

Attachment 1 as supplement to Q. 29, 30, 31 of form 842 (class XB, subclass 201)

What does it mean to live in your home country and be subject to persecution?

Generally speaking this explanation should try to give answer to why the main applicant (Berberian, Krikor Maruke) has filled this form and presented it to Australian decision-makers. If the story seems satisfactory I hope a sound judgment should grant me the aforementioned visa.

I was born and lived my early ages in a socialist country. At that in the 1970s and 1980s Bulgaria was part of the Eastern bloc – a community of satellite countries that gravitated round the biggest communist state, the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics. We, the people of Bulgaria, were thought to be faithful to the socialist ideal and enemies of the capitalist world. Naturally my mind as a teen-ager and later as student in the Higher Medical University, Sofia, was quite submissive to such propaganda. I was raised in a good family (my father was Medical doctor, my mother was Chemistry assistant) and those titles meant something in those far gone times. Though not being members of the Bulgarian Communist Party, my parent enjoyed a good living standard and managed to breed up two sons – myself Krikor, and my brother Minas who is at the moment principal violinist in Adelaide, Australia.

I skip that happy intermediary and go to the period after 1990 when the process of democratization started in Bulgaria and the other countries of the Socialist bloc. Now I was in my late 20s and have just graduated from medical school. My first job was not to look for employment in Bulgaria. There was a country that was quickly deteriorating in terms of economic status. Or maybe, vice versa, it received firstly some true estimates

from the International institutions in Western Europe and America. It was obvious that it couldn't be party for the Western democracy unless Bulgaria adopt a dominion status – that was the other name for the acquisition process in the European Union, mainly on geographical principle and less so because of cultural and political bonds. My persona at that time bought a ticket to the United States and departed happily to the Promised Land.

I arrived in Los Angeles in early June 1990 after a long battle for tourist visa. I was granted access to America based on the numerous acquaintances of my parents; those were people who were mostly emigrants to the U.S. but came from Eastern countries (some of them were of Armenian heritage and were transferred to America via Beirut, Lebanon). Maybe you know the anecdote that whenever you gather together two Armenians you have got yourself a small Armenia. Anyway, those people received me well and I spent some time sightseeing in California. The main objective was, however, how to stay for a longer period of time and that became a real problem. From the first day of my arrival I was advised to do 2 things if I wanted to stay – 1) to get married; and 2) if I couldn't get married to seek political asylum on any grounds.

It was a good dilemma for my untrained ego at that time. Firstly, I couldn't perceive fully what meant to be political. I was never engaged in politics; I was never gainfully employed and as any clever guy in Bulgaria made my living with small hustling. Besides I was a very good student, sometimes excellent, and still wanted to prove myself in the university field. The idea of washing dishes or attending a petrol station seemed unacceptable to me. I wanted to study and even legalize my medical diploma in America. So I decided to enroll myself in a private education centre – Stanley H. Kaplan Ltd. The institution was most meritorious for foreign graduated in America

and provided you with unlimited Visa status (not valid for employment or under severe restrictions). The place was full with Arab and Chinese students. I was one of the small number of foreign students that wasn't colored and felt segregated. My financial resources were scanty and after spending 3-4 months in troubled hesitation I decided to go back to Bulgaria. Meanwhile, it took another year 1990-1991 when I made a re-entry in California, got a driving license, get car crashed and this time permanently leaving the Kaplan's educational premises. I still keep the 25 test-based medical textbooks of the National Medical Board in my library. It proved hard task for a foreign medical graduate to legalize his diploma and still is.

I preclude with my American period and transfer to my experience in the Netherlands. In 1991 I won a Residency program in Public Health at Medical University, Sofia. They took me on first opportunity because of my excellent English and communication skills. They also promised a specialization abroad which leveled my choice. Indeed, in the summer of 1992 I was sent to a Master course in Epidemiology at Erasmus University, Rotterdam. The place was a Mecca for academic activity in Europe. I met with all kind of post-graduate students coming globally. The modern science of Epidemiology was enigma to me but I tried to muster myself as much as possible to be at par with the other graduates. It was not so much because I failed some of my exams and had to take them twice. The system of education is so much different in Western Europe (and America) that unless you get a solid tutelage from certified academics you are certainly to get lost. I got somewhere in the half way – my Master degree was granted but I was bound to return back to my home country and apply the learned knowledge for the advancement of Epidemiology discipline in Bulgaria.

So far, so good. Myself being a good and conscientious fellow I returned after one year stay back in Bulgaria. How pity I couldn't understand at that time that I am making my second wrong political step. It is not easy to perceive yourself as a martyr but in the early 1990s the Dutch people, and generally speaking anyone in a prosperous and standard enjoying European Community doesn't give a damn what would happen to a backward neighbor such as Bulgaria. I was still enjoying myself and deprecated remarks from some of my Dutch friends whether Bulgaria was in Europe or in Turkey?! Solidly speaking, my programme director from Holland didn't lie at me and for some 4 years I was senior tutor at some courses in Varna, Bulgaria. It was a waste of time from point of view to my future but at least I learned to some good Epidemiology thinking. My growing skills in the field worked paradoxically hand-in-hand with growing animosity on side of my Bulgarian colleagues. It was easy to perceive this since most of them were trained in the former Soviet Union, had limited English language skills and had no idea of Advanced Study Design. I was check-mated when a leading academician from Medical University, Sofia, expelled me from the Bulgarian Epidemiology Association. No commentary is necessary since it is 15 years from then that I still couldn't defend my PhD thesis. Yet its there and anyone could access it on Internet.

The year is 2000. I am spending some time with my brother Minas Berberian in Johannesburg, South Africa. He has just married to a colleague violinist from that British Commonwealth country. South Africans are interesting people, freedom minded and predominantly Protestant. We get there to several assemblies of Protestant Churches because his wife's family is very religious minded and stick to the tenets of World Christendom. I remember that I appeared on a job interview in Pretoria that was a total

failure. I returned back from South Africa only to get more devastated because my best friend and colleague died from car accident in the United Kingdom. He was going to work there as Anesthesiologist.

I was somewhat thrilled at that time because I had problems with my working place not singularly because they rejected my dissertation but also because the new Internet era was gaining pace. One never suspected that this new technology at the beginning of 21<sup>st</sup> millennium would displace the telephone and become a communication guru. Not the least I started to bridge my knowledge on computer technology and for couple of years changed several computers and operating systems. I spent all my savings on computers and Internet that didn't brought me a single penny of profit. As a James Bond hero I started to build my own site in the WWW. I estranged from my colleagues and started to work alone. I gathered a large private library that endowed me with power over the Web because untoward are those that believe Internet is one sided game.

Meanwhile in 2003-2004 my brother Minas and his wife Erna drifted to Australia. They begot two beautiful kids, boy and girl, that were born in Adelaide, South Australia. The families from both sides travelled to Australia to cherish the sundowners. My old parents did the long 12 000 km trip on their own and I travelled alone to Adelaide in 2004. I boasted myself that I have circumnavigated the world which in itself was nonsense since my personal life was in total disorder. I have realized that I have become already my brother's guardian, willy-nilly. Besides the genetic trap that a blood relative is involved-in there is nothing else that Mother Nature gives to the humankind. My complex-minded nature was simply but systematically making place to more simple minded structures that had, nevertheless, better chances of survival.

When I was in Adelaide in 2004 I should have applied there for political refugee. This is how anyone does onshore in Australia if he wants to stay there and find a job. The reason for being political matters not so much as the dexterity of a migrant agent to persuade the Australian decision-makers. I have seen people with much less political record than mine to stay migrants under various paragraphs. Given my status quo I considered myself as eligible to live only in symbiosis with my brother's family. As usually the case is when one had been working 20 years of his gainful life for 500 \$ per month this person shouldn't receive the title of a good relative. I reconsidered my position and for the sake of two small kids, my aged parents, my troubled brother and his wife I decided to stay for some time back in Bulgaria.

Now comes the kernel of my story. The undetached jury could throw with easy hand the inconsistency of such story telling. I would like, however, to drive the attention of the jurors to further details coming from my website. Have a look at the following addresses,

<http://berberian11.tripod.com/aboutme.htm>

<http://berberian11.tripod.com/interest.htm>

On these links and thousand others is reflected my activity during the past 15 years. It says who I am, where I come from, where are we going and what time is it now. I didn't purloin a single letter in my life and most of the ideas there are fruits of my own mind. Another question that troubles me is how am I going to work in the near future. My parents with whom I subsist are very old, 90 and 80 years of age respectively. If I stay with them for another, say, 10 years I would then be on the end of a trunk in my retirement age. This is in case some fatal incident doesn't happen to me.

Let's get further on with the story. Why do I consider myself a political? I should try to enumerate a bunch of reasons and let the Australian decision-maker make his own mind.

1. I could have become a political in 1990-1991 when I resided in Los Angeles, California. Right or wrong, I didn't apply.
2. I could have become a political in 1994-1995 in the Netherlands when I was on one of my occasional one-week trips in Rotterdam. Right or wrong, I didn't apply.
3. I could have become a political in 2000 in Johannesburg, South Africa, when I was on adhesive trip with my brother. Right or wrong, I didn't apply.
4. I could have become a political in 2004 in Adelaide, South Australia, when I still was on adhesive trip with my brother. Right or wrong, I didn't apply.

So what is it all about. Why should I stick to living in such an ephemeral country as Bulgaria. First of all, maybe politicians worldwide couldn't realize, or maybe they don't have staunch interest in the issue but going global means to use a common denominator. In this case it is the language factor, the English language. The fact that I have been writing and thinking in English for the past 20 years or so makes me feel proud. I didn't waste my time co-habiting in Bulgaria or anywhere else to defend this groundbreaking thesis. I have never been a soldier, thus being able to take whatever I want by force. I have never been a businessman, thus being able to liquidate any problem with financial remuneration. Therefore, I became easy prey to various sources and occurrences that endangered my life.

See here the line of reasoning. The communist parties in this country (Bulgaria) have always regarded people like me as secondary. The first rate human element anywhere in

the world should depend on solid protection. I haven't been a protégée to anyone in the past 20 years and that's why communists in Bulgaria should touch me first if they decide to liquidate with a pharisaical political state such as Bulgaria. They are the real controllers in Bulgaria and not the military, neither the police. That's why I need a political asylum in Australia just in case something happens here in the Balkans. I think that I should be more helpful alive in Australia, close to my brother and his family but not living in the same premises. All I need is a small job and quite circumstances for existence.

Recently, happened something unbearable with my life. As from beginning of 2012 political situation in Bulgaria has become unstable. Contrary to any world watch, which hailed the Premier and the President in Bulgaria being democrats and non-communist this caused a rebound mechanism. The Bulgarian Socialist Party issued an order for military resistance because their whole lobby in the Parliament have dossiers as agents of State Security. While this organization has been the military hand of the Communists/Socialists in Bulgaria it ensured for its member unlimited access to state power and financial resources. This has been so for 20 years on row during the democratic transition. The wealth that was acquired by this people is immeasurable. The Army and the Police have been regularly bribed by the State Security. If someone tries to touch them they retaliate with full force.

I principally sympathize with the Premier and the President in this country. But they have their defense mechanisms as regular politicians on job appointment and ordinary people like myself don't. Two things happened to me in the past several years. I live in an old retirement block of flats that is on the address mentioned in the principal application.



Contrary to every effort from me and a handful of others the majority from the block (about 80 %) are unwilling to register in an address book with full passport details. This makes my habitation place a house where people know themselves by handshake and nothing else. The Community Council has refused to interfere for at least the past five years.

The place where I live is situated in some quarters of Sofia-grad that are distanced some 45 minutes (give or take 10 minutes) from the centre of the city and the work premises where I am employed. I use public transport and I don't have a car because I don't have the money to afford a decent one. There were always at least two reservoirs of stray dogs on my way to the bus station and the food market where I make my groceries. Since the beginning of 2012 the stray dogs in the locality have become extremely violent. There is a man in front of the block where I live who is steering two large wild dogs and is keeping them constantly unleashed. Only in January this year I was attacked several times and once beaten through the shoes. Its only matter of time that the dogs should beat me in flesh. I have called the police more that 10 times in the past two months but they refuse to send a patrol to arrest the madman and his hounds. Once I made a remark to the madman to keep his dogs on a leash but he got infuriated and threatened to kill me if I touch the dogs. I am prone to believe him, he is a former policeman.

For two months I am a prisoner in my own house. I don't go to work and I go to the groceries on time schedules made by "friends" living in the block.

On 27 February 2012 I filed an application for eVisitor to Australia that was granted. I try to escape from the situation and keep my job but I can't. Since I don't have enough finance to stay in Adelaide for more than 3 months and my brother refused to co-operate