remain unapologetic, to make no effort to make positive change regarding these issues, and still call ourselves moral and fair? Or can we just let the victims of forced removal from themselves die? Can we allow these problems to fester making possible all sorts of continued setbacks and unnecessary costs and call ourselves forward thinking? It's time to recover from a malaise of olden-days hangovers and whitewash and unjustified continuation of pain to save face of others who have been a part of gross injustice and immorality. I could contribute more to Australia including to an economy of happiness if some of my burden was lifted, I believe. As I realise more and more truths about myself and the forced adoption policy, I no longer want to contribute with my life, at my considerable expense, to backward fallacious attitudes that turned to action have real consequences against my very self and other fellow human beings. People must recognise and acknowledge the pain, the wrongs and destruction that has been caused to begin the real work of making positive changes for the better. We must do the right moral things by people, in particular by people who as babies, children, teens and adults were robbed of ever knowing the joyous warmth of their mother's breast, robbed of a happy sense of belonging and being upheld as worthy to know themselves and be confident in themselves to be known. The right moral thing must be done out of respect for people, including forced adoptees. Those who have taken part in the marketing of children who have taken children from their heritage, from their biological families and roots – have a double moral duty to care for those stolen human beings. Never again should blindly trusted, sometimes grossly unsuitable strangers, just get thrown a baby and be left, and allowed to do as they please – to use that baby as a means, and when something doesn't go to their liking be able to treat that human being as a thing – a contemptible thing to take the blame without consideration of the suffering and damage one is doing a human being. People who were deceived by or who willingly partook in evil, wrongful opinions which ultimately caused the thefts of hundred of thousands of human babies, should not be automatically given the right to assume they are blameless. Responsibility should be given to each particular case in recognition of each individual circumstance by the parents and families of each forced adoptee. Being a forced adoptee does not mean you are owed a twisted version of morality. Being a forced adoptee has meant for me, living my whole life with impositions and constraints and for others to do nothing to make amends, even actively worsen those

constraints and impositions. These points, and others I've listed herein, I believe, are not trifling social injustices. Often in a real biological family, little things like a parent losing her temper and smacking a child of theirs, perhaps even causing some bruising, can be ameliorated by others in the family through a natural protectiveness, love, acceptance and bond. The mother will feel genuine remorse – and or the father will castigate the mother and stand up for the daughter, the father will talk empathetically to the daughter – things will get worked out and apologies will be made – or at least the other children in a family are prone to the same treatment (not discriminated against) – things will get worked out. But in my situation it is all against one – with a demonic mentality – everyone living in the dark – no one knowing one another – ruled by fear. Never an apology or talking about it – 'you'll just have to get on. Be a real man.' Never 'mum' or 'dad' standing up for me against the other. I never saw in 'mum' or 'dad' any compassion whatsoever. I never even saw them kiss one another. Never saw them hug one another let alone me. Never did they sit on the sofa together. No heart. No empathy. No recognition. Just hardcore stereotyping. Just hard cold silence, leaving the door open, to do wrongs to me over and over again. No urge to loving care with lovingness typical of real parents. Mine was an utterly unnatural circumstance in which to grow up and endure into adulthood. All criminals believe that somehow they didn't do anything wrong. Never should an adult blame a child for their evils, for their crimes, for their immorality to hide their evils in a child with no consideration of the damage they're doing in perpetuity to protect their reputation. 'Dogmatists are...enjoined to silence on the grounds that their beliefs cannot be substantiated' (Sim, S, 2007, Manifesto for silence – confronting the politics of culture and noise, p.99). In this day and age we stand up to bullies, to nasty people. Do we not stand up to the bullies of babies and mothers, bullies who command respect and take responsibility of others' lives, yet betray their own good assertions of who they say they are in secret without qualm?

'The sky is not less blue because the blind man does not see it' (Danish proverb). Build a better Australia on an improved, truthful recognition of wrongs. Build a better Australia on encouraging a pride in survival, via a national story appended to that of mateship, care for your brothers and sisters and a fair go. Make Australia a leader in morality. Dignity, truth, fairness and respect, empower people and empower a nation. Give badly treated forced adoptees and their suffering mothers and families who were also deceived into never knowing a son or daughter dignity with acknowledgment, and apology and real work to positive changes. Help wrongdoers that they may see the truth of the victims and be better moral citizens. Because the Australian government sanctioned forced adoption policy has made a sham of me, robbed me of myself, impacted destructively on my life. I got a sham family, at least sham love and emotional care. This is not to say that I think we should not give those involved in the wrongs a chance. If they took the chance (i.e. if a family meeting with open hearts and minds occurred), that would give me a better chance at some happiness in myself. But nothing will alter the fact that this policy has made a sham of human dignity and human rights. And still my supposed family and other purveyors of baby theft do nothing to remove suffering. For decades destructive attitudes have been allowed to fester and continue causing suffering and deception – people's including mine, very lives have been thrown like used ragdolls to a scrapheap of arbitrary, non necessary maltreatment and mental anguish for their entire lives. And this is despite the social changes in Australia that began in the early 1970s. For decades under the tacit approval of silence, a negligent, reckless inattention, the reputations and stations of the abusers have been upheld while the blame and suffering constrains the silent, invisible victims every single day. 'All our dignity consists in thought. By it we must elevate ourselves, and not by space and time which we cannot fill. Let us endeavour to think well; this is the principle of morality' (Pascal, B, 1670, *Pensées*). From reasoned thoughts, let us do better. For the stolen white generations and the maltreated mothers, acknowledge, apologise, reconcile, compensate. And let us all together make real change for the better, based on changing false, negative attitudes, and based in truth, morality, acceptance, support and courage, to go forward healthier and improved, as individuals, and as a nation.

Suicides of biological mothers, suicides of forced adoptees, going against nature, 'bad blood' theory, mass abduction/kidnapping of newborn babies, identity theft, human rights abuses, crimes against humanity, lies, deceit, scapegoating, child abuse, foetus demonization, crimes against some of society's most cherished values, brainwashing, psychological manipulation, deception and baby abuse don't sound like actions or consequences of rational, moral, civil people. Do they? How do these things concord with thinking well? These are not just rhetorical questions I ask. Answer these questions.

Possibly my supposed brother and sister have had to negatively frame stories about me in favour of 'mum' and 'dad' so that they could account for the situation to others. Probably they were given no choice. But they are adults now. And still the drive is strong to demonise. Are they thinking well? Do they have enough information to think well? The truth must come out to the wider Australian public. Do two authority figures against one stolen human in whom they are looking to wrongfully blame, sound like thinking well? Do four (brother, sister, mum and dad) wrongfully against one sound like thinking well? And then five (my sister's boyfriend) negatively thinking, prejudging and avoiding one sound like thinking well? And then when I came home from Indonesia



after nearly dying with my wife, to find a sixth (my brother's girlfriend/wife) sneering at me, does that sound like they are people thinking well? And then I'm not including the broader socio-geo space of church friends and extended family. For me to have to run away and hide for four hours at an all night convenience store because a church man who could pinch me so hard in the stomach at my gran's funeral was coming to my supposed home, indicates he is, and results in me, not thinking well. When he pinched me so hard in the guts at my gran's funeral, causing me to visibly wince and bend forward, and my own supposed mum and other members of the church just smiled dumbly at me, does not indicate that they think well. Maybe it wouldn't be so bad if these things were done to everyone else, but they are not. They are only done to me. This does not indicate people are thinking well. Negligence and silence, and tacit and outward approval to painting false realities based on half-truths are deceptions and add to the overall abusive experience including loneliness and hopelessness for me, a forced adoptee, left unfairly, undeservingly vanquished.

A 'white-lie' defence and straight-out denials for any bad treatment I have suffered because of forced adoption is unacceptable to me. In light of the true facts, the sanctioned kidnapping policy has denigrated, and has allowed my supposed mum and dad to dishonour the model in peoples minds of the 'concepts' of 'mother' and 'father'. This is deception. My supposed mum and dad deceived me and others by fallaciously alluding to stereotypes of christians-saving-the-orphan-boy while promoting themselves to others through their dearly held mental 'mother' and 'father' concepts' associated with care, love and other associated positive attributes and definitions. This is deception to me and to others.

Effectively marketing children, including me, like subhuman things has besmirched my potentials to be a full active participant and contributor to and enjoyer of family and society. I've seen people without hope, drunk, drugged, trying to soothe themselves at the risk to their lives. I've been one of those. It's not that people don't want hope. It's that hope has been taken away. Give me hope. Will the government consider making a public apology? I've had to suffer all the misfortunes and all hardships along the way that have come, I believe, as a consequence of the stealing children policy and practices. The drinking, the drug abuse, the sleeping on the street, sleeping in sheds, poverty, pennilessness, being disfavoured, suffering thugs in share houses, having a policeman push a pistol in my ear...and my supposed family blaming my genes for that denigration, and intentionally abandoning me to that and doing extra harm wherever they think they can get away with it. For decades they left me for dead in the most deceptive cunning manner by having me come to a family get-together once or twice a year so they could feign to others that theirs is a loving family, and then use that hour or two while I'm with them to further entrench the negative stereotyping and humiliation of me. And they have rightfully believed they could get away with it, and they can, because no one lifts a finger. The government has given them the right? Is that what they think? The idea that I am the troublesome, illegitimate child is wrong and causes me suffering and disadvantage. And still they're the good people? But a human life isn't a commodity, a thing you can just get; a thing you automatically have a right to and a right to do with what you want. It is not a thing you are entitled to just because you think that conforming to some social requirements as attending church once a week, having children, being married and having a job makes you a superior, deserving and caring, loving, tender person with an affinity for children with no other ulterior motives but to love and care for babies. A child should not be a thing you can employ to selfish purposes. A child is a gift, a miracle of nature. A child is innocent, helpless, not something to farm out to ignorant, narrow minded people, who emotionally cut that child off because it is all not what they expected – cruel people who care more for themselves than the life of one who they participated in the stealing of. A human life is not something to be farmed without serious reasons full-stop. Being a unwedded mother is never a just cause to farm human life. People get in trouble if they're caught maltreating Christmas-present puppies. What about forced adoptees?

Becoming the scapegoat, the demonised one, meant and means I didn't and don't get any help or emotional support. In fact, I believe it is consciously withheld and or unable to be given. There needs to be acknowledgment of being treated as an outcast by those who say they are my family. If I say what you're doing hurts me, my supposed mum just exhorts a denial or sighs as if I'm being difficult, 'Oh we wouldn't, oh we aren't, oh we didn't', before my supposed dad starts shouting. Always at least two against one. When my wife asked my supposed mum very politely on the phone, 'don't you want to say sorry?' my supposed mum just exhorted as if completely innocent, 'What for?!' Saying one thing and being respected for it, then doing the opposite in private is dishonest, deceptive and creates suffering, as does denying wrongs you do by deferring to a false impervious self-defining goodness and a false simulation of the victim. Not wanting to give assistance to hide your wrongs indicates an extremely egregious form of ethical egoism. 'To say you are ethical and moral requires application of those moral values that society has accepted as its norms' (Day, LA, 2006).

The policy has been ended. Now the bad effects, which continue, need to be ended too. After all these decades, horrible prejudice and ill effects still exist for me and for an unknown amount of others.

I have thought carefully about writing this. I potentially have much to lose. But I feel I've exhausted all avenues of redress. I've waited for three-and-a-half years after directly asking my supposed parents to listen to me. I've waited 44 years to be heard. They made me see a social worker who they said would help me and they used him like a weapon against me. For 44 years I've waited silently for them to do the right thing; waited patiently for an apology – a basic respect for common dignity – or some positive change regarding the way they treat me. When my supposed father flung me out of the bath, when he gripped my arm and hurled me, a naked nine year old through the air it was only because I had not immediately obeyed his order given from the kitchen to 'get out of the bath'. I was just enjoying myself in the bath. I wasn't trying to do anything wrong. One second later – like some persecuting, boiling children's home officer he sent me flying across the bathroom crashed into a stainless steel cabinet handle (a dinner-plate-shaped, circular, 1.0 mm edged handle) that ripped through my upper thigh – blood streaming onto the bathroom floor sending me running around the house screaming. My supposed mum said, 'Oh it only needs a band aid.' But the deep gash required mattress stitching 14 old-style wide stitches on the top, more underneath. The surgeon asked 'dad' 'could we be alone' and I lied to protect my 'father' and save myself and my supposed brother and sister from the orphanage he'd described, so I shouldn't be responsible should my brother and sister go to that horrible place put in my imagination. Faced with my bath water and my dripping blood and real pain and wrong, they couldn't say even say sorry then. What hope me? So part of my reasons for writing this is due to a lifetime of being ignored as a feeling human being and tell my story. And this story won't define me. I will define me and others will follow my definition.

Right from the beginning to make the evil forced adoption system possible meant that laws and morality were wrongly distorted or dumped altogether. And I rotted through an infancy childhood, adolescence and adulthood deceived, discriminated against, confused, unknown to myself, demonised, ostracised, shunned, abused, bullied and scapegoated by the people who I and others trusted were family! The declaration of human rights states: Article 1 All human beings are born free and equal in dignity and rights. They are endowed with reason and conscience and should act towards one another in a spirit of brotherhood.

Article 2 Everyone is entitled to all the rights and freedoms set forth in this Declaration, without distinction of any kind, such as race, colour, sex, language, religion, political or other opinion, national or social origin, property, birth or other status...

Article 3 Everyone has the right to life, liberty and security of person.

Article 4 No one shall be held in slavery or servitude...

Article 5 No one shall be subjected to torture or to cruel, inhuman or degrading treatment or punishment.

Article 6 Everyone has the right to recognition everywhere as a person before the law.

Article 7 All are equal before the law and are entitled without any discrimination to equal protection of the law. All are entitled to equal protection against any discrimination in violation of this Declaration and against any incitement to such discrimination.

Article 8 Everyone has the right to an effective remedy by the competent national tribunals for acts violating the fundamental rights granted him by the constitution or by law.

Article 9 No one shall be subjected to arbitrary arrest, detention or exile.

Article 11

1. Everyone...has the right to be presumed innocent until proved guilty according to law in a public trial at which he has had all the guarantees necessary for his defence.

Article 18 Everyone has the right to freedom of thought, conscience and religion; this right includes freedom to change his religion or belief, and freedom, either alone or in community with others and in public or private, to manifest his religion or belief in teaching, practice, worship and observance. [But not to the extent that it perpetrates pain and immorality!]

Article 19 Everyone has the right to freedom of opinion and expression; this right includes freedom to hold opinions without interference and to seek, receive and impart information and ideas through any media and regardless of frontiers.

Article 25

1. Everyone has the right to a standard of living adequate for the health and well-being of himself...[my supposed parents made me live in a garden shed in their backyard]
2. Motherhood and childhood are entitled to special care and assistance. All children, whether born in or out of wedlock, shall enjoy the same social protection.

Article 28 Everyone is entitled to a social and international order in which the rights and freedoms set forth in this Declaration can be fully realized.

Article 29

1. Everyone has duties to the community in which alone the free and full development of his personality is possible.
2. In the exercise of his rights and freedoms, everyone shall be subject only to such limitations as

are determined by law solely for the purpose of securing due recognition and respect for the rights and freedoms of others and of meeting the just requirements of morality, public order and the general welfare in a democratic society.

3. These rights and freedoms may in no case be exercised contrary to the purposes and principles of the United Nations.

These are not insignificant transgressions of my rights and the rights of others, I have described. From my standpoint – if a stranger abuses and controls you physically, mentally, emotionally you can avoid ever having to be in contact with that person again. But what can you do when it is done to you by your own family and government? Who was government, and who were these strangers to do these things I have described to me? What can you do when no one wants to listen or understand? What can you do when seemingly everyone either ignores the abuse, or is unaware of it? Oppressed and repressed with unrealistic demands, expectations and unknowing, as a child I felt my job was to be as good as Jesus. By my late teens I felt I was the one who took all their ‘sins’, their pain. I must have thought right up until my return from Indonesia, that I would one day be coveted for suffering all their abuse, demands and neglect and always keeping my loyalty to them. But that day has never come. What can you do when seemingly anyone can treat me with disrespect based solely on a false stereotyping of me? A next door neighbour, upon my arrival from Indonesia where I got married, worked as a school teacher and then fell into a coma twice and endured hospitals and corrupt doctors said to me with gusto as if I was five years old, ‘Oh you silly boy’ in front of my wife, to me aged 39 years. I’d just returned from spending collectively three years in India, Indonesia, Laos, Sikkim etc and nearly dying from sudden onset of diabetic comas. And I still don’t deserve a little respect? I am struck by my wife’s, and other people’s ability to say, ‘Stop! You don’t do that to me’, and expect you to actually do what they say, and they expect respect for their wishes, for their personal dignity. I never was allowed that. I don’t really know how to say ‘stop’. I never had that right. I was never taught that. I both admire that ability and rue it at the same time. It is hard for me to accept that others can say ‘stop’, expect understanding and be respected for it, and yet I can’t. This has damaged me. Disallowing someone to defend and stand up for himself and abusing him for trying to, is a denial of human rights and a form of psychological imprisonment and torture.

A child psychologist on the radio the other day said ‘the baby and her/his needs (should) dictate your parenting and how you take care of her/him’. I wonder if it was like that with me, or was it what it has always been with me since I can remember? Was it like: ‘Don’t give into him. Don’t let him think he can control us. We are in charge. Just let him cry. I’m at the end of my tether. Let him alone. Oh he’s being naughty. Don’t let him stand up for himself against us.’ My supposed parents have always said as if blaming me, I cried and cried and cried when I was a baby. Did they ever think why and what should be done? They say ‘dad’ put me in the car and drove me around and around. Did my supposed mum rest me on her naked breast and softly sing to me? Did she lie beside me and stroke me softly? Where are the photos of me being held and nursed as a baby? Once again, I am sure I will never know. But I am sure the blame wasn’t given to any truth, but to me. People need information if we are to have democracy, morality, civility. So what’s a family, what’s an individual whereby no one has information about a child and no one knows you? I am sure some readers will say, ‘oh my mum gave me the wooden spoon. Oh you need to toughen up.’ Though some events in my life I describe here may seem insubstantial, and yes parenting is hard work – when viewed as a whole situation for, and over the duration of a lifetime, and when viewed in context, these are not insignificant transgressions of morality I describe here. False simulations of character, alone, that result in real world actions injurious to the character subject to those false simulations are immoral, especially when they result in false defamation of character and reputation, physical abuse, bullying, injury, lost opportunities, disadvantage, hardships, ostracism and psychological damages. These are not insignificant. False simulations of character, serious multiple deceptions, and crimes against human rights and humanity and baby demonisation and so on, cannot be compared to ‘mum going crazy with the wooden spoon’.

I say if people want to go on treating me in ways I’ve described, then payment needs to be made to me. They can’t just go on continuing the abuse of me for free when I have to pay with my impinged and constrained life, sleepless, anxious, mentally sick, psychologically tormented, disadvantaged etc. It can’t be about me suffering forever and missing out on enjoying life simply to give the abusers the ongoing free opportunity of giving them strength, giving them protection, giving them a right to throw me away, that they can escape justice, so they can write in the minds of others a false view of my life, of who I am, so they can keep playing with my mind that one day they will accept me and love me, giving them ongoing ‘right’ to blame me, defame me, keep me in isolation but for once or twice a year when they bring me out to cop the sneers and ostracism of other supposed family members to my face, to my wife’s face, just so my supposed parents can report on what I’m doing and say we saw him and his wife, as if everything is fine, yet at the same time keeping the harmful status quo alive and well. ‘Some scapegoating families keep the scapegoat within the family because the family needs its victim, but the scapegoat is accepted only if he or she assumes the social identity of a scapegoat’ (

*Scapegoaters and scapegoats: driven to isolation*, <http://koti.mbnet.fi/neptunia/essays/sgisol1.htm>). This style of scapegoating is particularly nasty. It gives me no choice except utter isolation, something that brings ruination on me. I say no choice, because everyone wants acceptance, particularly from their own family. This style of scapegoating is particularly nasty because it keeps me in a state of perpetual degradation and abusive enslavement to the scapegoaters and against my own self. For example, my supposed mum, dad, sister and brother went for a drive into the country to get a puppy and didn't tell me. I woke alone and later saw them in the backyard. My supposed brother and sister, watched on by 'mum' and 'dad', were patting and hugging this puppy. It just breaks my heart you know – me watching them being so affectionate and me left out, knowing I am not allowed nor wanted to be involved. There's nothing I can do but just stay silent but for, 'You didn't tell me.' But my 'mum' says as if shocked, as if I'm being difficult, 'Oh we thought you wouldn't want to come. You don't want to come do you, you're nearly a grown man now.' Then my supposed start shouts at me to 'Stop being difficult'.

As to disadvantage and loss of enjoyment of life, my first and only girlfriend other than my current wife used to say, 'I see what your family and mum do to you. I see how she controls and manipulates you.' My supposed mum and dad never visited us at our rent house. I believe my demonising by my family of me affected my happiness and my then girlfriend's belief in me and our relationship, and it was a part of why she left me. I told my supposed mum that when I came home from washing dishes all the house was stripped bare and my girlfriend had left. She said, 'Oh dear, oh dear. We don't know what to say. You'll just have to get on.' And that was that. My 'mum' just left me in a house she never visited without utensils, without a TV. She never talked to me, never rang me, never brought me a casserole like she does for someone in the parish when they've got a cold. Instead all she said was, 'We don't know what to say, you'll just have to get on. Oh I hope her parents aren't blaming you. I hope you've done nothing to be ashamed of.' And that was that, like it was all my fault, and loneliness and abandonment was what I deserved. It was at least nine months until she made a 30 second phone call to tell me to be somewhere so they could feign good familial relations, and yet in front of everyone chide me and tell me not to do this and not to say that. I'm just there physically. No one talks to me. They just sneer at me, talk under their breath in castigating derogatory tones of me, of how I was meant to have teased my sister so badly. But I honestly don't remember that I did so much teasing at all – only when I was really young, and with my slightly older cousin. I remember he was instigator of threatening to ruin the play of my sister and girl cousins once at his house. I remember he teased the girls a lot more than me, and today he is a respected one on my supposed mums side of the family – today he's a Uniting Church minister. The myth of me has been created over decades, and their ideas of me are so illusory. I admit I do remember one time when I said something to my little sister in a nagging, teasing tone the way my mother spoke to me. But I was quickly chided for that. I wasn't allowed to emulate, or to use my 'mum' or 'dad's' behaviour as examples to copy, or aspire to, or to develop my identity.

I would one day sincerely like to speak at their church. My intentions are not so much to punish, but to get them to understand the pain, the wrongful attitudes which have caused the pain, and simply to get them to stop causing the pain, to change their harmful, wrongful attitudes, and acknowledge the wrongs, apologise, and properly embark on making real positive change for themselves, my brother and sister, for me, for the entire family and including my wife and soon to be born child. Quite simply I honestly believe they wouldn't accept the same abusive treatment for themselves, and yet they dole it out to me despite the fact they profess holding christian beliefs which teach against such wrongs i.e. 'Do unto others as you would have them do to you'. I guess if I complain, it's because I was born inferior and because I only want to make trouble as if I am some pathologically twisted individual who is totally maniacal and does not want to be happy and free.

Nothing could be further from the truth. Would they and would you accept a lifetime of being forced to turn the other cheek and accept and comply with physical, verbal and emotional abuse and then having to protect your abusers with your silence? Would you accept this for your son, or daughter?

I contend that most parents consider their child's happiness most important, and would expect others to prove that their kids did wrong. With me, it was standard to, by default, consider without hesitation, without enquiry that I'd done wrong and my happiness and innocence wasn't considered. It's most persuasive for people to infer that I was and am difficult. Innumerable times I have fretted over the idea that perhaps I really was difficult, even a demon. Was I the devil's child? Was I the son of a whore? Was I conceived from my mother being raped? I'd wonder about just how bad I'd been. What had happened? When I was trying so hard against the pain of being forced to be someone other than myself. I can never think of a great deal that I did wrong. I didn't intend to do anything wrong. I've had so much anxiety over 'being difficult' when I know how hard I've denied myself to gain their acceptance, to make them happy, to do all that they've demanded of me. At times during my late teens and early 20s I tried to protest and explain my suffering. But it was not me who was difficult and I deliberately imposed no suffering on them. I didn't put the garden hose on them. I didn't throw

them or slice open their flesh, or demean them, or put them down, or tell them what they could and couldn't say or look, or punch them etc. It was not me doing those things! Why should I have to suffer the pain of not knowing my real mother or having even just some of my childhood with her taken away? My biological mother is still like a stranger to me and she to me. I've got to give her credit for having me over for dinner a few times. But there is no bonding. So it seems the suffering and injustice, still a stranger to myself, will go on until the day I die. Would this be acceptable to those who assert; 'do unto others as you would have them do to you'?

People are so biased toward, and enamoured of, the notion of the good parents, the good charitable Christian 'mum' and 'dad' who saved the orphans. Their belief of the prodigal son story; the troublesome, genetically problematic boy orphan; the troublemaker rebel, the bad one. But the willingness and the decades old prolongation to scapegoat me, and the amount of unwarranted puissant demonising is evidence of deep crimes – serious wrongs being hidden. Apparently asking for a family meeting is too much for me to ask. So my supposed mum and dad just decide to 'tough it out' – let me and his marriage rot if need be. Let him crawl back to us and suffer the humiliation of defeat – or let him rot. They can do this and they can have many supporters. But this doesn't make them right. It's all right for them with all their church friends and extended parish. Yet this is how they treat the one they call son. They expect me to suffer the abnormal as normal and they shout and nag that I do so. Staunch, beyond intractable – I have to suffer their caring of others – their good duty – but for when it comes to their treatment of me: 'Don't compare!'. It's like I'm not even a human. They tell others or infer that I'm deliberately doing this to be nasty or something. But I'm just trying to survive. I cannot suffer the ill treatment any longer. And yet I suffer torment every day. It's come to the stage where I just simply can't psychologically face them until they say sorry. Even just hearing my supposed father's raised hubristic tones might possibly send me over the edge.

No one has even emailed me a photo of my brother's baby boy. Here are my supposed brother and sister aged in their late 30s and 40s respectively and they are like these brainwashed, fearful automatons. In terms of family commitments, my supposed parents tell them what to do and when to do it. It seems we siblings can't or are not allowed to get together or organise anything by ourselves. I've contacted my supposed sister for the last three and a half years regarding organising a meeting via email (I don't have her silent phone number), and she has never replied. Sometimes I wonder if my supposed mum intentionally used the divide-and-conquer paradigm with me, that it was her intention to isolate me from my siblings long ago. I know they have long done things without me. Perhaps they are happy without me and I really am giving them some kind of fallacious happiness and togetherness through the blame of me. It seems my supposed parents straddle a line very close to sociopathic tendencies in terms of their goodness to others and their vindictive nasty treatment of me.

Forty-four years of authoritarian rule, not parental care, not a loving family, but a family intent on the sly condescending, demeaning, denigrating, undercutting, belittling, talking down to, patronising etc. of me, I honestly believe has contributed to why I have so much difficulty getting along with people sometimes. A family in which there is suppression of expression and being something other than the strict narrow beliefs, totally unrealistic for the secular outside world, limited me and my natural opportunities. A family in which expressing such thoughts could end up in me being punched, shouted at etc. A family in which there is suppression of anything that they perceive as opposition, limited me. Suppression of facts, which may result in their crimes being revealed, limited me and was used to deceive me. No right to knowledge of how to defend myself i.e. to be able to say 'stop, you don't do that to me'. Some men/boys go crazy fighting and assaulting others when they've been abused and maltreated. They take out their anger on others. But not me. I'm not a naturally good fighter. I'm not disposed to it at all and I'm a fairly small bloke. I've never won a fight. I'm not a good cricketer or footballer. I'm just more naturally disposed to artistic pursuits and a creative intelligence. I had to rely on some intelligence to survive. It's hard to languish, impoverished alone in a shed in Collingwood knowing the wrongdoers are congregating together at their multimillion dollar church and church properties enjoying the esteem of others who believe they can do no wrong. I am not a natural fighter. Besides, despite trying to be a Jesus-like boy, what was demanded of me and being told 'don't fight back, don't compare, don't tell anyone why you have bruises, don't tell stories, turn the other cheek' – I took all the anger out on myself. No one hurt as much as myself. And then I spent decades hurting myself. Yes certainly at some times in my late teens and early 20s I shouted at them to try and get heard in a righteous fight for some dignity and understanding. This I believe was only a normal response. It is they and the forced adoption policy that are abnormal, which inevitably made me abnormal. I never punched, never demonised, never isolated them, or left them to rot in psychological damage that I caused. Never! I haven't done these things, and yet I am the bad one? And now I found out my real dad never drank or smoked. I am the one who deserves all the suffering and denigration? I have never observed in all my days anyone else, whether family or friends, getting punched, and shouted at and thrown and shaken and demonised and then trying to survive for decades as being blamed and ostracised for being 'too sensitive' and causing all the difficulties, and not being allowed to expect an apology.

Their 'zone of privacy' (Day), their implicit guidelines of loyalty that I have been silently faithful to for 44 years, they used against me. My supposed parents have hidden behind an irreproachable cloak of goodness and demonised me to ensure their reputation remains intact whilst turning their backs to my fate and letting me rot alone, even intentionally trying to destroy me through neglect, ostracism, degradation, misery, shame and loneliness and deliberately creating depression and mental illness. Whatever it takes to make how they portray me seem true, and take the limelight off themselves. 44 years of transgressions of human rights. 44 years of chances to rectify the situation, to stop the making of pain, to talk to me kindly, to let me be free through their support to find myself, to be happy, to say truthfully from the heart, 'You know I love you son'. Yet they never did. And yet they just keep doing things which are plainly attacks. I know they will deny all this and act so shocked. They'll tell you they let me use a car upon our return from Indonesia to find a rental flat for me and my wife, but they won't tell you they set out to cause trouble and embarrassment by presenting my wife with my ex-partner's ring and suggested she could pawn it to get a little money. So I've got to speak out for myself, my wife and unborn child and as warning to the future, and for others who may be in a similar position as myself today. I do it for truth. I do it for fairness. I do it for justice. I do it for honesty. I do it for a better, more rational, kinder, more enlightened future.

The stigma this policy, and that my supposed mum and dad have attached to me through it, has resulted in immense disadvantage in terms of an inability to have a career, alienation, social difficulties, poverty, anguish and the expulsion of myself from myself, and therefore from being free to be myself and from knowing myself. To the extent that they predicate their own judgement on my decisions, they are on shaky ethical ground. Such behaviour deprives me of the requisite degree of independence and freedom to be myself, to live my life naturally to my innate abilities. I deserved encouragement and support. I deserved some confidence in me. My life is not for the purposes of supporting them and their imaginings and selfish, harmful purposes.

Dear senators, family, the people of Australia, by withholding your voices against such crimes, you become part of the conspiracy of silence, reinforcing grossly wrong ideas and continuing the pain and torment I, and others suffer due to forced adoption, and you deny any justice owed from decades of abuse and suffering. You are duty-bound to destroy incorrect impressions, assertions and stereotypes attached to victims of forced adoption. I am entitled to not being stigmatised, impeded in life and missing out on life's opportunities. My supposed parents and all people are obliged to tell the truth and acknowledge the truth in order that they and everyone may enjoy civility, dignity, trust and prosperity, including me. Understanding is needed that these matters go far beyond telling white, inconsequential, altruistic fibs. Understand the obligation to tell truth supersedes any need to protect a veneer of false goodness because far more damage over an extended period will need to be reckoned and can only result in greater deception and cheating and loss of trust and upheaval. While recognising that for some children the effects were better than for others, a higher obligation exists to protect and vindicate the victims and not the abusers. A higher obligation exists to stop the suffering, the deception, the thefts of people's own selves, to stop people who still cause suffering, to stop people wrongfully denying truths and denying people natural justice of acknowledgement, apologising and working to make real, positive change. Please understand, a higher obligation exists to stop actions that pose considerable emotional risks for victims (and future victims i.e. my unborn child without an extended family and at risk of disadvantage from discrimination) rather than wishing for some social utility by doing nothing, by not acting according to moral philosophy – the basis of civil society itself.

Australia's forced adoption policy has brought me to the brink of self-destruction countless times. The Australian forced adoption policy and my supposed parents manipulated and used the understanding in me of 'the role of confidentiality...in social relationships...one that we learn early in life' (Day, LA, 2006, 'Confidentiality and the public interest' in *Ethics in media communication*, p.179). 'Promises of confidentiality...limit our freedom of action. An oath of secrecy places a burden on the moral agent to withhold information even in the face of conflicting and sometimes more compelling demands' (p.179). To be frank, now my loyalty to them has been broken, and they need to acknowledge how much I have given them in this respect. But they also need to acknowledge, 'Loyalty...has...limits' (Day, p.181). 'Trust, the keeping of promises, and loyalty are the foundations of confidentiality' (p.182). But, I reiterate, these have limits. The forced adoption policy sanctioners of the government made confidentiality (and lies, and false promises) an immoral weapon. The forced adoption policy broke these foundations and for me, and many, and we continue daily to stand on the shards of these foundations, cutting our feet to shreds. Today some have abused and continue to abuse victims' trust and break laws and promises (of human rights etc). For me, my supposed parents abuse my loyalty. For my biological mother, the policy abused her natural loyalty to her child, and meant extreme suffering including unknowing, and wasted, denied natural opportunities and natural rights for a lifetime. This is, in part, why I must write this. 'Confidentiality [is meant to] serve[] the ends of social utility' (p.182). And not be used against someone. For 'without assurances of confidentiality...trust...would be eroded' (p.182). For

without trust upon which civil society functions, there is fear, trauma, insanity, breakdowns, deception...war...and a whole lot of bad stuff. This is why truth is so important. This is why I must write this. 'Information is the lifeblood of democracy' (Day, p.183). But I reiterate as to my position, after 44 years of said suffering and chances for the perpetrators to make amends, these assurances, these social rights of loyalty and confidentiality have been forfeited by those perpetrators who will do nothing, even worsen suffering, to cover-up their wrongs. When I die I will not be remembered as negatively defined by my supposed parents, family, nor be defined negatively and falsely by the evil forced adoption policy in the minds of others. This is why I must write this. Justice, fairness and equality requires I tell my side of the story. Enforced silence means certain slavery.

I am not acting out of revenge, but out of a need for justice, morality, understanding and the attainment of social utility through making some healing and work to a changed and better future. I leave it to you to make your judgement on the righteousness or otherwise of me writing this. Nonetheless, I've come to pride myself on my conduct. Any abuse I did was to myself. I never intentionally did immorality to someone without just cause. I never punched or bullied a kid who was stolen from his roots. If I was a mindless, vengeful, hating, hard person, I could've smashed my supposed parents' house and made harassing phone calls long, long ago. This integrity and virtue, I have in myself, I don't want taken away. I tend to want to hold onto things that give me some solace. To me, to cloak yourself in saintliness, and being so arrogant as to assume you know better than someone truthfully talking about herself/himself, to privilege oneself above morality and law, to get away with assault, kidnapping, demonising and etcetera is unconscionable and insidious. In ways I have described herein, a number of general obligations on each of member of society didn't figure when it came to the treatment of me. I actually have made no promises to them, but they made promises to me, and they have broken promises of care, doing in the best interests of the child, christianity and others described in this submission. They have taken my loyalty to them beyond reasonable bounds. I truly wish one day they, and all others associated with the conducting of the Australian kidnapping-adoptions, can hear the truth in their hearts to thus let begin in all of us reconciliation processes. I have weighed competing values against the principle of confidentiality, loyalty, fairness, and I must write this. If nothing happens from writing this and other like material, at least I will suffer to seek healing and not die knowing I did nothing to defend myself and my soon to be born child and rules of morality. There needs to be education in the community on why all this suffering happened in the first place. Then perhaps we can start to 'move on'. Just educating people so they can modify their false, immoral attitudes would mean so much to the victims of the forced adoption system. I deserve protection from calamitous outcomes coming from harmful, wrong attitudes to me, my wife and child.

Generally parents want to control the flow of negative and sensitive information to protect their kids. But for me the forced adoption policy allowed for the control and use of information in ways that were definitely to my detriment. For nearly four decades I dreamed about my real mum. I dreamt of her being the archetypical mum giving you rapturous hugs and kisses. And then when I met her, it's hard because you are just like strangers. She has her life and family, and then a whole lot of other stresses come into your life adding to the compounding effect of all the difficulties. Don't get me wrong, I like to see my real mum...but there is no bonding. Maybe I would have loved family, people and company, if I wasn't forcibly relinquished and suffered ever since. I needed all those things. I gave all my love with silence, and lonely anger, and lonely toil trying to better myself; to get those things. I needed closeness. But there's no way for closeness. I wanted and tried hard to give love. I had so much love to give. When I was young, I would gently massage my supposed mother's head and 'hair-dress' her. I got up at 4.30am and rekindled the fire in the fireplace in winter's darkness before the dawn so the family would have a fire to warm them when they awoke. But they can't give any admiration or give any promoted remembrance of these things. Apparently my supposed mum told my uncle (the one whom I have been in contact with lately after I wrote 70,000 word emails asking for a family meeting) when he says he suggested that he wanted a family meeting with an independent middle man, and she said, 'Oh we don't need that.' She said, 'We can manage him' (meaning, we (mum and dad) can deal with me on their own). And so that's what I am, something to 'manage'. No real help, just more of the same – to hell with me – and they can get away Scot free! This Christmas unlike other Christmases over the past four Christmases she sent a card for Christmas with four words inside and a sticker on the back – made by some Sri Lanka boys' home. I believe this is her way of saying we have the power, we can ignore you, we don't have to respond to you, we saved you, we don't have to change anything. This was the case with the social worker from the church, whom I talked about earlier. It was all 'managed'. And I was 'managed'. I am not just something to 'manage' like a thing?

Forced adoption has caused untold confusion and agony for decades – and the suffering is approaching half a century for me. I can describe what I know my experience to have been. But I still don't know much – now I am frightened to try to organise to meet my biological father for fear of being rejected. He's so successful having won awards in New York and so on. And me? I'm writing this for free and don't have any job. It is still so hard

to deal with all this stuff. Essentially the longer people don't acknowledge the wrongs done to me and to others, and apologise for them, they go on harming and prolonging the abuse. That they get away with it all while they are dignified, and I am denied and isolated and looked down on, continues the abuse, continues my struggle for survival and limits me with torment and sadness and degradation. Do I not have a right to some modicum of contentment in myself, some psychological security – for me, for my wife and for my unborn child?

Partial truths that omit a lot of unfavourable information to oneself but keep another falsely down is immoral. For example, my supposed mum in the past has, as if I am the one making all the difficulty, asked me, 'Can't we just be friends?' She holds the *promise of acceptance carrot* in front of my face using my desire for love and affection against me again. Friends? This is fakery, ridiculousness, deception. Friends? Friends so I can remain the fall guy, the one sneered at and defamed, and kept as the scapegoat? What friend could stand 44 years of being maltreated as I have described and not even getting one apology? What friendship is this? But I am sure she tells her friends, friends whom she would never think of keeping in a garden shed and spraying water from the garden hose all over: 'Oh he doesn't want to be friends.' Will my supposed parents act like a real mum and dad and not impersonators demanding and expecting me to be exactly what their imagination portrays? I doubt it. I doubt that old dogs can learn new tricks here. Still I and other sufferers of forced adoption need some recognition of the wrongs done, and deserve an opportunity to truly try to move on together in Australian society, and to have some togetherness and support in our lives. To think that I might never have known my original surname. That I could have fallen in front of a bus on one of countless drunken binges. That I could have lived my whole life without having any explanation or knowledge of myself is unconscionable.

Yes I have a loving wife (for now), I will soon have a child, and still I am left with a chasm in my heart and soul. For far too long, there has been too much beating down and denial of humanity. Now with a chronic illness that requires constant regimen and treatment, I don't think I could survive my own now. If I lost my wife, I don't think I could walk the street, and deal with the hyper-presence of anger, loneliness, hopelessness, and alcohol and pain storming in my mind. The torment and sadness makes me not able to function 'normally'. And I wouldn't wish this on my supposed father. If only he could imagine himself suddenly being ostracised and demonised by the ones in whom he and others believe care and love him. I wouldn't wish him left, lonely with no income, no defence, no support effectively completely isolated and degraded and emasculated. I wouldn't wish it on him that if he mustered the courage to ask for understanding and tried to say that his supposed relatives shouting at solely him hurt him, when the whole family would shout at him with great arrogance and hubris, 'Oh don't be silly. No mate! Mate! Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhh...' I wouldn't wish it on him that having endured all this to his detriment without recognition, without others' concern for him, he suddenly had to cook for himself, find clothes at the op shop, do his own laundry at the laundromat, find the money to pay rent for a tiny squalor that he had to share with strangers, trudge the streets demoralised and mentally sick invisible to caring, and prone to be scapegoated. And then how would he like if if we all said 'Ahhh, it's his fault', that he had to deal with the vulnerability and suffering that being demoralised and alone brings, and save enough for something to eat. It's his fault that he had effectively no friends who could understand, because he was a thing of the unknown. It's his fault he has no family to properly understand and provide emotional support and to empathise. Heaven forbid! Gee I don't think he's ever suffered any of these things. Yet he, and supposed mother, still have the arrogance to believe they know best. Are they thinking well? Are they suitable to be parents? No they are not.

Writes Dian Welfare in *A[n] historical view of adoption - civil rights crimes in adoption or I will not live your lie* (<http://www.originsnsw.com/id11.html>) under the heading, 'A negligent experiment in child placement': 'Having anticipated a huge increase in available babies, by introducing procedures to accommodate the new Adoption Act 1965, (while simultaneously trying to placate unwed mothers by promising perfect lives with ideal parents for their babies), it was decided that no infertile married couple with a potential to remain alive for 20 years (other than alcoholics and those with the more severe forms of psychiatric disturbances) should be denied a baby if they so wished. The placement of babies with substitute families was no more than a hit and miss affair, being nothing short of a negligent experiment with the lives of children supposedly being adopted "in their best interest". In 1966, according to Maev O'Collins of Melbourne's Catholic Family Welfare Bureau, the selection of suitable adoptive parents was 'in many cases only a little better than chance, and our ability to assess possible problems must leave a greater margin for error than perhaps in any other field of social welfare... Often [she explains] we are affected by overcrowded nurseries and insufficient couples applying to adopt hard to place children... This may mean that in the 'stress' of the moment we place a child hurriedly, perhaps too soon, perhaps to the wrong couple, perhaps to unsuitable people.' [An] O'Collins further explained in 1966, that, 'Studies to determine the success or failure in adoption may not readily be assessed validly until 15 or 20 years after the original placement.' That timing coincided nicely with legislative changes in Victoria by 1985. The experiment on our children had obviously failed.' Interestingly, at least in our western



culture, when people think mainly or only of *number one*, they may draw on and invent all sorts of fallacious notions and theories to convince themselves (and perhaps others) that the use of deception is clever, expedient, necessary and *for the best interests*. Boush et al in *Deception in the marketplace – the psychology of deceptive persuasion and consumer self protection*, (Routledge, New York, 2009, p.203) note: 'A pro-deception value or at least [an]...ambivalence about deception is deeply embedded in [for example] the American culture, in which national growth was based on deceptive land grabs', something similar to Australia's sad story of forced adoption, borne by fallacious, stereotypical, harmful attitudes. 'Cultural heroes...as Harry Potter', [bushrangers as Ned Kelly, and conniving explorers and convicts] 'are applauded for being devilishly deceptive' (p.203). '...human cultures celebrate[] the use of deception in romance, courting, effective everyday parenting and peer and spousal interactions. Deception is depicted approvingly as clever and humorous...[in] television programmes, movies and novels. ...[it is] taught, practiced and applauded in all levels of sports and games. We enjoy paid-for escapism...generated by entertaining deceptions (misdirection, omissions, concealments, impersonations) that we value and approve of, except when they are badly done and fail to deceive audiences successfully enough or "as promised", or sometimes when they are disapproved of for violating a sport's or art's implicit rules of deception' (p.203). The important thing here, is people may learn and believe that it's okay to deceive someone as long as they do it thoroughly and supremely cleverly. The victim must never get even a whiff of suspicion. But first the agent must utterly convince herself/himself that the deception is in the overall 'best interest, after all is considered'. The agents of Australia's forced adoption must be left in no doubt as to their conviction in 'for the best interest' – but rather what they conspired to achieve was making a pitiless, evil lottery out of the lives of newborn babes and their mothers. Some would fare better than the poor other 'bastards'; who really knew what the future held for the poor, demonised little foetuses already earmarked for stealing and a life of deception and not knowing themselves? A few would 'win', some would lose. Who really knew? Who really knew anything but an intractable, though untrue conviction, that they, supposedly though fallaciously, knew best, and it was in the best interests of the child and society? And the mothers? Well they were just tarts who deserved what was coming. And so it seems only a fallacious ethical egoism and ethical relativism of cruel wrong ideas was considered. Throwing babies futures to the wind based on fallacy, imaginings, bigotry and twisted ideas of faith and self-defining superiority was immoral, and went against law, with insufficient evidence of potentialities of teleological utility, and going opposite to deontological moral rules and Aristotle's virtue theory and golden mean. They even managed to twist a number of the ten commandments past breaking point without qualm – so strong was the prejudice and wrongful zeal to greedily help themselves. How can these people sleep at night? Say sorry and pay compensation. They robbed me of my freedom and gave me a whole lot of problems.

Forced adoption was a decidedly asymmetric, arbitrary, segmental, fallacious process, which wrongfully, immorally favoured some and severely disadvantaged and damaged others including me. A baby can't defend herself/himself and therefore you don't know what he/she would like, therefore you can't imagine you know best and trash the rules of nature and core moral principles of freedom and fairness just for a hope, a fallacious dream to satisfy yourself in accordance with your bigotry. Therefore, unless for the most dire reasons, the responsibility and rights of care for a baby should always go to its nearest relative, its natural carer, the woman who carried it for nine months – its mother. Doing otherwise is seriously immoral. An unwed mother is not a calamitous circumstance, neither is a couple who can't naturally have a child of their own. In large part, only bigotry, and not a dire need, was the culprit here. On this point alone, forced adoption was immoral. Faced with the world with no defences, no way to know myself, or how to stand up for myself, alone without emotional support, no resourcefulness, no confidence, I was fodder for any unethical individual who could see I was alone, unguarded, vulnerable and an easy target who all his life had turned the other cheek, had not known himself and had not told tales. This is has caused me suffering and disadvantage and constrained my freedom. 'It seems freedom can only be justifiably restrained if an individual's liberty is harming the liberty of others. Mill posits individual freedom against what he calls 'the tyranny of the majority'. (Smith, J, lecture, 2010, quoting Mill, *On liberty*, 1859). '[There may be] good reasons for remonstrating with him, or reasoning with him, or persuading him, or entreating him, but not for compelling him or visiting him with any evil in case he do otherwise. To justify that, the conduct from which it is desired to deter him must be calculated to produce evil to someone else. The only part of the conduct of anyone for which he is amenable to society is that which concerns others. In the part which merely concerns himself, his independence is, of right, absolute'. Moral philosopher Mill implies that when the informed consent cannot be reasonably obtained (i.e. as with a newborn baby), the essential liberty of the person must be respected, unless they are actively reducing the liberty of others.

Cialdini (2001, p.91 quoted by Boush et al, p.206) regarding paying attention to feelings that you are being duped says 'It occurs right in the pit of our stomachs when we realise we are trapped into complying with a request we know we don't want to perform'. I was never allowed or able to give any attention to such feelings, nor had any ability to act on them (defend myself). How can a helpless kid, a newborn baby, a frightened,

pregnant young woman defend themselves alone, or have a say in the deal? How? Now it's 2011, and who will stand up for me, for us, victims of insidious cruelty imposed for the benefit of strangers and not for us? For my entire life I've felt enslaved to others and those others' harmful attitudes against me hidden behind their charity for others and fallacious charity for me, that I have to be grateful for. I, and my mother's womb are not commodities. How can a baby 'ask themselves whether a purported authority is truly an impartial expert; distinguish situations where social proof evidence is valid from those where it is not; try not to like a 'salesperson' too quickly, [and] be alert to favours that are actually part of a compliance gaining tactic...' (Cialdini, 2001 précised by Boush et al, p.206)? How could I or my biological mum 'think rationally about any proposal or issue?', How could I (a newborn) or my biological mum (19 years old, without training in law) 'attempt to understand the full range of options before making a decision'? (Pratkanis & Aronson, 2001, p.342, quoted by Boush et al, p.206)? To put it bluntly the forced adoption system required that people be conned and that those supposed parents themselves be con artists who lied and deceived that they knew best and presented themselves as experts best suited to care for their stolen children. Boush et al state abundant research shows people are often more easily persuaded and deceived when they are presented information by a supposed expert or authority ('source credibility effects' p.164). How could I, a child, an adolescent, 'gain skills in negotiating for [my] own self-interests' (Boush et al, 2009, p.158) in such a family and cruel invisible system? How could I learn how to negotiate benefits and escape harm from those in control of resources and outcomes? How could I 'learn[] indirect forms of resistance', an important skill-set for children and adolescents to develop for the 'negotiating with, bargaining with, or persuading parents...[and others] to modify their demands' (p.159) when I was a baby, when I was a child, teen, adult? How and what exactly the inhumane treatment of me has inflicted and how it still adversely affects me, obviously has not been researched. But by this time, dear reader, I know are smart enough to know there's a lot to answer for, a lot to be refunded that can't be refunded. Would it be okay if I took so much away from your grandchild that it was impossible to repair the damage or even try?

'To suggest that individuals should set their own standards of conduct is to advocate ethical anarchy. Lying [deceiving], stealing, cheating [are] violation[s] of ethical norms' (Day, L,A, 2006, 'Ethics and moral development' in *Ethics in media communication*, p.3). 'Although most of us would like to believe we know right from wrong, we do not always recognise the moral dimensions of a situation. Or at other times we simply allow our prejudices or self-interests to betray our moral compass' (Day, L,A, 2006, 'Ethics and moral development' in *Ethics in media communication*, p.8). 'As moral agents we are all accountable for our actions and should not blame others for our ethical lapses' (Day, L,A, 2006, 'Ethics and moral development' in *Ethics in media communication*, p.9). 'The first principles of moral virtue [are] credibility, integrity, civility' (Day, 2006, 'Ethics and moral development' in *Ethics in media communication*, p.10).

How can responsibilities to me as an ends unto myself, as a human being with universal human rights, 'be completely divorced from society's fundamental values' (Day, L,A, 2006, 'Ethics and moral development' in *Ethics in media communication*, p.10)? 'There is not one ethical system for [the agents of Australia's forced adoption policy, another for the victims] and [yet] another for everyone else' (p.10). How, why, can this be so, in a just, fair Australia? Would you like the same systems applied to me, applied to you when you were newly born, or to your newborn son or daughter? If you are a normal, feeling, moral human being who answered 'no', will you please help change the nasty attitudes that spawned the wrongful taking and abuse of children and mothers? These are not rhetorical questions! 'Morality involves taking into account the [true] interest[s] of others; a selfish [self-centred, egocentric] person, cannot, by definition, make ethical judgements' (Day, 2006, 'Ethics and moral development' in *Ethics in media communication*, p.12). In trying to understand the learned demonising and scapegoating of me (including those unwilling to intervene) by my supposed brother and sister and other family members, certain church congregation members and some family friends, I quote, '...attitudes [are] the 'learned emotional (affective), intellectual (cognitive) and behavioural responses to persons, things and events'' (Day, 2006, pp.13-4 quoting Harrison, A,A, 1976, *Individuals and groups: understanding social behaviour*, p.192). '[Attitudes] consist of positive or negative feelings toward people or events, pleasure or displeasure, or even uncertainty. [Attitudes] consist of what [someone] believes, knows, or reasons about a person, thing or event. [Finally] The behavioural component of an attitude relates to the individual's predisposition to respond. Attitudes combine feelings, thoughts and actions' (Day, p.14).

The same forces that shaped their attitudes which formed the foundations of their conduct blew me down without compassion. It's like I've been in various psychological racks for the duration of my life. As a child for example, on one hand, I had to try extremely hard to be unrealistically 'good' and yet be the one who was treated as the bad one, the one to blame. Some things within me had to give way to my detriment. 'Four influential sources directly affect our formation of attitudes: the family [i.e. adoptive mum and dad], peer groups [i.e. approving family, friends, church groups], role models [i.e. doctors, social workers, church ministers] and societal institutions' [i.e. hospitals, church, government] (Day, p.15). But all these foundations

deceived forced adoptees and their biological mothers including me, worked against me, bulldozed over me and let me down. Without these societal institutions including the government, would forced adoption have been possible? 'The extent to which each of these is responsible for our...behaviour depends on the unique circumstances of each individual. Not surprisingly, parents provide the first and perhaps most important behavioural models for children. Parents are the primary influence in instilling a conscience, a sense of right and wrong. Some values and attitudes are learned by a child through instruction and discipline, but others are acquired through imitating, or modelling parental behaviour' (Day, p.15). I was not allowed to copy their bullying, punching, nagging, ordering, criticising or haranguing (as they did to me, they called it teasing) so I was left with trying to stay silent, telling lies to doctors, and other family members, turning the other cheek and suffering a lot of confusion and sadness. They sent me the message that deception was socially okay for them but not for me. They sent me a message that I wasn't worthy even though I tried and tried to show them otherwise. Writes Catherine Lynch in her doctoral thesis, *An Ado/aptive Reading and Writing of Australia and its Contemporary Literature* (<http://www.nla.gov.au/openpublish/index.php/aja/article/viewFile/1366/1660>), 'For centuries, significant distinctions among groups of institutionalised children...have been overlooked by the public...all these children might be stereotyped as bastards, troublemakers, or even congenitally corrupt young criminals. These myths and popular beliefs encode the anxieties of many and may also shape the expectations of the children themselves... Verrier observes a 'high incidence of sociological, academic, and psychological disturbance' among the adoptee population[.] In overseas studies adoptees were shown to be greatly over-represented in psychotherapy.' And I was made to suffer a shocking, irreconcilable inconsistency between belief and behaviour, between treatment of others and treatment and attitudes towards me.

As a child, adolescent and adult I had no 'real life' role models whom I looked up to. My parental role models were steeped in hypocrisy, increasingly (and progressively more noticeably to me) abandoned me as I got older, and seemed that they did not have my best interests in mind. My natural rights of the freedom to imitate parental role models, to be myself, to know myself and develop well in a natural and happy childhood were impinged and clogged and annihilated.

Admittedly it is impossible to submit this and have everyone agree with it. But these truths I write about will not please all, nor disappear as if by divine intervention. How can I do nothing when I have been given this opportunity? How can I do nothing and allow the *evil dust* of stereotyping and demonising to poison my wife and possibly poison my child's mind against me, or demonise my child? I've given more than four decades trying to please and survive in silence. What have I got to show for it?

Do the purveyors of Australia's forced adoption still believe they are involved in a calling so high as to entitle them to rights not given others? I believe they have not only deceived me and many other victims about the forced adoption policy, but they have deceived themselves as well. For too long the perpetrators have been allowed to develop fallacious theories, omissions, lies, denials, ostracisms and excuses unchecked. They've been allowed to abuse people psychologically, limit people's lives, even destroy lives unchecked for decades. 'Society must constantly seek moral progress, which involves a constant re-evaluation of prevailing norms while not abandoning the civic community's most cherished moral precepts as justice and respect for others' (Day, p.24).

One gentleman from my adoptive parents' church who has known me since I was a baby, and who I emailed a number of times asking if he could talk to my supposed parents about them conceding to a meeting (as mine and my wife's efforts for years were unsuccessful), said he thought I 'should go contritely to them' that he thought it would not be for the best to have a group family meeting, that I should apologise to them because I've caused upset to them by inference 'it is distressing for them'. (Their ostracism of me and my wife does not speak of their supposed 'distress' however.) But more than this, I wonder how this self-defined christian gentlemen would like it if I punched and shouted at him, then told him he should keep his silence and come to me contritely alone, to try talking to me about my misgivings, while at the same time apologise to me for the upset I have caused him. Would you accept this for yourself, for your daughter or son? If not why accept it for me? This is ridiculous! That I 'go contritely' reflects the way I have been stereotypically painted by my parents to others, and the way they positively paint themselves to others over the course of my lifetime.

'Before...powers of reason can operate...[you] must understand the issue itself, the facts of the situation, and the values, principles and moral duties...in the case' (Day, L,A, 2006, 'Ethics and moral reasoning' in *Ethics in media communication*, p.55). It appears this gentleman does not realise that contriteness has not worked to get them to think about their attitudes and change to stop causing pain. He doesn't seem to understand, though I have told him, not only have they ignored my wife's and mine contrite requests and three and a half years (ongoing) of patient waiting, they abandoned the rights of common justice and common respect for others when it came to me. When I type 'justice' into my laptop thesaurus, words as 'fairness', 'impartiality', 'fair dealing', 'honesty' and 'reasonableness' are listed. These words are antonyms of much of my experience.

Does he still not understand that I'm asking for help to get them to have a meeting after trying for three and a half years of asking and waiting patiently. And he's saying I should go to them contritely as if that would help. What does he think I am – a sub-human thing? Doesn't he have a responsibility to not solely listen to tales? Shouldn't he ask me about me? Yes, perhaps senators should query him and my supposed parents to get their sides of the story, but any one senator won't have to put up with the pain caused by others all against one stereotyping and demonising her/him for 44 years since childhood and counting to really know what it has been like. My forced adoption nor enabling others to save face do not make it okay for others to tell tales about me, and yet for all these decades I heeded my 'parents' directive to 'not tell tales'. Is what this gentleman thinks about me and how he thinks he should treat me, mostly derived from what others have said about me? I think so. The gentleman and the purveyors of forced adoption in general are purely consulting their 'theory-dependent simulations of the real' in the words of philosopher Baudrillard (1983, pp 120-30; 1995, pp. 39-51). 'The real object [me] is wiped out by [their simulation of me and their simulation they force on me]' (Baudrillard, 1994, p.56). If the purveyors of forced adoption 'can only follow models' of me and of the forced adoption system, 'then all they can do is simulate what the model dictates is happening, which is not necessarily what is happening beyond...their simulation of it' (Smith, J, 2010). And if what's said, and what the simulation model of me is not necessarily what's happening, then this gentlemen and the purveyors and benefactors of Australia's forced adoption industry are simply participating in 'a masquerade of information' (Baudrillard, 1995, p.40), i.e., deception, lies, manipulation, theft, cheating. And so the way I (and other victims of Australia's forced adoption policy) have been portrayed tends to follow what Baudrillard calls 'the disastrous impression of our having been drawn so far into simulation that the question of truth and reality cannot even be posed' (Baudrillard, 1994, p.60). This is why I write this submission.

This is why I think (2010a, p.7) Baudrillard refers to 'the anticipation of reality by images' (1987, p.19) and why he reckons that reported events are often 'inscribed in advance in the decoding and orchestration rituals of the media, anticipated in their mode of presentation and possible consequences' (1983, p.4) in short, events are now often 'preceded by models with which their own process can only coincide' (1987,p.22) (2010a, p.7) That is the forced adoption system and supposed family purely overlay their simulation model over me. Going against the principle of freedom and the sanctity of the individual, has been so limiting, imprisoning and destructive to me. To force and deceive someone is always wrong. It doesn't matter how much you believe something, your amount of faith and belief doesn't necessarily make that something right and true. A large part of my life has been devoid of reason. 'Moral judgments are 'dictates of reason' (Rachels, J, Rachels, S, 2007, 'Does morality depend on religion?' in *The elements of moral philosophy*, fifth edn, McGraw-Hill, NY Rachels, p.61). 'Saint Thomas Aquinas, the greatest natural-law theorist wrote in his masterpiece the *Summa theological*, 'To disparage the dictate of reason is equivalent to condemning the command of God.' This means that the religious believer has no special access to moral truth. The believer and non-believer are in the same position. In an important sense this leaves morality independent of religion. Religious belief does not affect the calculation of what is best, and the results of moral inquiry are religiously 'neutral'. Believers and non-believers inhabit the same universe' (Rachels & Rachels, pp.61-2). '[T]he scriptures and church tradition are ambiguous. For example, 'an obscure old testament figure named Jabez who asked God to 'enlarge my territories' (1 chronicles 4:10), and God did. Thus when people say that their moral views are derived from their religious commitments, they are often mistaken. In reality, something very different is going on. They are making up their minds about the moral issues and then interpreting the scriptures or church tradition, in such ways as to support the moral conclusions they have already reached' (Rachels & Rachels, p.63). Words are lifted from a passage...then construed in a way that supports a favoured moral position. When this happens, is it accurate to say that the person is 'following the moral teachings of the bible'? or is it more accurate to say that he or she is searching the scriptures for support of a moral view he or she already happens to believe [or needs to believe], and reading the desired conclusion in the scriptures? If the latter, it suggests an especially arrogant attitude – an attitude that assumes God himself must share one's own moral opinions' (Rachels & Rachels, p.65). For example then, if it's all right for others to demonise, punch, defame, abuse, neglect me, what's to stop me from staunchly believing in the eye for an eye ethic, and go and punch and defame who I hold is in need of such treatment? Because doing so would mean the law against such criminal and immoral acts would be undermined. Justice needs to be served. Recognise my restraint and patience and virtue these past 44 years. It is not me committing immorality and causing suffering, and yet the ones whom are, are considered the good ones and or beyond reproach, beyond having a responsibility to consider me and all those negatively affected via forced adoption that we may have justice. And so after all the suffering I've been through (and to come), I have never claimed supposedly 'legitimate' exemptions from the standards of moral conduct. Please recognise and thus compensate me for this achievement and service to society. And remember, '[My] problems are not the same problems faced by the Jew and early Christian many centuries ago' (Rachels & Rachels, p.63). 'People's moral convictions are not so much derived from their religion as superimposed on it. Right and wrong are not to be understood in term of God's will; morality is a matter of reason and conscience, not religious faith; and in any case, religious considerations do not provide definitive solutions to most of the

specific moral problems that confront us. Morality and religion are in a word, different' (Rachels & Rachels, p.67).

The purveyors, benefactors and silent, tacit permitters of Australia's forced adoption policy imposed their constraining, narrow cultural standard on me and my biological mother and so took freedoms and rights.

According to the principle of freedom each of us is a free agent and therefore should rightfully be free to consent or not consent to the wishes of others. Stealing me from my heritage, from my blood relatives, imposing harm on me by holding harmful stereotypes (simulations) of me, omitting information about myself and etcetera without my informed consent were and are violations of my essential autonomy as a free individual. 'The freedom of individuals to shape their lives with free informed choices is regarded as a principle with *universal scope*' (Smith, J, 2010), i.e. it applies to everyone, even 'bastards' and unwedded mothers. 'Freedom is central to the idea of human rights. Individual freedom is the birthright of all, regardless of the cultural context. Everyone is born free' (Smith, J, 2010).

Were the practice of forced adoption and the consequent abuse of me a 'bastard' acceptable or objectively wrong? Yes. 'Just as some people still believe the earth is flat, there is no reason to think that if there is moral truth, that everyone must know it. One can't derive a substantive conclusion about a subject from the mere fact that people disagree about it' (Rachels, J, Rachels, S, 2007, 'The challenge of cultural relativism' in *The elements of moral philosophy*, fifth edn, McGraw-Hill, NY, p.21). The cultural differences argument (of unwed mother versus wedded mother) is a fallacy. On this, the purveyors and benefactors of forced adoption were and are simply and disastrously mistaken.

'If we took the notion that there is [always] inherent right in the folkways [i.e. in the ways of the purveyors, benefactors and tacit permitters of forced adoption] we could no longer say that the customs of [our own or of] other societies are morally inferior. The failure to condemn such practices as [forced adoption] does not seem enlightened. [People] could decide whether [their] actions are right or wrong just by consulting the [possibly selfish] standards of [their own invention]. [And this is what happened in Australian forced adoption practices.] Cultural relativism [imposed on me via the unwed mother versus the wedded couple theory] forbids...criticising the codes of others and our own. Indeed, the idea of moral progress is called into doubt. We think that at least some social changes are for the better. But how, if the old ways [of forced adoption are considered acceptable for all time]? Our ideas about social reform would have to be reconsidered' (Rachels & Rachels, p.23). 'There are some [values and] moral rules [i.e. valuing life, motherhood, happiness, rules against murder] that all [peoples, including unwedded mothers and 'bastards'] must have in common, because those rules are necessary for society to exist,' (Rachels & Rachels, p.26). 'Therefore it's a mistake to overestimate the amount of difference between cultures [i.e. between unwedded mother and christian married couples]. Not every moral rule can vary from society to society (p.27). Human societies comprise mixtures of good and bad practices, [and forced adoption and the abandonments, in its various forms, of its victims] happens to be one of the bad ones'.

Concludes Rachels, 'We shouldn't be tolerant of everything. Human societies have done terrible things, and it is a mark of progress when we can say that those things are in the past (p.34). The difference is in our belief systems not in our values (Rachels & Rachels, p.24). Often, 'It is only that life forced choices upon [forced adoptees and the biological mothers] that [you] do not have to make' (Rachels & Rachels, p.25).

'It seems freedom can only be justifiably restrained if an individual's liberty is harming the liberty of others' (Smith, J, 2010).

If any people should serve as role models, it should be parents, people in government, ministers, doctors, nurses and those who say they are good moral, religious people. When they fail in these responsibilities, each wrong they commit further and more deeply erodes society's trust and furthers my suffering and the deception and long-term suffering and shame of others, including the shame of Australia and the Australian people. '...the fact that some members of society choose to lie...does not diminish society's fundamental commitment to the value of truth. ...deviations from the truth may be excused [only] for substantial reasons' (Day, p.28). And lying and deceiving and inflicting ongoing hardships on others for a lifetime to essentially protect and fallaciously prop-up one's ill-conceived ideas and reputation are not substantial or acceptable reasons. They are immoral reasons from the very outset, plain and simple. Again shared fundamental values apply to everyone including me and all those negatively affected by Australia's forced adoption system. 'Central to the idea of justice is the notion of fairness, in which all individuals are treated alike...there should be no double standards, unless there are compelling and rational reasons for discrimination' (Day, p.29). 'As autonomous individuals, we are all responsible for our moral deeds and misdeeds, and the legitimacy of any

ethical system depends on its facility in holding its participants to some standard of accountability. An ethics system that does not include accountability encourages freedom without responsibility and thus lacks the moral authority to encourage virtuous behaviour' (Day, p.30). 'Prohibition against stealing, cheating, lying and breaking promises are examples of fundamental obligations' to society, and always hold sway over secondary imposed obligations such as not telling tales, turning the other cheek, and silently accepting your station as being the bullied, demonised, ostracised scapegoat to protect those who do you harm.

'Two general obligations underlie all others: to treat others with the respect and moral dignity to which they are entitled and to avoid intentionally causing harm to others' (Day, p.30). Here my intent is not to harm, but to inform the public that such injustice won't occur again, and or to recognise and stop it more quickly should it happen again, to help reduce the ongoing daily suffering, to get justice, to live in truth and dignity, to begin a compensation process, to have harmful attitudes and any defamation stopped, to have understanding, to be treated with dignity including the acknowledgement of the pain and hardship that has been caused by forced adoption. Indeed forced adoption and the ensuing treatment of me for example, reflected an ethical egoism 'that divides the world into us and them, holding that each person ought to pursue one's own self-interest exclusively' (Rachels & Rachels, p.77). But as Rachels (2007) rightly points out, 'we should care about the interests of other people for the same reason[s] we care about own'. Ethical egoism 'is a self contradictory [selfishly self-serving] way of thinking' (Rachels & Rachels, p.89). After all, would you have liked to have been wrenched from your mother's womb, from your birthright of knowing yourself, and from never to have known either? 'Over himself, over his own body and mind, the individual is sovereign.' (Mill, *On liberty*). Mill would see [forced adoption] as an instance of 'the tyranny of the majority' over the essential liberty of individuals' (Smith, 2010). 'We can remonstrate, but we can't bring evil upon him to do what we want.' We also by law cannot bring evil upon him to cover our evil. These things are immoral and illegal.

Finally, I want to thank you, who in your heart, know you did and have tried to do the right thing by me, albeit you may have turned your back repulsed, unable to confront the wrongs and horror that is my living as a forced adoptee. It's just that the tide of immorality swept us and them aside, for I always strove and needed togetherness and love, and not just a duty of four words in a card. Please will you help me to see and understand myself and you more clearly? and let's work to a better future where I am allowed to better see and enjoy the true, good things in this life and begin to heal.

Regardless: As a Citizen of the Commonwealth of Australia, I have an inalienable right to protection under the Australian Constitution and the Common Law of this country. As an Australian Citizen, the Commonwealth affords me protection from the unlawful and harmful actions that threaten my Right to Life, Liberty and Justice from those who would deny me these Rights, within and without, the borders of Australia. And then may this dignity always be made real by human actions and not remain unguarded to wicked distortion in thought only.

'If...ethics [and humanity itself] mean anything – it means we must cultivate respect for others. This 'value', which lies at the heart of Kant's philosophy and is arguably the energising force for all ethical behaviour, commands us to ['act in such a way that you treat humanity, whether in your own person or in the person of any other, always at the same time as an end and never merely as a means to an end' (Kant)]. In so doing, we should attempt to foster within ourselves the qualities of courtesy, compassion and respect for the beliefs, and opinions of others. In short we should be civil' (Day, 2006, p.293). But never again should fellow Australians be duped by those whose 'civility' and opinions and beliefs would lead to fundamental immorality that brings pain if not calamity to innocents. These are opposites of morality and common law.

May evil be thrown and slashed apart. May good come from your shame.

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(28 February 2011)