

30 March 2015

Dear Commissioner

I am certain that you are unlikely to receive another letter like mine. There will be many submissions about violent men, no doubt, perhaps even some violent women who in the majority will yet again escape responsibility due to political correctness which in the end serves nobody's purpose.

In my life I've not known one violent man, only women who have had enormous negative influences in my life, starting with my mother, in fact, she had been at the vanguard of my misfortunes which I so valiantly tried to overcome over the years and just as I thought that just once I could be in charge of my life, she would reappear looming large on top of a hill waiting to hammer me down like a peg. Yet, despite her immense cruelty I was always ready to help her and at her disposal and when she had her fill, she would reject me and my [REDACTED] – they too had to pay the price for being MY children – and in her lunatic way pretend we simply did not exist for years-on-end until the next time when she needed something or other.

Like it is the case with many women – and I met many at work - her violence was emotional abuse and mental anguish, subtle, manipulative and one needed enormous stamina, emotional and physical, to survive it, and I dare say that many men accused of physical violence do not know how to cope, being the simpler creatures of the gender. It is very important that you look at this side of women and what women do to other women because their kind of violence is very hard to overcome and it plagues one's life. One simply feels used.

Not wanting to repeat myself - I enclose a 3 page summary of my life where I try to cram [REDACTED] years of it - there is something unbelievably wrong with a society, almost banal, where property is more important than human beings, and where women like me simply had nowhere to go, at least to make a complaint against my mother not only because she cost me my chosen career and loss of great earning potential not to mention the meaningful life of one's career but endless emotional and financial stress as I kept shifting in and out of her house on her whims and have some legal chance of initiating her mental health assessment which may have helped us both spend the last years of her life in some familial harmony; she died in [REDACTED]. She was [REDACTED].

Unless one is part of a marriage, offsprings like me have no moral, legal rights to anything, as if we were not human beings. The law simply obliges and supports the perpetrators and offsprings are expected to cop it on the chin and live with the consequences. Domestic violence comes in many shapes and forms and I hope that the Commission is mature and truthful enough to accept this fact, for it is a fact, and that there are many silent victims like myself who go ignored. Where is our/my compensation? If my mother were a corporation I could sue her for abuse. Parents even have the right, like my mother, to enrich themselves at the expense of their children and leave them nothing in the end, like it is in my case, when I now have to fight the legal system for what I feel is rightfully mine, therefore, there should be a law where all property is directly inherited by children come what may. I would prefer that instead of a house she left behind beautiful, warm, loving memories, even a recipe wouldn't have gone astray.

Sincerely

[REDACTED]

In [REDACTED], just before my [REDACTED] birthday, my mother was arrested for [REDACTED] and imprisoned for about two years; she was working [REDACTED]. Her real first name is [REDACTED] (married name) and she served her sentence in a [REDACTED] what was then part of [REDACTED], called [REDACTED]. Seeing one's mother's mugshot in a newspaper article was not easy to comprehend at my age. Shortly after my father was also arrested and sentenced to three months on an account of collusion with my mother which he always denied. During his absence I was left on my own and depended on his friends to feed me but despite their best efforts they either forgot on some occasions or I was too embarrassed to ask and I often went hungry. I remember at some stage being diagnosed as malnourished and was forced to take Codliver Oil. When mother was finally released she went to live in [REDACTED] to work and I only saw her when she visited or I went to see her when I had time off from my studies. My parents' marriage consisted of mother's simmering poisonous silences that went on for weeks, verbal abuse and threats; there were endless separations and fights which made me very anxious, the anxiety which remains to this day and manifests itself in various crippling forms. In [REDACTED] mother decided that we should all go to Australia and plucked me out of my first year of [REDACTED] which I will never again study. Her reason for going to Australia was to make money, which like *things* in her life always took precedence over people. I guess things are easier to control than people and what mother could not control she would destroy.

Once in Australia the parents' marriage continued with its upheavals and my father was forced out of the flat, then came back and left again, in the same way that she continued her relationship with me over the years, and he finally fled back to [REDACTED] suffering from [REDACTED] which will later kill him. In the first [REDACTED] years in Melbourne I worked and gave all my wages to mother which I didn't mind since having money for the first time I had no idea what to do with it, and she gave me pocket money. She was quick to anger and would indulge in her notorious prolonged silences as punishment and as a gentle timid person that I was, it made me even more anxious so I did everything to avoid it. When I married in [REDACTED] she accused me of leaving her, and when [REDACTED] and I went overseas she refused to have anything to do with us until we came back [REDACTED] years later. I remember her turning up with some material she bought because she wanted us to have matching dresses made and when I gently tried to resist, I could see her puffing up with anger and after [REDACTED] years of not seeing her, she retreated into her silent sulkiness for almost a year. I was riddled with guilt which she fostered and having two small [REDACTED] whom I adored I struggled to be a mother and wife both which she found a waste of time not having had any sense of family herself, and made sure to point out my short-comings at every opportunity. Mother's relationship with me was one of punishment, rage and anger - I never knew what was it that I said or done - with no sense of duty or any kind of obligation to me from the very early age, and her tyrannical behaviour which often left me speechless. I honestly believe that she blames me for her incarceration and her unhappiness; that she [REDACTED] to give me a better life; this might be an explanation but it's not an excuse for her behaviour; or perhaps that was the best excuse she could find and stuck to it. It was her constant anger that sustained her and her impetus for deeply hurtful abuse without any ability for restraint. Looking back I think that only my death would have pacified her for she could blame me for my own demise and thus, in her mind, cleanse herself of the mental anguish of guilt that dominated her life, and mine. I spent a lot of my time thinking of new ways to approach her but she was simply unable to have a rational, reflective conversation as a mother and daughter should and my sense of duty to her as a dutiful daughter was met with ridicule. Only a masochist could live under these conditions.

In [REDACTED] my beautiful [REDACTED] only [REDACTED] was diagnosed with an [REDACTED] that was about to kill him in six weeks. I remember calling her and after a short silence on the other end - her favourite treatment - she said that I should not have called her on her birthday to give her such news (it's always me, me, me..) and that it was all my fault that my [REDACTED] had [REDACTED]. I remember replacing the receiver and for the following [REDACTED] years of Hell of [REDACTED], numerous [REDACTED] and [REDACTED], she did not call me once, nor saw me. Nor did she speak to my other [REDACTED]. At [REDACTED] as [REDACTED] was dying, she walked past me without a word after she gave [REDACTED] father [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] a lecture at [REDACTED] deathbed and she did not get in touch for another three years after which she turned up at my flat asking me if I could move in with her because 'our' house needed restumping and she didn't want to be alone with workers; she would refer to the house as 'ours' when she needed something. [REDACTED] died in year [REDACTED] Feeling vulnerable and suffering acute depression and in need of

support hoping that she might be able to provide it to any degree possible, I moved in. [REDACTED] weeks later, once the work on the house was completed, she separated all her linen, cutlery, crockery and retreated to her bedroom where she spent months in silence sitting on her bed staring out of the window only emerging to wash and eat and go out to shop for food which she carefully divided in the fridge as hers. No amount of coaxing would change her mind and I learnt over the years, that nothing would. I lived like that for months, my health getting worse, until I was able to find a flat in [REDACTED] and move out. She simply refused to have any contact with me or [REDACTED] who is kind, generous and a caring young [REDACTED]; she treated [REDACTED] like rubbish for no other reason that [REDACTED] is my [REDACTED]. Some years would pass and she'll ring [REDACTED] to find out where I lived and she'll appear wanting my help, again, and like a fool I would move in and move out of the house [REDACTED] times over the last [REDACTED] years under identical circumstances, hoping that perhaps she changed a little but each time she was getting more malicious, abusive and spiteful. It was intolerable. Still, I never once reproached her – dread or cowardice on my behalf, or both - even though I wanted to ask her why she stole my life, and why she thought she had the right.

In [REDACTED] she became physically violent and would walk around with a stick twice her size smashing the back fence with tremendous anger spitting obscenities; madness has its own force. Over the years, I went to the Council (Social Work), her local doctors, a lawyer trying to explain to them that my mother is not well for as long as I could remember, that she needs to be assessed and get help; she had mental illness although she was still able to remember to pay her bills and put the rubbish out and shop. I told them that she suffers from some kind of paranoia, and be that as it may, I have been emotionally abused by her all my life. Nobody took any notice even when I told them that she is exhibiting homicidal tendencies and had put [REDACTED] ([REDACTED] [REDACTED]) and when the lady came to her door, mother said [REDACTED]; police visit followed, and a court case. I was told that she could not be forced to get help if she didn't want it and further more, since she was the owner of the house I simply had to leave. Both mother and I were let down by the system which was, and still is, unable to recognise crises, the mental health system that is steeped in ignorance, backwardness and incompetence; one of her doctors said to me that perhaps her nastiness was simply who she was, and that it was her personality!

In [REDACTED], my last move-in into her house for she asked me to be her carer – she was diagnosed with early [REDACTED], a few months later she accused me of assault after attacking me with her walking stick at [REDACTED] and when I called the police and they refused to come because 'they were busy' she rang them at 6am telling them that her life was in danger; she is well known to the Police for she had many arguments with her neighbours. In their typical Victoria Police gung-ho manner, more concerned with ticking boxes and statistics than help, I was then unceremoniously removed from the house – it was the most traumatic experience for somebody who has never had a parking ticket or a library fine – and made homeless yet again but for [REDACTED] help, until I found a unit in [REDACTED] which was very isolating, and was unable to get proper medical care. The only good outcome was that she was finally taken to hospital where she was to be assessed; all too late. Never once did a treating psychiatrist from the [REDACTED] ring me to get her history of behaviour if he/she were to treat her properly and I believe that it contributed to her final decline. Nor would she have told them of her early incassation, which up till now has been a family secret. She was not religious, had no social group to belong to and showed no interest in anything but the garden.

She never hesitated to ring [REDACTED] out of the blue demanding [REDACTED] help and [REDACTED], being good-natured that [REDACTED] is, never once refused. She asked [REDACTED] to be her Power of Attorney and then proceeded to make the Will leaving the house to [REDACTED]. I expected nothing less. Despite everything, [REDACTED] has been at her back and call even when she kept calling the Police accusing [REDACTED] of stealing her sheets, towels and crockery. My mother caused me immeasurable trauma throughout my life, contributed to my chronic ill-health for there is so much abuse that one can take and impoverished me financially – with every move I lost, misplaced or gave away personal possessions depending on the size of a flat (studio apartment) I would rent, so that now in [REDACTED], my possessions consist of numerous boxes and I have no furniture left. I believe that she has changed her Will to punish me, for what, I am not sure, for anything that happens to my [REDACTED] affects me. It is puzzling that in one of her Wills she has left her property to the Royal Melbourne Hospital Foundation when in her rudimentary English she would not know what the foundation does. She also hated Royal Melbourne Hospital because they kept her

against her will, as she said so to [REDACTED] and bagged him to take her out. [REDACTED] refused to act against doctor's advice. The Royal Melbourne Hospital was further negligent in failing to implement any kind of rehabilitation after she hurt her wrist and instead bundled her out and sent her back to the [REDACTED] Aged health facility where her mental and physical state deteriorated quickly to the point where she is now bed-bound and very demented. I visit her almost every day. She smiles her toothless smile when she sees me, kisses me and tells the nurses that she loves her daughter. I in return feel tremendous sadness.

She never adjusted to living in an Anglo society and never had any friends; not one, which was a worry to me.. She had a fight with every neighbour in the street and called a lady from [REDACTED] [REDACTED] 'rubbish Australian' whereupon her [REDACTED] – police in attendance – some years ago. Mother simply wasn't of charitable nature. She'd prefer to throw her old clothes into a rubbish bin than give them to a charity shop, and she only left the house to [REDACTED] because [REDACTED] could look after her affairs, as [REDACTED] has, admirably. [REDACTED] has spent weeks trying to find her a suitable place to live and due to [REDACTED] absence from work, lost his job!!

With 3 Wills floating around [REDACTED] one is caught up in this debacle of [REDACTED] lawyers. Firstly, she only did her business in [REDACTED] for she would walk there and she would not know how to find [REDACTED] (who made the Will) the Solicitor in [REDACTED] street, unless she was taken there by somebody, nor would she have ever heard of [REDACTED] Law Firm. In [REDACTED] when mother saw [REDACTED], she would have already been showing advanced signs of dementia and that it was obligatory on [REDACTED] *et al*, professionally or otherwise, to act prudently in establishing the reasons as to why mother wanted the previous Will in [REDACTED] name revoked and since by that stage she was well and truly under psychiatric care, send her to be assessed and advised her accordingly rather than charge \$250 and cause even more harm to the family that has suffered more than enough! I will be making a very strong complaint against her and other lawyers. This letter is what I would call a Victim Impact statement although I dislike the word victim, but can't think of any other, unfortunately, not only for myself but also my [REDACTED] not only for being my mother's daughter, but by the legal system that contributes to it.

[REDACTED]
October 2014