

A female still born with Down's Syndrome.

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████████████████████ myself

Born: ██████████

Married: ██████████

Partner: ██████████ R.I.P. ██████████

Gave birth to two children:

████████████████████

████████████████████

I DID THIS: As a child of about ██████████ absolutely no more, I considered I was being taunted each morning as I entered the kitchen for breakfast; and that the taunts were NOT consistent with my behaviours and expressions and greetings. I made no attempt to realize who the 'ringleader' was. ██████████ is sa-a-a-ad!' ██████████ is in a bad mood!' A substantial and sustained enough chorus. I could not actually bring myself to look except only to glance.

I said nothing whatsoever. Just proceeded with breakfast as they with theirs.

After I had been subjected to this behaviour for several mornings, I decided to test it out. The family had to pass by my bedroom to use the bathroom – one by one they did. I made a point of greeting them in full pleasure and delight, smiles and joyous noises.

I then went as usual into the kitchen. And the same chorus and wassail went up.

I had learned that human beings will act in concert beyond the witness of their senses; and so Sense. Actually adults will lead children to set upon another child.

[Oh, I saw it done in the late ██████████ once, by all of a large family present. Parents and children down from ██████████ years of age. They set upon taunting and harrying at length, to no point: for the young child female visitor, maybe ██████████ had the dignity to remain silent. I observed. She and I later went for quite a lovely walk hand in hand on the considerable property. We talked of this and that holding each other's hand, while we hardly knew each other. ██████████

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Named in this document as abusers: as having perpetrated family violence, with me as target, not under any influence but their own lusty indulgement of inanity – or and incapacitation to adjust sadistic impulsion to 'the other'; some malice prepense; some in an overwhelm from sadistic behaviours perpetrated on them: even from infancy and relenting to the regimen; some attempting to indicate, circumvent, without stirring the volatility of the, finally, out-of-her-own-possible control, and, throughout my life, observably to me, even impotent

to maintain her commitment to, her own intent to, control, sadistic and demeaning and misogynistic behaviours.

In order of my considered grossness of offence to me personally:

1 [REDACTED] my mother, R.I.P. Never relented. Indeed escalated. (Details appear throughout the document and some more in the section labeled.) Actually, attempted, as I had ever thought she might, in the [REDACTED] to engage in a forceful physical embattlement with me. She presumed complete control of my sexuality: before my [REDACTED] birthday I had conceived my first child. Fitting some clothing as a gift to me from her for my all but unnoted 'coming of age' [REDACTED] voting in Indigenous Australian Citizenship!!! (entirely unnecessary that she be in the dressing room with me) she noted my naturally enlarged breasts; asked me if I was pregnant; and went into a rage. The babe was conceived in wedlock. Mmm.

She also later presumed to attack me for 'talking incessantly about (my) children'. It was not so: it was a just typical output from her. I think it was the joy and fabulous happiness that was spontaneously expressed around them, with them – not so much about them, that irked; she poured forth vitriol. (Quite jarring and unnerving.)

So what to do with her? What to take personally? What to take for 'Real Life?'

There was no use 'negotiating' with her – I might as well have stood in the path of an on-coming train. The stream of invective was damaging physically at least: standing listening to insane ravings that are purported to be directed at me personally; and that had nothing to do with facts: how and why and what I was living, consciously she knew that too, was physically taxing. Probably also that it would make me feel ill. It was I thought pretty predictable, the toxic stuff: given her compromising milieu and her gulled double-speak adherence to polarizing and female belittling ideologies and purports by religious people. Anyway, much repeated. BUT then it was not just females she slandered and attacked.

[She was, I noted in the [REDACTED] often harangued and pestered by the local RCC Parish priest. He telling her *she never stopped to think; always, always on the go ... ! She should slow down!* Such. He knew something was and had been very wrong there; he was second-guessing (an observably common custom among the Clergy and Religious – perhaps emanating from the habit and sense of the correctness of purporting to authority without pertinent investigation – AND SO abusing and belittling (indeed, exacerbating and enraging her) because he was so short of his target, as to be merely mumbling.)

Nb. You will note that I refer to 'my father' and 'my mother' for their behaviours were very, very differently appraised and related to by me, from those of my brothers. I have also noted that when I let people into my arena; beyond the mannered limit, **THEY** get lost. Well, ... so ... clearly some have tried the territories, and well, [REDACTED] different! (With the press, or turn, of welcoming another trial, when it comes straight from the [REDACTED] horse's mouth.)

2. [REDACTED] my younger brother, R.I.P. Never relented: changed the focus for his sating (Detailed sufficiently below)

3. [REDACTED] At the time, [REDACTED] Now married man. Never relented. (Detailed sufficiently below)

4. [REDACTED], my elder brother. (Detailed sufficiently below.) Never really took but a circularized, to spiraling, bumbling awareness of his behaviours and reasonings; an abuser per se, ultimately: from having been a well-meaning fond fellow with endearing tender lovelinesses; taunted and beaten by his mother, in particular belittled by her as a scholar; embarrassed and slandered by his parents in their inner circle generation regarding the amount of his financial borrowing from them; and abused regularly verbally by his father. Ignored by his father – who seemed to find fault with his growing assertions of his own manly style.

5. [REDACTED] my father, early stripped of all decision-making power; uncleised: a brother of his wife's was replaced as an authority figure: this gross act was performed over the dinner table; and subjected to termless reminders that: 'they' are all my friends: he hasn't a friend of his own, by his wife – and to us; it was another falderole of hers only: he was much loved and respected by those adults who came to our home. He invented solutions for the homes of friends and relations and they worked cooperatively in improving each other's homes. Reduced to some confusion – ever one for romantic-gothic descriptive images ... that constituted, I think, verbal sexual abuse of me: certainly I was challenged to 'solve' or resolve the output from him. He use hard strong images; and he seemed to want me to fit in a box physically – to perfection. Perhaps fondly confusing the bodily perfection of the baby girl born after the first son?

6. [REDACTED] a first cousin who offered herself as a Religious and left. (Dealt with sufficiently below)

Cannot be placed: Innumerate? [REDACTED] Religious of the [REDACTED]
[REDACTED] Acting Principal of the [REDACTED] College, [REDACTED] (Detailed sufficiently below)

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And it is not at all that I claim that these people abused only me.

I do not blame these people personally. I have dealt with each of them in the matters with what emotional resource I could muster. (I apologized to my elder bother for my involvement in a teasing session led by the female cousin: named [REDACTED] who was supervising us in the absence of our parents. I had given in to suasion. He was mocked as 'Mummy's big brown boy!' some such: he had the loveliest olive skin and a tendency to soft-bodied plumpness, from birth. The words had no foundation in the realities that prevailed. She was the other person of the family who offered herself as 'Entering "The only "The Church" [sic. This is current [REDACTED] parlance in upper academic The Church echelons! I do NOT know

where the rest of us are ... with respect to that! sacral elements? ... I visited her in her early years of Profession. She left.

RE: BLAME AND SHAME

It is a shame that what occurred and could have been halted had such reverberative effects on my quality of life ... The impossible was expected of me. Actually in so many words eventually! [REDACTED] on.

Divorcee NOT: Divorced! Nor I nor society could do anything but destroy the man. AND people who had known and almost or even just loved me treated me like a criminal.

I consider human beings need to ask each other: 'Do I love you?' 'Luv ya!'

Mmm. Insane verbal Imperatives. How patronisers and patriarchals loved emoting the ImperativeMood, however bonkers.

And I DO BLAME THEM FOR THIS: that they were each and all well educated persons for their generations, with loving extended families around the and loving friends and colleagues. Further, with dependants attempting to co-operate with them and offer to: perform cleaning tasks, indeed we had a set of housecleaning and then Spring cleaning tasks we took on diligently every week and year; solace; entertainment; fun; and each their own honouring accolades and awards: brought home from school grades, scholarships and local venue sports clubs ... and other support: willing respectful listening to repeat performances (certainly I) with no notion as to why this information was being conveyed repetitively.

I DO BLAME THEM THAT they did not go, ANYONE OF THEM, trained and well educated as they were, NOT under undue stress: such that they could not ask to and withdraw from domestic duties, which were willingly taken over for them by us, and take early to their bedroom and their beds to recouperate their sense and decorum in private; and at least consider with their GPs even some discussion of TRANQUILISATION – not major tranquilisation: sufficient to quieten their being prey to their own nastier impulsions and volatile outrageous vitriolic self-indulgent sulphurised and toxic streams of verbal and physical abuse. My mother took Mogadon with delight – there were suitable drugs, medications available –

THEY DID NOT WANT TO CHANGE FROM INVIDIOUS POINTED JEERING SLANDERING PHYSICAL SEXUAL PSYCHOLOGICAL EMOTIONAL ABUSE; ABUSE OF SOMETIMES VERY HARD WON INTELLECTUAL PROPERTY, FINANCIAL ABUSE

ABUSE OF ALL SENSE ...

AND YET PILLARS, ALL AND EACH, OF THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH – CHRISTIANS.

PERSONS RESIDENT IN THE AUSTRALIAN DEMOCRATIC SOCIETY AT PEACE

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Some detail of the offences:

I need to leave my mother and the man I married to last.

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Two: [REDACTED] my younger brother, R.I.P. Never relented: changed the focus for his sating

Lied to at table, by his mother, that his (actually teacher of integrity and brilliance and revered for that) reported: 'He was the last straw!' Not: he was the last in an overwhelming, to her, string of births; and told of his aunt's appraisal of him as 'a pointer'. Some hideous sexual reference to do with his infantile penile erection. He was condoned-enjoined by her in fits of sadistic incestuous sexual assault on me; at last, sadistically purposively threw out ALL my and my children's brilliant academic works and belongings – including some of the most elegant and very finest [REDACTED] and essays of mine and my daughter's with teacher and reader accolades ... while I resided working in [REDACTED] [REDACTED] and called him at every birthday – he had plenty of contact; knew I was successful and could buy storage, cartage ... Besides he himself was rich in AUD and property. He used to lie to me about beloveds by telephone from Australia to [REDACTED] which I discovered on my return to Australia.

He mistreated/abused/belittled my Power of Attorney in Australia, who called him in the auspice and clearly stating his post – envy: Don't you trust me-ish. I did not say a pragmatic: 'Nope!' Never relented: changed the focus for his sating. He had power over my academic learned work and threw it out. Announced to me: done deal, there is nothing you can do about it, tone of voice. And at an uncle's funeral approached me from behind voicing: 'Do you remember me!' Of course I turned and affectionately greeted him, hugging his poor neck: [REDACTED] BUT ... did he remember how he had positioned himself relative to me.

It was later reported to me, by [REDACTED] aunt ex-Provincial of the [REDACTED] very vigorous and go-ahead, as opining from great heights of derisive disrespect: 'Once a teacher always a teacher, I suppose!'; and I was grabbing what contracts I could to complete payments on the purchase of my Unit on my return to Australia from the challenges of [REDACTED]

In [REDACTED] really all my brothers were wanting to know when I returned briefly from [REDACTED] with gifts of interest; and they could not think words past it; and there was a long silence in which disinterest, and wary disdain, was palpable: to know what my genital was doing and how the [REDACTED] men were.

NOT? See below the model of my mother's female.

Before he died he .txt me a scurrilous message from his lovely, gloriously ever smiling up, wife's mobile phone purporting it from her.

My elder brother told me about the same time that [REDACTED], one of the very finest women I have ever met; and her two children too, fine and discerning people – if hurting ... was 'quite snide' at times.

I took that to mean that on some occasions she pertinently and unflinchingly made it clear and obvious that, despite her customary demeanour of pleasuring delight in all and sundry, she knew perfectly well what-the-case-was; and tacitly, that she would not herself indulge in such behaviours as my brothers both did. That she demonstrated an independence of perspectivity and choice of managing herself and her environment.

My elder brother had abused me in various quite objectively appraised ways. (See the relevant section below.) AND, he informed me, [REDACTED] that my younger brother had told him that he didn't 'like' [sic] me. I find that an extraordinary statement. As if I hadn't noted ingrained misogyny.

Still too, undermining the targeted victim to the social group is a commonality of abusers.

His, [REDACTED] wife, jill-came-tumbling-after, wrote to me as Mrs [REDACTED] even after correction time and again. And my home address could not be gotten correct. [REDACTED] is my maiden name and that of her husband, my elder brother – she was a Secondary School teacher of English Literature. Treated me in the most bombastic, irrelevant and ... Well, slave? Was I? Not a professional like her: Mrs [REDACTED] Her husband's mother's entitlement/honorific. When I began to present her, at his en passant order, the website I had structured for him according to his framework (informing her it was, as it stood in framework ready to go, colour schemes, objects like photographs and text were prepared and or in preparation. Anything could be change at a press of a button. And some of what was inserted at present was for fun and amusement to display e-tech facility. She looked at one page ... and made such bully-lady noises that I shut down the deal. Was it Envy or did she lack listening skills. Besides my elder bother had twice left his ISP dongle in [REDACTED] so the site could not be shown off during other developmental stages.

She had actually said to me in the SLV something about his website ... ' ... if he ever gets it!?' Pardon me?

[REDACTED] I sent small, complex, gifts from [REDACTED] And some email letters describing events. I was invited to dine at [REDACTED] and his wife's home. After dinner we were sat aside in the lounge chairs with delicacies and coffee to enjoy. I was asked the entirely open question to talk about the trip. I hesitated a moment to find where I might begin. His wife leapt to: ' ... tell us about the [REDACTED] Sea and your fanny; that sounded funny!' I had written it to sound funny. It had been excruciating. What however, had been of real interest to me was that my upper arms were the first to feel too sensitive to the [REDACTED] Sea!

My fanny ... Mrs [REDACTED] ... She has already read the story. So it was as if I were actually being denied sense! Ability to recount my voyage ...

More ...

I had them therefore sent a solicitor's letter instructing them that there was to be no further access to me in anyway whatsoever for the rest of our lives.

One of them followed up with the solicitor.

The solicitor, informed me that he had just informed that brother that, really there was ... well it was hardly illegal really. So he went away accepting the status.

My younger brother **never relented**. Remarkably, and in temporal order **1**. Given from my [REDACTED] years of age start of development of breasts: to fits of incestuous assaultive exhibitionisms to sate his mother. I was standing side on to the drive way for she had called me to talk through the front passenger car window, which was on the apron just outside the gate. Had my father returned to fetch something, or was he at the wheel waiting for my brothers to alight: she never drove a car? [REDACTED] came striding down the driveway, a lanky fellow approaching 6 foot. He stopped quickly beside me there, and slammed his right elbow into my left breast in full view of her; I bent quickly down in agony, and slid my way silently across the bench back seat, bent over cringing, and remained silent. **2**. timing exhibitionism to me of his dressing in his mother's underwear – so that I could not but see him and he could propose murderous rage that he be thus come upon by me. **3**. I had withdrawn from a family BBQ and went quietly to breastfeed my first child in a corner of the loungeroom. He stalked me. He stood talking to me as the babe was nourished; I minded that not, EXCEPT ONLY he had positioned himself perfectly and precisely, so that anyone coming into the kitchen could view through the perspective of the two doors leading via the dining room into the loungeroom, him standing there ... doing what precisely? My mother followed (hot) upon him came in and distressed the whole – as if there were slander scandal obscenity and hideum ... She pressed me into the cold and ridicule of her bedroom: not my business. My brother? Slunk off presumably. NOTHING WAS SAID TO HIM. My second child's breastfeeding was not successful. **3**. I lived and worked in [REDACTED] and would be a scholar of [REDACTED] literature and culture. He was my 'family' contact. ALL my academic work: Secondary and Tertiary, was stored in my mother's garage; photos; utterly brilliant essays of my daughter's from [REDACTED] first school books and drawings of my children. Such. It cannot be considered in detail. He was a rich and retired business man, openly admired for that by me. He tossed them out. THAT.

(Nb. I note associativity not causality.)

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3. [REDACTED]. At the time, [REDACTED] Now married man. **Never relented.**

[REDACTED] now married man, **never relented**. Indeed there are clear secondary family victims: misled persons, who into the [REDACTED] have even been in abuse of the sacrosanct privacy of my home ... more; I will not have the time to detail. Further, there are many factors charging intrusive impulse and to lay 'causality or connection' at the one door, without respectfully checking the frame of mind and intent of the secondary victim-perpetrator is not wise: nevertheless I do very strongly suggest that the types of implosive or depersonalising behaviours of members of the extended family of this man: *The Family Priest*, towards me are in great part attributable to his purposive manipulation of the

phenomena of sexual, mental ... judgment and attitudes ... and pointings to 'moral weakness' on others: bent on concealing his status with me. OTHERS? Surely there were: what was special about me: he was at his prancing appetite, n'importe quoi. For, I confronted him: taking responsibility for I had from [REDACTED] for my acts: steadyings and distractings from sexual demands by purporting interest in such as Buber, a boobie bling writer of theology; and Rahner, who has some more bite ... , I ... more

I informed him scaldingly that: 'we were close to incest' I thrust it off in the car in [REDACTED] He turned very, very sour and called and swayed his tall body over mine to dominate. He informed me that: 'You are 'listening' to those tapes ...'? He began to direct to not to indulge in ... well maudlin kitsch religious moralizations leading to hatreds of myself, such. I mean: But, Christianity is a myth isn't it. And I was well very versed in Bible studies [REDACTED] (Later to become scholarly in Bible studies.) Don't tell [REDACTED] So no, his affect was mere distraction ... as severe as eh could make it; and the sense of profound disdain for anything he did is absolute.

[REDACTED] I meanwhile forged on with [REDACTED] see below, over no such or like matters ...

He attempted to undermine me at every creative revelation, every joyous leap from the past ... E.g. 'Today, I noted in the mirror, as I considered my features, 'the observer observed'. I was excited for my flourishing of my more objective awareness that would enhance career acumen and interrelating. He categorically and dogmatically and directly informed me without a pause that that was 'impossible'. Of course anything followed for anything could. He was the family priest.

More and more from the extended family: envious undermining, revealing of rank stupidity, automaton like responses of competitiveness, or entire blither which somehow placed them, in their estimation superior to me ... [REDACTED] ... teaching F/T Secondary [REDACTED] in [REDACTED] Sole breadwinner again.

[REDACTED] Now married man. At the time, [REDACTED] he did not come near me much once I had begun my work with [REDACTED] edn [REDACTED] He had been sent, by the Order, to be educated at [REDACTED] College in [REDACTED] and was instructing 'late vocations' in their Monastery in [REDACTED] He incestuously sexually assaulted me in front of my children, who were about the ages of [REDACTED] years; having, at my shared home in [REDACTED] – a busy thoroughfare of young mothers, children and friends of the neighbourhood, academics and teachers, post-graduate students of mathematics – and

1. early groomed to predate, by an act of villainous sexual laden innuendo: 'What are you two doing there?' I was horrified. I did not look at the male drinking his tea, who was not really welcome: conversational subject matter had long worn out. [REDACTED] from mid-corridor said that. He would have known my house sharer would not be home until after 5 p.m. That I would be alone. We were in a customary broad after school

recreation time with mine and neighbourhood children running in and out about us in the late afternoon and the back door was open too ... so I was seated at table visible from the front door and the back door.

Striding in at the open front door, presuming his ever welcome and sighting me sitting with a male - of some long acquaintance, and long previous ex-student who had entered my home-life with another male student requiring tutoring in [REDACTED] having admired my teaching in a previous class I had taught in [REDACTED], (the other had long left sensibly), a married fellow who insisted on 'dropping in' for a chat, at my office door at [REDACTED] or to my home. I wished him elsewhere. However ... such matters take time to democratically fit.

The: 'What are you doing?' was toned with a hideous sexual innuendo. Deluded projection.

Sorry [REDACTED] the facts bore out my judgement.

2. sweetened his image among my acquaintances and friends for months
3. cannot have done otherwise than invigilated outside the little home I had moved to in [REDACTED] lusting in the Order's car, building himself sexually, filling his mouth with saliva ... warm, sloppy, large amount of warm sticky saliva. Assuring himself that no-one else came or went and the scent of food was wafting forth. My evenings were tranquil.

Let in by one of the children, as I was preparing dinner; and they 'trusted' him. I will explain the machinations of his subsequent relating in detail below given time. In the mid [REDACTED] he did not bother to introduce me to his wife at his mother's funeral - he steered clear of me I would say, though, I had not interest to observe; I was enjoying my usual very interested conversation with his elder brother, who then, since I was my usual self and glad to be there went out and found [REDACTED] married man and ... as matters happened [REDACTED] married man came rushing towards me and balled me around in a huge hug without saying a word; or, again, introducing me to his wife. [REDACTED]

4. I stepped up to greet him, having not forgotten the offensiveness of Part 1. above, nor the behaviours and statements made, observed during Part 2. above, nevertheless entirely UNSUSPECTING ... and with a cooking utensil in one hand ... He ducked his neck and shoved his tongue laden with the warm mass of saliva into my mouth.

He moved away. He probably observed me, from where he had moved to in our lovely living room, so often filled with such fun and games and reading and sorting out programs on television ...

I stood back in the small kitchen area between the stove and the bench. I did not savour this swam of clearly prepared saliva in my mouth. I 'read' it; and then let it slide away automatically: not as a digestible.

I suppose that he considered that he had marked me, destined me for himself ... something perfectly crazed.

THE REST OF THAT HORRIFIC AND DISTRESSING RELATING I RECOUNT IN MY SUBMISSION OF CLERGY ABUSE AND ITS MANAGEMENT TO THE OTHER RELEVANT ROYAL COMMISSION.

He was treated with every respect.

I was detailed in my observation and cunning in my questioning of him regarding his use of time and resources of the Oder; of his switchings and illusions; the persons he chose to slander ... He purported to tell me what was the right kind of LOVE!! He required further favours. Do not be alarmed Dear Reader for I know my own sexuality and where and how to engage it. He got none of it.

One point of note is that he very early after the assault slandered [REDACTED] for a while very go-ahead, percipient, Provincial of [REDACTED] at whose Convent I spent some sweet gracious and holy times with her at luncheons in the [REDACTED] etc. as 'a gossip woman'.

ASIDE: REGARDING MY HEALTH:

I was depleting. I was employed F/T at [REDACTED] and with various positions of responsibility. In all my years teaching at [REDACTED] I taught one female. As a matter of fact, to encourage her I lent her a book of the [REDACTED] articles from The New Scientist. She disappeared with it: forever. Never made an attempt to give it back.

I had one female colleague a very brilliant woman who adored my daughter. We got along very well, indeed.

She left not long after I left.

It was not easy even to simply do-my-assigned-job. I led the [REDACTED] Assessment and seconded the [REDACTED] On the [REDACTED] paper there was a question which I immediately found ambiguous: there was more than one possible interpretation of the question and two different solutions available. It is a sine qua non of an examination paper that that be NOT so.

There were other young male colleagues in the office as I discussed the point. 'He' did not want to change the wording of the question. I had already generated an alternative. He demurred for a very long time as I continued to insist on the simple principle of one question one answer: otherwise we were in a trap of precisely how many marks to allot to the response. Eventually he capitulated. It had all happened in a very few minutes.

Evidently, the gentleman felt very, very put out. (His ego was bruised ... not by the fact that he had made an error: so what! That it had been pointed out to him by a woman. A woman had not right to do this and 'make him feel like that'.) He went to the Department Head and complained. I never saw the complaint and was told the he had complained over the way I had seconded the [REDACTED] paper.

I assured the HoD for whom I felt great respect that the matter had been handled openly and quietly, sedately in and office with other colleagues working around us. They made no signal; they made no complaint.

It was excruciating. The HoD seemed to realize what had happened.

Nevertheless I did not second another [REDACTED] paper.

It was not considered that there was never any sense that something was wrong when my [REDACTED] Assessment was seconded.

Daily, I walked on that sort of ice. Once a male colleague asked me a [REDACTED] question. I responded spontaneously, briefly and quickly. Tears leapt to the young man's eyes: 'I didn't even know that existed' he stated. He clearly felt quite caught off guard and threatened.

ASIDE: FAMILY PRESSURES FROM THE WORKPLACE:

Sexual favours were tried for by quite a few.

One male used to turn up at my office door lunchtime after lunchtime. He was tall and swung in the doorway holding the sides of the open door. He had some connection with my elder brother socially – so I had to pamper him or be scorned by my brother's relating to my mother, as he would that I was rejecting of this singularly tiresome and boring male.

He used, every time, swing one knee forward, its bones pointing through his ever, the same grey strides. He would ask me: 'How are you?' After three times of having had lunch with him: wasting my lunchtime in relative discomfort and if we ate in a café, certainly he did not pay.

So, when he arrived at my office doorway: on time with his pointed knee swinging in front of him I began to respond: 'Putrid!' He never took the point, that the very sight of him made me feel queasy. On and on he came.

Dear Reader, I am not exaggerating the stress that sort of male ego relating held me under all those years. Could I go to the HoD and complain? That was altogether too petty.

My elder brother came to my office once at lunchtime WITHOUT NOTICE. I likely was at catamenia: my period and a varicose vein in my leg painful, so I had raised my legs onto the desktop for the time being. That was how he found me, with no-one else in the office. He repeated the story within the family time and again; nobody made any comment. How marvelous I had looked at my work desk with my feet up!!! (on a rare occasion with no-one else in the office.)

.....

I needed my evening hours once my two had gone to their beds for a good night's rest after a hearty day ...

██████ had been impossibly violent, ██████ he had laid in wait in my bed, though he paid no maintenance, he came and went to visit his children; and took no responsibility ... see below.

I had told him quietly: '██████ you know I can't sleep with you!'

He did not budge.

I had work at ██████ next day, the children to prepare – they were wonderfully pragmatic about what had to be done. Cooperative, reasoned, kindly ...

I went away from the bedroom and pondered how to sleep. There was a divan-couch and no covers. I decided that I would dress and slide in on top of the top sheet. That I did without any fuss and proceeded to sleep. (I had had to train myself to sleep. ... given that he attacked even as I slept ... Worse again in ██████. He suddenly assaulted me from behind tearing off my bed clothing and hissing that he ' was going to get back where [he] belonged ...' smashed his fist into my face and with his penis erect made for rape. I fainted and simultaneously slipped my body, now naked and bruised, straight under him and pushed one leg under his chest and the other under his loins. THAT WAS: 'No!' He hung there for quite a while his penis erect: he who had a few days earlier informed me: 'If I am ever charged I will not be ██████' As if I did not know professional compromise.

The children were asleep in the next room.

He rose and swayed his body about in front of the full-length mirror gazing at his erect penis.

He left. And I sat on the edge of the bed for a while weeping and considering: that it had all come to this ...!

I dressed and fetched the host of the dinner party to mind the children. I went to the ██████ Police Station and informed the three Police Officers lined behind the counter late at night what had happened. I asked them could they go and talk to him. Not unless I laid charges. I considered. Weakened, all but collapsed physically, for what was to be done with such a man ... I said that I wouldn't lay charges. They said pretty much in a chorus: 'You'll get sick of it!' I was.

At the ██████ home ██████ came and went as he pleased pretty much, for a while; and was, at once pretending that I was 'Gretchen' (do think Goethe's Faust) and mocking my friends ... to my face in front of the children.

After ██████ demands evening after evening arriving from ██████ to ██████ and back! Of course I asked him how he had a car free and

how the costs of petrol were covered. He had answered in blazé irreverent terms there was no sense of poverty obedience chastity ... It was bizarre.

AND HE HAD CHOSEN THE MOST VULNERABLE OF THE FAMILY

[Oh he did drive me a very little bit to buy myself a car. He did slander his young sister, who was apologised to under J Gillard PM to for having her baby, conceived out of wedlock, taken away. And she and he and I and [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] and a young sister of his, once went for a picnic at [REDACTED]. There were no cuddling soft-sexual demands - as far as he got, that day.

In the [REDACTED] this same young sister of his made an appointment to meet me at the National Gallery of Victoria. We spoke of it planning by telephone several times. She made no mention, nor did I of her ending up at my home. As soon as we met punctually At [REDACTED] she informed me in harsh tones that afterwards she had to wait at my place for her daughter to pick her up. I was astounded. My mind flashed back to how I had left my home; sometimes there are papers all about ... scrunched ... scattered. No, it was in good order: OK I agreed and felt hideously intruded upon. She is a sweet woman herself. She mumbled to me several times about a book that [REDACTED] married man, was writing about the family. He had lost it all entirely after-all-that-work. And that story changed – he had found the computer it was in after all.

The ‘stories’ of that family are very very confused. Except for two of that family.

In my home she gave me a broach of my mother’s which she told me [REDACTED] [REDACTED] had given to her. She was lovely about it. She did manage to drop a clanger, amongst her relaxed chatter about how her poor sister [REDACTED] had had to live in a pokey little flat and the family had banded together and found her a suitable, sizable house.

We were standing talking in my very little flat. All I could manage, after all – and little superannuation because I opted in the [REDACTED] not to contribute: we needed some quality of life – teachers do not earn much; and there was no maintenance for the children from their ‘Dad!’?

People knew, at the very least that I had not attended my mother’s funeral.

She had died peaceably in her loungeroom chair watching the cricket. The only different matter had been that she had not washed her set of lunch dishes. Besides I was in [REDACTED] It was not easy to get away.

The day of her death, I had been moved to close down the storm shutters which I hardly every did and I passed a good hour or so in contemplation seated in the tatami mats of my living room in complete silence contemplating.

The next day I received a call from both brothers explaining her death.

This cousin’s daughter arrived with her individualized number plates and my sweet cousin was swept away ... pretty much never to be seen again.

I felt that I would be reported on: because I suss that [REDACTED] married man to whom I had said in [REDACTED], harshly: 'Well we were close to incest!' ... Well, goodness only knows what he has tried to pretend.

Secondary victims?

I have meanwhile done a great deal of work on the machinations and commonalities of Clergy and Religious sexual abuse ... in preparation for the relevant Royal Commission.

My main conclusion is that we are there to sate their sacrifice of mandatory celibacy. Freud would have a 'Hey!-day" at slips!]

[REDACTED] I was very, very threatened.

I had found [REDACTED] at [REDACTED] Counseling Unit, earlier in the year. She had only been able to offer me Group Therapy. That was not what I required. But, I really admired her and wanted to work with her.

I was studying and hitting my previous heights of reason on the fly ... able to attend not all lectures and keeping in contact with enough ... honours

[REDACTED]

BUT I needed my nights to study

[REDACTED] ... stayed on and on reclining reading behind me ... even as I tried to study. BUT an intrusive press and demand.

Examination time came. I needed a week alone to revise. Consolidate.

I could not get it.

The disappointment of my positioning was overwhelming and my body was becoming incapacitated.

My heart had begun racing ... some call that 'panic fits' ... perhaps that was the beginning of my endocrine collapse. Hyperthyroidism. (Which is not now a problem. [REDACTED] is dead of some years, RIP. ...) My mother had roaring hypertension. I developed in the [REDACTED] such hypotension that the doctors, one after the other, peering closely at me and asking how I felt, adjusted their machines sometimes twice. I did develop rather an awful lot of sicknesses: weakened immune system. That corrected itself once I'd decided enough was just that.

I returned to appeal to [REDACTED] end [REDACTED] summer holidays coming up. She realized that I was desperate. That I was in an intensive crisis, while still operating perfectly normally at work ... Physically involved in psychosomatic hurt; very challenged – in terror, petrified, when I was 'alone.' NOT lonely! WANTING someone to talk with – who would listen to what was actually THE CASE. [REDACTED] had brilliant listening skills.

BUT ... [REDACTED] and [REDACTED]

We organised that I meet her at [REDACTED] Psychiatric Unit with [REDACTED] I gave FULL vent to my desperation; miserably ... my explaining the inexplicable had them perplexed and musing about what was ACTUALLY going on, (I just pressed worsening 'symptoms' at them), nevertheless kindly, indeed. They knew I was a professional woman. I was informed that they would work with me, certainly; and that they would prefer that I come in to hospital to rest and quieten.

(Of course I did not 'disclose' immediately the BA-A-A-D side of life: I DID not know these people. I soon learnt I was in very fine management and trusted and the results were excellent.. I refer you to the work of Children of Phoenix Initiator Dr S. Caroline Taylor on researched results regarding later disclosure. [REDACTED] was ever such a little silly informing me that [REDACTED] is not god you know!' Uh, I did. And he said ever so carefully: 'Never forget how sick you have been.' AND he said: 'Have you got your I'm-going-to-see-[REDACTED]-face-on?' Was he a tad jealous? Anyway, he gave me a number to reach him if I was frightened 24/7! We-e-e-ell.)

I told them that I was uncertain how I might organize that. I would see what could be done.

I returned to my own environment and my honours exam and my brilliant elegant and tireless work ... (that was tossed out in a fit of 'power' by my younger brother [REDACTED] in the early [REDACTED])

BUT the press of the horrific deception that was taking place was overwhelming.

(When you read the section on my mother, you will be more aware of the profundity of my quandary, [REDACTED] and the longitudinal force that was at play. Horrific deception. (For her I was to be a sort of Malvolio figure. (Shakespeare.) I mean organized into a position of ... dumb insult from the conformers; out of my peer group ... Loved by my peers now pretty much ex-peers, and most teachers; and yet there was such unremitting cruelty, and she turned it about them too over dinner table, so, it was part of the praxis and process of being in the family and my friends would suffer unwittingly. So, I tried to warn one utterly beloved friend and she actually just spurned me: COULDN'T BEGIN TO LISTEN. I had to live it out in mannered scholarship. (My mother stripped the latter ... and I once stepped out on purpose from the former with her: referring to her as the EASEFUL? vulgar she would have me WHAT??? mix with, referred to her as lots of the adult women were referred to: working full-time as professionals and running households?

She was hurt and horrified. So, it wasn't as if I didn't know how to hit a target. **BUT, I was actually surprised that she was 'hurt'** – since '[REDACTED] d be a good catch!' had been said. UGH ... So, double standards ... really? ... I had acted in parody; and gotten a designed affect: her hurt. BUT, why on earth was she hurt?

(Here think the tones of Rex Harrison? No. But I was Eliza surely. Couldn't she have said: 'Oh, that's not like you!' 'Where on earth did you learn to say that?' She knew the latter; and could not admit the former.)

██████████, but you cannot hear the blithe spirit tones: 'There's something wrong with your love objects!' She did say: 'Perhaps Melanie Klein would help!' She oft times recommended some reading ... The Imperial Animal, Bowlby, Jung ... she never mentioned Freud. (Melanie Klein's work I of course grabbed and read. AND I felt put upon: I mean I was very very busy. I don't think ██████████ got the difference in social security and financial pressure, that was at odds between us, until very, very much later. ██████████

I cannot now recall the details: automatic pilot I suppose.

I informed work. ██████████ mother, ever, the faithful grandmother ... my own mother had not gotten beyond her siblings ... their photographs all about her rooms at home; none of ours.

And she had expressed fury at my being in early stages of pregnancy, on my ██████████ birthday, when I had wed in early April!! Mmm ... see her section.

I asked ██████████ if he could come and drive me to ██████████ He could come.

And the first person he called to inform whatever **he did THINK** ... was ██████████ ██████████ his gossipy nun. I suppose she was instructed to pray for me in some suspect tone of voice. She, informed, came early to visit me there! Nobody else did.

Once ██████████ brought the children in to visit me without notice, falling over one of them with his feet as we walked toward each other in the corridor. I was my usual sturdy and steady self.

I spent the vacation and began with ██████████ the relationship that lasted until I went to ██████████ known in the first stages as Intensive Psychoanalytic-Psychotherapy. Betimes symbiosis. Another story.

I returned to work at beginning of the next academic year, not having sat my honours exam, yet assured that I was invited back to proceed with my work in ██████████

██████████ had been sighted by ██████████ dropping me off. 'A dour looking fellow!' she commented. I informed her of his priestly status. But he was taking this dropping me off at ██████████ very, very seriously. He was just a taxi driver in a very short drive; to my eager pro-active design to be able to talk with such as ██████████ There had been not strange behaviour – except his: see above.

He never visited me there. He left me alone after that, pretty much. Didn't want to know really how healthy I really was and resilient.

People began to realize that I had a psychoanalytic psychotherapeutic relationship. It was marvelous.

■■■■■ reacted by writing me long letters about how patronizing psychs were which made me 'dependent and silly' to his way of thinking for 'seeing a psych.'

My female friends but for one, who has been banned from my company, given her bizarre attitudes and behaviour towards me in the ■■■■■ disapproved! Oh ... She is the woman who invited both ■■■■■ and me to the same dinner party though we lived apart as she well knew. And he kidnapped the young children and having checked my share housemate a social worker was not at home upstairs, set himself up in my bed. Scene described already.

After which, viewing my battered face only informed me what a pity it was, they'd thought it the perfect solution. Well, I suppose, Dear Reader, that is a tribute to the active silence I kept on the abuses suffered

BUT THE HABIT AND CUSTOM OF ... suppression, oppression, repression, oppression ... re-tracking my thoughts and ideas so that I was not so **exposed to reaction** to my mother's sudden malicious emotional and physical onslaughts from infancy; through to my crises with ■■■■■ with his idiot pratings about his favorite actress being Goldie Hawne: rhymes with horn; and his repetitive statements that the Virgin Mary was not a virgin: Jesus had brothers: so what the Bible is rife with inconsistencies. I had noted that in adolescence and earlier: I had noted from the pews the merging of the various Mary's and 'well women' ... confused males not getting their Biblical stories right. He brought me a copy of Betty Friedan's *The Feminine Mystique*. Intention: Loosen me up a bit I suppose. I mean I was behaving as if a very very very uptight lady: into responding to his Goldy Horn!

Y-e-e-e-es, I read as soon as they were out, in bed alone at night, from ■■■■■ on the feminist writers. Oh, well, adorable AND ... could you just substantiate a bit more there. I mean the great and wondrous Germaine Greer exhorts us women at the end of the Chapter in *Hate in her Female Eunuch* to ask men: 'Why do you hate us so?' That is to purport they be gods and know the motivation of all men. Mind you the odd male might say: How do I know, luv, I'm not god. And that could be used later in discursivisation of a mounting argument.

Don't forget though I had the train on track Principle.

Besides 'the Virgin Mary' aka 'Our Lady' was the well-known to me privately as the BVM to me; very practical relations she and I had.

He bored on so at length about her lack of Virginity that I could only see that he was trying to breakdown the sexual barriers I put up ... and get his end in!!!

He complained bitterly that he had no way of operating socially except from within the Order, because he had not tertiary qualifications ... Of course, of course, this was business: How send a man to RRRRrom, the Vatican, and have him leave with O/S credentials paid for by them. Hence no degree. No escape; well he had no progeny, so if he really wanted out and OUT, he could start on the ground floor, somewhere.

Nevertheless he had all the degrees of freedom of the Orders resources, including himself: God's gift to all he wanted, evidently.

A toll was taken, I was given a diagnosis of psychoneurosis and a brain scan and found to be fine and that a little steadying medication, and psychoanalytic psychotherapy with [REDACTED] would suffice.

I rested.

Other ... secondary victims in the extended family ... YES ... not: how?

Ugh, Oh. I have been with the psychiatrists so-o-o-o-o I am a little suss you know.

The fact is that I was ever PROACTIVELY involved and a little daunting to the psychiatrists – one took to asking my opinion of the [REDACTED] acumen of another colleague. Having first offered ECT, because I was a battered wife; and, I knew, an abused child, and entirely uncertain where to go next with this difficult adult male behaviour. [ACTUALLY, it was irrelevant what I or anyone did – he was doing his thing ... n'importe quoi.] AND BUT of course I refused, he prescribed some mild tranquilisation and rest and I attended discussions amongst sick people, some very very interesting people indeed. Then he offered and administered sodium amytal at my concurrence.

However, in the discussions that followed upon that treatment, he informed me that I hated my mother or some such folie bergères ... taking for granted ... PRESUMING, observably that I was aware of what I had said under the sodium amytal influenced talk. WHY ADMINISTER SODIUM AMYTAL? Also I could not see that I used the terminology, nomenclature he was using – he was summing and glossing. He asked me to write out what I thought. He having read it, and I had not thesaurus or dictionary available ... he intoned Oeuvre Majeur. I was also solebreadwinner instructor of [REDACTED] F/T at [REDACTED] only woman academic staff member at that stage and liaising at the [REDACTED] College's request.

He also called my mother in to interview. He told me she was 'a perfectly normal woman.'

I had to get free of his practice. AND DID FIND [REDACTED]

Nobody else in the family was ... active far less pro-active: [REDACTED] wasn't. [REDACTED] wasn't. I think [REDACTED] has a counseling practice. I have not taken the energy to put questions to anyone at all about what he turned to after he left the [REDACTED], [REDACTED] not long before he died had a website made which indicated that he was setting up business as a [REDACTED] from within his [REDACTED]

It gives licence to abusers that does: having consulted, far more so continued a protracted relating with a psych.

Elder brother, because I had made an amusing and testy OGM on my landline because I was receiving many many nuisance calls: 'Are you mad ...?' He intoned it 'insane'! Well, he would not get my point as stated in tone and words. It was testy and amusing. Not flossie and glossie.

He cannot really concentrate past two/three sentences or so in open conversation that he is not dominating or initiating. Hence the circularity, spiraling technique. He gets there eventually, or his listener is so detoured that the question at point has disappeared into his management. How does he get away with it. He eyeballs and pretends to share ... and finds out whatever he can that he thinks he can use to bribe someone with; AND then faces them off while he is doing his spiraling sections. Distractors. Well, he was treated like that as an infant learning colours; so ...

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4. [REDACTED] my elder brother. **Never really took but a circularized, to spiraling awareness of his behaviours and reasonings;** one of his business colleagues commented to me on his mode of communication. He summed it well. I made no comment for this was a business buddy being opportunistic.

However, it does suggest that he found me not so, and trusted to my judgment and awareness: not to the fact that I had witnessed my mother's purposive hideous tormenting of her handsome infant son as he tried to find from her which colour was given – FIXED – which name. More ... as the years rolled by.

He became an abuser per se, ultimately: from having been a well-meaning fond fellow, taunted and beaten by his mother and abused verbally by his father.

My elder brother presented confused behaviours in the [REDACTED] He had regressed to imagining that perhaps doors ought to be left open for him if he were to arrive. He came on some business to my home. Website, taxation ... He objected that my wire door was ' ... locked ...' from outside the door: not having touched the door handle! For I had risen to greet, the footsteps heard. It was a lovely sunny day and the wooden door was against the wall. I was sitting facing towards the door, working at the computer, with a refreshing morning tea prepared ... I could even greet him through the door!!!

So-o-o, what? [Sorry, there's lots of diagnosing Alzheimer's lately ... I'm pretty incredulous. If the brain is clearly diseased beyond some % level then perhaps such a diagnosis is warranted ... otherwise, patterns of abusive behaviour, habits of presumption and 'spoilt adult' behaviours gone rampant Bonkers is what I have observed. In really elderly friends too.

It fact it was worse than simply that: (more detail, time limits) He gave no notion to the fact that it was A NORMAL AND SENSIBLE AND ACCEPTABLE AND PERTINENT STATE FOR THE WIRE DOOR TO BE SNIBBED ... FOR MY basic PHYSICAL SAFETY'S SAKE ... ANYTIME I WAS HOME ALONE ... with the wooden door open for air; **but I was some form of puppet of his imaginings.**

MY door should be open for him. BIZARRE! Sorry, not even my own sensible physical safety was but frowned upon by that juncture.

Once he locked me in his home working on his computer for him. I had to climb over the security gate: Oh his home had a security gate with intercom ... Ye-e-es.

Ummm ... Alzheimer's ...

HOW DOES ALL THAT ADD UP to any sense but that I had not right apart from his say so. to protect myself. (Contraception, abortion ... Well, Freud would have had a "Hey!-day")

I commented to him, in careful humorous tone, that I had had to climb over his front fence to get out and I hoped his neighbours hadn't thought it odd. He informed me straight that the gate was not locked. It had been.

That was the youth I had known: whereas he laid down the law to all about and black was white if necessary; my younger brother laid down the law to himself for his success and then expected everyone else to fit about that.

My elder bother came much under my mother's sway to his irksome sense. He, alongside me was to take a Secondary Teacher's Studentship. He did not make it to a Commonwealth scholarship. He had repeated Year 11 such were the rigours of emotional demands. I think he passed English 1 in two years. I have no idea what happened about the BOND, his mother had forced both him and me to sign into. [It was not a matter of money. It was living through us in pathological ways – by my mother.]

We both worked during vacations. It was part of the Bond not to! We were not allowed to NOT work. Maybe that was a good idea? Well, NO: I was a scholar actually and needed to consolidate and prepare. Each of the three of us had worked locally in shops and markets and newspaper rounds. Such.

I had a couple of years live-in Nannying for uni summer vacs. Really interesting people and waterskiing, evening tennis ... lovely little boys to relate with.

Note: under the quite bizarre and weird machinations of my mother, I found that in order to cope without objecting or leaving myself open to her viewing my upset, **I re-circuited the information to avoid reaction:** WHICH WOULD HAVE BROUGHT WORSE. Suppose that she, having said across the dinner table, as she did, quite out of the blue as I ate: [REDACTED] 'jealous of you!' This was [REDACTED] [REDACTED] who was a lean, soft faced bundle of languid: for peace-loving, and glinting eyes, gleaming brown hair in haphazard curls hurling back the sunlight so that my breath had to correct itself; limpid painterly, even as she spread jam on her toast. A beloved of my very new acquaintance, and I had recently spent a weekend in their country home with a clay tennis court and a dam we could swim in. An orchard with tree branches coated in lichen sparkling through the bedroom window, lit by the moon. There was no moment for jealousy. There was not space for it neither.

That was what she did.

AND THAT SLOWED ME DOWN: that is how I used my brain THEN. I have other options NOW.

Um, my mother pretended to my face much, much later [REDACTED]!!!! for goodness sake, that ... an early primary school teacher had told me that I had pulled faces. No way. NO WAY: I was set to learn and observant of all I could be of the best to the worst of it all.

She just wanted me to think I had done so.

Another teenage beloved, [REDACTED] of long deep brown highly groomed hair, eyes, teeth, fingers ... a last child of older parents; and who adored neenish tarts and her elder sister's select and elegant wardrobe inc. pillbox hats and Chanel No. 5 perfume, went to a show with me on a Saturday. My mother set to singing: 'Every little breeze seems to whisper [REDACTED] ...' repeatedly.

Watching Leonard Bernstein's program's on black and white TV teaching children about music. How I had gotten wind of that is another matter; and I had quietly withdrawn for a few weeks in a row without being noticed. Eventually I was discovered. [REDACTED] in love with Leonard Bernstein!' came the taunting sneers and sexual cathexis. NOT true. He was more her generation in appearance. It was the learning. What I could learn was massive.

Though I was on full scholarship for ALL my Secondary and Tertiary education, I asked to learn piano – lessons would have been free and delightful. Practice could have been done before I set out for home. In other words there would have been no change to the family routine or wallet. How it irked when, outside the piano lesson door [REDACTED] parted from me – upset because, again, as she explained like a cool rationalist, that if she did not par down her finger nails, they clacked on the piano keys and [REDACTED] became cross. She was more interested then in having long nails. She was lovely. She poured out history responses beside me onto her lined sheets. I watched them develop flawlessly onto the page in a generous round hand. (I did not study History, it clashed with German in my class or cohort and I had free study in the same room and desk.)

Perhaps there is the origin of my images of English words, detached in space from ANY sense or association: just there as an icon.

So, lately, I coined 'auctioning coercion'.

instead I was forced to ballet lessons: people could then see how pampered I was and how much was really being expended on me: L-O-O-O-NG travelling [REDACTED] [REDACTED] to [REDACTED] shopping Centre bus fare and cost of classes.

WHO would think that of a Secondary Teacher ... OF GIRLS. But, to her it was: 'The geeerls!' with overlays of immorality and dirt (mainly sexual).

I did not try to warn [REDACTED] Matters had gone too far by then. [REDACTED] My mother was regularly taunting across the table: 'She is always at herself!' I checked that I was not touching my face and hair as I deported amongst the conned and practised etiquettes. **She meant ... masturbating.** I didn't know

about it: besides I was proposing by then a Carmelite profession: silence, contemplation. Besides: 'Sin is any willful thought word deed or omission against the Word of God.' My mother had heard my rote learned Catechism when I was [REDACTED] y.o. She had given me the task of helping my brothers learn the rhythm of Latin responses: altar boy-priest-altar boy-priest. I learnt quicker.

[I decided that, were I to offer to join such as the Carmelites, I would be sent out to dig praties for long times and would not have the reflective scholarship I was imagining. I had passed through ideas of somehow becoming a hermit. Words seemed useless to really communicate data of daily human interaction.]

I found various inner-solutions. It took me decades to reach: 'Nobody is to blame always!' faced with barrages of absolutist nonsense.

... even with my father I would decide whether or not what he had said was worthy the shedding of a tear. Mainly opted for: 'No, tears are not warranted that is plain naked nonce.' E.g, I was pouring tea and a tiny drop fell on the possibly reused, nevertheless pristine, table cloth. From the other end of the table roared forth in his not very stentorian voice ... he was a pretty tenor singer and I delighted in that ... 'You slop merchant!' My brothers listened to that.

I could have cried for the unutterable folly of it.

FOR ...

He had previous to that taken to calling me 'a gobbler'. I considered the taunt and remained silent. I studied my eating habits over the next meals as he repeated this taunt. Eventually perfectly certain there was no warrant, I pushed my pretty dessert dish forward ... indicating that, my meal was daintily consumed and all. I was about [REDACTED]

The taunt he changed to: 'You are a faggot.' Nights in a row for a considerable time.

I had no idea what to think.

I was tidying away the laundry piled carefully and walked into my brothers' bedroom to place piles on respective beds. I did not examine their drawers, nor any of the man's I contracted marriage with for that matter. I was not a snooper!

On their dresser was a holy picture of ECCE HOMO. Maybe Dali's ... for we read and were read to voraciously.

THAT WAS THE SOLUTION TO THE gobbler-faggot taunts!! Hurrah.

Later I realized that without the sublime abstraction of my religious interpretation, that, on a more pragmatic level: I WAS THE FAMILY POOFTER ... AN 'IT'

and how had all that come about: my mother was calling me 'IT' and referring to me as 'it'. She continued that well into my adult married womanhood as one of my older friends informed me ... having had a telephone conversation with her.

OH WELL ...

But it set the style for both my brothers ...

[Though he: [REDACTED] was a snooper; and my mother – my room was not private, my drawers were disturbed by her ... apart altogether from the fact that the candlewick bedspreads had to be perfectly straight line by line. The beds could NOT be sat on. It was most uncomfortable and tiring: I had to sit on a wooden kitchen-style chair to read during the day . At least at night under the covers I could read.

No I had no privacy really at the objective level. Imagine if I had kept a diary.

[REDACTED] was and looked through my papers and disturbed my drawers the night I had withheld him from rape. He had also gone upstairs to check that the young social worker who lived there was out. So that he was free to do his malice prepense will when I returned. A little later I took a belt up to her open room and left it on her bed. To show her how vulnerable her room was; he had a key to the house.

She had said: seeing me bashed – oh what a pity, we all thought it the perfect solution.

I think she blamed me. Perhaps one day she will realize that it was symbolic. I had already seen her room, at her invitation.]

[REDACTED] was indulging in abusive behaviours towards public servants,
[REDACTED] involved in performing their work duties and bragging to business colleagues about it in limericks in business hours.

He bragged to me about it. I might have looked behind my shoulder to see whether he was addressing me ... He was NOT talking to ME. Not a me anyone knew. This was bonkers brawling and then bragging over it. He had gotten out in the CBD at an intersection and hurled a string of hideous abuse at a trammie who was duteously donging to remind drivers his tram had the right of way in the bottle neck. Mmmm ... more more more ...

In adolescence he had required of me the one small sexual interlude where he touched my breasts and he showed me his erect penis. He explained to me that it could not be inserted in me, for I might become pregnant, It was not painful to me except in so far as it was a Mortal Sin under the RCC's definitions.

In adolescence he had been physically violent with me. I rushed away in terror to my bedroom, He kicked a hole in the wall. Bonkers. I squealed as I ran and my father informed me that I was a banshee!!!! The wall was not fixed.

THE MOST REMARKABLE EVENT I THINK IS: [REDACTED] and I were at university first year together: both forced onto Secondary Teachers' Bonds by my mother though she knew perfectly well the vast difference in our academic skills capacities. In front of him she taunted me: 'You're walking like an Irish washerwoman!' Oh? About the home she taunted me – you have no personality, you have no sense of humour, you think too much. What she was trying to deflate

was my not joining in her sneering jeering collusions and her 'standards' and 'nomenclature' with respect to others.

In first or second year uni – depleted and trying really hard – I even took up smoking tobacco: NONE of my admired friends smoked tobacco: we discussed their difficulties in results from PhD research and such – I was drying dishes to her washing. She made some REAL joke. [REDACTED] floundering at University and asserting himself amongst females: ever surrounded by a bevy as I observed at uni. (I said nothing. Why? He was doing his best to succeed socially.) walked through the kitchen, straight past me, slammed me hard across the face, stated: 'I thought she was hysterical!' and walked on through the dining room possibly back to where he had come from: his bedroom. My mother made no comment.

I have explained that I banned him from my presence via a solicitor's letter.

As far as he was concerned I was not even to take normal safety measures in my own home, [REDACTED] Oh, he was unconscious of any harm. He meant no harm. He meant well. He loves me --- we all love [REDACTED]

Follows: therefore what is wrong with [REDACTED]??

[Nb. Do note here that one of the criteria the run of psychiatrists use is:

... 'how the family relations are going' ...

NOT. I have banned the lot of them. Except for my own progeny and their partners and children. Some others. Others I would distance wisely, for they are confused in output.

I have banned friends who abuse.

I WILL take no more.

AND OTHER LOVELY VENUES OF FRIENDSHIP COMPANIONSHIP AND INDSUTRY ARE OPENED TO ME ...

Just as I have announced myself a conscientious objector to ANY of the established religions of my time: I will not die as one who could be thought to have condoned the OUTRIGHT BLATANT ABUSE of EVERY FEMALE IN the religions no matter the age.

AND FEMALES abusing females ... it occurs because they are using the same MANIC power plays and structures and systems (it is NOT all a matter of we need new words ...) it is a matter of listening to the experienced: to first hand experience and generating NEW FRESH replicable and valid ways of communicating a message.

Which IS what these Commissions are doing ...

To say the very least in the FAMILY OF GOD, females are expected to be 'good sports' ... NOT that it is stated that way by the hierarchy of males who are using their services as good sports ...

They are 'the girls' ... if not then they are 'scrutineers' or 'have an agenda' ... and better watch what they say ... !!!]

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5. [REDACTED] my father, early stripped of power, uncleised and subjected to termless reminders that: 'they' are all my friends: he hasn't a friend of his own. He was much loved and respected by those adults who came to our home. (My mother [REDACTED] ... couple of years post Chernobyl told me: 'You are a complete failure ... a complete nobody ... you haven't got a friend in the world ...)

I never saw her again. She had as far as she was concerned achieved what she wanted. That result (not factual I was actively teaching and looking at prospects; and generating friendships and maintaining some older contacts. I just was NOT introducing them to her. She would have simply slandered them to my face ... preferably with some lackey-mind present. I was also working with [REDACTED]

He was not of a very strong constitution. A slight, fine and pretty Englishman who liked order and, with me at least, worked fair and reasonable relations for the very much greater part. He would sing and whistle as we shared the dishwashing and drying.

The first indicative event occurred when I was about [REDACTED]

My elder brother picked up more than half of a solid red brick. He was [REDACTED] older than I. He threw it at my feet. On purpose: aiming it. It injured one of my big toes. I yowled loudly.

My father came out and swept me up. He ignored the boy: he did not say: 'You do not throw bricks at people, it will hurt them!'

I was well nursed. Bruising and swelling. The toe nail fell off. It was a somewhat fascinating buinesss.

HOWEVER MY POINT IS THAT IMMEDIATELY AS I LOOKED THROUGH MY TEARS DOWN OVER THE SHOULDER OF MY ELDER BROTHER ... LIFE WAS NOT GOING TO BE SAFE IF PEOPLE WERE NOT INSTRUCTED.

I was not treated like a princess. Not at all.

I was given no quarter. My younger brother nearly knocked me off my feet in a pillow fight.

MAINLY I WAS ALLOWED TO DOTE ... and that is ALSO ... the RCC female position towards superiors in the RCC ... WELL I CONSIDER, given my experience that not submitting BUT doting ... is the positioning of the successful married female ... if the male isn't TOO FAR GONE IN THRILL SEEKING VIA ABUSE OF OTHERS.

Both my brothers were given bicycles. I was not. My father had me far too often stand beside him as he drew a Raleigh model bicycle. That was what I should

have I was told: i.e. nothing but the best for me; so, nothing! I watched the design and learnt some useful drawing techniques. I decided it was clear I would never receive a bicycle. BONKERS ... not jealousy or sibling rivalry ... BONKERS ... s

The word 'obsessed' about something there had occurred to me. I was maybe [REDACTED] going on [REDACTED] physically. My brothers use to let me ride out on their bicycles – I found some wondrous places and rode long rides. Dingely Dell and daffodils. I began to carry volumes of poetry about under my arms or clothes and find nooks and crannies where I could read them, gaze about me and apply my soul to the merging of Wordsworth especially, but Judith Wright, Slessor ... other ... even to Spenser's Faery Queen: there was an earth tremor when I was reading Spenser, convalescing from an tonsillectomy, as I sat out under a Jacaranda tree whose roots broke the pristine orthogonals of the rest of the garden. I had had a tonsillectomy, after numerous bouts of illness with penicillin injections and much absence from school; and won my Secondary Scholarship which covered ALL my fees for the remainder of my Secondary Schooling.

He abused and was abused by both my brothers in so many words without my mother's intervention.

Both boys were socially delinquent ...

Both boys had extra external interventions, special mentors assigned: alongside [REDACTED] camps, Cadet camps where they both won crossrifles for their marksmanship ... One was sent away at huge bewailed expense to boarding school.

My father took to getting around my mothers hideous continuum of abuses by circuitous routes.

I noted that when she had fired a particularly hurtful barb across the dinner table at me that I not wishing to give anything away to her of hurt: for she would only have dug deeper, that I made different connections or routes according to which I accessed information stored. A slowdown process. I am out of the custom now. I understand now a great deal more about that ... However, it tended to slow me down

My mother played on that hideously provocatively ...

Pressed off to university against my better judgement I was for sure not at all uppity about it: I was disappointed and it well nigh broke my physical health ... in the first year.

Evidently my mother was informing people that I had all but given up speaking to the family now that I was at University.

My father took me apart gently and said to me: 'Now that you are at University you hardly speak to me.' And he handed me a T-towel and we had a lovely time

together with his mellifluous voice and whistling 'Jerusalem' and 'In the Depths of the Temple', such. [REDACTED]

I knew it was poppycock. I knew he was not upset. I knew it was not true for

1. I was disappointed that I was at uni.
2. he picked me up from the station late at night, quite a lot and we talked.

Much later my mother told me in one of her pick-ups of her sadistic mendacious sneering jeering vitriolic splurges ... in my face and with that edge of ... I am impotent against my doing this: [REDACTED] daughter, so [REDACTED] had told my mother, had become stunningly haughty and ruthlessly high-handed and arrogant([REDACTED]) since she had started at university.

I knew they had brief if any contact in those days. [REDACTED] had been my mother's bridesmaid.

[Later, after I had returned from [REDACTED], [REDACTED] [REDACTED] had heard I was about again. She had a friend who needed tutoring in [REDACTED] – would I for a price. Would I ever. So I did. It gave me the opportunity of calling in on the ageing witty ethical [REDACTED] who had reared two interesting people. We began musing about my mother.

I did not complain and did indicate that it had been a very, very challenging business ... it was well nigh impossible unthinkable unconscionable how she had behaved towards me ...

I began to excuse my mother as to her mother's early death ... circumstances ...

[REDACTED] sat back with her tea as I and we were silent.

[REDACTED] eventually using a voice of profundity and of long knowledge of my mother informed me that I ought not to think thus ... THAT THERE WAS NO EXCUSING THE WAY MY MOTHER TREATED PEOPLE. She was perfectly careful as to affect.

I am forever grateful for that conversation.

It was the only affirmation I had ... and it was WELL-FOUNDED I knew that: they had been buddies as young glamorous women.

I knew that she was that way made and that had been that.

another affirmation came, perhaps paradoxically, from an [REDACTED] who informed me on my return from [REDACTED] 'Don't ever criticize your mother to me!' I had not thought to: I enjoyed my times with her in her home. She was affectionate and amusing. She had looked after me many times as an infant and young child. She was gorgeous. Her husband was my beloved [REDACTED] to the very end.

So ... was there room for criticism, BUT we didn't need to go there.

There was no other affirmation, except that she had been SACKED OUTRIGHT from [REDACTED] for her abuses of students; at home she referred to them as pumpkins cabbages vegetables ... she was harsh ... and jeering

and would inform me that some sweet woman, who had taken a moment to speak with me in interest and affection during a visit, also laughed at the antics of ... xxxx ... one of the may gifted Religious teachers of both the other woman's family and mine.

I had not joined in her jeering ... into which she led her sons least they be beaten ... [REDACTED]

[REDACTED] that turned to a jeering – 'She has no personality.'

My father had seen her histrionics through, mannered to the end. He opted against a triple bypass and explained to me mechanically, for he was for the greater part, a mechanical engineer, sometimes a civil engineer ... one of his designs and structure still adorns a [REDACTED] building. He fixed anything and everything inventing where necessary and was admired ... that there was a valve in his heart, this time he drew no diagram but demonstrated steady as a rock how it ought to work, how it was now, and how anytime soon it would just stop.

He died in his pristine home with everything about working and glinting ... a short whisky to hand, his long needed spectacles on his nose, reclining playing a digital game he had received a few days previously as a Christmas present.

My mother who slept in what had been my bedroom heard a noise and found that he had died there.

In [REDACTED] I had risen very very early and alone gone walking in a half dark park, where I disturbed a duck at its sleep and it took off and flew high into the moonlit air above.

Later that morning we received the phone call announcing his death. We attended his funeral in [REDACTED]

=====

[That brain habit, mental performance slow down happened again upon the toxic behaviours of [REDACTED] personnel. It was so bad then that even Year 11 [REDACTED] needed a second look from me: honours [REDACTED] topping some subjects!!!!

I have learnt to use my brain differently thanks to an excellent psychologist and exercise physiologist upon a terrifying accident of recent years.

ONE OF THE SISTERS ... [REDACTED] ... of [REDACTED] ... is now stalking me here at my home. I will have an Intervention Order. They were for the greater part a set of Religious and one Clergyman who had been ousted from other RCC Orders and re-grouped ... treated in another Submission to a relevant Royal Commission.

My address is [REDACTED]

She suddenly revealed herself to me [REDACTED] before 9 a.m., as I gardened as accustomed, early a.m. Outfront. I got a terrible shock to see her. She had

stalked me in [REDACTED] sexually abused me and my daughter (and possibly son) and other women and their children.

She stalked me at my home in [REDACTED] early

triumphant glimpsing and open grinnings: no normal verbal greeting though I gave her my name as [REDACTED] over her shoulder as she cycled helmet past me from behind as I exited at customary times and such. She appeared suddenly outside a culvert Newsagency just as I exited ... as of much custom ... grinning wildly ...

HELP!

I met her after being invited by [REDACTED] –

after [REDACTED] had shot himself, missing his heart by 0.8 cm. I was shown the X-ray??? we having rescued him; and my daughter covered in his blood holding him in the backseat of the car: Remember here : 'Car OK! GunOK! How about a year living dangerously in [REDACTED]' [REDACTED] was aware of him as a human being ... who used her as a lackey to clean and clear the horses and tack, when they had been out riding.

He ACTIVELY AND PURPOSIVELY USED THE CAR TO TERRIFY ... AND THREATEN.

- in Victoria at a seminar she ran in an also ran, preoccupied way ...

' ... we have a whole community of supportive women ... ' come over have a holiday ... more ...

[REDACTED] was in charge of a household. I was on my way out straight upon arrival ... had gone to get work ... was physically handled ... pressed to stay ... false promise.

We found in [REDACTED] abused and abusing women ...

NOTE, THE MENTION OF THIS STATUS IS A PLEA FOR HELP ... One relevant policeman said: 'Not the same woman' a perfectly deluded statement.]

=====

6. [REDACTED] a first cousin who offered herself as a Religious and left.

She misled us three siblings as youngsters, in taunting my elder bother, from a position of trust and responsibility as a minder in my parents absence. In the mid-late, [REDACTED] she regularly visited my mother, as I was residing there I observed. She and my mother, after a dainty meal in a tasteful ordered and dainty home; where, for example, my mother in her presence, swaying back and forwarding the flat broadness of her slender enough bodied hips across hard to my view, placed a plate in my dinner space. [REDACTED] was in mid-sentence. I cogisant of what was happening and readying to say thankings and other elaboration, for the company of the, assured, delight of the meal being served, paused ... My mother slammed in with a corrective: 'Thank you!!' in tones suggesting that I never expressed gratitude. It was an utter nonce.

I said nothing except to express a gently smiling thanks. Whether [REDACTED] noted the belittlement consciously, or subliminally it became part of her awareness of me I have no interest in to be true. These two sat after each meal, before the end of the evening and [REDACTED] parting, 'unconferring' the degree honourably awarded, of a mutual female cousin who was employed at a University: My mother, would spit out in possessed mélange spiteful authority: 'She can't have a degree! Not a real degree!' Repeat. And [REDACTED] concurred time and again unhesitatingly. Colluded? Was coerced? Was so under the weird suasion of her aunt that she did not remain at least silent ... The puport was that even the university that had conferred the degree was not a worthy degree conferring institution since it had conferred a degree upon this female cousin.

Earlier this same cousin, while in generous kindness when I asked, in desperation and knowing she had the resources, to merely stay at her residence a night ... later visited me in my little home, [REDACTED] opposite the Secondary College of the Religious Order she had left; and we drank a simple tea and biscuits. She was not a confidante, indeed, there was the egregiously witty [REDACTED] for my deep conflicts. Perhaps she sensed that she had not been given but a superficial account of whatever she was in search of; but then as far as I could assess I too have not been told much of what is bruited to be a highly conflicted, tormented and painful time as a Religious prepares to and leaves her Order. As she left my little home, I walking her to her car, she intoned, apropos nothing, perhaps a mere common parlance, nevertheless in an advisory authoritative tone, as of something I had not myself considered to do. Indeed I had not: 'You have to cut your umbilical cord!' It hurt for it suggested a complete disregard for anything much to do with human reality at all, cf. the scoffing she had led us in as youngsters. I do want to point out that this sort of gumpf is resorted to and is 'in'; and if you do not do it you are not 'in'.

Cannot be placed: Innumerate? [REDACTED]

I do receive affirmation of my SENSE more often than not.

'Oh that idiot, ough, fool of a woman' emoted a CEO of the, at that time: [REDACTED] beside whom I came to be seated at the annual Parish Dinner somewhere in the very early [REDACTED] I had just listed to him where I had worked and 'under' whom.

where I had slid desperately into a job as a Secondary [REDACTED] teacher also-ran. [REDACTED] Had a stunningly intrusive unnecessary uncalled for effect on the social positioning of me and my two mannered and brilliant adolescents ... [REDACTED]. And revealed the level of interference my mother would go to.

[I had come from having landed the three us on our feet in a Servants' Quarters on a large horsey [REDACTED] property in [REDACTED] I had washed THE WHOLE, greasy place down, cleaned windows, set a garden: with a lovely charming artistic young friend bringing Pussywillow to plant. We each had a bedroom. My son his drum kit; my daughter, an elegant jumper who could have her pony change

stride ... her part Arab pony [REDACTED] a training ring ... ; I the 'in-law-family' piano in a sunny room.

I'd gotten [REDACTED] to use his 'noblesse oblige' to get me some simple P/T work at a local [REDACTED] Eazie-peasie, a priest, make room ... He wanted, did proceed, for a while with his soft sexual delusions. He felt he had to lie on top of me: to comfort me. (We were EVER fully dressed and there was no explicit manhandling of genitalia. Still.) And others he 'helped'? Did he do that with males too? Mmmm. Did he do that to his wife [REDACTED]? Maybe he visited her after he left of visiting me in the in [REDACTED] in the mid-[REDACTED] Why not consider something similar?

And was zealously scanning papers and libraries for likely workplaces. (A school teacher? 'A handbag!')

Sorry: Sorry: Sorry: My school teachers had poured accolades:

'Behold her single in the field!; post a Year 11 examination essay in English.

'Your French essays are of excellent quality. They are a pleasure to read and are certainly of high first class honours standard.' So, might take out the Exhibition i French. (See under my mother's section what happened there.)

Expect a first in German ...

Pure and Applied Mathematics, English Expression (Which I used with my mother, engagingly you may be sure, to establish her objective clear-thinking capacitation.)

MORE ...

Sports? Yes, Tennis: Captain of Seconds, reserve for Firsts. Went inter-State to compete for [REDACTED]

Later played B-Special competition tennis.

Let's pretend [REDACTED] (say it from the back of your throat with the actual hatred being repressed just a touch ...) is nervy. [REDACTED] Matriculation: VCE, after my mother had done Parent-Teacher Day. See below.]

I had no real concerns except how to Winter well in such a place; still there was all Summer to consider that. With nothing to lose and lots to gain, down came the Landlord one, two, three – he wanted the suntan lotion spread on his burly upper arms. Um, that IS a DIY if you are normal. He was! His wife was away for the weekend! What could I do? Tell the Police. AND ...

I dump-sold what I could to get the hell out. NOW TAKE THAT!

BREAK YOUR HEARTS.

the pony was gone too ... forever ...

I turned back to the money spinner: teaching – no more time to spare to look at more suitable employment to my background and experience. So I got interviews

at bi-i-i-g schools; their loss they didn't get me then! (From [REDACTED] on under Government 'external' examinations my results were far, far better than those of more experienced teachers. I was told in the staffroom, hugger mugger; joy? The same phenomenon occurred in [REDACTED] in my classes. In [REDACTED] I was told on a railway station by the Head of Faculty at the [REDACTED] University, where we were also researching pedagogically: not honoured amongst the otherwise 12 male colleagues: the custom there too, was to eventually say, at Board Meetings: 'Oh she's right!' Not – 'Oh right, hadn't thought that way!' ; Or, 'That is a pertinent approach, what about ...?' Simply taking up points, is the required dynamic. Ego attitudes? Teacher ego threat; has to be THE expert. I was not asked EVER what I did in the classrooms that was so effective. I could tell them. Insincerity of researched approached. Even my Project Manager at [REDACTED] was at that level.

[REDACTED] etc. wrote me glowing References. I can make them available. [REDACTED] did not provide ANY ...

Nb. This too was a factor in my mother's behaviours ... the teacher must always be right. Well, ... (The dependency on hard data and fact in my generation is superseded, for the greater part, by the www.)

Something suspicious about a teacher leaving her 3 VCE Subjects post late-mid-year? Yes! Well what had THAT got to do with me? 'Car OK! Gun OK! How about a year living dangerously in [REDACTED]' The man I had contracted marriage with had taken 'just acting out' to as far as he could go. No help for it. NOW what DO well-to-do businessmen do in [REDACTED] He also [REDACTED] squandered all his mid-year [REDACTED] bonus while we three slaved and scrounged. Dump sold ...

Still the [REDACTED] solicitors grinned into MY face. Oh, well ... [REDACTED]

I spoke gently to the man I married leaving him for the final time. [REDACTED] spoke to me directly across the Court. [REDACTED] etc ... ? 'I was given the right to say: stop he needs to be looked into. I responded after hesitating. There was nothing to be done but destruction. He had already done enough of that I thought: he had pled to me personally, not through the solicitors, for a Court Intervention Order: not a Court Order, [REDACTED]. I knew he had a good deal of purposed control over his abusive provocative destructions ... laying waste of others' lives and careers at little expense to his own. He had done it to his parents, his school; he informed me he had taken and drunk the very most expensive bottle of his father's wine cellar. Braggadocio

At Christmas [REDACTED] we drove from [REDACTED] to [REDACTED] I think he was drugged out, hard. However, NOT PROVEN. (see below) We were late to start out because he had mislaid the carkeys which were in his shirt breast pocket. He ruined the carbootlock gemmying it with a crowbar. When we reached the [REDACTED] in [REDACTED] he decided to stop and sport himself on the slopes and greens. We proceeded and arrived late – without any notification. At the gift giving time, it came my turn to receive my gift His mother [REDACTED] had carefully questioned me as to what I would like. A willow pattern dinner set. She had organized it. She was ageing. [REDACTED] immediately said: 'You can't have that!'

There was a little silence and nobody objected. His mother used it in her home until she died.

I could have destroyed [REDACTED] career/ing right there in Court: SORRY – Divorced: there WAS no other alternative in THIS STILL society. After screaming ‘Treachery!’ alone in the fields somewhere, I stood myself into ‘dolorous’, as in, say Rossini Stabat Mater ... forget the words ... I came upon the music at [REDACTED] Also L’île des morts de Rachmaninov, Vesti la giubba ('Il Pagliacci') ... other. Refer to Victor Hugo to understand why?

[REDACTED] I suspect e.g. [REDACTED] whom I met via [REDACTED] suspected me of all sorts of strange stuff. AND that, because I did not destroy [REDACTED] thoughts along the lines: ‘Ough, she must have something to hide!!!’ NOT, DOLOROUS NOT? Why not? ... Once [REDACTED] said to me: ‘And what else ... !!!’ [REDACTED] Purporting I would be using illicit or other drugs: being me. I could never respect [REDACTED] practice ever. [REDACTED] knew that implicitly. He sometimes was stood in while [REDACTED] was away. He was never informed of anything. On my return from [REDACTED] [REDACTED] etc etc P/T and freelance; when I arrived at the door of [REDACTED] a revered [REDACTED] psychiatrist, who died not far later of [REDACTED] he greeted me very, very warmly at the lobby taking my hands, mumbled something about *Cambridge English*, which was wa-a-a-a-y below where I had been practising. Well, I only saw him the once. That is to say he kept to his wishywashy notions of who I was IN HIS CONSIDERED? OPINION professionally. I left a cassette tape on his desk he said he did not want. He said: ‘If it’s a matter of a diagnosis, I can provide that. I cannot work with you because you are not in my region. He then purported that I had ‘paranoid schizophrenia’. Impossible. Eventually, I tracked [REDACTED] (the only Clinician from [REDACTED] practice with me) ran the gambit of his tricks. I found out as much as I could with my meagre means about [REDACTED] disappearance, believed dead in [REDACTED]. How the professionals believe that is another factor ... I listened to the active and possessed spontaneously and ludicrously expressed certainty of less: Envy? of [REDACTED] with respect to the extent [REDACTED] Real Estate ownership in [REDACTED] He informed me at the outset that he was not going into the conflicts [REDACTED] and I had had. Indeed. Later, some [REDACTED] years, knowing me a very little better, he all but got out a question as to whether I ever masturbated with [REDACTED] in mind. He stopped mid-tracks. He went to unethical extremes and so on and eventually I was passed onto NWMH under Aged Pension, which I opted for. He telephoned me informing me he was sick. Mmm, yes, he was.

I was informed by another younger Psychiatrist, [REDACTED], with a young family that he would not work with me ... because Religion he petered out ... glossing about the Pension ... after he had graciously complimented me on my introductory account of who I was; and in front of a burqua-ed observer-student. He was fine. It is a Democracy. Some cannot operate in certain environments.

[REDACTED] A school teacher? ‘A handbag!’ Oscar Wilde.

I do understand we humans have limits. I do consider Divine Worship is necessary. Maybe 'Christians' could have a close up look at Buddhism and Shintoism in [REDACTED] What do they do?

[REDACTED] had, in any case, previously, recommended hypnosis with a Psychologist because I was suffering Irritable Bowel Syndrome. It sometimes works. The diagnosis had been lifted to continuous diarrhea [REDACTED] [REDACTED] I was desperate while still working, paying the remainder of the mortgage on my Unit flat tack! (I could NOT land suitable work. The scope of what I had achieved in [REDACTED] could not be appreciated. I landed in a Business Company setting in the [REDACTED] teaching [REDACTED] (Many are nouveau ...)

I set to on the www and interviewed sufficient Psychologists until I landed my best. The best. And he does not stop; he has contacts to recommend and such. [REDACTED] [REDACTED], as far as I can gather, worked pretty much as much as possible in isolation.

My womb began weeping and was removed in as the (old building) Royal Women's Hospital, I cannot think of the role name a CEO Medical Administrator level female, elegant ... came to inform me ... a very fine operation. I was fit and ready for it. Three snips and released through the vagina ovaries cervix and all. I immediately reached for the kidney bowl and vomited from the opium or heroin ... whatever they administer. She turned quietly and left with her entourage.

And hyper-thyroidism set in [REDACTED]. Now clear [REDACTED] is dead RIP. Lifted ... a great weight ... (see his section).

[WE NEED TO GET CENTRES AND RESOURCES OUT THERE! How many females per week killed in Australia by ex/-partners (AND predictably some of the Religious: the female powermongers in The Church, using the same criteria as the males have, are leading argument that the males in the marriages are going berserk lately because the female is pursuing a career!!! How very, very partriarchal. [REDACTED] Pot calling the kettle inked! Women need protection from women too. [REDACTED] is excellent. Housing is needed and non-Reigious ... researched researching reflective leaders, experienced women models and monitors and scaffolders ... people with TRAINED LISTENING SKILLS: in TESOL referred to as 'sympathetic listeners'

Same for males ...]

[REDACTED] My elder brother put us up for a bit. VERY KIND. (They had no idea: the type of behaviour [REDACTED] did was fit only for the psychiatrists' rooms Or gaolers rooms. I had to tell them a very little bit. After all it was my honour at stake; and his children's: my progeny.

- Well, the sick would go: 'Now look after you mother ... coy coy coy stuff! from abusers per se. 'No [REDACTED] Get on with YOUR life as a student [REDACTED] these people are abusers and cretins. Their Envy is just beneath the surface and blinding.' Thanks for your dignity and respect [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] 'Your mother is FINE. Some

do not want her to be taken as FINE. THEY have history.' Besides it didn't fit well with all the: 'She has no personality!' role.

AND [REDACTED] or so, to me ... from [REDACTED] multi-lingual singer with quite a sweet voice: 'You can sing [REDACTED] rowed the boat ashore.' at a slightly extended family gathering. [REDACTED] playing the guitar he had persevered with in the face of vitriol from his mother as an adolescent. His wife, while lovely, very bright, goodlooking, followed, when in default, my mother's attitude to me.

(Second wife: [REDACTED] And [REDACTED] asking me over a piece of J S Bach, who was the composer: his wife present. So, with whom were they relating? I responded Oh that's J S Bach that walking bass is a dead give away. Such (andante continuo bass).

Still my mother, at table, had ordered us: [REDACTED] has the best ear, then [REDACTED] then [REDACTED] If I tried to sing along: 'You are off key!' to me. And no key had been stated.

Telephones and ears and the Christian God looking right in under your bedcovers ... Yes, as far as [REDACTED] from the pulpits. And the Biblical women at the 'wells'.

I THINK WE DO SAY HERE THAT MY MOTHER HAD THE 'FAMILY' IN A REGRESSED EMOTIONAL SCENARIO ... at oral-anal fixation: sadism; and acting out to sate her: exhibitionistic sadisms. And she vigorously extended it for me.

See below.

[REDACTED] began to *slurry in my genital*. There was no approach regarding my professional work. And the whole exercise initiated by her took a matter of months.

I had slid again into the perfect position: no petrol bills no travel except pedestrian for me or [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] A great school for them nearby. They were both very, very scholarly, mannered, entertaining ...

[REDACTED] began to recommend 'counselling weekend sessions for the divorcee/d' Gumph. Mmmm, I went: well, solebreadwinners go to extremes to hold their income. She got to: 'Get ye null and void. Get ye Marriage Dissolution! from 'the only "The Church"'. Well that was getting **right into my genital behaviour wasn't it. Explicitly.**

We lived in a little cottage near 'her' school AND each adolescent had a bedroom; and I slept in the living-dining room on a little divan. Perfectly comfortable; and packed away the bedding each day. (Oh, sometimes I aired it!)

Such as [REDACTED] came by – in his civvies. Lots of my past colleagues. Um some were male; friends in [REDACTED] re-found us. Called in.

So-o-o-o, I was looking for career rises desperately AND

[REDACTED] did a seminar at [REDACTED] school and we were invited to [REDACTED]

INTERFERENCE ... and the damage to me and my children 'perspective on me' was massive.

It was as if all autonomy were to be taken from me ... Oh, well the will of (their) God, you know. Yes? Well, how about the will of God let's me predict Powerball at say \$25 million. I know how to use that much and LOTS more in Australia. Shattering.

██████ using "The only "The Church's" AUD then forced 3 months??? I forget ... PAID LEAVE on me.

1. ████████████████████, my mother, R.I.P. Never relented. Indeed escalated.

Down came my mother and went to see

Poor fat ████████████████████

She then came back and she said to me:

You can't keep a marriage

You can't even keep your job!

NOW!

Oh what a pessimist? Or, oh how typical ... Envy ... AND I said nothing; On-coming-train Principle.

Still, *what were my brilliant scholarly settled children to think this time?*

And where was daddy. Couldn't we just give him 'the punishment': one family member: me ████████████████████ had to submit by lying down and was set upon by the others – poked and tickled until helpless with laughter – exhaustion – by the other three. Ba-a-a-ad! And all be back together again?

Ugh, oh ... 'Dream, dream, dream ...

All **THEY** wanna do is Dre-e-e-e-e-am. The nasty and the Religious and the Clergy.

(SORRY ... Thank you to those Religious who know they embraced my status really. And any Clergyman who attempted.)

AND someone was throwing blocks of soap at the front window of our rented cottage. Maybe another: in THAT house the genital does BA-A-A-AD things.

Sorry NOT. I was a bit too pre-occupied working well and looking for better. Much as I had v v v v much enjoyed sexuality, learning all I could: to me ████████████████████ smelt like a dream; ough and his hair: anyone had to admit it was rich; and the slender muscular masculine body, sharp flicking eyes ... and ████████████████████ at his best was well worth the knowing.

I was all sexed out. My genital could rest a lo-o-o-o-o-ong time.

So [REDACTED] it was. [REDACTED] Oh, a refuge/rest home for women. See the relevant VIC Public Inquiry and two written Submissions. And the Royal Commission and here the RCFV.

More murky Religious and Clergy.

I've reached the realization given [REDACTED] through to [REDACTED] and again in [REDACTED] and again in the [REDACTED] that the Religious and Clergy consider (oh no: take for granted) that we are there to sate their mandatory celibacy sacrifice.

Doh!?

And NOW: CURRENTLY ... I have [REDACTED] of [REDACTED]; [REDACTED] arrived behind me in ambience of 'obedience' to whom? as I gardened Outfront as customarily. Greeting me: and no-one else in the [REDACTED] on my side of [REDACTED], except maybe [REDACTED] because she uses the carpark there ... [REDACTED] She stalked, SEXUALLY TOO, in [REDACTED] as Manager of the refuge/rest home. We had been invited. She is renting [REDACTED] oblique from my owned Unit. She invited other women ... to leave their children ...

There is an Intervention Order in process NOW: since matters were escalated, last Sunday morning: so lots more writing.

Um [REDACTED] pressing money and leave on me: How old was I? Was I an adult woman? My mother went out and interviewed my 'employer' about me??? See previous section on FAMILY PRESSURES FROM THE WORKPLACE: were you inclined to think reading that, there, then, that there was a bit of hypersensitivity? and maybe even aroused paranoias? Maybe was 'a paranoid': well people cannot be the latter; we have paranoid processes, thoughts. People exhibit, express signs of a paranoia over something.

Sometimes I caught myself wondering if human beings were all the one species.

----So, conclusion-cum-interpretation – very religious methodology (See Karen Armstrong's works): I had been sacked, she yelled at me. NOT. No reason to. (She, herself, had been sacked outright for her abuses at [REDACTED] Now, that is ALL very dreary again, for weeping over table evening after evening, [REDACTED] and we listening sympathetically. Story: My mother had criticized [REDACTED] the history teacher: who had a bona fides University Degree to [REDACTED] [REDACTED] well-known of oft fiery mien. So my mother was sacked outright! Mmm.

In [REDACTED] I went to buy a new chair. There was a bargain at Myer. I put it on my Myer One card: one year no interest; remember I am injured from a ghastly accident. In charge of accounts upstairs was [REDACTED] She

recognized my name as it was being processed on the Myer computer system. Also, remarkably, I was making the 100th, or something similar, purchase; so I had WON a special discount on top of the Sale price. [REDACTED] came down to the counter and ventured the question re my being me.

So we met for coffees and another of my student peers came along another day. The latter, greeting me, informed me how nice to see me – they were lovely to me, as ever; and spontaneously, and utterly a surprise to me, stated that they were horrified during [REDACTED] days, by the way my mother treated me: *in general*; and they had *ever wondered why*.

Eventually, [REDACTED] related a scenario where my mother was informing [REDACTED] of what a stupid girl she was: you may be certain Dear Readers that this was delivered in tones of a convinced irreproachable valid academic authoritative judgement by my mother; and to be considered an absolutely irrevocable and lifelong status for [REDACTED] the aged Principal, happened along and heard her say it. She assured [REDACTED] that she was not ‘a stupid girl’.

[REDACTED] Generation switch. AND poor, poor misjudged ‘my mother’.

[Here, relevantly, I inform you. My mother taught me in [REDACTED] I was on full scholarship: yet not allowed to have free piano lessons, practise at school and return home. (Once I’d asked to have piano lessons, my ‘ear’ was undermined at dinner table regularly ... for a while, the topic lost interest after a while; though as a matter of plain hard fact, I had sung solo very prettily at an Eistedfodd [REDACTED] I was acclaimed and I forget whether there was a prize. Anyway, I was also part of the softball team, outfield usually: long thrower. Also pretty well telescopic vision! Athletics, once hurling a discus over the College fence into a neighbouring home. And avid at tennis, yet not so good then. I had developed a sort of physical ineptitude - tension I suppose. Spilt things and such. Tried awfully hard to be good at things and wasn’t awfully good at some: couldn’t champion even training myself regularly. There was one of my peers [REDACTED] who had a gift for sprinting. I was excellent flawless at others.

My mother invited me to the blackboard to demonstrate a [REDACTED] solution. OK I could do that. There I was right hand (Left handedness was still violently suppressed by her even in [REDACTED]. I had gotten used to working with my right hand and drinking coffee/tea with my left. O-o-o-o-oh I picked up a coffee mug with my left hand. She didn’t slap my face, though that had been done, too.) and arm raised carefully writing out a correct solution. Wham bam shazam, she had picked up a sizeable ruler and proceeded to whip me about the calves of my legs, exposed skin you know. I did not notice it? I continued on solving the [REDACTED] problem and turned, walked to my seat and sat down; giving no sign eitherway.

NOW, Dear Readers, why do you think she did that? Unable to let an opportunity pass where she could EASILY SAFELY IN-CHARGE vent her sadistic impulses way beyond the comfort zone of ‘the other’. YES, that was an observable and established by me pattern. I am uncertain there was ‘the other’ as far as she was

concerned. Nobody said anything or approached me later. (I used to talk to students about what they had been harangued about ... quite often way out of context. Attitude: the geeerls! Could they think I had offended or even made a mistake?)

Well, *one theory that has occurred to me over the years which is consistent with other behaviours regarding my academic performance: and violating and violencing it is:* In [REDACTED] on a [REDACTED] Scholarship I had earned in at [REDACTED], I was being trained especially for sitting the [REDACTED] Scholarship at a specialized [REDACTED] school for girls who had also one the [REDACTED] Scholarship. IT was fantastic! (BUT, I learnt I couldn't manage contact sports: it deafened me. Somehow, without having to say anything I managed to slip by administrative steps and got to play tennis with a racquet bought cheaply from an uncle's store. My elder bother and I had been each given one for Christmas. There'd been quite a hullabaloo about how much discount her twin brother sh/could give to her – he was a businessman prevailed!)

Regularly I brought home IQ tests and like homework. My father and she and I had such fun discussing them and their solutions after dinners and clear away; and I categorizing them mentally. AND my mother was for the first time teaching [REDACTED]. Oh what a system: to begin with laying down some facts: axioms, and from their, step by steady step generating and proving one theorem and ryder after another. So sane! So blissfully reasonable! I stood about waiting for her to present the next night's set of prep for the next class. The solutions poured out of me naturally and fluently; and we laughed and rejoiced that it was all done, as if, overnight, something like Beatrix Potter's: The Tailor of Gloucester or the Grimm's Cobbler had taken place.

Nevertheless, my mother was the teacher [REDACTED] and had to show me HOW. She had to be boss. So, well, there she was! Hitting the young [REDACTED] in the teacher's role she had bestowed, hitting me sharply with a ruler about my bare calves.

Well, and. not necessarily so, because she didn't REALLY NEED A REASON OR CAUSE ... It could have happened out of the blue. As lots of that sort of nastiness happened.

Golly, one day I was fetching from the cupboard quite neatly and cleanly a bowl of combination of juicy sultanas and coconut. I just loved it: texture sweetness coconut. She caught me at it, so to speak. Wow, was I told off. Mmmm ... So the only food to be digested was what she provided. No! I was enjoying myself, independently of her initiative!

Actually, one of my beloved, [REDACTED], as you see in my daughter's name, got her mouth around, as if I weren't there: [REDACTED] shows no initiative! 'I think it was that, while others in the family were nasty about my dear friends, initiated by my mother's giving vent to yet another sadistic impulsion across the dinner table, I showed no initiative in that sort of behaviour. (I mean absolutely no initiative could hardly be the case: why, I'd have all two or three weeks of dirty dishes and

pans gleaming in her country home kitchen before any of them had said Jack-Robinson, with the ecstatic energy of the delighted and happy and overjoyed to be here again with you lot!!!!

[While I am at this 'level' of praxis and parapraxis in psychodynamic. Secondary victims. Unwitting of the grossness of coverup of sexual abuse by Clergy. Circuitous insinuating and insidious stuff. Around [REDACTED] there was a book launch, quite important: Emma Ayers played with a trio or quartet, canapés and drinks of all sorts were served, interesting speeches poured from delighted mouths; great joy was experienced. [REDACTED]

[REDACTED] A very lovely woman cousin of mine came a little late. She is ever a busy loving dignified woman: family and academia - church. I have ever had a very great deal of respect for this cousin because she expressed various sentences to me over the decades which suggested she was monitoring her own emotional status. Almost no others did. We greeted merrily kissing each other on the cheeks. BUT, she then stood back and said aloud: as if I were not there – 'Oh, I just kissed a cousin. ... Ugmhhg! That's alright!' Mmmm what was that. Was that secondary victim somehow. By innuendo, rumour. Why would my dear cousin examine her sexual and moral conscience because she had greeted me with a normal greeting kiss.

Yes do think the fault spreading of projection of immoral innuendo of [REDACTED] in his initial grooming stages. Or, 'Why! We were close to incest!' in the car confrontingly, challengingly; and the fact that he DID NOT INTRODUCE to me his wife at his mother's funeral ... So-o-o-o-o. Certain tensions prevailing with the family priest married man? These cousins were reared in [REDACTED] on opposite hills; and I know this cousin would keep up contact as a matter of loving, and generous to duteous course, with the female cousins, at least, of the other [REDACTED] family. I DO NOT BLAME HER AND I AM NOT DRAWING CONCLUSIONS. However, it is odd behaviour.

Moreover, two of the female cousins, of [REDACTED] siblings, asserted freely, at a party [REDACTED] of as many female cousins as we could muster, that they had been horsewhipped in the dairy. I did not think it rang true: I thought it delirium or delusion or false memory ... Perhaps they will report to the VCFV.]

After the whipping of my calves in the classroom incident, my mother was somewhat uncertain at table where she ever sat opposite me. To assuage, and have the initiative, I informed her I would like to be a teacher, smiling thrillingly into her face! She never mentioned that again. Until suddenly in the [REDACTED] thereabouts, she came off with: 'I'm sorry I hit you in front of all those ge-e-e-erls!' Apology accepted; and my peers at [REDACTED] were slandered and belittled by her tones and pronunciation. Not sluts, harridans, banshees, washerwomen, widgies or mixing with bodgies, sexually craven and raging prostitutes – Mary Magdalene figures, instead of Maria Goretti's an Italian virgin-martyr, youngest saint canonized ... vegetables pumpkins ... wet ...

SORRY READER, I AM ONLY TREATING OF IMMEDIATE PERSONS AFFECTING my immediate quality and life ... ,THERE WERE AUNTS UNCLES MYRIAD COUSINS, COLLEAGUES, FRIENDS ACQUANTAINCES NEIGHBOURS ... dished out the SAME SAME ...

And many of them stood beside me, with her pouring forth vitriol over someone else (NOT POLITICS) in a tension of – Well, say something! Do something.

On-coming train principle.

THE PRETENCE RIGHT UP TO NOW IS THAT I HAVE A MOTHER HANG UP .

What slutting irreverence! What staggering inanity! What misogyny!

My daughter's decision (unfair unjust ...) to not relate with me ... was put down by a Who's who ... AO or some such, to an uncovered cynical piffle emotionally; and her mates were revealed to me ... a pretence that it had to do with my mother and me

da da da da da da ... ough. Kitsch! Well, yes: kitsch! Loose slandering kitsch!

'Money, money money ... must be ... '

=====

██████████ A prize was awarded. I was informed by my mother. She was the classteacher. I was so far ahead of the rest of the class that there was an outstanding prize ... And then there had been a decision from the Principal and Vice-Principal that they would not give prizes because it encouraged competition and pride. The 'ge-e-e-erls' used to give my mother tables full of gifts at her birthday. She was much admired and loved. A finely covered book of Collected Poems of Tennyson suddenly appeared amongst the dinner table conversation. Then, later, she would tell me-us, ██████████, looking at me, how one of the elder sisters ██████████ and me ██████████, as in ██████████ jealous of you!' ██████████ had borrowed from her a collection of ██████████ Papers, while she was in ██████████ There was no importance to hogging ██████████ papers at that level. No more scholarships to be won. No external exams. She told me that this ge-e-e-erl was very competitive and had kept my mother's papers for weeks and stayed home pretending she was sick, so she could work out all the solutions. NOT POSSIBLE any of it. ██████████ was not moving in the direction of ██████████ She later spat out across the dinner table that: ██████████ had called her by telephone and told her that she was not going down to visit the ██████████ anymore: they were 'too competitive'. Looking meaningfully at me. Well, in my opinion NOT. NOT ANY OF IT. ██████████ was a revered and honoured Senior of mine at ██████████ She was not School Captain. She was scholarly. She was not sportive.

The Religious gave many prizes each year.

Later again, we, over the dinner table were told ██████████ had stolen her book. Well, he was very, very musical, pianistic. Neat as a pin. He had taken me to my first Opera. Well to do family. Asked me to write him a translation from German of An die Freude ██████████ from Beethoven's 9th: Choral Symphony. NOT. UTTERLY NOT.

WHAT MY MOTHER DID WITH MY CAREER

Parent-teacher day. The ██████████ Matriculation ██████████

I was set at the French Exhibition likely. A first class in German. First Class in English Expression and Pure and Applied Mathematics. [REDACTED] The [REDACTED] School. (Teachers accolades quoted elsewhere.)

For my birthday [REDACTED], I asked if I could have a Harraps Shorter French and English Dictionary. Pub'd [REDACTED], ..., [REDACTED]. Edited by J E Mansion. I named its price and organised purchase of it and was transcendent with elation at having it.

After parent-teacher day, later in the year, my mother had attended it, taking time off from her teaching duties I presume.

We were at dinner table later [REDACTED] (I was quandried over gobbler-faggot, already. I had given up on friends. I had been informed, by my mother, that a beloved aunt [REDACTED], who had stayed pretty well every school holiday in my twin bed bedroom and we adored each other, was not going to stay any more because the room had to be free for my friends to stay. They DID not. I could not invite them.)

My mother did not mention the German teacher and her expectation of my first in German. (My mother had not a word of German. (Perhaps she learnt 'Bitte!' somewhere, for she wrote to me by post in [REDACTED] AFTER we had resettled, away from [REDACTED] premises ...

[Still stalked by [REDACTED], NOW ... [REDACTED] ... never asked if we needed anything: a bed, food, ... a recommendation to someone re my employment: indeed one of [REDACTED] counselors: the megalomaniacal self-gratifying unethical Clergyman (examples? galore) had Imperative Mooded, he loved its ambience: 'Be a barmaid!' Well, maybe he had forgotten Gough Whitlam's initiatives re single-parents. We were paying. How could I be a barmaid. (I figured later, distributing Communal wine at worship.)]

... she wrote to me **not to be bitter!!!!** Um, pardon me.

My mother did not mention my French teacher. Well, the whole family knew his accolade from having had it read to them; and sighted my perfect English-French translations. High first class honours standard. ...

My mother CONSCIOUS OF ALL THAT ... Said: If [REDACTED] gets a first in French, then [REDACTED] will get a pass! It was a conditionalization of my assured first-possible Exhibition status HARDWON: State's best. ([REDACTED] may well have gotten a Second anyway.)

She did not mention English Expression – my French and English teacher were one and the same; a very, very fine sweet gentle organized focused and flowing teacher.

She told me how the Maths teachers had said I worked very hard. One of them was an utter hypocrite as a teacher per se. She then opined that the other, [REDACTED] the [REDACTED] teacher and [REDACTED] and I were both in his class ([REDACTED] [REDACTED] jealous of you!') [REDACTED] said that [REDACTED] is a bad influence on you!' NOT POSSIBLE. We were both set at studentship and scholarliness. There

were two other female students in the class (repeating to consolidate). [REDACTED] and I were running the gauntlet for the first time.

MAKE OF THAT WHAT YOU WILL ... mental cruelty, it was my intellectual property ... IT WAS INSANE BEHAVIOUR.

I reached of course shock, trauma, horror ... incredulity ... stunned ...

I rictus grinned my days out at school where I was loved and had been invited into the inner sanctums of the intellectual discussion groups. The bodies passing my me in the corridors took on a material presence of mere clothes moving by – I tended to do that – and I was at a-sexual: ecce homo (I had no notion of poofter behaviours. I was the family poofter!) And, after all, the security of my concrete home; its perfect order ... the privacy of my bedroom. My mother often slept in my room: my father snored. Once or twice he moved to my room and I to sleep with her. It was appalling: if I moved she snarled. Security ... and where it was in my young brain-mind.

I had walked into the Library where the room was redolent of dense and vigorous discussions on Economics and Commerce. Huh! That was where I could go ... internationally.

Came the time for results. My mother could not wait 'TO SEE IF [REDACTED] HAD GOTTEN A FIRST IN FRENCH!!!!' She telephoned the uncleised uncle. He drove her in. My father was there and silent. He could have driven. IT WAS BIZARRE.

IT WAS ACTING OUT. We turned up at the [REDACTED] Beside me looking at results was [REDACTED] He had received the prize. I had suddenly not been able to perform a love poem before my dearly loved greatly admired French teacher, so I had turned away. Of course there as a first in French. My uncle picked one of the Magnolias from the Court there and gave it to me. [REDACTED]

Of course for me ALL my results were merely that. All the fuss – a caricature, a farce.

Then:

1. I was told despite my request to return to [REDACTED] School to take the Secondary Teachers' Studentship: that put me way out of my peer grouping.
2. French lectures clashed with Pure Maths lectures ... So I commuted on three forms of transport [REDACTED] to [REDACTED] (Ah we had lived in [REDACTED] ... I mentioned why we moved so far out.) Leaving home for a 7:30 bus returning home 9:30 p.m. Sometimes, as mentioned my father picked me up.
3. My elder bother's ... she has no personality ... presence, surrounded by bebies, on Campus with me was challenging. Insulted by his bebies I avoided him.

4. Towards the end of the year despite jogging and every health measure I could think, I became anaemic and with back problems. The referring GP, began: 'This well adjusted young lady ... ' People in the district knew me.
5. I failed [REDACTED] exam! I had attended all lectures and tutorials and done every single assignment. When I rose from the exam there was blood all over the chair – I had suddenly menstruated. There was no appeal. It was bizarre.
6. I was not allowed to pay for myself to live in at [REDACTED] College. I had the money myself.
7. I had to take part-time employment during vacations. (Illegal)
8. My mother squatted over my results in the newspapers. I failed? No I did not sit. I did all the work and did not sit. IT WAS HER DEGREE THAT WAS BEING DONE. IT WAS A USELESS DEGREE. A useless degree ... PROVE OTHERWISE
9. My mother had ever said: 'Oh maths and languages are the hardest subjects!' Consider that.
10. I have mentioned the debutante farce ... Oh all organized by his sister (She was fine and helpful: she played her set role nicely. SHE knew those ropes: nobody else I knew had a clue they existed.)
11. So, post debut, MARRIAGE ... Well we were pressed to it. Oh I was presented to the [REDACTED] As stated I had already attended a [REDACTED] Ball.
12. I had been pushed away from my friendship with a very fine man – to relate with a wasting expellee. Who never relented. NEVER. (In extended family gatherings mid-late first decade [REDACTED] he came up to me and did what I called ditting.)

[REDACTED] never relented

In [REDACTED], I and [REDACTED] with whom I had worked since late [REDACTED], did all we, and with compassion, could to have the man I had contracted marriage with, and with whom I had born our two children, take and have the finest psychiatric counsel in [REDACTED] – he discharged himself and wandered the [REDACTED] and the homes of some 'friends', (whom he slandered) squandering his mid-year bonus approx \$6000 and came home and behaved

such as standing staring as me as I worked at a preparing a meal, flicking the blade of a large kitchen knife, such.

In [REDACTED], a line of three police personnel in [REDACTED] Police Station seeing my battered face and learning that he had planned, informed me days earlier in my shared kitchen: 'If I am ever charged I will never be [REDACTED]' As if I did not know professional and social compromise. He then slipped away from a friend's dinner party: she has regrettably invited both of us. (I mention her below for I have banned her from my presence with threat of legal intervention. She abused me ... and using her family. And she was 'influenced' in the sweetening stages of [REDACTED] slandering forays into my life – and his favorite actor was Goldie Hawne; rhymes with horn – a calling name for an erect penis just post his [REDACTED] assault.)

unnoticed having stared at me across the table as I conversed with some younger male recently moved into the neighbourhood, kidnapped and laid in wait in my premises for my sedate return from a friend's dinner party after clearing the dishes with them, proposing my children safe asleep in the bunk beds. : she has regrettably invited both of us. We-e-ell ... she has proven herself ultimately and is banned from my presence.

So we lived separately. And I have described the scene where I out witted his battery and rape [REDACTED]

[REDACTED] once divorced, as I had suggested, under Gough Whitlam's no blame divorce policy and agreeing to pay \$15 per week maintenance, which agreement I had needed; and, to soften the blow, I included a divorce party, with only a select guest list, to salve any edges of ego that might besot themselves to physical violence, sexual assault, such ...

A divorce was necessary, because, it entailed a child maintenance agreement.

And, in particular, [REDACTED] demands were very strong; since she would seek out my love of her father – e.g he had given her a ¼ violin and could not initiate a creative musical conversation; she had a guitar, yes small, and lessons; and there was a piano, lessons; ballet with her best school buddies, beat each other out of sheer impassioned joy on the chests above the nipples, at [REDACTED] or so after some time separate, was switched to tap dancing and could have been both – there was some manipulation passed there; nevertheless, she felt best 'a harp'. She was correct, I wouldn't wonder.

I quite often felt sad that I could not give her what was frankly beautiful. I dare say she noted that too. I never felt that with my son.

later, for he still had as much access as I could manage; and I, exhausted went to sleep one afternoon when he was visiting. Something woke me. I quietly slipped the closed loungeroom doorhandle. Both children were standing side by side naked against the South wall of the loungeroom. [REDACTED] had their finger paints and was about to paint their naked bodies. I simply swept the paints from his hand, indicating to them that they get dressed; and he disappeared himself quickly from the home. So, ...

I think some people call that upping the ante or is it anti. What was I going to do: let him have access? Well, both children could figure that what had been about to happen was not right and relevant to their lives; and that he knew so – because I had intervened.

I went to live with him in [REDACTED]

Let me skip, here, a few years forwards: to [REDACTED] was living alone with the two adolescents; I had returned from [REDACTED] all but penniless nevertheless, in

no debt and fairly fit physically. I had to live with my mother. That was fine, I had not confronted or tested her in any way. As it happened, [REDACTED] elderly and still savvy, was at her home with her when I knocked on the door. I must have given some notice, because what was left of our chattels, was carried to her empty garage and stored. We began to set a lifestyle. People in the Parish recognized me and they knew her too.

I contacted [REDACTED] again and we began to pull me back to form, employment – not especially suitable and how could it be? Besides my immune system seemed to have shot its bolt; and, the moment I landed good work, I became horribly sick. Nevertheless, they persevered, I settled and worked that contract out.

So, I was able to be with my lovely adolescents again.

[REDACTED] and I had dealt together perfectly civilly, for she knew her own father to be in difficulties; (Just as well as she recognised what was blatant in [REDACTED] of [REDACTED]; and in [REDACTED] of [REDACTED]; at first sighting. In fact, [REDACTED] had been strongly against the move to [REDACTED]. And I could only decide that the odds were steeped against me in [REDACTED] – ENVY was fantastically roused – and the Acting-Principal, who had not interviewed me for employment at the [REDACTED] College where I had skimmed in to a job as a [REDACTED] teacher (A handbag!), landed a little house to rent: two bedrooms one for each of the early adolescents; and I slept on a divan in the one living dining room and packed my bedding by day: right near the school, no petrol bills and blow me darn too if there wasn't a marvelous and brilliant female Principal at [REDACTED] High School, an admirable person I'd met in my adolescence, walking distance away – a perfect package. Done deal. no pony. no piano ...

GREAT LOSS EXPERIENCED WITH GREAT DIGNITY

There was one outburst in front of the hideous [REDACTED] CURRENTLY ...)during our stay at [REDACTED]

[REDACTED] said: 'You bitch!' I do not know why AND believe it was misdirected ... [REDACTED] was reporting ... falsely of course. Goodness. So there would be a beat up of THAT one INCIDENT ... in front of [REDACTED]

Sorry very complex stuff there. Very ...

In [REDACTED], while qualified gifted and talented could not be placed in a gifted stream. I asked the unfortunate creature [REDACTED] to find a place for her in a suitable school. Noblesse Oblige!!!! We were balancing between MY finding suitable schooling for her, her return to a reasonably stabilized father in [REDACTED] and her becoming a State Ward if we didn't get a school quick smart.

[REDACTED] Noblesse oblige saw her opportunity FOR YET MORE ABUSE.

We realized that SHE ... this hideous obese creature housing down the stalking predator [REDACTED] and pretending she was COUNSELING ME ... to whom I'd

gone as a very very very very last resort because I new the foul obscene creature had rights all over the place: KNOWING FULL WELL THE PSYCHOPATH HAD ALL THE POWER SHE WANTED ... She without the legal permission of the EVER legal custodian, was ILLEGALLY supervising my daughter's behaviour.

THAT WAS THAT ... we packed up at the school ... gave uniforms and textbooks ... all that in order ... and [REDACTED] went a little unprepared nevertheless with my blessing and knowing she would manage utterly.

My daughter is a generous elegant lively brilliant person and has been from being noted by me to be turning over the pages of a book when actually it was afternoon sleep time ...

She is a [REDACTED] in [REDACTED] with two marvelous children; and congratulable partner that I have seen.

=====

[REDACTED] became terribly ill in need of an appendectomy and not diagnosed until he looked like someone fresh from Beigen-Belsen. I was treated to HIGH MORAL DISDAIN by a crew of three doctors who informed me he had worms in his appendix, AND something like pre-WW1 ... It was my fault because I ran such a foul unclean household!!!! Moral opprobrium. My, oh, my.

To convalesce because I did not have the finances I sent him to his paternal grandparents.

They offered to send him to [REDACTED] WITHOUT CONSULTING ME. He knew that. He returned to [REDACTED] AND I had to adjudge that he were better with his WEALTHIER FATHER: stats. are backing that now; and his sister – greater opportunity than I could generate

Eventually, after a foray into possible marriage if there were a project ... and not: a depressed fellow I had to look after. He was much younger than I and he made such a play for, at least sex; copulation, that I was all but dead in the desert between [REDACTED] and [REDACTED]. I had a prescience of it. He was distracting himself and then there was no battery.

Well, they were a fine family. So I stayed for a while: keeping myself and wondering whether there might not be a marriage there for me. There wasn't. I left.

Move to [REDACTED]

[REDACTED] and I met regularly and drove down to [REDACTED] for weekends: Oh too much for my mother with her siblings and degree unconferrals ...

They were at ease in the back of the car.

So ... after a few visits, [REDACTED], who was residing alone with the adolescents at that stage ... wrote L000000ONG to me explaining how this was too arduous for the children and I had to come up to [REDACTED]

da da da da da da He had written to me Looooooooong several times about how invidious consulting with a psychiatrist was.

AND

There was my daughter at [REDACTED] smoking from a bong the opium that [REDACTED] in [REDACTED] had taught [REDACTED] to milk from the opium poppies he was growing on his front porch right under the noses of ANYONE.

Uh hum! [REDACTED] was not using!!!! in front of me.

So, I just mooched around among them and asked questions about what it was like and [REDACTED] explained very, very carefully what had to be done to extract the opium. We made quite and objective discussion of it.

Perhaps that gave them the perspective I had on marijuhana. IT DELUDES THE BRAIN. I stood feeling myself being deluded ...

Mind you ... SORRY READERS ... I have had a far far far worse trip when a doctor prescribed a concoction for me that was damn near lethal.

Fortunately I was with a gentle young fellow who looked after me.

I am a mild user of anything.

[REDACTED] WAS AN ABUSER OF ANYTHING ... Sorry ... And anyone ... sorry.

and included getting this thrills from damaging others. Preferably their careers.

=====

He continued ditting to the end of his days with me:

In my face he said, at my son's [REDACTED] Party. '[REDACTED] (his second son) spent a holiday with [REDACTED] and her partner recently. (I knew he had spent several and exotic and O/S. I'd also met young [REDACTED] told ME ... who had NO contact much with any of them [REDACTED] and her partner as such ...) [REDACTED] said they are Fascists! because they don't let the kids watch much TV.'

Um, he also came up, a little later, at the same function; and expatiated on the absolute marvel that my son's wife is. Absolutist praise. Perhaps he was on heroin. Braggadocio and swagger.

Interpretation in likelihoods there: that he was trying desperately to interest me in him: and to pretend I considered him a Fascist for such trivial things. (In [REDACTED] before 'Car OK! etc. He came up to me and said:

I keep hearing: 'Creep!' I said nothing. For it was nothing to do with me.

I bought him snuff ... en passant and proposing it would be fun: He came up to me out of the blue and said: 'You are disingenuous!' I think he meant I knew he was sniffing coke. Well I DID NOT.

I KNEW HIS BEHAVIOUR WAS BIZARRE AND HE WAS TRYING TO BLAME ME ...

So patterns.

I propose that [REDACTED] had a homosexual lover when he was at Secondary School, named [REDACTED]

Why?

He told me: 'You are in love with [REDACTED]

I had just moved to [REDACTED] (Post the incestuousness with respect to his children which I had come upon.)

[REDACTED] was a fine enough woman and confused as to sexuality. Whose was whose. Her husband a GP was slipping away at night with many child births. NOT. He pressed his extra marital affair under his eldest daughter's nose: conveniently providing a cottage for his daughter ... where he trusted with a younger woman.

... Needless to say, she AND he, projected the sense of fault and blame with respect to sexual activity onto ... others, I know the plural of it ... and very much onto the dreadful career wife down from [REDACTED] me.

They both and each had a touch up of me.

Well, [REDACTED] her husband, called her [REDACTED] too IN FRONT OF ME. Once I was in a sauna with them, [REDACTED] touched me up. Well I wouldn't object at all to being just touched as a sign of affection, BUT this woman had accused me of 'visiting the boys' place too often, the first time she called at my home. I was sitting quietly writing. So, I had to be careful with **her** sexuality, because it was projected. [REDACTED] left the sauna first. [REDACTED] was there still. Eventually, giving [REDACTED] enough time to have dressed: not for a quick threesome; I said to [REDACTED] looking him in the face: 'Do you think [REDACTED] is ready?' He looked back at me his face heavy with lust and ... was amazed I suppose. I had not interest in a threesome with them.

Why describe this: because the woman just began to love me as a companion and valued friend, and [REDACTED] shot himself. And then suddenly in so much writing I was a criminal on the run!!! Grief??? Or same old same old.

BUT, [REDACTED] and I were invited from [REDACTED] to attend and [REDACTED] party ... [REDACTED] and I were lodged in a sort of common room with many other sleepers. [REDACTED] **was furious. His brain had been running at my being in bed with [REDACTED]. I consider since [REDACTED]**

Also he told me: 'You f*** with two men in the one night!'**

I had not ever ... However ...

When he was really going quite Bonkers behaviourally [REDACTED] bit; [REDACTED] badly ...
He told me to think of [REDACTED] as we made love. I did NOT.

He called his sone by his second marriage [REDACTED] ... and he abused that son to me

abused me sexually, ramming me hard. Really, really hard! I mean a complete violation of the loving sex act I was involved in. He DID IT. I lay back with tears streaming down my face in the dark. I do not think he had even spent his seed.
 AS A MATTER OF FACT.

he approached me each morning before work for copulation. His mouth was foul – I am led to believe opium users have foul breaths.

scratched his penis and woke me from my sleep to examine my finger nails ... as if I would touch him.

This stage of his violence was, I consider, an attempt to turn the tables and have me confused and blamed. Blameworthy

Something along the lines that [REDACTED] is involved in now ... STALKING and exhibiting what?

There is an application for an Intervention Order underway.

Something along the lines that my mother used in our last interactions: slawming abuse unrelated to anything but her inner reality; and trying for a physical set too.

=====

Frankly, I am afraid with my son and his wife that they WOULD drive me to attack. I have responded hard there ... Taken them to Court ... Been very very very abused.

I do not want my diligent careful behaviour, my pro-active consultation with the psychiatric profession given the clamour of extreme demands made on me by the persons listed.

And I was noting the reverberative second sources – affected by ambiances etc. Well, I listed that above.

I was not about to be confused by falderole such at that.

Eventually I wrote to [REDACTED]. She faithfully responded.

=====

NO THERE WAS NO 'HAVE TO MARRY' in [REDACTED]

HE CHOSE TO

I CHOSE TO

He had showed me one poem. I knew my own skills and gifts. I thought we would have writerly lives amongst professions.

And he did not.

Within weeks he scratched at my vagina as I slept: I mean vagina, birth canal, scratched and I woke in fear. I thought it best to propose that he was randy. So I turned and we copulated comfortably and happily.

=====

Oh, let's go conditioning the animal: You rewarded abusive behaviour: what do YOU expect

Yeah, yeah, yeah. All ye need it luv!!! Love is all you need.

I was very active with him sexually and a willing learner.

Within the month, he had smashed kicked elbowed me AS I SLEPT. I woke stunned. I was gentle with him. He told me some rubbish story that has so many holes it was clear he was concocting.

I soothed him down. Comforted him and thinking ...

In my heart of hearts: 'He has gone Keatsian in the worst sense: No responsibility.

'Do I wake or sleep!'

Inanition

In the morning he got up and mocked me: 'Too late, too late she cried and waved aloft a wooden leg ... '

Poor fellow

He didn't even have enough decency, COMMONSENSE to hang his sopping wet towel on the bedstead. He used to dump it on the foot of the bed on my side; wetting the bed at my feet. I explained to him what I considered. He kept doing it.

I objected and explained again. He took to dropping it in a heap on the floor.

I considered divorcing immediately and then consoled myself at the ... 'They mature with age platitude ...

I told no-one.

The question that remains for me as a civilian is

OUGHT I TO HAVE CONCEIVED KNOWING SUCH A MALE ...

he was a raving lunatic ...

and laid waste even to his own daughter's and son's career chances ...

In the [REDACTED] (after [REDACTED] [REDACTED] College ... DivorceD) Scorn and vitriol were poured on any opinion stated; quite unfounded; and yet, I shared some truly interesting times with her doing theoretical 'Clear Thinking Exercises' safe activities – and rewarded ever with 10/10 or 9.5/10 ... So, she was perfectly capable of rational reasoned discourse; terror of gossip combined with Envy were the core of that, I consider. The behaviours of my mother appear in each relationship.

This the man she and his mother colluded to have me partnered by him in a debut, after I had attended

[REDACTED] Ball

[REDACTED] Ball

[REDACTED] Ball

[REDACTED] Ball

[REDACTED] Ball

I 'debut'd' at my expense: the [REDACTED] AUD, after them. I realize later that my mother faced down the lovely learned gentle amusing partner where she got him in position in her kitchen, front on to her and with me standing to her left-hand side, his right hand side ... facing between them. It takes but a moment. Opportunistic hideum. I can imagine the hideum he looked innocently upon. I was looking at his lovely face. He had a quizzical expression and blushed slightly. He had held my right hand in his lefthand once: trustingly ... as a heartfelt companion.

Both the deb-partner's mother, and his sister and my mother ... by innuendo

e.g. His sister: I gave [REDACTED] for his [REDACTED] birthday present a leatherbound bottle for serving liqueurs. I had seen the like on a visit in a [REDACTED] room of a [REDACTED] post-graduate student and imagined [REDACTED] there.

He could not, evidently, receive a gift of a book from me, I had learned. (BUT, actually that was a lot of persecutory and parasitical hogwash: he tried to pretend to me, after my rest in voluntary [REDACTED] during the Summer vacation working with [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] (see below section in my health) that he was Leonard Woolf to my Virginia Woolf. Well, he did not know enough about either of them. **Far, far less about Leonard's behaviour. Nor, did he know about my Mental Health: for, he could not possibly discuss it with my consultants.)** He mocked what he knew of what I was reading poor fellow.

His sister [REDACTED], commented about the gift, that giving such a gift indicated an intention to settle domestically with him. (Mind you, she had once asked me what I would like for my birthday. I immediately answered: 'I'd love a copy of Pascal's: *Pensées*. I very, very much liked the aphoristic style. I was much given to the succinctness of poetic communication ... She immediately responded: 'You don't want that!' I have only just realized that she likely had no idea what it was and this was a power bluff. She had been part of the 'power' structures as School Captain. A mere face-saving ploy. It was a politicization, merely.

[REDACTED] and I were sitting in the lounge room of the [REDACTED] home. In came [REDACTED] purporting that we ought to be chaperoned. NOT.

My mother was far more forward in pressing [REDACTED] upon me.

Having positioned me altogether outside my academic peers, by forcing me on to University against my wisdom and request for another year at [REDACTED] School ... her response was, tossing her head: 'We're not going through all that again!'

All the accolades and honours, all the fine times analyzing texts. All the praise all the lovely quiet friends

Oh well ... WHAT WAS I EXPECTING? I was waiting.

I told [REDACTED] I wanted to be rid of MY VIRGINITY ... The ambience was ... Does she have a boyfriend? People slurring at my genital! It was forceful and disgusting. I disdain any of their notions of VIRGINITY ... He did it as best he could. It hurt.

I would have it done medically myself ... It is far too rough for either of the parnters,

He had many many opportunities from me to opt out ...

He was not pressed by me ...

=====

My mother's intent sadism was considerable and she gave it free rein and no-one was exempt: she would set to my tender bodied brothers with a stick, a copper stick; and beat them about the shoulders. I knew it hurt tremendously: for I had been caned with a long piece of dowel, at school at just [REDACTED] years of age by a deranged - Religious who had given over to enjoying it: to getting the most out of it - perhaps I was the only girl she caned. That, along with the rest of observed life at that stage, sent me quietly insane - I managed to conceal my dilemma and came out of the delusion into the sweet lights of dawn - a few years later. I was fortunate, or blessed, to have a room of my own.) My brothers, very big fellows, had to share a space the same size as my room. My younger brother revealed to me, somewhat overly confidentially, with a sense of exemplifying a surreptitious delight, that I might indulge in some future space, that roused a 'je ne sais pas' from me, and I remained silent: he had confided that they sometimes threw their underpants onto the face of the other; or, flicked their own rolled snot balls

through the dark space at the other. The sense of random insecurity roused horror in me.

So, the physical pain, was taken for granted: what was noted was the unfocussed nature of it, that her behaviour was bizarre and out of control. I was accustomed to that, too. I stood observing this helpless scenario. They simply shielded their heads with their arms and never raised a finger joint in her direction. Once she threw quite a deal of a bucket of water over one of them in the kitchen. I stood stock still observing this wonder of violence.

Given over, my brothers were unseemly abusive and left uncorrected; remarkably: actually laughing aloud when a gentle aunt, who was slugged by my mother at regular intervals – for she sighed, or she was ‘wet’; or, ‘She had ‘the big op’!’ (hysterectomy). She was ‘always suffering. It was clear and rampant jealousy in that inst ... Still [REDACTED] wouldn't give notification.

I sat stunned at table trying to figure a response to a plethora of absolutism that annihilated meaning, defied sense and was not regularly-trotted-out in relaxed tones. It was poured forth in jeering, sneering streams.

There was a last frontier of crazed destruction of prize chocolate Easter gifts of fabulous train engines 10 x 10 x 15 cm with outrageously gloriously rich colourings, c. 1954. They both took them, without unwrapping them, and with an extraordinarily unnecessarily heavy tool; perhaps a large headed hammer, crushed the living blighters out of them. It was the most appalling insensate behaviour. My mother was stunned to silence though she did attempt to express something of the wastage that had occurred.

Beyond that they were goners.

both my brothers were delinquently behaved ... repeated years at school ... were rescued at expense ... **NOT TO BLAME**

As stated they were censored entirely by me as adults in the [REDACTED]

And my father was shoved by my mother ... shoved ... not a friend ... they're all y friends ...

insane possessed ...

THERE IS NOTHING I SHALL WANT

IF I HAD HAD FIVE HUSBANDS LIKE THE SAMARITAN WOMAN AT THE WELL I
WOULD BE FILTHY RICH and PHILANTHROPIC.

thank you.

When I was [REDACTED] years old and able to comport myself and compose sentences my mother was intent on my hair being curly. She used to scrape the pins along my skull tearing at it.

Eventually I pled with her that it hurt. I did not say too much.

She responded: 'You have to suffer to be beautiful' and proceeded.

too late too late ...

the echoes roll

So I have coined the concept: psychopathic persona, sociopathic behaviours, multiple rcidivisms.