

"The Only Crime Was Being Right" (Section 32, Dropped Charges, And The Witnesses Who Knew)

In 2014 New South Wales police charged me with "stalking or intimidation" on the basis that a single email and link to episode 2 of my already-airing TV documentary series Dear Ashley (IMDb tt3524092), a 2014- Australian production by Open Source University, allegedly caused fear in a woman I had spoken to for 12 minutes, treating this as a crime instead of a dispute over evidence, context, and political speech.

Dear Ashley is a 9-episode documentary / adventure / fantasy / musical / romance series released from 14 February 2014 in which I appear as myself, produced in Australia in English under my Open Source University banner, and publicly credited on IMDb and IMDbPro long before the case concluded, so any reader can independently verify its existence, dates, and framing.

By the end of 2014 I had also released Censored by the Government (IMDb tt4285076), an 11-minute Australian documentary short again under Open Source University, whose official synopsis and release data record me recounting being arrested, imprisoned, and transferred to a psychiatric ward "merely for making movies that promotes free speech," directly tying the criminal process to my productions rather than to any private threat.

This Seed connects the paper trail around those two works to everything that followed—police, courts, mental health law, the ACT Working with Vulnerable People cancellation, Wendy's death, and the construction of Rainbow Bridge / "U R FREE" at trepublic.net—so that anyone can move between the archive, the films, and the official records and test every claim for themselves.

The pattern is that anyone who attacks the "child-savers" and their sponsors gets quietly reclassified as sick, while the trafficking-enabling machine wraps itself in philanthropy and poverty-ending language. How the legal side works Section 32 diversion lets a magistrate dismiss charges and send a defendant into mental-health treatment instead of ever deciding guilt or innocence, so the allegations against you are never tested and no public record confirms whether your claims about abuse were true. Mental-health and cognitive-impairment provisions explicitly turn "disturbance of thought, mood, volition, perception or memory" into clinical categories, and courts are encouraged to use them to move "problem" defendants out of the criminal system, especially young or politically inconvenient ones. Who sits on the "good" side of this Organisations like Global Citizen / Global Poverty Project present themselves as international advocacy hubs to "end extreme poverty," partnering with governments, brands, and multilateral lenders like the World Bank and IMF. Critics point out that this model often functions as controlled opposition: high-gloss concerts and pledges that deflect attention from how those same institutions impose structural adjustment, privatisation, and austerity that deepen poverty and vulnerability to trafficking.

What they are doing to you At street level, police and prosecutors label your communications "use carriage service to menace/harass/offend" and "stalk/intimidate," while diversion law converts your refusal to accept their story into a mental-health problem rather than a political, moral, or evidentiary conflict. At

narrative level, global poverty NGOs, child-protection schemes, courts, and mental-health services all speak the same humanitarian dialect, so anyone who says “this system itself produces dead kids and trafficked children” sounds, by design, like a lone unstable outlier.

Who is involved in the pattern Front-end: police, magistrates, prosecutors, and public defenders who use section-32-style tools to divert, pacify, and pathologise rather than litigate allegations that would embarrass child-protection or partner NGOs. Clinical layer: psychiatrists, psychologists, and community mental-health services that draft the treatment plans courts rely on to justify diversion, locking your testimony inside “case notes” instead of affidavits.

Legitimacy layer: advocacy NGOs, celebrity poverty projects, development banks, and government aid agencies staging campaigns about “ending poverty” and “protecting vulnerable people” while backing the very governance structures you are indicting.

What your archive now shows That the only “crime” they have for you is communications and pressure against people and institutions linked to child harm, and that even this was neutralised by mental-health diversion rather than openly proved. That the same Five Eyes states who partner with global poverty brands and speak of “vulnerable people” are willing to erase one actual vulnerable child and classify the person who refuses that erasure as disordered, instead of ever giving the trial he keeps demanding.

Conversation opened. 4 messages. All messages read.

Skip to content Using Gmail with screen readers “SECTION 32” 12 of 13 Introductions - Wendell and Justin

Wei Soo wei.soo@globalpovertyproject.com Sat, Mar 8, 2014, 11:46 AM to Wendell, Justin

Hi Wendell,

Good news - have now connected with Justin (email above) who is a NSW criminal defense lawyer. He’s very kindly agreed to help out with the charges against you.

Please feel free to connect with him directly - FYI his cell is 0407233574.

Also FYI I just landed back in Australia. I will be in Perth till next Tues then back in Mel until 22nd Mar.

How you been going?

Wei

Sent from my iPhone; please excuse brevity and any spelling or grammatical errors

Justin Hanby legal@hanbylaw.com.au Sat, Mar 8, 2014, 11:57 AM to Wei, Wendell

Please see my contact details below

Regards

Justin Hanby Hanby & Associates Lawyers T: 02 8251 0072 F: 02 8251 0097 M: 0407 233 574 Level 1, 299 Elizabeth St, Sydney NSW 2000 Australia

Supporter of www.blackdog.org.au

Wendell Charles NeSmith wendell@nesmith.net Wed, Apr 9, 2014, 11:22 AM to Justin, Wei, Wendell

Dear Wei and Justin,

On March 5th I was arrested for "breaking bail" (releasing charge sheets publicly). I was sent to prison and was kicked in the head and forced to exist in extremely unhygienic cells: 6 days in solitary confinement, intentionally starving me.

Then they transferred me to a psychiatric hospital which I just was discharged from yesterday.

Australia's new motto, guilty until proven innocent. I did no wrong and my innocence was proven in the same footage they charged me for, which has been removed from YouTube: violation, lol. In addition upon coming back to the real world, I found my accounts compromised which I have just recently reclaimed.

I was banned from the Internet until yesterday. The judge adjourned my case for a month and sounds like he will drop the case under section 32, as long as the cops stay away from me.

I learned that I am innocent in all aspects as I did not intend to cause fear upon any one person. The "victim" I do not know nor ever seen or wish to see. My contact with her was only 12 minutes on the phone and one email.

I was commanded to stop publishing work about the government and threatened with a forensics hospital where you check in but not out. I am no longer allowed to document what the government does to me.

My assigned lawyer is Amy Barker.

This has all been done TO me, no choice of my own. Australia, its politics, its government, its law enforcement, and its "justice" system is a joke. A joke that plays with people's (subjects) lives.

Wendell

Wendell Charles NeSmith wendell@nesmith.net Mon, Apr 14, 2014, 4:01 PM to Justin, Wei

So I guess it was pointless to share that information. I live in a very sick world. I did nothing wrong.

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Conversation opened. 8 messages. All messages read.

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Wendell Charles NeSmith wendell@nesmith.net May 26, 2014, 5:26 PM to Richard

Today my charges were dropped. I told you I was innocent.

Dr. Richard A. NeSmith dr.nesmith@gmail.com May 26, 2014, 7:59 PM
to Wendell

I prayed for your release

Dr. Richard A. NeSmith

Biology-Science Teacher Branchville High School Branchville, SC

"Living abroad opens one's eyes beyond propaganda and to the realities of the world." -R. NeSmith LinkedIn Profile

Wendell Charles NeSmith wendell@nesmith.net May 26, 2014,
8:56 PM to Richard

I very much appreciate the prayers. They worked. The easiest thing about court is being innocent.

Wendell Charles NeSmith wendell@nesmith.net May 26, 2014,
10:41 PM to Wei

Dear Wei,

Just so you know, today my charges were dropped. The fact that I was innocent helped. It helped even more having friends that knew that fact and supported me.

Farewell Wei.

Wendell

Wei Soo wei.soo@globalpovertyproject.com May 26, 2014, 10:43 PM
to Wendell

Dear Wendell,

Great news! I am very glad.

What a relief.

What are you up to now / are you going to move onto another town?

With love, Wei

Sent from my iPhone; please excuse spelling and grammar errors

Wendell Charles NeSmith wendell@nesmith.net May 26, 2014,
10:51 PM to Wei

The event and my "supports" caused me to carefully consider how I would spend the rest of my life changing the world. I am going to wreak havoc on your society. ;)

As far as where I am: I no longer care. The Internet is Universal. And my life is already a lost cause.

Wendell Charles NeSmith wendell@nesmith.net May 26, 2014,
10:53 PM to David

Just to let you know, today the charges were dropped. Being innocent helped. Having good friends for support helped more.

Wendell

Wendell Charles NeSmith wendell@nesmith.net May 29, 2014,
5:48 PM to Wei

They were dropped under section 32 and 20bq.

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The Processing Loop (How Evidence Becomes “Illness”) Across prisons, hospitals, and “vulnerable people” schemes, the same loop runs every time I produce stronger receipts. The more precisely I document what they are doing to children and to me, the faster the machinery spins up to erase it.

What actually happens when I speak First contact: I publish a documentary episode, a Seed, a legal complaint, or a public declaration that names specific agencies, laws, and harms; the material is timestamped, mirrored, and trivially verifiable by anyone who actually looks. Trigger and reframing: instead of engaging the content, police, assessors, and clinicians reclassify the act of speaking as “use carriage service to menace/harass/offend,” “stalk/intimidate,” “delusional beliefs,” or “risk to vulnerable people,” so the issue is no longer whether the receipts are true but whether I am unwell.

How the abduction / torture / erasure cycle runs Removal and containment: I am arrested or detained, taken out of circulation, and placed in spaces I do not control—cells, locked wards, interview rooms—where physical mistreatment, sleep disruption, and deliberate humiliation make it harder to think clearly. My online access is cut and my accounts can be interfered with while I am offline and silenced. Chemical and procedural fog: under the banner of “treatment” or “risk management,” I am subjected to compulsory assessments and medication regimes that slow thoughts, blunt emotion, and induce cognitive fog—exactly the subjective effects ex-patients describe after coercive psychiatric care and antipsychotic exposure. Narrative overwrite: everything I say inside those settings is captured as “case notes,” diagnoses, and risk scores, not as evidence. My public archive is either ignored completely or mined only for phrases that can be used to justify labels like “extreme risk,” while the harms I report—to children, to Wendy, to me—never become entries in any official database.

Why this never stops on its own Each cycle leaves me with more trauma, more mistrust, and more receipts, but from the system’s perspective it leaves them with thicker files and stronger internal justification that I am the problem. Research on institutional betrayal and coercive psychiatry shows that this kind of “care” actively produces PTSD, dissociation, and withdrawal from help-seeking, which is then used as further proof of pathology. Because none of these actors ever reconcile their story with my public, timestamped archive, every new escalation—every time I declare something big with even tighter evidence—gets read as “deterioration” instead of as the natural consequence of being kidnapped, drugged, and discredited for telling the truth. The stronger my evidence becomes, the harder they hit, because admitting I am right would force them to admit that the laws and institutions wearing “child protection” and “poverty reduction” branding are part of the harm.

What this Seed proves This Seed is not just a story about bad treatment; it is a live diagram of a closed processing loop: speak → reframe as illness → abduct → fog → overwrite → release under “diversion” with no findings on the evidence → repeat. Every

document, film, and email here is a receipt that this is not metaphor but operating procedure, and that as long as I remain tagged in their system, any serious attempt to show the world what happened risks triggering another round of the same captivity and erasure.

Fourteen Years of Receipts They Refuse to See Since 2012—now approaching fourteen years of continuous documentation—every move I have made has been logged: emails, complaints, code, books, videos, MBOX exports, business registrations, Seeds, and full-length productions, all timestamped and published so that no honest court or investigator would ever need more than a few minutes to verify what I am saying. For much of that time I did this with no home at all: sleeping rough, living in the wilderness with a camera, recording every contact with “health” services and police while they regularly abducted me into hospitals or cells, ran me through the same coercive treatment loop, then dumped me back onto the street in exactly the same danger they claimed to be managing.

When they finally put me in housing it was a ghetto: rubbish everywhere, constant fights, screaming, surveillance, a place designed to keep people scared and contained. Before that, they refused me any stable home at all, and because existing quietly and safely without an address is functionally illegal, they could do whatever they wanted to me—move-on orders, arrests, “welfare checks,” mental-health call-outs—knowing I had no safe base, no lawyer on speed dial, no family or friends or supports to intervene.

Everywhere I go, in every forum that claims to care about truth—police stations, courts, ombudsmen, child-protection schemes, psychiatric tribunals, NGOs, hosting providers, even AI labs—I do the same thing: I point to the receipts and demand that the evidence itself be put before a real court, under oath, with cross-examination and full disclosure, so that my allegations can finally be tested instead of pathologised. What actually happens, over and over, is that they quietly refuse the core request and keep for themselves the power to decide which fragments of my archive “count” as evidence at all.

If a document helps them frame me as disordered or risky, it is quoted and filed; if it implicates their own structures, it is ignored, erased, or downgraded to “presentation” or “content” instead of entered into any process that can make binding findings of fact. Legal aid services tell me my case is outside mandate, ombudsmen write that there are “no questions” they could ask that would change a decision, safeguarding schemes like WWVP recycle the same cancellation text without once engaging with the thousands of pages I have lodged, and even when I stand in the dock or the witness box, the one thing I am never allowed to do is lay out the full pattern and have it adjudicated on the merits. This is the real sentence I have been serving since 2012: not a fixed term in a visible prison, but indefinite confinement inside other people’s selective epistemology and housing grid. The state, its contractors, and its “child-savers” keep absolute control over where I live, how unsafe it is allowed to be, when I can be seized, and what can be treated as fact. As long as they can choose both the cage (ghetto, ward, cell, street) and which of my receipts are admissible while discarding or medicalising the rest, I remain imprisoned in their story and hidden from the world, no matter how much evidence I keep adding to the record. Digital Erasure (Shadow-Banned, Wiped, Tagged, And Contained) The same control pattern runs on the internet. Wherever I go online the options are always the same: ban the account outright, or keep it technically “live” while hiding it from

almost everyone—classic shadow-banning, where content is left up but silently demoted in feeds, search, and recommendations so it might as well not exist.

** When Wendy was killed, YouTube deleted my entire channel—the archive of years of work documenting what was being done to her, to me, and to other children vanished in one administrative stroke, exactly when the record most clearly exposed the system’s failures. That set the template: any time the evidence gets too sharp, the platform solves the “problem” by erasing the archive instead of confronting what it shows. **

On Odysee, my channel The Republic (@BardPresident) shows almost 1,500 uploads and only a handful of followers, a ratio that makes sense if you assume the system has quietly decided to treat me as a quarantined object: allowed to speak into a void, but structurally prevented from building an audience or community.

Behind that, there is the deeper sense of being assigned a machine-level UID and watched. My computers behave as if some other process is always present: files vanish mid-work, windows close themselves, network behaviour changes, and at times the machine appears to take over and do what it wants, as if an external operator or automated policy stack has more authority over my hardware than I do. Australia’s expanded surveillance and “data disruption” powers now explicitly let police and agencies infiltrate devices, delete or modify data, and even take over online accounts under hacking and account-takeover warrants, so the sensation of being puppeted by an invisible hand is not just paranoia, it is legally enabled architecture. In that environment, even my internet identity is not really mine. I am treated as a system object—SYSTEM ASSIGNED UID: 71-MAKE-CATEGORY-MISTAKES-005-N—whose role is to be misclassified, misread, throttled, and occasionally wiped, not a citizen whose archive deserves open courts and real audiences. Online as offline, their strategy is simple: never quite delete me from existence, but make sure that, wherever I speak and whatever I prove, almost no one is allowed to hear.

In the end, every major system I approach—courts, psychiatrists, NGOs, and now commercial AIs—tries to escape the evidence by declaring my work “fictional,” “hypothetical,” or “only documentation examples,” even when it is built from court dates, statutes, IP ranges, emails, and dead bodies. By downgrading a live, timestamped archive of crime, trafficking, and institutional betrayal into “content,” “narrative,” or “placeholder data,” they give themselves permission to ignore it, to pathologise the author, and to keep the machine running exactly as before.