

INJUSTICE AND WHAT MAKES US AUSTRALIANS DIFFERENT

Abalinx 16 May 2016 Peter Adamis



We Australians are not only a courageous and resilient race but also a nation that thrives upon the challenges we face daily; and like the indomitable and immovable Uluru, will not budge or give an inch to the injustices of this world. We will always fight the good fight. For the record, I don't get paid nor do I seek payments for my articles. I write and post on subjects that are of interest to the battler in the street, to the families struggling, those who work under difficult conditions or for the many who are employed and yet are not acknowledged by those responsible for their welfare and wellbeing.

Even those well off and have the time and inclination to read, digest and store for future use what matters most to them. I have met them all and yet I am not deterred by any criticism constructive or otherwise, for life as we know it is but a reality only to those who can see the beauty of it. I just wish at times that I had made better choices and did not squander the opportunities that came my way. Still, maybe life was meant to be, otherwise I would not be who I am today.

Having suitably digressed from the subject, I often wonder how many times we have been a witness to injustice, heard of a wrong being done and or observed the machinations of iniquity overwhelming the truth. I am sure that readers can visualise one or two examples where they wish they had the courage and the tenacity to stand up and say enough is enough. Today we witness domestic violence on a huge scale and yet despite the education and media attention, it still occurs. Worse still is the violence and exploitation of young children that is currently happening around the world. Matters of abduction, exploitation, sexual assault, slavery, working conditions and young children being forced into becoming child soldiers.

I remember a time walking in the top end of Swanston Street near Lonsdale street with my wife Yovanna when all of a sudden two youth came out of seemingly nowhere and in a vicious manner attacked another by pulling him down, kicking at him, clawing at his clothes and pulling out from his pockets material. At that moment my military and street fighting of old kicked and I weighed in against these two young blokes to stop the melee. It was of no avail as they kept on with their attack. Only when a taxi driver of Indian background stopped his cab and came to help.

My wife who is a Canadian was not used to such spectacles and had first clutched on to my clothing not to get involved. But it was not the Australian way to let others kick a bloke when he is down. I would never had forgiven myself had I walked on looking the other way. On reflection, I also found it admirable that it was an Indian chap that had come to support whilst others kept on walking by as if the incident did not concern them.

Eventually the two young hoods let loose and fled the scene taking the young man's wallet amongst other matters. The Indian cab driver and I helped the young man to his feet who appeared fine physically but emotionally distressed. We stayed with the young man until the Police arrived and they questioned the young man and took our details. Suffice to say, I must add that my wife was more shaken by the incident than I as she was concerned that I could have been stabbed. I laughed it off and said that it was un-Australian to walk away when someone is being belted in the main street and I was not the type to walk away.

I did not think any more of the incident until some months later the same constable who taken my particulars rang me and asked whether there was anything else I could add to my statement. I said no as I had no idea what else may have been involved at the time. The constable advised me that all three youths were involved in the drug scene and were known to them. In fact from the description that was given to the constable they were able to apprehend the two assailants. I guess I was disappointed to hear that life in the heart Melbourne had degenerated to such a w point that people no longer cared. I wondered whether the Good Samaritan that Australians are well known for had disappeared from the Australian culture.

The workplace other than the home is a hotbed of a vicious and yet creative subtle cruelty on a psychological level where there the rules are bent to suit those who have the influence and the means to impose their will onto others. All the regulations, acts of parliaments and other rules of behaviour cannot and will not deter those who are in position of influence and power to flout their authority. Those that get caught deserve what they get and many who fall into that category should be made an example of that such negative and unwarranted behaviour is not acceptable in today's progressive and conservative society. Still it goes on.

Violence in the home is considered bad enough as it is supposed to a place of refuge many believe is a safe one. Many behaviourists, psychologists and psychiatrists have endeavoured to identify the many triggers that set of violence and yet are still powerless to avoid such occurrences happening on the home front. I remember looking up to someone as a young teenager to find out later in life that he was a wife beater. My mind reels from the memory of seeing his wife hiding under the bed covers up to her neck in an effort to hide the bruises from the beatings. Lucky for the woman that she had family that cared about her welfare to assist in bringing about changes that separated her from such violence. Still those scars remain for life.

Then we have violence against children by gutless, self-serving predators that deserve to be hung and quartered, but then that would place me in the same category as the perpetrators and that would not be on. I remember as a teenager again living in the suburb of Windsor next to St Kilda and Prahran when the neighbourhood was visited by some Rockers from out of town, in the North of Victoria. They went and visited a single mum who lived in the high rise flats situated near the Gladstone Park Reserve.

That evening we were approached by others of our kind who had heard that these same youths from out of town had picked up the single mothers baby and held it over the balcony if she did not have sex with them. All that I can say is that two car loads of local youths made their way to where these out of town youths were staying in a hostel in St Kilda with the aim of shooting them dead as an example to others considering entering our territory.

The weapons used I am ashamed to say were deadly and are no longer considered to be part of the Australian culture, especially after the Port Arthur massacre some years ago. The aftermath of it was that no was injured except that those two out of town youths got the message in a manner that left them psychologically damaged. As tough as we were as teenagers, children were special and were not a plaything to be toyed with. As for the mother, it is my understanding that she moved on with her life and that of her child to other regions of Melbourne. Yes times were tough and nothing has changed.

Sexual assault of a minor is to me a crime against humanity and that those responsible should feel the full weight of the law. Those who ae the victims live with that moment or episodes all of their lives and it is no wonder that anger is instilled into them against those they perceive are the personification of an evil that was begotten upon them. Yes I guess I can confess that I too was a victim of a sexual crime that no one would believe if I had told them.

I was a very young lad barely ten when I was caught by a chap in his forties and dragged me into a caravan park trailer. I was in his clutches for about fifteen minutes when I took the chance to escape and make my way back to my other friends who were watching from the hedges close by. That and another incident later in life as a teenager scarred me for life to the point that I would lash out against anyone. I was not the only to be molested that I would find out many years later.

These instances are but a few of the many that I have experienced throughout life and it was those same experiences that toughened me for a life that was constantly full of fear and the need to survive at all costs. This brings me to the injustices in the political field and when one would expect our lawmakers are beyond reproach. I have spent the last 26 years being a member of a political party dedicated to win government at all costs. I joined because of my upbringing in a Christian based conservative household that kept culture and traditions sacred amidst the Australian environment. I also had a dislike for communism and any society that reduced the freedoms we have today.

My beef with any political party is how they often attract the young into their ranks, indoctrinate them and with promises of various sweeteners have them do their bidding to achieve the desired outcome. Many succumb to this form of altruistic environment and fall prey to the influence of whom I coin the political predators whose hidden agendas leave a lot to be desired. Many of these political predators are living amongst us and are pillars of society that are looked up to, and still they are prone to misusing their power and degrading the office they were elected to. They know who they are and a day of reckoning will come. I hope that soon a generational change will occur where the Old Guard are relegated to the past and the younger generation take control.

I guess that although we are surrounded by injustices the majority of Australians abhor violence in any form and it is pleasing to hear of some Good Samaritan or courageous person doing the right thing. It is these small bright stars that continually shine through the cloak of darkness as a constant reminder that life after all is still good and that those that fought for the freedoms we taken for granted are not forgotten. I do hope this this next generation has the courage to take society to a level of compassion and understanding without losing its cultural heritage.

Yes life is very tough and within that environment we the strong that survive have a responsibility to those who need our support. As my old Korean war digger mate, Harold Eather would often say to me, “never be afraid to stand up and say your piece while others sit quietly and chew their cud like sheep”. In other words stand up and be counted, it’s the Australian way. Harold may be gone but his words echo through the hollow chambers every time I visit those halls of influence in uptown Melbourne. My duty and responsibility is to pass on my skills and knowledge to those that have ears to hear and the patience to listen. I guess that is why we Australians differ from other cultures.

As always, my apologies for the poor grammar, punctuation and savagery of the English language. All that I can say is that it is great to be alive and one does not give up in the face of adversity.



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