

The whole area of family violence needs to be rethought, I wholeheartedly support family violence being defined as a crime but the required policy change needs to be national.

The creation of a national framework for family violence which clearly sets out and defines what is family violence. In my case I have had experience of the police and court system in three states and experienced things like being pressured into "just sitting in the back, only to watch his solicitor use my presence in his defence, at a directions hearing in being so traumatised by the magistrate that I was crying and shaking from head to foot, in Queensland being subjected to questioning directly by my perpetrator.

I think the damage done to women and children is so profound and long lasting and the types of violence are so misunderstood by the general population that there needs to be a dedicated system linking police, child protection referees, specialised practitioners, and especially the development of a dedicated court system with magistrates, court support workers and judges specialising in this area.

Family violence needs to be clearly defined and in plain language, from subtle manipulation through to physical violence. Relationships should be taught in our education system, defining healthy and unhealthy relationships, because of our multicultural population ergo many different cultural practices, there needs to be a clear definition spelt out to children of what is acceptable and what is not both in the home and between peers.

Perpetrators are not born that way; I am sure most have no clue as to why they behave in such a way. It should be mandatory for police to remove the perpetrator immediately a woman calls police or neighbours ring police, but there also needs to be a place for perpetrators to go, perpetrator should not be allowed back until an assessment has been carried out by a trained practitioner that there is no immediate threat, and agreement has been reached to undergo intensive counselling.

There is a disconnect at the start where it is up to police and the court system to assess a perpetrator often with little training. The system of intervention orders does protect some women, but not from a determined person.

I believe counsellors should be trained specifically to target family violence to address the underlying causes of violence against women and make perpetrators accountable.

Zero tolerance and co-ordination between all sectors dealing with family violence.

Better statistics to identify the links between alcohol, gambling and drug abuse caused by family violence.

Tony Abbott wants more women working. The biggest secret around family violence is the lost productivity of women experiencing family violence, from staying at home to hide bruises and injuries, to undiagnosed PTSD. In my case I can identify four distinct instances that show the devastating affect of being misdiagnosed as "depressed" instead of having a diagnosis of PTSD. I had built up a business from a desk to the largest [REDACTED] agency in Victoria, my performance suffered after I finally left my husband of [REDACTED] years, but was constantly intimidated by him, my performance suffered and I was fired after [REDACTED] years of building up this business. I then went to [REDACTED], started

another [REDACTED] agency, where I was Managing Director, and chairman of a marketing group I started, I was abused by a co-director and this, combined with the abuse at home, caused my performance to suffer and I was fired after [REDACTED] years of hard work. In the third instance, I was programme co-ordinator and lecturer at a major college, after [REDACTED] years I was in the process of starting a working [REDACTED] agency when one of my students complained to the student union about my teaching style, The male student union co-ordinator was so aggressive, he had both myself, and my manager in tears, although I was employed for another [REDACTED] years I eventually got retrenched, but during this time I was again diagnosed with depression and had to use all of my sick leave, days in lieu, and a period of unpaid leave. In the most recent incidence I was working as Manager, Australia and New Zealand for a global company. This company had a lot of trouble retaining CFO's (who I had to report to), one of these temp CFO's got me into a small meeting room and berated me so badly I just left, my next recollection was of being in bed and crying and shaking. I stayed in bed for three days. This man finally rang and apologised, and he was let go, but after [REDACTED] years I was retrenched.

If this can happen to me, an intelligent, hard working person with a good work ethic who had so many days and weeks off, what must it be like for women right across the board, thousands and thousands of days of productivity lost to the affects of family violence.

I am a [REDACTED] year old woman and have been on the Disability Support Pension since [REDACTED] diagnosed with PTSD due to family violence, I am in the process of changing to the aged pension. I have been unable to work since [REDACTED] due to PTSD. I was born in [REDACTED] in the [REDACTED] and lived with my parents until I was [REDACTED] in [REDACTED] and then from age [REDACTED] in [REDACTED]. Both my mother and father came from farming backgrounds and both went to boarding schools. My father was a [REDACTED] with the [REDACTED] ([REDACTED]); my mother did not work outside the home. My parents were very involved in the Church of England and as children we all went to church and Sunday school and other church activities. I am the [REDACTED] of [REDACTED] women aged from [REDACTED] to [REDACTED]. My parents and sisters are still living and we have strong family connection, my parents have just celebrated their [REDACTED]th wedding anniversary. There was no violence in our home. I had a very happy childhood being brought up as "free range" until I was about [REDACTED]. My parents just did not understand how different I was to my older sister (a point they still apologise for), so from [REDACTED] until I left home at [REDACTED] was a very tumultuous time and I was very unhappy.

I was a poor student except for the subjects I liked e.g. my shorthand speeds qualified me for Hansard, and repeated year 10 after which I left school and got a job as a [REDACTED], at the same time sold [REDACTED] door to door. After about [REDACTED] months I got a job with [REDACTED] as private secretary to the [REDACTED] which allowed me the financial independence to leave home. I was [REDACTED] and moved just around the corner from home into a rented room.

At this time I started going out with [REDACTED] who was 3 years older than me, catholic, and who my parents disapproved of. Their disapproval was the catalyst for me leaving home. [REDACTED] was born in [REDACTED] and came from a violent home; he was the oldest of four siblings. His father was a very violent and domineering man. He was a [REDACTED], was a very tall and heavy, the whole family was terrified of him, whilst his mother was a very small and gentle person who I came to adore. As I had not been exposed to violence in the home, I was not in the least scared of him but felt sorry for my husband and his siblings.

[REDACTED] worked for the [REDACTED] as a clerk from age [REDACTED] he is intelligent, a good athlete and had boxing training, he was very disappointed he could not continue his education and was "made" to leave school to contribute to the family budget, he lived with his parents.

The first time [REDACTED] attacked me was before we were married, at a friend's place, I remember their names, but not why I was there, just the fact that I was in this bathroom, it had one of those gas heaters over the bath that you had to light for hot water, it was very small and had yellow and black terrazzo around the heater, I was putting a purple rinse through my hair when [REDACTED] came in, my next recollection is sitting on the side of the bath with blood dripping everywhere., watching the deep purple stain over the terrazzo. [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] took me to the local clinic and I had a fractured left arm, stitches in my lip, and head and ended up very bruised. I can remember going to work at the [REDACTED] with my head bandaged, my arm in a sling and my face a mess, not realising how injured I was. Just as I was entering the office, my mother came up behind me, the sister that stitched my face and head had rang her because she was so concerned.

This is the first time I remember feeling ashamed and humiliated, my mother asked "did [REDACTED] do this" and again this was the first of many times I lied and said I had "Fallen down the stairs." I cannot remember if he was contrite, just that he was gone when I was taken to the clinic. It is a blank as to what happened over the next few months but obviously I forgave him because within months I was pregnant, telling my father was very humiliating but both my parents were supportive and we were married in [REDACTED] in the Church of England, at which time I had to leave work because the

████ policy was that when a woman got married, she had to leave. I worked for an █████ for the next six months until my oldest son was born in █████.

Over the next few years, we lived in rental accommodation until █████ when we bought a housing commission house and I had █████ my second son the day we moved into our home, I was █████.

████ was very rigid in his thinking and the way he lived and related to people, very judgemental and condescending, his routine could not be disturbed, we used to argue a lot about the boys, I made a conscious decision to parent my boys in a way that was exactly opposite to █████, he was very authoritarian, strict, had to be obeyed, whereas I wanted my boys to be independent, to listen to them, to let them make up their own minds. This is where there was constant conflict that often leads to physical violence. In the home. I came to know if I followed █████'s strict routines, made sure that the house was clean, had his meals prepared, looked after his every need, managed our social life, managed our finances, looked after the garden, in other words, looked after his every need, there would be a semblance of peace, I would however have to put up with his constant sarcastic comments, his form of passive aggression, judgement of my friends. I had to live in this world of constantly anticipating what would be ok and what would not.

I was no shrinking violet, I always argued back, wrongly thinking I was protecting my boys but in so doing brought them up in a conflict zone.

During this time aside from conflict at home, when we went out socially there were always problems, █████ would not hesitate to hit me anywhere at all, in front of friends, strangers, in the car while driving, on one occasion coming home from a party at my sister's place about █████ minutes from home he accused me of the usual, looking or saying something that displeased him, while driving he constantly punched my head all the way home. When we got home I said I was going to the police, in trying to stop me he managed to rip my jumpsuit completely down both sides, so it was only staying on by the shoulder seams, I managed to get away and drove to the police station. When I arrived a constable gave me his coat and felt all the lumps on my head but said there was not much they could do, but they would "talk to him", but of course in those days nothing changed.

I was a passionate cook and we had dinner parties where on the one hand █████ would be the "life of the Party", and perfect host, then when everyone was gone, I was in for a diatribe about what he REALLY thought of so and so, I learned not to stick up for anyone. █████ has this hair trigger temper, and I never knew what would set him off, the threats, shouting and complete lack of control was just terrifying.

This was my life, on the surface, very happily married, a good social life, large circle of friends however, some were local police and detectives, which only added more problems for me as far as disclosing. I did leave once and put the boys in the car with blankets, but soon realised I had to go back, I felt there was absolutely nowhere to go. My life was a life of constant shame, humiliation and "walking on eggshells", coping with injuries, bruises, being too ashamed to seek medical attention, even when I had a dislocated jaw which was excruciatingly painful, this left me with a constant reminder when I ate because my jaw "clicked", my boys would often comment on this, too ashamed to tell family or friends. I had to regularly take days and sometimes weeks off work for bruises or injuries to heal that I could not hide.

I was constantly worried about my boys "turning out like their father", how I could protect them, I remember █████ when he was about 3 or 4 coming into the kitchen when █████ was attacking me and holding onto his leg, trying to protect me, there was always a softball bat in the kitchen and I was not allowed to move it as it was for "protection".

Things changed for me when I was ■■■, after an altercation I said I would get a job and leave him, he said I could never get a job, the inference being I was too stupid, and that he was the head of the house. I got the first job I applied for after which he stated "I will not lift a finger to help you, if you work I expect you to look after the house, children etc or words to that effect, he then made it as hard as possible, I was not allowed to use the car, this created problems with childminding and I had to fit work, childminding and housekeeping, and sparse public transport in with his needs. I remember being up at 1.00 a.m. shining the lino in the hall and saying to me "this has to stop", but it did not.

I solved both housekeeping and childcare problems by hiring a ■■■ year old ■■■ lady who had ■■■ children, ■■■ came at 7.00 am and left when either ■■■ or myself came home (■■■ from the pub, me from work), she did all the housework as well, she stayed for ■■■ years and the boys were very happy with her.

About this time one of the worst consequences of being married to ■■■ was the fact that I got pregnant, I tried contraception pills but could not tolerate them, had a loop inserted but could not tolerate this either, so when I knew I was pregnant I really panicked, my overriding thoughts were that I could not protect the children I had, I was not going to subject another one to this. After many sleepless nights I told ■■■ that I was going to have a legal abortion. ■■■ was furious, and would not consent but I was so passionate about this and told him why, on some level he must have felt some guilt and realised that I was adamant and would not change my mind. It was a very difficult thing to do I had to see a number of doctors and psychiatrist to get permission because I also decided to have my tubes tied at the same time. I still remember the look of disgust on the nurse's face when she looked at my record and the way she said "D & C." it remains one of the worst consequences for me of marrying ■■■ and one I have regretted all of my life, even understanding that there was no help at that time and the decision was the result of this and feeling absolutely trapped in this marriage for life, it still remains with me.

As I got better jobs, working as a private secretary and higher income ■■■ seemed to get more resentful, the sarcasm and derogatory remarks never stopped, I had to look after his every need no matter how busy I was. One of the most contentious issues was how I solved my transport problem.

I worked in ■■■ and was earning probably as much if not more than ■■■ so I went to the ■■■ dealership across the road and worked out that I could afford to buy a new car and pay it off in ■■■ years, which I did. I registered it in my name; this infuriated ■■■, and just gave him more ammunition.

It was while I was in this job that I read one of the first books on positive thinking. I found this aspect of how to live life enlightening and applied it to myself and my children, I also did a course on relaxation, and today mindfulness, it is these very simple things that got me through anything ■■■ and particularly my second husband, could throw at me.

One night I after about ■■■ years of marriage I opened the door and there was a priest standing there, father ■■■ he told me over the next few hours how ■■■ had been to see him and that in the eyes of the Catholic Church we were "not married". I was completely ambushed and felt pressured to agree. I had always been brought up to see the Catholic Church as "the enemy", I agreed to a second wedding in the Catholic Church and to have the boys baptised catholic.

I was more and more concerned about my boys, ■■■ was a terrible father, absolutely no empathy, could not show feelings, I did think that he loved the boys on some level, but all they saw was anger

and rigid rules, he was very reluctant to watch the boys at little aths etc. And rarely went, would not take the time to go to school sports days etc.

I know at that time I was also concerned about their schooling and when [REDACTED] came home with a box of [REDACTED] and said this was his maths homework, I became even more alarmed. Above else I wanted the boys to have a good education. One of our friends was sending his son to [REDACTED] Catholic Church in [REDACTED] as a weekly boarder, home on weekends. We discussed this and decided it was to best option for their education, and for me I saw it as the best solution for the boy's mental wellbeing, keeping them away from their father which by this stage I was trying to do more and more, everyday life was just full of conflict. As we were both engaged in community work with the [REDACTED] at the time, [REDACTED] as president and me with the Ladies committee, I was able to protect them over the weekends, but not during school holidays.

[REDACTED] went first in [REDACTED] grade, with [REDACTED] following the year after in [REDACTED] grade. The consequences of this decision were profound for the boys. [REDACTED] disclosed two years ago that he was physically and sexually abused. He could not go to the Royal Commission, so I went for him.

The commissioner was interested in the difference between [REDACTED] and [REDACTED], how they progressed through life. [REDACTED] is an intelligent, extremely caring and compassionate person, and so is [REDACTED] but whilst [REDACTED] has had a life of alcohol and drug abuse, has a gambling habit, has a very poor view of himself, wrongly comparing himself to his successful brother, is divorced and has a poor relationship with his two children. [REDACTED] has had a very successful life with a stable marriage and two children; he lives in [REDACTED] and is Vice President of a [REDACTED]. The main difference is that whilst the boys were physically abused, only [REDACTED] was groomed and sexually abused. The police task force is now investigating [REDACTED], but whilst [REDACTED] has engaged with the task force via email, from [REDACTED], [REDACTED] has not been able to, to my knowledge because he has cut off contact with me at the behest of his now very wealthy father.

I got a job as a [REDACTED] in [REDACTED]. The local [REDACTED] wanted to start a [REDACTED] and it was my job to set this up and operate it. It was extremely difficult as there was no training and I had not even been to an [REDACTED], let alone understanding [REDACTED] etc. I found this to be a great challenge and within a few years had taken it from a desk to having four outlets and being the largest regional [REDACTED] in the state. In doing this job [REDACTED] became more and more distant, sarcastic, I just dreaded going home. I had a high profile and was in the local paper and on radio from time to time which seemed to just set him off. It was very humiliating for me to have to tell my boss of my situation at home because we were so busy I could not take time off, so we worked around the times I had to stay home with bruises or injuries etc.

I negotiated a salary package that included a car, home telephone (so I could work from home) and expenses, and one week's educational leave for my staff, which became common practice and still exists in the industry today. I also became concerned about the amount of money going into the credit union with seemingly no accounting, so I decided to talk to [REDACTED] who had the most efficient manual accounting system used by doctors and real estate agents.

I designed and trialled a trust account system for [REDACTED] which was adopted and marketed by [REDACTED]. I had to balance the trust account each month and this became another point of conflict as I had to balance to the cent and would often do this from home if I could not balance because there was just no time during the day. This caused great mirth and sarcasm, calling me an "idiot" for putting in so many hours. I realised years later that I was putting in so many hours because I just did not want to go home, so I started working later and later. I still had to cook for [REDACTED], no matter what

time I got home. If I went overseas for an educational I had to work out how many meals he would need and cook and freeze meals, make sure the bills were paid etc in my absence.

closed and the boarders were offered places at [REDACTED] in [REDACTED], however it had to be full boarding. [REDACTED] was keen to go, but [REDACTED] flatly refused. I missed [REDACTED] terribly and would drive to [REDACTED] every Sunday and take him and friends out for lunch, this also caused conflict.

One day we were in the kitchen and I remember [REDACTED] starting to come towards me, my next recollection was of him on the floor. I had picked up a saucepan and threw it at him and it hit him on the head and went through the window. He had a cut on his head and I took him to the clinic. To this day I have no recollection of this. I was so shocked at myself I put my clothes in my car and left and decided not to return. I went to my parents.

I shared a unit with a [REDACTED] girl, who was here on exchange with a [REDACTED], my boss asked if I would do this for [REDACTED] months, then I kept the place on my own, with the boys going between both of us, I left it up to them. I had no furniture but was very reluctant to go back to the house, I did not realise just how terrified and intimidated I was. I did go and get some kitchen things once and [REDACTED] said in no uncertain terms that I was not to take anything, I had left so I had to support myself, I only asked him to pay the school fees, as I could not afford to pay commercial rent and school fees and support myself and the boys.

My performance suffered at work and I was let go after [REDACTED] years, a very big shock. I decided to move to [REDACTED] which made [REDACTED] happy because he could be a day boy. I used my small payout from the [REDACTED] to buy a car and furnishings and support myself and [REDACTED], [REDACTED] paid no support and I was too intimidated to ask for anything. Although I was offered good jobs, I did temp work and then met someone and we moved to Sydney. I got [REDACTED] into a good school; he was in year [REDACTED] and a very good student.

I got a job in a [REDACTED] in the [REDACTED] CBD. I realised after [REDACTED] months that I had made a mistake and separated amicably. [REDACTED] and I moved to a house near his school. I found it extremely difficult to cope socially because I did not know anyone, and financially as it was so expensive in [REDACTED], [REDACTED] was coming up and staying periodically. I kept a cordial relationship with [REDACTED], as I had insisted on an agreement I would not say anything negative to the boys about him, and he agreed to do the same. I had seen this happen with friends and felt it was very bad for the children. I kept this agreement, he did not.

I decided I wanted to start a [REDACTED] in [REDACTED] and researched all the [REDACTED] in [REDACTED]. [REDACTED] met with me and we agreed that we would form a company, owned 50/49 per cent their way. This I did and got it up and running. I became quite ill, and thought I had a chest problem because it was so painful; my doctor diagnosed clinical depression and sent me to a psychiatrist who prescribed medication. I saw him for approx [REDACTED] months. [REDACTED] decided to leave university and got a job with a [REDACTED] and became a successful [REDACTED], ultimately moving to [REDACTED] [REDACTED] years ago.

I met my second husband after a few years and fell instantly in love. We decided to get married, so I contacted [REDACTED] about a divorce. I saw a lawyer but he was not very good. [REDACTED] asked that I not make him leave his job, by this time he held a very senior position, or sell the house. I desperately needed money and I still felt intimidated and guilty so I agreed to a [REDACTED] settlement and the rest to come when he got his super, although no figure was agreed on, the judge made a comment that she was

surprised that we had reached this figure due to the “very large” super involved, I just wanted to get married.

We were married after [REDACTED] months, I was very happy, he was the opposite to [REDACTED], very gentle, kind and considerate, he was not intimidated as a male by my title of [REDACTED], he was national [REDACTED] for a major [REDACTED] and understood business, so I was very happy. I negotiated with the [REDACTED] for a low interest housing loan and we bought a house in [REDACTED], very close to work. [REDACTED] was living at home, as was his girlfriend, [REDACTED] stayed periodically.

Things started to unravel almost immediately. It seemed to me that the day after our wedding a different person appeared. [REDACTED] was a Vietnam Veteran; he was a [REDACTED]. I did not know much about the Vietnam War other than it was unpopular and there were a lot of protests. He explained what he did and the aftermath when the soldiers returned, how they were treated poorly. I was very sorry for them all.

The day after our wedding we went to [REDACTED], [REDACTED] was a gambler. I had never gambled before and really had no interest. That was the first time I felt uncomfortable, he made a number of disclosures about himself one of which was that he was “bisexual”, and I was so naïve I just said ok, not really understanding what it meant.

From that day on things went downhill, [REDACTED] had been married twice before and had a [REDACTED] year old [REDACTED] who stayed on alternate weekends and he blamed all the problems of the world on his two previous wives and I believed him. He had a terrible relationship with [REDACTED]’s mother, his second wife and really mentally abused [REDACTED] each time he saw him, saying things about his mother until I had a discussion with him and he agreed not to do this.

There was a lot of drinking and socialising. [REDACTED] started to ask me about how I thought things like what was my favourite fantasy and he would keep on and on, making suggestions, always of a sexual nature. This made me very uncomfortable, I said to him more than once to “get out of my head” He was not a physically violent person, but the mental and emotional stuff was 24/7, my arms were always covered in finger outline bruises from him trying to restrain me and I had to always wear long-sleeved clothes. He would tell me what was wrong with me constantly, he would ring friends and relatives to talk about my “problems”, and [REDACTED] was very persuasive.

Life with [REDACTED] was a very confusing time, and I became increasingly worried, he seemed to be two distinctly different people, days were either extremely good, or extremely bad, little by little I became a different person. I got to dread the words “surprise, or Fun”,

One night [REDACTED] said he had a special surprise for me, he took me to this place where everyone was naked and they had a spa, a giant screen showing pornography different rooms where people were having group sex, I found that if I sat facing the bar with my towel on I did not have to look at anyone, I did not know these places existed, I coped by drinking. We only went to this place once more and [REDACTED] became upset because I would not participate so we were asked to leave. He then took me to a “party” in a private house where again, everyone was naked, and I just left and caught a taxi home this happened more than once. I found I was constantly having to leave restaurants, parties or my home (even after I put a lock on the bedroom door) late at night or early morning.

[REDACTED] then started hiring prostitutes, male and female sometimes two at once. I found this very difficult to deal with; I just drank to cope and tried to stay on the fringe. . I had talks with him about not wanting any third party in our sex life, but he took no notice, I was made to feel as if I was out of

step with the world, not him. He took me to a male brothel, I did not know these existed and I had to watch while he had sex with a man, very humiliating.

So getting psychoanalysed daily became the norm, he told me that he had been to see my psychiatrist, who told him I was crazy. He actually did go to see him, because I rang him, furious that he had talked about me, but he said I was not discussed at all in fact he did not know [REDACTED] was my husband as I was never mentioned by name.

[REDACTED] would ring through the day, he knew where I was at all times, and it seemed there was a surprise every night, I never knew what was going to happen when I got home, but always "surprises", sometimes dinner at an exclusive restaurant, prostitutes would appear, or an expensive gift, usually jewellery, this only happened when he had behaved badly, lots and lots of red roses with baby's breath flowers sent to the office, reinforcing to my staff how "lucky" I was, I now absolutely loathe red roses. I had not seen my parents for a long time and they had rung to let me know they would be in [REDACTED] for a day on their way to [REDACTED], [REDACTED] "forgot" to tell me and there they were at [REDACTED] station waiting for me all day, my office was in [REDACTED], not 3 minutes from [REDACTED]. He finally "remembered" later in the afternoon and I had just an hour with them. The same thing would happen with family and friends; he would not pass on messages but always with a semi plausible excuse, and always was just so contrite.

He would involve family, friends even my staff in these "surprises", one day he rang and said to make sure I was still in the office at 6.00 p.m. as he had a "surprise", my staff then started making comments about how lucky I was referring to this surprise and sure enough a limo appeared with [REDACTED] in it with champagne, (I can still see my staff standing outside the office, waving us off and saying how "lucky" I was. We went to the member's dining room at [REDACTED]; again this was after a particularly long night of listening to his "analysis" of my problems. . He was extraordinarily jealous, no matter where we went or with whom when we got home I would face unfounded accusations of flirting, he always focussed on my eyes saying over and over again that I was looking at various men the "wrong way", it took me years to be able to look men in the eyes.

He would take my ATM card as a way of keeping me from fleeing so I started to leave cash where he could not find it. It seemed to me that I could never get over the shock or anxiety of one thing happening, when another would occur, I became completely unbalanced and confused, on the one hand there was this man that I was deeply in love with, but there was this other insidious side that I could not comprehend, I just did not know what was happening to me and it was at such a fast pace, it was relentless.

Over this period the [REDACTED] police were called either by myself or neighbours numerous times, but they were little help, [REDACTED] would always be calm and reasonable and explain that I had "mental problems", and that they should "speak to her psychiatrist", and he would give them his name, I was always a complete mental wreck, unable to speak coherently which only added to his "story" of what he "had to put up with", as there were never obvious injuries, such as choke marks (I still cannot wear anything around my neck that is tight fitting. The only time they took him away was when he pushed me and I grazed my face, there was a lot of blood and I can remember saying to the police sergeant "now will you charge him", which they did, but I was heavily pressured to come to the court house to "just sit in the back", I was just so naïve and did this only to hear his lawyer use my presence in his defence, he was fined which added to our now substantial financial problems due to gambling and [REDACTED]'s penchant for buying jewellery and presents on his credit card that could not be afforded.

██████ was a very likeable and sociable person he was very articulate and persuasive, wherever we went he would end up in some conversation and I came to be very wary of meeting or going to meet new people, there was always an undercurrent or overt sexual theme. ██████ introduced me to this contact paper where people would put ads in to meet sexual partners for things I did not know existed and when our financial problems were getting worse thought it would be a good idea to put an ad in this paper to as we could make money from prostitution as a 'couple'. He told me this on the way to meet a couple who were going to arrange this, I think I got out of the car while it was still going, but I know I got out of the car.

Just before I left him the first time I had found a lot of letters from people answering his ad in this paper which said that his wife had a fantasy of being abducted and raped, I was so shocked that he did this, but more shocked at the amount of replies from people willing to do this. I think this is the night I left and got drunk and came back early about 3.00 a.m. and he attacked me at the door, the neighbour called the ██████ police and it took three of them to hold him back from me, they took him away, but he was back the next day.

At this time I was so trapped because I was trying to hold on to our beautiful ██████ home, I did not know about refuges, the police were no help to me, this was in the late 1970's, so I kept trying to 'fix' him, tried counselling but the counsellor worked out on the first session that he was as she put it "giving her a snow job", so that was out, tried talking and pleading with him, rented the house out and lived in very nasty, cramped places. Because I had left my first husband with just my clothes, left the house, contents, investment property, superannuation etc. I really wanted to keep the house, and still had faith, heaven knows why, in ██████ ██████ told me so many times that, while he knew he had some problems, it was because of Agent Orange and the war. I have no doubt these factors played a some part in ██████'s problems, but the dysfunctional, Sexual, controlling side of him was all his own, this side of him was just plain scary.

I now know that I became a gambling addict at this time, one night we were at the ██████ club when ██████ attacked this complete stranger playing a machine next to me and accused us of having an affair, he was then thrown out and banned, I used to escape there on many occasions because it was the only place that I felt safe and knew that he could not get me. I was later diagnosed as a pathological gambler, pretty amazing for someone that had never gambled at all two years earlier.

My main idea was to set up a ██████ with a ██████, but to then set up a ██████ company combining the ██████ turnovers of as many ██████ as possible to negotiate directly with the industry, to set up an incentive scheme for staff as I had done in ██████ and also provide specialised ██████. The negotiations were difficult due to the parochialism existing but I managed to do this and was appointed Chairman of the group. (Forerunner to ██████)

My performance suffered at work and was exacerbated by the General Manager of the ██████ who, when he saw me interviewing a prospective employee, completely went off his nut, screamed at me that He would hire staff, I could not get a word out. I broke down completely, was inconsolable and could not stop crying, very embarrassing at work; staff told me later that he was known for this. After that episode and combined with what was happening at home, my performance went down, I had a bar in the office and fell into the habit (as I did when I did not want to go home to ██████) of drinking. I was so worried that I could not progress the company as I had in the past. It was not much later that I was fired. I had to give my car back; I received a very small payment. (If only I had known I had PTSD)

I started temp work and worked for the [REDACTED] of the [REDACTED]. I worked with a small team that mainly made [REDACTED]; no-one in this area had knowledge of [REDACTED]. My job was to handle the [REDACTED] account for [REDACTED] and senior staff of [REDACTED] and [REDACTED].

[REDACTED]. I had to do this manually because this section was not computerised. This was a huge amount of work because without fail, everyone would ring and include another country, so I really had [REDACTED] separate, high profile, clients. I worked up to [REDACTED] hours for weeks at a time on this. [REDACTED]

Then [REDACTED] raped me. [REDACTED] did not like the fact that I was working such long hours and again contacted my manager to arrange a "surprise". When I found out he had booked us into a boutique hotel in [REDACTED] that was operated by friends of [REDACTED] (my manager) I begged and pleaded not to go, I can't remember either before or since being so exhausted, so I went. After dinner I just wanted to sleep but this was not to be. I started to doze off and next thing [REDACTED] was on top of me and I could not force him off, He just would not stop, I screamed out and the manager came to the door but [REDACTED] put a hand over my mouth and told him everything was ok then started again, I hit him over the head with a lamp which resulted in blood going everywhere. I don't think I have ever felt so humiliated, powerless and ashamed, naturally this got back to [REDACTED] who I know had enormous respect for me. So I resigned, they did not want me to go and offered permanent employment but I was so ashamed I just left. It still amazes me that being raped was just a 'thing' in a whole lot of other 'things'.

By this time I was just a shell of a person walking around, we had lost the house and moved into three rooms at the back of a house in the same area, I did more temp jobs but [REDACTED] just kept monitoring and guiding my every move, he arranged for me to be a guest speaker to a group of businessmen, I begged him to cancel but he would not, It was a complete disaster, I could not even think to prepare properly and was completely embarrassed, especially as he would not leave afterwards and I had to compound my embarrassment by making Smalltalk with these people.

I got a job managing a [REDACTED] in [REDACTED], this was one of the very first [REDACTED] agencies in Australia, and the owner was an [REDACTED] who made documentaries. I revamped the agency, hired good staff and increased its turnover tenfold within a year. The owner offered the business to me as long as he could keep his 75% discount on [REDACTED] which I was happy to agree to. Not long after I started a woman came in and introduced herself as a publisher and said she had been given my name as a person who could write a [REDACTED] book, at first I was extremely flattered then it suddenly clicked and I asked her if she knew my husband, which of course she reluctantly told me he was the one proposing the book, at that stage I could no more have written a book than fly to the moon, I politely gave her a name of someone I thought was well up to the task and off she went. On the surface of it if you take things one at a time these things do not seem harmful, but taken as a whole it is just insidious control.

[REDACTED] got retrenched, things then went very badly. The first thing I did with this agency was to set up a trust account and hire a part time accountant. We were very short of money, by this time gambling had taken hold of me, and [REDACTED] just continued gambling on horses. We were out of cash and [REDACTED] suggested I write a cheque and cash it through the business, I was appalled, and my entire life in [REDACTED] had been working with trust accounts so I said no. He continued on this vein and just would not stop with his reasonable and persuasive arguments, to my shame I caved in and once the first cheque was cashed, others followed, some repaid, but some not.

I have no recollection of what happened but [REDACTED] was gone, we had moved again in this period to a very nice [REDACTED] unit and got all our antique furniture out of storage, but during this period, [REDACTED] was gone and I just cannot recall why, and I was by myself in this unit.

On the day that I was supposed to take control of this agency the owner came in and accused me of stealing money which I readily agreed to.

I decided I had an alcohol problem and went to the [REDACTED] for a few weeks, I had never been to anything like this before so it was quite a shock, as I was by this time a compulsive gambler it was really just hiding from the cops I was so ashamed of what I had done.

The police duly arrived and I gave a very lengthy interview confessing to I know not what, I just said yes to anything which proved problematic when it went to trial, but I was convicted of stealing about [REDACTED] It was [REDACTED] that told him. I had convinced myself that, well it's my money anyway, so wrong.

I was living with [REDACTED] again but by this time knew I had to get out, previously I had stayed with friends and [REDACTED] would ring or send flowers, in one case I had decided to see a counsellor and she was in [REDACTED]. I was staying with a friend [REDACTED] did not know, I felt very secure in this and working in an agency in [REDACTED] but sure enough a huge bunch of orchids arrived, probably about 50 blooms, all I wanted to do was throw them in the bin but of course you can't do that so I had to go through all the comments on Friday and Monday. I was going to see my counsellor I said something like what will I do with these, and she said I'll have them and put them in a vase behind her, I watched that bunch of orchids gradually decrease, I decided to stop seeing this counsellor.

I finally got out when I saw a tiny notice in the local paper with a women's' refuge referral service. I can remember trying to carry as much stuff as I could to the train and how heavy it was, but I can also remember the feeling of safety. I stayed in a series of refuges some very some not so good, but my gambling problem kept me poor, I worked most of the time over the next year or so, [REDACTED] only found me once more, he sent a singing telegram to the office I was working in, so I stopped working,

I had little contact with my boys, [REDACTED] was sharing a house and happy, [REDACTED] was working in [REDACTED]. I had told them about the court case but I was so shocked at myself I think they were very ashamed of me. I saw [REDACTED] from time to time but our relationship remains fractured I see him about once a year.

I was not well at all so I decided to go the Vietnam Veterans counselling service in [REDACTED] where I saw a person called [REDACTED] who diagnosed me with PTSD, his words were 'Your PTSD is as high as an SAS soldier', he was treating me with EMDR and I was so pleased it was working, I could talk about the rape and other things without going into detail but just that they it occurred. I used to see [REDACTED] after hours because I was working full time. [REDACTED] was a tall, heavyset man and at the end of the session he would always give me a big hug, I saw nothing wrong with this. I started thinking about him and decided to ring him because I knew this was normal as the psychiatrist I saw a few years before had explained this to me, however I was still embarrassed to talk face to face with him so I rang and I expected him to say ok we will discuss this at our next session, but he did not, he said "I love you", I was really confused and shocked, I saw him once more and I said I have to see you out of this room, I am confused. I can't remember what he said because he gave me the usual hug and I could feel his erect penis, the man's wife worked downstairs as a receptionist for god's sake.

I was a complete mess; I rang to make another appointment and was told that he had left. I was even more confused. About [REDACTED] months later I got home and there was a message from him, speaking in a very jovial manner, asking how I was. I started shaking from head to foot, crying and just walking round and round in circles.

I rang the Vietnam Vet counselling service and was told that I would have to see a psychiatrist and she rang with an appointment date 6 weeks later, I was so disappointed I needed help now, so I gave up.

I decided to move to [REDACTED], I stayed with my parents for a few weeks then got a job as temp [REDACTED] at [REDACTED]. I still felt angry at the way I was treated and knew I needed counselling but just could not make the call so I made an appointment with Vietnam Veterans counselling service where I made sure that the person I was seeing was female. I told her my experience in [REDACTED] and she said I would have to see their psychiatrist and made an appointment. I turned up and as soon as I sat down I started shaking and crying, I cannot remember anything about that consultation except the face of the man and that the colour of the carpet was the same as [REDACTED]. They said they could not help me.

I got a job teaching and was [REDACTED] at a major college for [REDACTED] years and was in the process of setting up a working [REDACTED] when the Government de-funded [REDACTED]. I was on-going and retrained in business; I was retrenched in [REDACTED] and went into industry with a major [REDACTED] which I loved.

This turned out to be a full time position as manager [REDACTED]. I had to set up a new department, hire qualified staff, I had [REDACTED] staff, and a team in [REDACTED]. This company had major problems with their accounting side of [REDACTED], the company had a problem getting and keeping CFO's, they kept hiring non industry people who I had to report to. They had [REDACTED] CFO's in [REDACTED] months. One of these men was a [REDACTED]. He asked me to come into a small office where he proceeded to tear me to shreds, he was not happy with my management 'style', my next recollection is of being in bed where I stayed for 3 days, he finally called and apologised and asked me to come back to work, he only lasted a month more and was let go. My performance suffered and I was retrenched [REDACTED] months later and have not worked since.

I rang gamblers help in [REDACTED] and still see a counsellor. These wonderful people changed my life. [REDACTED], my first counsellor, listened and believed me; she made an appointment for me at [REDACTED] psychiatric where I was again diagnosed again with PTSD. I was always been diagnosed with "depression" and took endless pills, none of the six different anti depressants worked for long until I my doctor gave me endep, which worked immediately. Within a week I was back to normal and am gambling free.

Counselling is an important issue; it is not done properly at present allowing only 10 sessions with a psychologist or psychiatrist. Gamblers help is targeted at your problem, treating gambling as a symptom and deals with the underlying cause.