

I wonder what is human right? What is Human Right?

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Abstract:

Hi! I am a 20 years old man with autism that is one of PDD. Honestly speaking, I don't believe that "Human Right is equally given to all the people all over the world".

Throughout my school life, pre-school, primary, junior and senior high and vocational school, I have gotten so much and awful nasty trike by children and people around. I even wished to die to escape from them. They forced me to eat an insect, gave me a strange nickname that comes from my fiscal weakness, diarrhea, looked into a toilet and chased me to beat.

Became like a rag after beat, I asked those basters "Why you beat me, Why me?"

Their answer was " You are you. That is only reason."

" I am I. That is only reason."

With the reason, I was not treated as a human being by all the people including classmates, people older than me, even children. The answer caused one of my traumas that I have been suffering from even now.

Now I work for a sheltered workshop and get counseling at a psychiatric clinic.

Fortunately, people in the workshop and my counselor are kind to me.

Though overwhelming majority treats me cruel, there are still people who understand me. That is encouraging.

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Hello everybody,

I would start by saying that certain percentage of the population in Japan, where I live, has some understanding of people with disabilities, provided that they are aware that they are dealing with somebody with disability.

For instance, if a school has a class for students with disabilities, and everybody with disabilities are accommodated into that class without any exception, majority of the other students deal with disabled ones in an appropriate manner, even if they lack knowledge about disabilities.

What will happen, however, once those people with disabilities leave school and go into the outside world where there is no such thing like the class for disabled persons? People are usually unable to

recognize such disabilities like developmental ones, unlike physical ones, which are easier to notice at first glance.

What will follow are mistreatment, labeling, and even treatment like an outcast. Such behaviors are equally observable among adults and children. They behave that way as if people with disabilities deserve to be handled in such a manner.

When I was in elementary school, one of my classmates, who would go on to attend special school for disabled children in subsequent years after being diagnosed as such, was not enrolled in a special class for children with disabilities.

How was he treated while he was in the “non-disabled” class? Male classmates used force on him, while female ones regarded him as weird, and one of the girls burst into tears when she found that she would be seated next to him after seating rearrangement, saying “unbearable”.

These experiences have made me realize how insensitive human beings including Japanese can be toward anybody who is different from others.

When I went on to junior high school, I became targeted for bullying. It took the form of violence on me by male students and nasty rumors and misinformation about me by female ones. Classmates of the same year and other older and younger students, and even teachers belittled me. My confession of love for a girl was rejected in abusive language. When she stopped participating in extra-curricular activities, they spread totally groundless rumors to the effect that I stoked on her and I stole things throughout the school. This made me feel as if I did not belong to school.

Now I remember that my complete failure to understand classroom lessons and submit homework caused my school achievements to plunge. To make matters even worse, I did not make head or tail of lessons at an after-school learning center, either, which my parents forced me to attend. My family situation did not help me, either. My parents had to spend all the time and energy taking care of my younger brother, who had intellectual disability. I felt reluctant to talk to them about the bullying inflicted upon me at school. Feeling uncomfortable either at home or school, I believe that I became totally apathetic. They seemed to maintain their mental balance by taking the frustration they felt at home and school out upon me, who was mentally and physically weakened.

After one-year withdrawal from society, I decided to go to high school, encouraged by a hero I watched on TV to turn over a new leaf.

While I had no unhappy memories of my senior high school days, I had painful experiences at my technical school because of a great number of female students, which I did not know how to deal with. Shortly after entering it, I began suffering from stress stomachache dating back to my junior high days, and had to rush to the bathroom many times during classes. Majority of female classmates found my trouble amusing and began calling me by my nickname.

Furthermore, an increasing number of girls began talking about me behind my back, making it even

more painful for me to stay in school. This resulted in me reverting back to withdrawal and finally I quit the school.

My acquaintances abusively called me “gutless”, causing me to be completely as apathetic as I was in junior high school.

To my relief, however, the family situation had become much better. By then my younger brother had grown and become emotionally stable, giving my parents and me time to address each other.

I kept on talking with them and my psychotherapist diagnosed me as having “pervasive developmental disorder” some two years after I began to see him.

The diagnosis was not as shocking as one might expect. I was more than ready to accept the fact that I was disabled. The therapist and my parents suggested that I should go to my current community workshop for people with disability when I did not know what to do for the future. I made my decision in the belief that I should attend the workshop instead of idling away my time so that I could acquire job skills and fit into employment quota by businesses.

A major motive behind my determination was bravery shown by the hero that psychologically relieved me from my sufferings in my junior high school days. The hero confronted any imaginable enemies encroaching upon the earth, agonized over the mistrust by his friends, facing difficulties teetering on despair, was betrayed by others, and lost confidence in humans. From the way he behaved, it looked as if he were mirroring me, and as if the two of us shared so much.

The hero left us with the following message when he was just about to depart from the earth:

“Remain kind and caring. Remain caring to vulnerable people, ready to help each other, and to make friends with anybody from any country. Keep that mindset no matter how many time your expectations result in disappointment. That is my last message.”

I feel that people are becoming increasingly ungenerous today. I believe that the more caring each one of us becomes, the less discrimination we will see. I firmly believe that we can reduce discrimination if not totally eliminate it.

Thank you very much for your attention.