

WHAT LENGTHS WOULD YOU GO TO LOOK AFTER THE INTERESTS OF A GOOD FRIEND ON FACEBOOK

Peter Adamis 22 October 2014



This article is dedicated to a past friend who shall remain nameless but for the sake of this article I shall call him George Damocles (derived from the Sword of Damocles)

Damocles the fraudulent fake and delusional Face book profile whose real identity was once my friend. Now it has taken another close friend to advise him of his delusional ways and the reasons why all of this is being done. In fact our friend George Damocles became so delusional to the point that he believed he was being persecuted and bullied that he reported me to Face book as such. In fact he began to demonstrate "Janus" type of symptoms which like the Roman God had two faces.

Despite all of my attempts at explaining to Face book (unseen text intelligent robots at Face book, my pleas to be heard went unheard). Now I have been advised by a close friend that he, George Damocles will personally contact myself and others with the aim of apologising in front of witnesses and also to disable his account. (Which I am told he does not know how to do). A recent check has indicated that the fake profile of George Damocles has disappeared from face book but I wonder for how long)

We shall wait and see. I have written this article because my past dear friend is heading towards trouble and has become quite delusional in believing that he is someone else. I along with others have taken it upon ourselves to spearhead a campaign using social media to help bring him back to reality as he is an individual that is living in a world that is not real, and is worth saving, after all he was a mate.

FACE BOOK AND SOCIAL MEDIA SHOULD BE USED AS A BRIDGE SO THAT WE CAN REACH OUT TO PEOPLE IN TIMES OF CRISIS AND GOOD. IT SHOULD NEVER BECOME A PRISON.

Peter Vlahos 22 October 2014

I have never been the bully despite the claims of those who lack the emotional and intelligent maturity to see analyse matters for what they are. I have always fought against injustice and those who are fraudulent people as this article will point out. Although my past friend will remain nameless my long time friendship with him is at an end.

I posed the question above in the title of the article because throughout my entire life I have always cared for the welfare of others. In fact on reflection I can state that my whole life has centred around supporting others, creating a safe environment and ensuring the health and well being of those close to me. In some cases to the detriment of my health. The chronicle below is demonstration of how the past has influenced the future and the lengths an individual goes to safeguard the interests of a mate who in this case is George Damocles

Early Years. From a very early age of looking after my young brother when he was two years old and we were left in a one room to cater for ourselves with a piece of bread between us while our father was in the Hellenic Regular Army and our mother was working as a seamstress trying to earn some money. Our mother would leave us early in the morning in the house of a friend, lock the door and walk the 10 kilometres to the next village for work and/or be found working in the village gardens in order to create a food supply. This went on for some time until our father returned from the Army where he was stationed in Yannina North Greece. The village was remerging into the sunlight of freedom after a bitter and twisted Civil war that wreaked the lives of every Greek throughout the world. It was time of "dog eat dog, and fighting over morsels just to survive.

Aussie Greek settlers. Every Australian of Greek heritage who came to this country we call home (Australia) has a story to tell, whether their patriotic origins were with, the left (communist) or with the right (Hitler - Right wing). In each case they have struggled to put the past behind them. Some like my father find it difficult to discuss their roles and God only knows the demons that they have had to battle with to remain sane in a world that was then full of chaos. The emotional and hostile baggage that these Aussie Greeks had in the mother country influenced their approach to Australian society and in many cases to their detriment. One hopes that the current generation can rise above the past and look towards the future with some degree of confidence.

Growing up in Fitzroy and Windsor in the Fifties and Sixties we as children were subjected to many racist attacks and assaults, being called, dago, wog, spag, go back where you come from, speak English you dog and a host of other name tags designed to break our spirit and resolve. We were bullied at school, after school, belted by the teachers, belted by our father for being unruly, belted by the Greek priest because we would not learn the Greek language. Being belted appeared to be the norm for the day and I grew up with an intense hatred for authority.

Despite all of this hardship I would stick up for and defend my brothers and sister from such attacks. After all "never giving up in the face of adversity" was installed into me by my father. In one case as a 13 year I almost killed another kid by strangling him with my bare hands and saved only by being pulled off by a teacher. At that time I broke down as what I had nearly done began to sink in and I felt ill from the thought of having almost killed someone.

Life as a New Australian in the Fifties and Sixties was a terrible time and anyone who tells you otherwise is but a liar. Believe you me it was a tough life when one had to be tough in order to survive.

Teen years. During my teen years I was wild and reckless and a street fighter. A street fighter who would not look for fights but merely defended myself and others close to me. We even had a small gang called the "HUS BOYS" (Henry Street, Union Street and Stewart Street). We were extremely loyal to each other. Guns, knives, fists, boots, cricket bats, baseball bats, spanners, files, picket posts, bottles, glasses and any other instruments of weaponry that came within our grasp were used to defend ourselves. Yes even the cowardly one punch (king hit) of today was known even in our day. The only difference was that you were king hit from the front and never from behind.

It is important to note that the most vile assaults I have ever witnessed have been women fighting each other. In any case amongst our group we never attacked or assaulted anyone but always defended ourselves most vigorously and sometimes I believe we went too far in doing so. Today I look at the violence within today's society and nothing has changed except for an increase in female violence.

Australian Defence Force career. In the Australian Regular Army I had 200 fights within a four year period, lost four drew one. It was the height of the Vietnam War, and while some Greeks were leaving Australia to escape being drafted as National Servicemen along with their Aussie counterparts who skipped Australia (on the pretence of study abroad), I soldiered on. I know the whole sordid story. I felt, wrongly may I add, that I had shoulder the burden of all those who skipped the country and that it was up to me to keep showing the flag that here was one Aussie bloke of Hellenic origins who did not shirk his duty. During this period, these fights I was involved in were always to defend myself against the bullies and those who wanted to intimidate me. Most of the blokes I bested, always towered over me and thought that their size would intimidate me. They were wrong.

I have had my ups and downs, highs and lows, travelled, met interesting people suffered injuries on and off the sports field and in training such as permanently injuring my back through military parachuting. Keeping fit, trying to get ahead of my peers, educating myself and developing my skills and all the time preparing for when I would retire which in the early years was a life time away. One friend once asked me how did I survive the Australian Defence Force (ADF) being such sensitive bloke. My response was that when I entered the ADF I took out my Greek cassette from my brain and inserted an Aussie cassette instead. When I retired from the ADF I tried to take out the Aussie cassette but it would not come out. In view of this I rammed in the old Greek cassette into my brain (metaphorically speaking) and was left two cassettes going through my mind. This is a good story which makes every one laugh. Moral of the story - 'I have two cultures living happily within me'.

My actions and instincts honed over the years as a street fighter did me justice during these difficult early years and in many of these cases these so called intimidators were on the ground in three second flat. One kick, one knee and one punch is all that it took and with an added aggression that even scares the daylights out of me today.

I was just a scared little bloke who never wanted to be hurt. I shudder now after all these years that my sons could be reading this and wondering what type of father they had. But then again this is not a confession on my part but part of the story in order for readers to understand the great lengths I would go to support a friend.

Marriage breakdown. In the mid 1990s when my marriage broke down, I lost three custody cases to retrieve my four sons. I knew that the health of my former wife was deteriorating and she was not capable of catering for the four sons. She was a good person but went about it the wrong way in trying to punish me through the children. I would travel 400 kilometres using my Uncle Spiro and Auntie Marika Smirnios home (supported by his children Betty, Jenny, and George - bless their souls) as a base in Brunswick to pick up the four boys and take to my home. I had struggled to maintain a home for the boys as well as paying off debts from the marriage and paying off my father who had loaned me funds.

In order to survive, I ate wild spinach (Horta) from the garden, scavenged food, ate Army rations, given food by my military mates, family and friends, accepted food gifts and clothing while the fridge remained always full for when the boys would visit me. This was in order to let the boys know that their Dad was ok and for them not to worry. They were dark days but days that reinforced an inner strength and resilience that would enable me to survive later in life. Survival at all costs was a must.

Captain Ron Lunt, Major Maurice Barwick, Peter Hatherley, Major Eddie Black, Brigadier Doug Ball, Major David Lewin, and a host of many others too numerous to mention supported me during those difficult times behind the scenes. Why is not the question for when it is all said and done, we were all part of the same team and we looked after each other. There are so many individuals who supported me that I don't even know where to start and even now after 30 years have passed I can still become emotional about it.

During my military career, I also became an Army Recruiter and tasked with collecting material and information on Non Anglos Saxon Community and why they were not joining the Australian Defence Force. Apart from my marriage breakdown, it was one of the most difficult periods of my life at that point. During the interview process for the role of the Recruiter I was asked what were my weaknesses. I said that I was compassionate and cared too much. The person interviewing me said 'that was a good thing to have in Recruiting' and was accepted. However I am convinced that the person who interviewed me did not realise the extent of my compassion or caring for others.

This compassion and caring I had developed was embedded within me and was tested during a time when I had recruited our first Australian of Hellenic Laconian origins to be at ADFA. (Australian Defence Force Academy). I received a very distressing telephone call from the parents of this ADFA cadet who I subsequently spoke to and encouraged him to tough it out reminding him of his ancestral origins and never to give up in the face of adversity. This had a positive effect on him and advised his superiors of his change of heart. The cadet advised his superiors that he had spoken with me and he wanted to remain at the Academy. The Superior (rank of Major) contacted my superiors in Melbourne who then made my life difficult and removed me from me from my Recruiters role.

How ironic it was to discover that there were occasions where the military green machine can turn on its own people. However despite what was about to occur over the next few months, justice and the truth somehow would prevail.

Betrayal. Suffice to say, I was not the type of person to take this without a fight and took it to the highest level in the Australian Defence Force for their consideration, explaining my stance and the reasons why. After all I had followed all the protocols and justice was on my side. Within three months I was reinstated in the same role but my career was never the same. I was betrayed by my own kind whom I have never forgiven to this day. Only one of the three responsible ever apologised and the other two live to this day with the shame that they deserve. One who I saved from destroying his marriage because he played up on his wife and the other was but a clown amongst the warriors.

The story did not end there because the young cadet, resigned from the Academy, came home, attempted suicide, picked himself up, married a lovely Aussie Greek lass, had children and now living comfortably in Melbourne. As for those cadets who were his colleagues at ADFA, it would take 24 years for justice to catch up with them. Many of whom were reported for some form abuse during their Defence Force career and came to the attention of the Inquiry into ADF Abuse. An inquiry that has shook the very foundations of the Australian Defence Force. They are now being pursued by the military and civilian justice to this day. Moral of this story is that "Every dog has its day".

Hellenic RSL. On another level I was also tasked by Bruce Ruxton (Past Victorian State President - now deceased) to restructure the Hellenic RSL in Victoria and bring into line with Australian standards. It was difficult time as all the influential stakeholders had to be involved and instilled with the same ethos and organisation skills and knowledge. No easy task for old soldiers from Greece who in most cases were the equivalent to my father. During this same period we were instrumental in raising in excess of \$35,000 for the Australian Hellenic Memorial and kick starting the project. I was also involved in raising the initial funds in collaboration with a Naval Reserve Officer/Journalist - Michael Marley, Father Nicholas Moutafis (Oakleigh), Bruce Ruxton, Peter Kalimnakis and John Anagnostou. It was a great time and well worth the effort.

Aussie Hellenic clubs. I also had the pleasure of being on a committee that catered for the needs of individuals whose origins were from approximately nine villages in North Laconia Greece. It was a club named Lycurgus. Whilst on that Committee and during my interaction I came into contact with other members of the Australian Greek community. One of those members who had an influence on me was a chap called Savas Grigoropoulos. Savas supported me by his caring and supportive nature by providing gifts and donation to our club, Lycurgus.

Mentor and influencer. Savas Grigoropoulos at the time was a strong supporter and had very close ties to the Greek Orthodox Church but left it after witnessing matters that went against his faith, beliefs, ethos and culture. He was also one of the first to stand for a seat representing the Liberal party and although he lost, the legacy and lessons he left behind were picked up and enhanced by the likes of Peter Katsambanis, John Panadazopoulos, Nicholas Kotsiras, and a host of other Australian Greek political hopefuls.

Savas had left a legacy that will long be remembered and I for one can be counted as one who has also benefited from that legacy. It will be of interest to note that after 25 years I am still a Liberal party member running political campaigns amongst other matters to this day. Savas Grigoropoulos to his credit is now living the life of a gentleman whose interests now lie in the Hellenic culture, and visiting Greece as often as he can. One could say Savas Grigoropoulos was one New Australian who was an unsung hero.

Readjusting to civilian life. On leaving the Australian Defence Force, life was difficult in readjusting as I was accustomed to the life of a military environment. Imagine raising four sons alone as a single father whilst being a member of the Australian Defence Force is one thing and it's another trying to keep your family together in the world outside the umbrella of the military. Life was tough raising my boys up, but what could I do but to keep moving forward and not give up. I was lucky to have my first job as a Traffic Operations Coordinator working for a Traffic Operations organisation collecting data and writing reports. It was not a bad job, but I knew that I could do better.

After injuring my chest, I was left with skeletal problems which haunt me to this day. I managed through the good wishes of my best man, Peter Vlahos, a job of the Operations manager at the Greek Orthodox Welfare Group located in Northcote under the management of Peter Jasonides. Peter Jasonides along with others raised Millions of dollars for the Welfare organisation and it was through Peter Jasonides good management that we were on our way to becoming the most successful Australian Greek welfare organisation in Australia to rival even that of the Greek Welfare organisation operating in Brunswick. Sad to say it was not to be and politics played a part which scaled down the activities and subsequently today it is a shell of its former glory. Had the powers to be allowed Peter Jasonides to pursue his executive growth projects, the Greek Orthodox Welfare Organisation would have been the envy of all Australian Greek Welfare organisations.

The next job was a manager of the largest Work for the Dole organisation (Skills Link West) which covered the Northern and Western Suburbs of Melbourne and country Victoria. It was an exciting time where we were able to undertake and underwrite many excellent community projects that are still being carried out to this day. I was lucky enough to meet many wonderful people from all around the world as Australia was the opening its doors to refugees from all parts of the globe. In fact I met many Iraqis, Pakistanis, Lebanese, Syrians, Africans, Assyrians and others who had fled war torn countries.

The next job was working for myself in creating an organisation based on supporting others. It was a not for profit organisation that still exists today with emphasis on networking and social cohesion for free. During this time I returned to full time studies, re-entered University (Monash) and obtained a Bachelor of Adult Learning and Development) This full time job did not last because I was head hunted as a Business and Public Relations Manager (equivalent to a CEO) of a Community based organisation (that will remain nameless at this stage). The first two years was implementing new standards and putting into place administrative and logistical policies and procedures to arrest the flow of funds being wasted.

World collapses. The last year of my employment was worst the worst year of my life and my world around me collapsed. The management Committee had changed and with it went all of the previous two years of hard work. During the last twelve months I was subjected to and witnessed the following:

Death threats, assaulted, threatened with violence by a community elder, tyres slashed on three occasions, vehicle registration stolen, abusive phone calls, email access blocked, isolated from decisions making by new management committee, correspondence not answered, subjected to an unwarranted investigation, subject to harassment, defamation, allegations of negligence by management, my financial advice not adhered to, no support provided for complaints, slander, psychological warfare, criticised for my initiative, undermined intimidation, witnessed bullying on an unprecedented scale and complaints never followed up, witnessed and reported fraudulent issues which were never followed up by management, misappropriation of funds and individuals salary paid for not working. These and much more.

The result of the above was a spiral downwards starting from stress symptoms which raised blood pressure, subject to high cholesterol, skeletal problems, heightened anxiety, depression, suicidal thoughts, loss of face, loss of confidence, hernia, became a recluse, three heart attacks, lost interest in life and living from day to day. However despite all of the above, my faith in God never left me and with the support of my lovely wife, children, parents good friends both military and civilians, (Peter Vlahos, Tony Kelly, Barrie Daniel to name but a few) I never gave up. With advice from the solicitor, I was advised that the whole case cost was in excess of \$875,000 dollars of which a tiny portion was offered to me as a settlement.

My Power of attorney Giuseppe De Simone (Love him dearly) was instrumental with my legal team in procuring the necessary settlement. House paid off, debts paid off, helped the boys, present to my lovely wife, took Dad to Greece and now living off my Army pension. Is it over, you would think so, but one more court case to finalise what is owed to me in salary and superannuation benefits during my time with the employer. Without my good friend Giuseppe De Simone in these last few years I would be a lost sheep in a paddock with no borders.

As I stated in the opening paragraph that this article is dedicated to that friend who is living in a delusional world believing his own profile and not listening to his closest friends who are concerned about him. People like Peter Kalliakoudis, Costa from Sydney, Petros Kosmopoulos, Peter Vlahos, and many others are all working together to support this friend. This article is also to advise him publicly (without revealing his true identity) that I had no intention of exposing him, but to demonstrate through other means the folly of his way. After all its the Australia way of helping a mate.

If it's one thing the Australian Defence Force taught me: 'never ever leave your mate in distress or kick him when he is down'. I guess my long diatribe of the past is but to demonstrate to the reader the lengths I would go to help a mate in distress.

I dont believe that I am a bad person, as I have dedicated the remainder of my life in trying to do good, hence my poor attempts to bring my friend back to reality. I could write more, but what is the point of it all, if our friend cannot understand that he is heading forwards the abyss where there is no return.

I PLACE A VERY HIGH VALUE ON MY FRIENDSHIP AND IN REROSPECT THATS MY ACHILLES HEEL

Not a confession. This is not a confession, for if it was, I would be in Church. A church that regrettably I do not go as often as I should but only special religious days. . Will I be criticised for being so open? Who cares. I dont. I am, who I am and that is something that will not change. I have met all of the challenges that life has placed before me and somehow with the Grace of God I have managed to rise above all of them. Life is an adventure and therefore we need to equip ourselves with the right tools and skills in order to survive.

Mateship and friendship is part of our Australian cultural heritage that is embedded into us all at an early age. We are after all Australian and as Australians mateship and friendship is revered above many others cultural embellishments, whilst betrayal of a mate is un-Australian. It is therefore my view that George Damocles is un-Australian.

IF ONLY I COULD TURN BACK THE CLOCK TWENTY YEARS

WOULD I CHANGE THINGS?

NEVER

Apologies to the purists for poor grammar but with everything, I just write from the heart and express myself in words that people can understand.. I have taken this matter personally as there is there is no other alternative. I hope that I have not disappointed the reader.



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