

The Monster I Loved

A Long-winded Manifesto of Denial and Defiance

Men are afraid that women
will laugh at them.

Women are afraid that men
will kill them.

- Margaret Atwood



By Lisa Testart ©

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Support Services

Instead of putting support service information at the back, it's here for you at the front of the book. It's important you know that these services exist from the outset instead of at the end. Not every service will be applicable to you, but as they say in the AA fellowship, take what you need and leave the rest.

If you need assistance in Australia:

Lifeline

24/7 Crisis Support call 13 11 14

1800 Respect

Call 1800 737 732

<https://1800respect.org.au>

Suicide Call Back Service

Call 1300 659 467

<https://www.suicidecallbackservice.org.au>

Emergency support

If your life is in danger call emergency services:

- Emergency Australia—000
- Emergency New Zealand—111

Counselling (24/7)

If you need support call one of the following numbers

- [Lifeline New Zealand](#) | 0800 543 354
- [Kids Helpline](#) | 1800 55 1800

- [MensLine Australia](#) | 1300 78 99 78
- [Beyond Blue](#) | 1300 22 4636
- [Open Arms—Veterans & Families Counselling](#) | 1800 011 046
- [Qlife—anonymous and free LGBTI peer support](#) | 1800 184 527—(3PM-Midnight every day)
- [The National Indigenous Postvention Service—After Suicide Support 24/7](#) | 1800 805 801
- [Brother to brother 24-hour crisis line](#) | 1800 435 799

Counselling for eating disorders

If you need support for an eating disorder, or as a carer of someone with an eating disorder, please call the below number

- [The Butterfly Foundation](#) | 1800 33 4673

Family Law Support

[Witness Preparation - Surviving The Legal System With a Psychopath in Australia](#)

Helping victims of domestic abuse give evidence in Family Law and other civil proceedings.

<https://www.brigidjustice.org.au/about>

Brigid Justice is a legal practice to help women who have suffered control or abuse resolve their legal issues, and achieve justice, compensation, and redress. Women leaving a controlling or abusive partner typically have multiple legal issues and struggle to find good legal advice and lawyers who 'get' controlling behaviours and domestic violence. Employed women on ordinary incomes can find legal advice particularly hard to access: they are ineligible for Legal Aid but can't afford expensive lawyers either.

Family Violence Law Help

<https://familyviolencelaw.gov.au>

24/7 crisis line:1800737732

Legal and Other Support

<https://www.ag.gov.au/legal-system/legal-assistance/specialist-domestic-violence-assistance>

Find a specialist domestic violence unit

Specialist domestic violence units provide tailored legal assistance and other holistic support. They can assist clients to access services such as:

- financial counselling
- tenancy assistance
- trauma counselling
- emergency accommodation
- employment services.

The following organisations operate specialist domestic violence units:

- [Legal Aid New South Wales - external site](#)
south-west Sydney and the Central Coast, NSW
- Western New South Wales Community Legal Centre - external site
Dubbo, NSW
- Eastern Community Legal Centre - external site
north-east Melbourne, Vic
- Murray Mallee Community Legal Centre - external site
Mildura, Vic
- Women's Legal Service Queensland - external site
Brisbane, the Gold Coast and Caboolture, Qld
- North Queensland Women's Legal Service - external site
Townsville, Qld

- Northern Suburbs Community Legal Centre - external site
north-east Perth, WA
- Kimberley Community Legal Service - external site
east Kimberley, WA
- Legal Services Commission of South Australia - external site
north metropolitan Adelaide, SA
- Women's Legal Service Tasmania - external site
, Burnie and Launceston, Tas
- Central Australian Women's Legal Service - external site
, Alice Springs and Tennant Creek, NT
- Women's Legal Centre ACT - external site
, Canberra, ACT
- Women's Legal Service Victoria - external site
, online model, Vic
- Southern Communities Advocacy Legal and Education Service - external site
, Rockingham, WA
- Women's Legal Service South Australia - external site
, south metropolitan Adelaide, SA
- Legal Aid Queensland - external site
, Rockhampton, Qld

Find a health justice partnerships

Through health justice partnerships, lawyers and health professionals work together to assist women experiencing domestic violence. Lawyers work at hospitals and health centres to ensure women can access legal assistance in a safe location. They also train health professionals to recognise when women have legal problems related to domestic violence.

The following organisations deliver health justice partnerships:

- Inner Melbourne Community Legal - external site
Melbourne, Vic
- Women's Legal Service Queensland - external site
Brisbane and surrounds, Qld
- Northern Suburbs Community Legal Centre - external site
north-east Perth, WA
- Legal Services Commission of South Australia - external site
north metropolitan Adelaide, SA
- Central Australian Women's Legal Service - external site
Alice Springs, NT

No To Violence

<https://ntv.org.au>

An anonymous and confidential telephone service for men. NTV is the peak body for organisations and individuals working with men to end family violence in Victoria and NSW. No to Violence

1800 ELDERHelp line

The Elder Abuse Help Line directs you to your state or territory service. It's a free information and support service. Operating hours vary. Call 1800 353 374 or use the [Service Finder](#) to find help in your area.

Compass

[Compass](#) is a national website with information and resources about the abuse of older Australians. If you or an older person you know needs help, you can use it to find support in your area.

Family Relationship Advice

The [Family Relationship Advice Line](#) can help you with family issues and separation. They can also refer you to local services for more help.

Call them on 1800 050 321. The line is open:

- Monday to Friday, 8 am to 8 pm
- Saturday, 10 am to 4 pm.

Financial Counselling Australia

You can talk with a [private financial counsellor](#) from Financial Counselling Australia for free.

Call 1800 007 007 to speak to someone in your state.

Kids Helpline

[Kids Helpline](#) is a free service for young people aged 5 to 25.

To contact them:

- call 1800 551 800 at any time
- go to the [Kids Helpline](#) website.

Lifeline

[Lifeline](#) offers personal crisis support services if you're affected by family and domestic violence.

Call them on 131 114 at any time.

MensLine Australia

MensLine Australia is a phone and online support service. They provide specialist help to people affected by family and domestic violence. They also offer support to people using violence.

To contact them:

- call 1300 789 978 at any time
- go to the [MensLine Australia](#) website.

Men's Referral Service

The Men's Referral Service is a free phone counselling, information and referral service. They help men to stop using violence and abuse against family members.

To contact them:

- call 1300 766 491
- go to the [No to Violence](#) website.

The line is open 24 hours a day, 7 days a week, nationally.

MoneySmart

[MoneySmart](#) can help you manage your money. They have information about [urgent money help](#) and [divorce and separation](#).

National Legal Aid

[National Legal Aid](#) can help you find the legal aid commission in your state or territory.

[Translating and Interpreting Service \(TiS\)](#)

Phone to gain access to an interpreter in your own language.

[Australian Childhood Foundation](#)

The Australian Childhood Foundation is a national charity which prioritises the safety and welfare of children.

Support tools

Ask Izzy

[Ask Izzy](#) is a free and anonymous way to find national and local support. It includes services like housing, meals, healthcare, counselling, legal advice and many more.

Daisy / Sunny

Daisy and Sunny are free apps developed by [1800RESPECT](#) that connects you to services in your local area. You can create a list of services and save them. This includes legal, housing, financial and children's services. You can also search the internet with Daisy and understand what to expect when contacting a service.

Download Daisy from [Google Play](#) or the [App Store](#).

Sunny - <https://apps.apple.com/us/app/sunny/id1442762235>

Daisy - <https://apps.apple.com/us/app/daisy/id968542048>

Stay safe online

If you are online, you may be vulnerable to abuse. There is advice available to help you.

eSafety

You can learn about online safety on the [eSafety Commissioner website](#).

They have information and resources that can help you:

- understand what [technology-facilitated abuse](#) is
- create an [online safety plan](#)
- find people who can help
- [collect evidence](#) of online abuse.

Australian Electoral Commission

Your address appears on the electoral roll. If you think this could put your family at risk, you can register as a silent elector. Contact the [Australian Electoral Commission](#) to do this.

myGov

It's important you keep your myGov sign in details private. If you or your shared sign in details with anyone, you should change them immediately. Read more about [security](#) and myGov.

My Health Record

Information uploaded to your or your child's My Health Record can contain contact information such as your address. If this could put your family at risk call the [My Health Record System Operator](#) on 1800 723 471. They can discuss your options with you.

Australian Federal Police

<https://www.afp.gov.au>

If you don't feel like you can call any of the above services, you can also:

- talk to someone you trust
- contact your GP, a counsellor, psychologist or psychiatrist
- visit a hospital emergency department

Dedication

After working on this project for almost a decade, it took another victim being treated badly, again, by the Orange Door, to remind me that the world of domestic violence for victims is still a dangerous place to navigate, and that something different needs to happen.

I woke up on a Monday morning with a new idea, and by the end of a week I'd written most of this book, and then it was just fine tuning, editing, and tidying up.

There are so many people who have given me support, love, and trust on this journey, but there have been far more who have caused harm.

Every day I see something horrific in my news feed. Some new victim or death that could have been prevented.

For every woman killed by an intimate partner, there are many more who end up homeless and destitute needlessly, simply because we have a system that doesn't see the horrific invisible abuse we all know so well.

For every woman killed by an intimate partner, there are many more who die by suicide, or make an attempt.

Something has to change.

To everyone who has come into my life...clients, fellow victims, colleagues, friends, loved ones...you all have a place in my heart, and each of you have given me a window into the pain of so many others.

This book is for you, me, and the many who will come after us.

Introduction

This isn't written like anything else you'll read about the predatory abuser you know.

You won't read fancy psychological explanations or get neat answers about the monster in your life.

You'll get entry into a world few get to see, let alone understand, from both the victim and the perpetrators perspective. Their respective 'truths' are what will make this book difficult for many to comprehend.

How could she stay?

Why didn't she leave?

Why did she keep giving him chance after chance?

Why did she tell him she wasn't afraid of him?

Why didn't she recognise what was happening given her family law and counselling experience?

Why did no one hear her when she did reach out?

Why didn't professionals she disclosed to act?

Why was their 'conflict' seen as just relationship problems instead of what it really was?

What made her, and him, invisible to the outside world?

What could have been done differently, and would it have mattered?

If professionals don't act on disclosures, is it really domestic abuse?

Is it the victims responsibility to leave, to take action, to run away, to go and ask for help?

If a victim doesn't know what they don't know, how can they ask for help about the things they don't know they don't even know about?

Most of this is a recounting of my exes life and the women he held hostage.

Most of the more recent abuse involves me, but I am only the most recent victim, with the only contemporaneous records. As ex-wife number four, there are decades of abuse before I came along. I consider myself the vehicle to that past.

I have chosen not to hide behind a false name. Likewise, I have chosen not to hide who my ex husband is. This is our life, as told by me, so you, the reader, can know each of us from our own writings and thoughts.

My reactions, behaviours, and correspondence to Pierre are an integral part of understanding how I was thinking, the effect his abuse had on me, and hopefully shines a light on how victims present in such contradictory, and seemingly inexplicable ways.

I do not intend to sugar coat, white wash, or sanitise how I am perceived in this book; that would be a disservice to all who read this.

I am not a neat, easy to pigeon hole, easy to like victim.

I do not fit the socially acceptable and easy to understand role of a victim.

I get angry. I was reactive. I pushed back. I poked the dangerous bear many times in my need to get the proof / evidence I needed in order to get out of my own distorted and maladapted thinking where I kept imploring Pierre to 'come good'.

I stayed far too long, was far too compassionate and empathic to the root causes of why he did what he did, and that kept me trapped in the loops of behaviour that so many of us know too well.

He trained me in cross examination, and that was a skill I had to draw on repeatedly to mitigate the gaslighting and enormous pressure exerted on me to conform to his

way of thinking about me, and how certain he was that I was a perpetrator of domestic abuse against him.

Time and again I fought back in the only ways I knew how: gathering the evidence, marshalling my cross examination skills, firmly sitting in my truths. A lot of personal recovery work was done very quickly during this dangerous period to enable me to process what was happening, and manage the coercion, gaslighting, and psychological torture that escalated day after day.

Did I understand this as domestic abuse? Not really. I wasn't able to articulate my experience as domestic abuse until almost a year had gone by, when I finally found myself in the office of a professional family violence counsellor who assisted me to understand some of it.

I'd been made homeless and destitute by then, by my ex husband. I was couch surfing, and within about three weeks of our first session I had attempted suicide, so hopeless and overwhelmed by all I was trying to cope with as an invisible, unseen, unheard victim of this insidious form of abuse.

It was others who helped me find a language and a way to talk about what happened, and was continuing to happen.

It was the Family Violence Registrar and Respondent Family Violence Counsellor at my local Magistrates Court who identified me as a victim of legal abuse in my ex husband's application for a Family Violence Intervention Order he took out against me.

There was no way that I could explain in DV terms what I had lived with. I had no words, no language, nothing, to convey to others the depths of the psychological and sexual abuse I'd lived with for so long. I just lived it, and very few professionals knew how to fit what I was recounting into a DV framework until it became too late.

In these pages you will see a woman who refused to be cowed by him, who saw him quite clearly, even if she didn't understand it at the time.

You'll also see a woman who caught in the textbook cycle of abuse role of the partner desperate to have the man she married back, instead of the monster in front of her.

Like every other victim of this insidious abuse, we see it, we know it's happening, but we don't feel the water heating up to an intolerable level until we are fully cooked and behaving in ways that make it so easy for the abuser to go 'see, that's what I have to deal with every day.'

They make us crazy.

They are the root cause of our overt reactivity; our absolutely normal trauma responses after the discard stage give credence and credibility to the allegations they happily sling at us to all and sundry.

Exposing a predator requires a keen eye for the invisible in the presentations of both victim and abuser. There are patterns if we step outside the tick-a-box approach most take to assessing risk when interviewing either party.

My hope is you will see these patterns as they play out in my lived experience, so painfully, honestly, and openly laid bare here for your scrutiny.

I am not perfect, as Pierre so contemptuously noted.

I was not seen as a victim by DV services for a very long time.

I fell through every crack there was, and my experience of the DV sector in Victoria is a leading factor in why I have published this very public recounting of my life with a serial predator of women.

I am no martyr.

I am not a good girl.

I am not a good victim.

I refuse to be silent; silence, as you will see, is the modus operandi of these predators who use their 'I'm a private person so don't air dirty laundry anywhere' approach to keep us protecting them. We don't realise that's what we are doing until it's too late.

By then they have smeared us to everyone, and we're left to deal with the fallout of their campaign to win over everyone before we find our voice. Too few victims get the chance to right these smear campaigns because it takes energy, effort, and is often a futile exercise.

Those who have the capacity to break free from the glamour of your predator may come back to you and apologise. That has happened to me, and is another factor in why I finally found a way to bring my voice here to life. When others start to see the abusive emperor in all his naked glory then that gives me hope.

Apologies and reconciliations are rare. It requires a real willingness to allow the victim to express their anger, hurt, and pain at those who supported the abuser, while also having compassion for them too. Those who manage to find their way back to you are a gift not to be taken lightly. It takes great courage to see how you, and others around you, were also caught by the same predator that caught you too. They have the awful pain of knowing they harmed you for no other reason than that they believed the false narrative of you as told by your ex. That's a very difficult place to be for any person, let alone someone who took the side of the abuser. They have their own journey of recovery to go on, just as I do, and every other victim of these coercively controlling predators do. We all become victims at some stage.

When you have someone come back like this, I encourage you to hold them in a place of compassion because they were blind just as we were. They couldn't do anything different, just as we couldn't. It's easy to stay angry and hurt, much harder to sit with compassion. Find your own balance and way forward if you find yourself in the rare place of having a heartfelt apology gifted to you. These are the rare jewels that can give your recovery a huge boost.

You may not forgive, but understanding and compassion go a long way in my mind.

You will see that a large amount of this book is drawn from real documents. Why rework something that already says everything it needs to say? You will see patterns

play out in the correspondence between victim, perpetrator, and others. Footnotes will assist with context and connections.

This isn't a novel. It's not a neat $1 + 1 = 2$ exercise. It isn't a story that flows from section to section. It's a journey back to various events in this man's life when he could have been stopped, if he'd been seen.

Each section will hopefully shed light on how perpetrators of coercive control manipulate others to their perspective, their views, to their narrative. It's important to see the documents because they are a concrete testimony that cannot be denied, manipulated away, or twisted into another version of the truth more palatable to the predator that prefers their work to be kept in the shadows where lies and deceit thrive.

Gaslighting is the ultimate skill these agents of chaos in our lives possess.

They wield their gaslighting weapon in various ways, but the end result is always the same. We end up doubting and second guessing ourselves. We may not outwardly look this way, or present to others, but this is our internal landscape and it sends us crazy.

We are told to trust; just trust.

We know something is wrong, but too few understand what we are experiencing that we learn not to speak about it. We are groomed, conditioned, and trained, to live in the world of the abuser because it's safer to do that than risk having the monster.

We learn to accept the lies even if we don't believe them.

We learn how to navigate a world of irrational rage directed at us.

We learn how to stay on their right side, as much as humanly possible.

We learn how to walk that fine line between the egg shells we daren't break, and the normal conflict of a relationship.

We learn to accept the dissonance of the public displays of care, affection, concern, and love, with the private contempt, disdain, and psychological abuse you navigate every day.

We learn to harness other skills in order to survive. Some we have to let go if we want to truly recover, others we keep and build on.

We learn that no one will believe us, and that is a terrible place to be.

Everyone thought we had the perfect marriage. I was his public beloved, the woman he proudly declared to be his beloved, so talented, such a catch.

Privately I was woman he couldn't stand because every day was a reminder of his guilt and shame. I was a living reminder that he got caught, and he hated that.

I didn't make it easy for him, and he hated me for it.

I did not build the proverbial bridge and get over everything, and that was a failing on my part he could never live with.

I did not let him slink off as he wanted to. I held him accountable, and that was unforgivable act of defiance he could never stomach or tolerate. He was a man who would never accept an ultimatum from a woman, let alone a woman he'd abused so thoroughly for so many years. I shamed him. I held a mirror up and he did not like what was reflected. So he had to run. Just as he ran from every other woman.

My part in this man's life is just one relatively small chapter in a life that spans six decades.

However, my part, small as it might seem in years, is actually enormous, because I have the tools and resources to bring it all together into the book you have before you today. I gathered the evidence. I connected the dots. I presented the brief of evidence to the various statutory and regulatory bodies that resulted in investigations that at the time of writing are still underway.

It was my exceptional skills at drawing evidence together, connecting the evidentiary dots, that helped map out the patterns and behaviours of a serial predator, giving you, the reader, an utterly unique insight into the inner workings of a gaslighting, manipulative, do and say anything in the moment, controlling individual.

It won't be an easy read, nor will it be pleasant for those who feel bound to this man. There are plenty who will try to stop me. This book is not for them. It is for the victims who are as invisible in our family law system as I was. It is for them I set down these words, not you, the still enabling flying monkeys of a predatory abuser of women.

I chose to take an unvarnished approach to my words, my story, and to stop whitewashing a victims narrative in order for it to be palatable. I'm sick of being a good girl, a good victim, a victim who knows her place and shuts the fuck up.

I'm tired of protecting those who enable abusers. If you feel outraged, then so fucking what. Suck it up and think about how I, and other victims feel every time someone like you supports our perpetrators and abusers. Direct your angst and existential crisis to the one who caused it because I'm not interested in protecting anyone ever again.

What this book will expose is the patent dishonesty in a legal profession that protects its own.

This book will lay bare the perjury and contempt that flourishes in a family law system that allows predatory abusers to hide in plain sight while they go about destroying their victims lives.

This book will live on well after I am no longer around, standing forever as a stark example of what a violent man can get away with if they are charismatic and charming, and a 'their word is their bond', lawyer.

The charming, disarmingly likeable, calm, sad, rational, oh so sorry and concerned abuser is a master of obfuscation, the game of smoke and mirrors, who can deflect, project, and gaslight the fuck out of anyone in their way. They thrive on the pain they

cause, revelling in the shadow it casts that they hide in. They know how to turn themselves into victims at the drop of a hat, and usually succeed in crafting a new narrative where the victim becomes the abuser.

This book is full of pain; deliberately so. Without pain there can be no understanding.

Without the pain, you, the enablers, the flying monkeys, the colluders, the collaborators, would have nothing to pierce the confusion that surrounds you, crafted by the highly likeable and personable abuser you support so wholeheartedly.

Very few of you will recognise the truth even if it hits you square between the eyes. It's the ones who feel the monsters wrath that finally have their eyes opened. If your eyes are ever opened I'm here to talk to.

This book weaves personal writings about my experiences, the trauma, the journey I took to get to where I am today, as well as factual documents and other material relevant to his relationships with other women, and the deceptions he wove throughout each relationship.

The names of all women who were intimately involved with Pierre have been changed to protect their identity.

His willingness to use his friends, colleagues, and anyone else as alibis, character references, and so on, without any regard for the consequences of his actions, will paint a picture of truth far better than anything I could ever muster up. I don't have to do anything more than share his own words here to prove what I assert.

Not a single one of our family law friends and colleagues stood by me, or believed me.

Every judge in our family law proceedings mocked, humiliated, and belittled me in open court, preferring to believe the word of a highly trusted lawyer over his PTSD suffering victim. Shame on all of you.

To all the female family lawyers who took his version of abuse and actively supported him in abusing me, you should be grateful I don't name and shame every

one of you here. Instead I have gone through the more formal pathway with the Legal Services Board.

To all the barristers who came to our wedding, who lunched with us, who spent a decade with us sharing a professional and personal relationship, look at your willingness to collude with a perpetrator of violence, who thought nothing of having sex with a vulnerable client and writing a false police statement to try and cover it up.

Look long and hard at how you behaved and spoke about me amongst yourselves, laughing merrily when he told you he was trying to get an intervention order against me. Look at your own culpability in the glee you expressed, the lascivious gossiping you engaged in, the chinese whispers about me to others you promulgated without any regard for whether what you were spreading was the truth or not. To you I have nothing but contempt. Despite your experience in court with abusers, you chose to support an abuser and throw his victim under the bus. You deserve all the scorn and contempt that I have for you, and I hope his words haunt you for a good long time as you come to understand what he did to me, through you.

You all became abusers by proxy

Pillars of the legal profession. Former judges. Silks/QC's who should have known better. Family Law Barristers who should have known better. Lawyers who should have known better.

I anticipate you will do all you can to shut me down and silence my voice. After all, I'm just a lowly woman who happened to marry a highly respected and trusted family law barrister who turned out to be an abuser.

Who am I to dare tarnish anyones reputation in this manner? Who am I but a lowly victim of no consequence, no power, not a goddamn thing behind me except the truth.

I am not afraid of any of you anymore.

All I have is my voice.

The only power I have is the truth.

That is where I sit today, in the power and strength of my truth; a truth you have all had a part in building with your support, both overt and covert, of a serial predatory abuser of women, and a man prepared to perjure himself time and again whenever it suits him.

My voice is the voice of so many others who don't have what I have; a power to shine a light on the legal profession and bring it into the disrepute it needs to sit if change is occur.

My voice is a solo one of truth and light in a profession that hides behind the dark cloak of a profession bound by archaic rules and obligations designed by men to hide their dirty secrets and acts against women.

My voice is a lone voice in a profession that doesn't prohibit sexual relationships between client and lawyer, and I will shout this from every rooftop until change occurs to prohibit this conduct.

My voice is strong and I will continue to use it.

You all knew.

You collectively did nothing.

You should all be ashamed of yourselves.

Why Do They Do It?

So many victims say to me things like:

‘How could he do that to me?’

‘How could he be so cruel?’

‘I just don’t understand why he did it’

‘I thought he loved me.’

‘I have to know the why.’

‘Why didn’t I see it earlier?’

‘How could I have been so stupid?’

‘I feel so ashamed thinking about all the things I did.’

‘What did he get out of all this pain?’

‘Why wasn’t I good enough?’

The only real answer to most of these questions will unfold in the pages to come, but there’s a truth I’ve come to accept about these kinds of abusers that doesn’t seem to be anywhere I’ve read.

The simple fact is they do what they do because they can. It’s really that simple. Some are crueller than others. Some are less violent than others, but at the end of the day they all do it because they can.

It’s a learned behaviour. It feels like they all study from the same textbook when it’s just a common behavioural trait in all of us that gets really cemented with these individuals.

We were all gifted with the ability to manipulate our parents. It’s how we get needs met. As babies we cry, they respond, we learn what works.

In the maladapted individual the essential needs are invariably not met and the child learns that safety only comes from themselves. They learn not to rely on others, not to trust, and never to reveal their true selves. They learn from experience that wearing a mask gets them more than being themselves. They learn how to manipulate those around them so they get their needs met. As they get older this gets more and more hard wired and we end up with the adult who treats us with contempt, disdain, blows hot and cold, acts with cruelty towards us, gaslights, belittles, manipulates, and controls us.

There are plenty of great books to read on narcissists, psychopaths and so on. The world is full of words to describe them, and to help victims recover.

My goal here isn't to educate you on how to recover; it's all about getting in their headspace and seeing the truth of what I say to all my clients: there's no room in there for anyone but them. They don't even think about you, let alone care. When you feel so bad about what they did to you, they've barely thought about you.

They do what they do because they can, not because you were some kind of beacon of vulnerability.

You were in the wrong place at the wrong time and they set eyes on you.

It's really that simple.

And once they'd hooked you, you were the proverbial frog in the boiling pot of water that didn't know it was cooked until it finally got to hot.

This book is designed to immerse you in the mind of the predator and his victim so you can finally understand the truth of your monster.

At various points there will be questions posed.

You might not be able to answer the question when you first see them, but you will come back to them as your awareness blossoms.

This book is a unique perspective into the mind and thoughts of the perpetrators we all loved so much.

We just wanted to have the man we met back, the one we loved, who we thought loved us back.

It's going to be a rocky road going through this book, but I encourage you to look past the differences and focus on the similarities, the words that echo back your own memories.

There will be repetition, for isn't that what the perpetrator relies on us not having?

They don't want us to see the patterns; the relationship patterns, the exes, the excuses they've used to cover their trails of destruction. We have to be a blank canvas for their next story.

They hide behind what works. If they didn't, they wouldn't become so predictable.

The repetition in this book is deliberate; to highlight the patterns you need to see the repeating behaviour again and again in order to fully appreciate the way they work, and how they hide themselves in plain sight.

Repetition is what builds the picture.

It's the rinse and repeat cycle victims recognise once they are out of the orbit of the abuser and on the journey of recovery, but it can take a long time, sometimes years, before the full patterns in their own experience becomes apparent.

Continue to look for the similarities, the patterns, to better understand.

Continue to ask questions.

How To Use This Book

The majority of this book is drawn from contemporaneous emails, letters, journals and so forth between the perpetrator of abuse and the victims, and organisations, he interacted with.

Consider it a documentary.

It is a rare opportunity to have real time documented interactions between a victim and her abuser, over such a long period of time, to use as case studies.

Use the supplied DV risk screening and assessment material drawn from current screening protocols and see the way a tick-a-box, ask the same questions approach actually helps the abusers hide in plain sight.

Look at how easy it was for the questions asked of a victim to be turned into ‘nothing to see here’ outcomes.

Ask yourself what could be asked to elicit more appropriate responses.

Go beyond the obvious.

Use my experience as a victim of not just my ex husband, but also the legal and DV sector, and think about how you, your service, or other professionals could do things differently to see those of us who make up the silent, invisible majority.

It's not that hard.

You just need to be open to it, instead of closed off and locked in a regimented, rigid, inflexible, micro-managed, government funded model of DV support that this book will highlight as woefully inadequate for victims such as myself.

The Legal Position - What is Coercive Control?

Federal Attorney General's Office

The Australian Government Attorney General's website www.ag.gov.au describes coercive control as:

*"...a pattern of behaviour that family violence perpetrators use to assert emotional, psychological, physical and/or financial control over victim-survivors."*¹

National Domestic and Family Violence Bench Book

The National Domestic and [Family Violence Bench Book](https://dfvbenchbook.aija.org.au)² states:

"The purpose of this bench book is to provide a central resource for judicial officers considering legal issues relevant to domestic and family violence related cases that will contribute to harmonising the treatment of these cases across jurisdictions along broad principles and may assist them with decision-making and judgment writing. This bench book does not seek to represent the opinions or preferences of judicial officers, or to direct judicial officers as to the manner in which they should respond to domestic and family violence related cases. Rather, it provides background information and knowledge supported by research, links to a range of legal and related resources, and practical guidelines for courtroom management that judicial officers may consult when considering the breadth of issues and appropriate course of action in any individual case. In deciding whether, or how, a particular issue

¹ <https://www.ag.gov.au/families-and-marriage/families/family-violence#coercive-control>

² <https://dfvbenchbook.aija.org.au/contents>

may be dealt with, the judicial officer must necessarily balance the interests of all participants in a case.

As well as serving as a resource in the judicial decision-making process, this bench book is a publicly available resource that is intended to benefit other legal professionals and service providers who are working with victims and perpetrators of domestic and family violence.”³

The Bench Book says the following about coercive control:

*“There is no single agreed definition of coercive control and the behaviours and tactics associated with it can be hard to identify. They can be subtle and different in each relationship. Victims often describe coercive control as feeling like ‘walking on eggshells’ and report they need to ask permission to do small everyday things and fear the repercussions of not fulfilling their abuser’s expectations or demands. Research consistently identifies three features of coercive control: intentionality on the part of the abuser; the negative perception of the controlling behaviour on the part of the victim; and the abuser’s ability to obtain control by use of a credible threat. Generally coercive control is understood as a course of conduct aimed at dominating and controlling another (usually an intimate partner, but can include other family or ‘carer’ relationships) and is almost exclusively perpetrated by men against women. Professor Evan Stark has described coercive control as “a pattern of domination that includes tactics to isolate, degrade, exploit and control” victims. Examples of coercive control include manipulation, **surveillance**, **isolation** from friends and family, rigid rules about where the person can eat, sleep or **pray**, **online abuse and monitoring**, placing limits on **economic autonomy**, **humiliation** and threats. Coercive control depends on context, so information about the **context** may assist the decision-maker to identify coercive control. In situations involving coercive control the abuser draws on their specific knowledge of the victim to entrap the victim, and the tactics used*

³ <https://dfvbenchbook.aija.org.au/purpose-and-limitations/>

to assert control may change over time and take *many different forms* including any of the forms of domestic and family violence *considered in this bench book*. The abuser may target the victim's children to exercise control over the victim. The victim's every day existence is often micro-managed by the abuser and the victim's space for action and potential as a human being is limited and controlled by the abuser. The abuser's attack on the victim's autonomy can involve utilising systems, including the legal system (sometimes referred to as '*systems abuse*').

Research has identified that domestic and family violence is rarely a single incident, rather it is a pattern of behaviour that may or may not include physical force, and extends beyond the home and beyond the duration of a relationship. These patterns of behaviour may occur throughout a relationship, or may be initiated or exacerbated at times of heightened *risk*, for example, pregnancy, attempted or actual separation, and during court proceedings. Researchers have suggested that coercive control is the "golden thread" running through risk identification and assessment for domestic violence.

The report of the Australian Law Reform Commission and New South Wales Law Reform Commission, "Family Violence – A National Legal Response" recognised that whatever degree of severity and forms domestic and family violence takes, including physical abuse, sexual abuse, damage to property, emotional abuse, social abuse, economic abuse, psychological abuse, and spiritual abuse, a central feature is that it involves a person exercising control and power over a victim. Likewise the Council of Australian Governments' "Fourth action plan: National plan to reduce violence against women and their children 2010-2022" explains domestic and family violence as a pattern of behaviour involving a perpetrator's exercise of control over the victim with perpetrators employing a wide range of abusive tactics to control a victim's life. Chapter 2 of the report of the New South Wales Joint Select Committee on Coercive Control, "Coercive control in domestic relationships",

describes coercive control as a pattern of behaviour that aims to dominate and degrade a person and deprive them of their freedom and sense of autonomy.

Many who have been victims of domestic and family violence report that the most difficult forms of abuse they experienced were non-physical forms of abuse, especially emotional abuse. Many victims identify that non-physical abuse deeply impacts on their sense of self and freedom, and often continues to affect them years after separation.

Physical violence is often, but not always, present where there is coercive control. A recent Australian study examined the characteristics of violence and abuse reported by 1,023 Australian women who had recently experienced coercive control by their current or former partner. Over half of the respondents reported experiencing physical forms of abuse (54%), including severe forms such as non-fatal strangulation (27%).

In some relationships physical violence is part of the pattern of coercive control but incidents of physical violence may be routine, minor and frequently repeated. Other victims report that physical violence is rare or a once off or occurred early in the relationship, but establishes the abuser's capacity and potential for physical violence.

In NSW, a detailed analysis of intimate partner homicides between 2008-2016 demonstrated that 99% (111/112) of the homicides were preceded by coercive control. The Queensland Domestic and Family Violence Review and Advisory Board in its 2018-19 Annual Report reported evidence of controlling behaviours by 39.4 per cent and obsessive and/or jealous behaviours by 37.8 per cent of family and domestic violence homicide offenders between 2006 and 2018.

*Some judicial officers have identified offender behaviour which demonstrates coercive control. A selection of examples are contained in the **Cases** tab attached to this subsection.*

*Some legislation explicitly recognises coercive and controlling behaviours in the definition of family violence, for example s 4AB Family Law Act."*⁴

FAMILY LAW ACT 1975 - SECT 4AB Definition of family violence etc.

FAMILY LAW ACT 1975 - SECT 4AB

Definition of family violence etc.

(1) For the purposes of [this Act](#), [family violence](#) means violent, threatening or other behaviour by a person that coerces or controls a [member](#) of the person's family (the family [member](#)), or causes the family [member](#) to be fearful.

(2) Examples of behaviour that may constitute [family violence](#) include (but are not limited to):

- (a) an assault; or
- (b) a sexual assault or other sexually abusive behaviour; or
- (c) stalking; or
- (d) repeated derogatory taunts; or
- (e) intentionally damaging or destroying [property](#); or
- (f) intentionally causing death or injury to an animal; or
- (g) unreasonably denying the family [member](#) the financial autonomy that he or she would otherwise have had; or
- (h) unreasonably withholding financial support needed to meet the reasonable living expenses of the family [member](#), or his or her [child](#), at a time when the family [member](#) is entirely or predominantly dependent on the person for financial support; or

⁴ <https://dfvbenchbook.aija.org.au/terminology/coercive-control/>

(i) preventing the family [member](#) from making or keeping connections with his or her family, friends or culture; or

(j) unlawfully depriving the family [member](#), or any [member of the family member](#)'s family, of his or her liberty.

(3) For the purposes of [this Act](#), a [child](#) is [exposed](#) to [family violence](#) if the [child](#) sees or hears [family violence](#) or otherwise experiences the effects of [family violence](#).

(4) Examples of situations that may constitute a [child](#) being [exposed](#) to [family violence](#) include (but are not limited to) the [child](#):

(a) overhearing threats of death or personal injury by a [member](#) of the [child](#)'s family towards another [member](#) of the [child](#)'s family; or

(b) seeing or hearing an assault of a [member](#) of the [child](#)'s family by another [member](#) of the [child](#)'s family; or

(c) comforting or providing assistance to a [member](#) of the [child](#)'s family who has been assaulted by another [member](#) of the [child](#)'s family; or

(d) cleaning up a site after a [member](#) of the [child](#)'s family has intentionally damaged [property](#) of another [member](#) of the [child](#)'s family; or

(e) being present when police or ambulance officers attend an incident involving the assault of a [member](#) of the [child](#)'s family by another [member](#) of the [child](#)'s family.

NSW Coercive Control [Discussion Paper October 2020](#)

“Coercive control in DFV contexts describes patterns of abusive behaviour designed to exercise domination and control over the other party to a relationship. It is often a process that happens slowly over time and can be nuanced in nature, making it difficult to identify. It can include a range of abusive behaviours – physical, psychological, emotional or financial – the

*cumulative effect of which over time robs victim-survivors of their autonomy and independence as an individual.*⁷

*The work of Evan Stark, who originated the concept of coercive control, provides a general typology of this behaviour, identifying four key aspects: violence, intimidation (including threats, surveillance, degradation, withholding money), isolation and control (principally through the micro-regulation of every day behaviours, and the institution of rules).*⁵ *This can extend to a wide range of behaviours, including but not limited to the following:*

- *Deprivation of liberty and autonomy, such as preventing one person from leaving the house at all or requiring them to get permission for any movement beyond the household .*
- *Isolating an individual from friends, family and wider society. This could be done through deprivation of liberty, manipulation by suggesting that friends and family are not in fact supportive, or the use of the victim's social media to drive away family and friends.*
- *Withholding or controlling access to resources, including money. This can extend from direct demands that all income of the victim be provided to the perpetrator, as well as denying the victim a say in the management of joint property, or using their property without their consent. This can also include the imposition of restrictions on the victim's access to education, employment and training opportunities.*
- *Psychological control and manipulation, including by making the other person question their memory of events and agreements (i.e. gaslighting), or threatening self-harm or suicide.*

⁵ Evan Stark Coercive Control: How Men Entrap Women in Personal Life (Oxford University Press, 2007)

- *Stalking and intimidation, including through technological means such as installing tracking software or apps.*
- *Physical assault or threats of physical assault. Beyond physical assault of the victim, this can also include things such as the destruction of property or harming animals to set an example or to inspire fear for one's individual safety. Threats can also be made against friends or family.*
- *Sexual assault, including non-consensual intercourse or sexual touching. This may also involve the use of image-based abuse, such as threats to share intimate images against the victim's wishes.*
- *Reproductive coercion, such as forcing the victim to become pregnant or denying birth control, or demanding an abortion.*
- *Threatening to take the victim's children away, to send them to state care or to institute court proceedings to deny the victim access to the children.*

Screening & Risk Assessments

Coercive control as a course of conduct in domestic abuse is still not well understood.

It's certainly hit the media; catching the attention of everyone with the horrific statistic of at least one woman being killed by a current or former intimate partner every week in Australia.

The sector has even developed various questions to use in assessing domestic abuse from a coercively controlling perspective.

When a victim presents to a service, it has been common practice to screen for DV by asking questions on a range of topics to draw out experiences that could be indicative of a DV matter requiring closer attention.

If the screening process highlights DV the practitioner should be highlighting the need for a risk assessment and act accordingly. Each service will have it's own processes and protocols, but a risk assessment is a standard tool these days and should not be treated as an exception.

I raise the screening and risk assessment processes because in my situation I presented four times to the Orange Door in Victoria during 2019, and a risk assessment was never done. Without a risk assessment, there is no comprehensive unpacking and documenting of the abuse, it's impact, and what needs to be put in place or implemented to keep a victim safe.

It took 11 months before I was formally identified as a victim of domestic abuse, of such a high level that once identified, things swung into action fast - just not fast enough to stop the suicidal compulsion borne out of fear and crushing hopelessness from my circumstances.

I want my lived experience as an invisible victim of every jurisdiction to have some benefit to the DV sector as a whole in identifying those of us who are square pegs in a system designed for victims who fit into the neat round holes set by those who determine the screening and risk assessment questions and modelling.

See if these questions are familiar to you:

**From the Australian Government Department of Health www.health.gov.au
Pregnancy Care Guidelines:**

- Within the last year, have you (ever) been hit, slapped or hurt in other ways by your partner or ex-partner? OR (In the last year,) has (your partner or) someone in your family or household ever pushed, hit, kicked, punched or otherwise hurt you?
- Are you (ever) afraid of your partner or ex-partner (or someone in your family)?
- (In the last year) has (your partner or) someone in your family or household ever (often) put you down, humiliated you or tried to control what you can or cannot do?
- (In the last year), has your partner or ex-partner (ever hurt or) threatened to hurt you (in any way)?
- Would you like help with any of this now?
- Are you safe to go home when you leave here?⁶

The Victorian Family Violence Multi-Agency Risk Assessment and Management Framework (MARAM) risk screening and identifying questions⁷:

- Has anyone in your family done something that made you or your children feel unsafe or afraid?
- (Are there multiple perpetrators?)

⁶ AIHW (2015) Screening for Domestic Violence during Pregnancy: Options for Future Reporting in the National Perinatal Data Collection. Canberra: Australian Institute of Health and Welfare.

⁷ Appendix 2: Guidance on using the Screening and Identification Tool

- Have they controlled your day-to-day activities (e.g. who you see, where you go) or put you down?
- Have they threatened to hurt you in any way?
- Have they physically hurt you in any way? (hit, slapped, kicked or otherwise physically hurt you)
- Do you have any immediate concerns about the safety of your children or someone else in your family?
- Do you feel safe to leave here today?
- Would you engage with a trusted person or police if you felt unsafe or in danger?

Coercive control checklist - Moving Forward

from http://www.movingforward.org.au/wp-content/uploads/2021/05/ENGLISH_Coercive_Control_Brochure.pdf

Is there someone in your life who:

- Makes you feel afraid?
- Controls what you do and say?
- Puts you down or embarrasses you?
- Accuses you of flirting or cheating?
- Pressures or forces you to do sexual things?
- Threatens to hurt you, themselves, friends or family?
- Constantly checking your phone and location?
- Limits your access to money?

Any of the actions above may be signs of coercive control and domestic abuse.

If you answered yes to any of these or recognise that you use these behaviours you are likely to be in an unhealthy relationship.

The Danger Of Standardised Screening & Risk Assessment

Standardised screening and risk assessment protocols work when the practitioner is interviewing a ‘standard victim of standard abuse.’

The questions serve to reinforce, and cement, how coercive control looks, and manifests, and determines how society, support services, and the government sectors engage with victims.

If you are a victim who cannot tick the boxes and give neat answers to the questions asked, then you will fall through the cracks as I did, and other victims do.

There is a better way. I’ve lived it, and I’m going to suggest it here.

A Better Way

What if, as well as asking the standardised questions, the following were asked...

Is there someone in your life who:

- Scares you, but always apologises afterwards?
- Doesn’t mean to make you feel afraid or scared?
- Doesn’t hit you?
- Tells you how restrained they are in how they deal with you?
- Yells at you in private, but never in public?

- Made it so uncomfortable or unpleasant at times that your friends (or clients, colleagues, employees etc) have apologised to you for getting you in trouble?
- Made it clear that passive aggression is better than acting out?
- Tells everyone how proud they are of you while privately criticising?
- Makes you feel as if you should be humble, like them?
- Praises you publicly?
- Doesn't call you by your first name?
- Calls you babe, honey, darling all the time?
- Calls their exes something other than their real name?
- Do they say things like 'well, what do you want me to do?' or 'Do you want me to cancel?'
- Do they make you feel as if you have to fact check everything they tell you?
- Do they consistently lie to you either directly or by omission?
- Do they make you feel guilty for not believing what they tell you?
- Do they constantly apologise and promise to do better?
- Do their apologies or remorse feel genuine?
- Have they ever embarrassed you in front of others?
- Have they ever sabotaged a job, or a project?
- Do they say 'sorry, I forgot' a lot?
- Do they forget things you have explained again, and again?
- Do they flirt with others even though they know it hurts you?

- If you've asked them to stop doing something that affects you, have they stopped doing it - or did it take a long time before they got it?
- Do you find yourself doing most of the relationship work, and being responsible for everything?
- Are you responsible for all the financial bill paying, making sure there is enough money for food and fuel?
- Do you have to remember every bill and when it has to be paid?
- Is it up to you to remember everything that needs to be done?
- Does your partner contribute to the emotional load of the relationship?
- Does your partner put your clothes away?
- Does your partner know where you put different clothes away, such as underwear?
- If your partner puts the clean clothes away does he put his away, leaving yours for you to do?
- If you put clean clothes away do you put everyone's clothes away?
- Do you feel as if you can't say no to sex with them?
- Do they make you feel as if you are being prudish, or not adventurous enough for them?
- Do they ask you to do sexual things you don't want to do?
- If you say no to anything are there consequences?
- Does your partner scream and yell at you in the car?
- Does your partner scream and yell at you at home or elsewhere?
- Has your partner ever made you feel as if everything is your fault?

- Do you feel as if you can't do anything right?
- Does your partner run hot and cold with affection?
- Do you have to beg or ask for affection from your partner?
- Does your partner ration the affection they give you?
- Does it feel as if your partner is using affection to bring you into line?
- Does affection or intimacy feel like a weapon?
- Have you ever run away from your partner?
- Have you ever told anyone that you were afraid of your partner?
- Does your partner get angry if you check up on where they are?
- Have you ever been called jealous, possessive, suspicious, controlling or abusive by a partner?
- Does your partner have lots of exes you never meet?
- Does your partner tell you that his family or friends don't like you?
- Has your partner threatened to leave you, but still stays?
- Does your partner say things like 'don't make me choose my family (or whatever) over you, because you know I'll choose them.'
- Has your partner ever said 'If I can't have you, no one will'?
- Does your partner sabotage weight loss efforts by buying biscuits, or convincing you he likes you just the way you are?
- Does your partner compare you to other women you know, or to women on porn sites?
- If you are out with your partner and they meet someone, do they introduce you?

- Does your partner give you the same gift for every birthday / christmas?
- Does your partner choose others over you?
- Does your partner have to 'shout everyone' at dinner?
- Does your partner find it impossible to say no to others?
- Does your partner seem to need constant reassurance and affection from you?
- Does your partner put you down sexually?
- Does your partner act like a child instead of an adult?
- Does your partner leave everything for you to do, or manage, and then complain about your 'controlling behaviours' to others?
- Does your partner tell others that you are controlling?
- Has your partner withdrawn financial support?
- Has your partner ever strangled you - whether consensually or not?
- Has your partner ever strangled any other woman?
- Does your partner need sex every day?
- Has your partner ever told you they get their intimacy needs met from sex?
- Does having sex calm your partner down?
- Do you find yourself having sex just to get it over and done with?
- Do you find yourself having sex to avoid the consequences of saying no?
- Do you have sex even though you don't want to?
- Does your partner make you feel that their sexual requests are normal and your attitude is not normal?

- Does your partner ever suggest you have sex with another person while they are there?
- Does your partner masturbate in front of you?
- Does your partner make you feel bad if you don't let them masturbate or do other acts if they tell you they need it if you won't have sex with them?
- Has anyone suggested to you that sex helps calm them down so they can control their anger?
- Do you ever feel as if you are the only one doing any of the work in the relationship?
- Does your partner say things to make you feel good, and then not follow through with them?
- Does your partner promise to 'do whatever it takes' but then just doesn't do anything?
- Are you responsible for everything?
- Are you the one who has to say no to friends and family all the time?
- Are you the one who has to always be the 'negative nelly' when your partner wants to stay out all night, or do things that impact both of you the next day?
- Does your partner lack consideration when it comes to your needs?
- Does your partner do things that impact your health in any way?
- Has your partner ever denied your health, or other issues to others?
- Have you ever been left to make your own way to hospital?
- Does your partner look good to others but treats you badly?
- Do people see your partner differently to how he is at home?

- Does it feel as if your partner is more concerned with how others see him?
- Does your partner text and call female colleagues or friends, at inappropriate times?
- Does your partner encourage others to engage with him in similarly inappropriate ways?
- Does your partner act in offensive ways in public and tell you it's just 'kidding around'?
- Does your partner act in ways that are more like a teenager than an adult?
- Does your partner take risks that he doesn't understand or accept?
- Does it feel as if your partner lives in a consequence free zone?
- Does your partner behave as if the normal rules of society don't apply to him?
- Does your partner ignore speed limits or parking restrictions?
- Has your partner left you in debt?
- Has your partner used a vehicle in your name to collect parking and speeding tickets?
- Does your partner spend money as if they will always have it?
- Does your partner refuse to work with you on any kind of financial budget?
- Does your partner make it impossible to budget?
- Have you ever found yourself giving in and just forgetting about trying to manage a budget?
- Has it ever become easier to just give in to your partner?

The Abuse Cycle In Lisa's Relationship:

- **I have to abstain from any kind of questioning of you so that you remain calm.**
- **We have great sexual encounters which are highly satisfying and rewarding, and keep us grounded in a state of emotional safety and calmness.**
- **Our daily interactions have to be positive, or so mild as to be recoverable. You get to avoid any challenges or unpleasant questions.**
- **I ask simple questions, always making sure they aren't inflammatory.**
- **I ask a question, I get an answer that is difficult to process.**
- **I ask follow up questions, you get defensive and start attacking and blaming.**
- **You throw a bomb into the discussion 'I'm leaving / don't make me choose between you or my children because I'll always choose my children even though they have always cast me aside when it suited them'**
- **We fall out of safety.**
- **I bring us back to safety because I've built our safe, grounded space.**
- **We ignore the real issue of what you did, but there will be an email more than likely from me telling you exactly what happened, and calling out your behaviour, yet again.**
- **You'll acknowledge, yet again, that you acted inappropriately, making assuring, soothing noises of understanding, acknowledgement and so on, as appeasements to me.**
- **We have another great sexual encounter which is highly satisfying and rewarding, and keep us grounded in a state of emotional safety and**

calmness because I've felt heard, you feel calmer, and it seems as if we've navigated our way through another detonation event, again.

- I have to abstain from any kind of questioning of you so that you remain calm.**
- And it continues, with some adjustments, but pretty much in the cycle as described here.**

Essays

The Forgetting And Packing Away Of Traumatic Memories July 2010

Her Story...

"How are you," my friend said, as we sat enjoying a coffee. "How am I about what?" I replied.

After a month long honeymoon I had come back completely forgetting what had happened. It was as if the affair had never been mentioned or happened. I had packed it so tightly away that it was irretrievable. It wasn't until my friend kept questioning me, doubting that I couldn't remember, that it started to flood back and I realised what I had done.

As a child I grew up in a home with an alcoholic father. I don't remember much of my childhood because I had to learn how to be invisible in order to survive. Being seen was a mistake, and somehow I learnt to not remember as a coping strategy. Even today, I cannot access these parts of my memory, and nothing, not even hypnosis, can penetrate the fog of amnesia.

This trick was learnt early, and is one I cannot control. I don't do it deliberately, and if I could, I would choose to remember; I would choose to remember because I am strong enough to handle it now, but the parts holding onto those memories obviously feel differently to me.

However, forgetting didn't help in the long run because wherever I was, there was the affair. In my face, staring at me from my computer, the phone records and everything else I had collected.

Friends told me unhelpfully to 'build a bridge and get over it', or even worse 'leave or put up with it,' and on it went. People judge affairs harshly, forgetting that nothing is black and white.

It took me a long time to figure out that I lived with severe symptoms of dissociative amnesia and even longer to find someone who helped me understand the structural dissociation I still live with.

It was this experience of packing a traumatic memory so solidly away that made me recognise how easy it was for me to lose contact with the pain. I decided then to never let this happen again and I determined to always talk, write, and speak up about what I experienced so the amnesia could never intrude so overtly again.

I've made it a part of my life now.

I'm a talker. I don't pack things away or build stupid bridges to get over shit. That's the danger zone for me, the place where he always wanted me to reside. He wanted me to forget, to ignore, to remain in blissful ignorance of what he really was. For the most part he succeeded in keeping me blind, but I never forgot again what he did to me, and nor did I let it go as he wanted me to. I just went underground and journaled anywhere and everywhere. I would start anonymous Facebook pages to keep the words and memories flowing and intact. In this I managed to stay in control and it's been critical, this remembering, as I found out later when he tried his best to destroy me in court proceedings.

Essay to a Future Ex

Her Story...

A sex addict, a family law barrister, and a tax evasion expert are in a bar...

.
. .
. .
. .
. .

Oh, sorry, you thought they were different people?

'fraid not; as it turns out, they are all part of my 'cough' beloved ex-husbands arsenal of personalities who light up a woman's life like you wouldn't believe.

Roll it all up in a family law barrister bundle and you've got a recipe for homelessness, destitution, gaslighting extraordinaire, and abuse all rolled into one very ugly package.

And then there is the #micropenis issue the man is obsessed with.

You'll become very familiar with the pathology labs around you as you deal with the multiple UTI's you'll get.

The ATO will be a familiar spectre as his skills at tax evasion become increasingly evident.

You'll find yourself wondering what you got yourself into as it becomes clearer and clearer that this man is always the victim yet somehow you never get to meet his family, or his exes, who all know him so well now.

You'll support and love him, while he chips away at you ever so diligently. He's like an archeologist searching inside you to find the core he can use and abuse when he's tired of you at last.

You may last a decade, but he will tire of you.

You will get sick of the incredible effort it takes to keep his stories straight.

He will tell you 'I'm a bull at a gate, but you just need to tell me to stop and I will'.

Yeah. As if. Watch that one turn into the dead rat in a salad as he's wont to spout.

And if you say no too much, better be ready for the sulks that come as this man cannot tolerate a lack of sex.

And consent? Whoa...he's a man who doesn't even understand what informed consent is in a relationship, let alone in any sexual setting.

Consent for him is 'if you don't say no I'll keep going'.

And he will push and push you to do the horrible, dirty things that lurk in his mind, that he really wants to do to you. Things that will certainly give you UTI's to die for.

If you think he loves you, think again. He doesn't. He can't. He doesn't have empathy but he does know how to mimic it and talk it up. Just wait and observe. Be like David Attenborough and wait for the natural beast to feel safe in its habitat.

Don't wait til it's too late like I did.

Run, run, run as fast as you can.

Get out, get safe, don't look back.

He's dangerous, delusional, a pathological liar, a covert narcissist and a bloody good victim...just ask him. Better yet, just ask me.

We're talking about Pierre H Testart here.

A family law barrister who fucked a client, made his wife homeless and destitute in family law proceedings by running off with all the money and crying poor, a man

who bought property while bankrupt during a ten year period, a man who will do and say whatever suits him in the moment regardless of the consequences.

This is a man, a lawyer, that class of professional that should hold itself to a higher standard than the ordinary citizen, who thinks of nothing but himself and his own indulgences.

He'll perjure himself with the ATO and the Legal Services Board and Commissioner. Why? Because he can — it's really that simple.

If he gets his hooks into your property you're doomed.

He will be so generous and kind, lavishing all kinds of expensive gifts on you.

Perfume and jewellery are his favourite go to gifts.

I hope you never have to endure the ignominy of having Pierre H Testart as an ex, but if you do, at least you'll be in good company.

There is life after Pierre.

The Monster I Once Loved

Her Story...

Let me tell you a story, a fairy tale if you will, of a fragile woman and the monster that preyed on her, devouring her, almost ending her life.



Photo by [Mathieu Stern](#) on [Unsplash](#)

One day long ago she met a monster.

This monster wore a handsome smile, was witty, funny, charming, loving; all the things she longed for.

This monster carried a mirror inside that he used well.

This mirror was magical, and gave him the power to see into her, and use the things she longed for to create the person she thought he was.

The monster knew her. He had hunted others like her before. He knew our frailties, our needs, our desires, he knew how to cloak himself in a glamour that hid the ugliness of his reality with the mask of something that looked kind and gentle, but was brittle and thin.

The monster hated to be seen.

He roared, sending fear into every cell of her being, but she loved him and thought it was her fault, her problem to fix, her duty to be the good one.

For she was a good girl.

Never angry.

Never making waves.

Silent, invisible, quiet, never rocking the boat.

Until her world was shattered beyond belief and she was cast into the land of make believe where the monster truly lived.

The monster lived in a land far away.

A land where he was always loved, always envied, always admired, always and always by all the pretty young things that fluttered around him, eager to be seen and noticed.

For the monster lusted after the pretty young things with their brightness, their eagerness to earn his attention; he preyed on them, sucking the life and goodness from their veins without leaving a mark.

‘Call me at inconvenient times’ he would say to the pretty young things that fluttered around him.

And they would.

For they were enamoured of this powerful monster hiding in plain sight; a monster they couldn’t see because the power of his glamour was too strong.

And still the monster roared, and it became normal for her.

Anger would flare and he would rage at her, sending her scuttling into the safety of her others.

She saw him, but couldn't see him. His glamour was too strong, but one day it shattered.

He told her he fantasised about raping and killing her, and she ran in horror from him.

But she was still weak, still under the spell of the magical mirror.

She still thought it was her responsibility to do the hard work, the recovery, the everything.

But slowly the glamour lifted, her sight became clear.

The monster she thought had loved her, that she had loved all those years, was now fully present and no longer hiding.

He laughed at her.

He knew she saw him now. He did not care.

He thought she was weak.

He knew he was stronger than her.

In his arrogance, in the world he lived in, no one dared challenge the monster who wore no clothes, who stomped through the world of the woman who loved him as if he was a god.

For in his world he was a god.

He could do, and say, anything.

No one dared say otherwise, because he was too smart for everyone. His words had power. His life had been privileged, and he used that privilege to build his glamour.

The monster knew all of this.

The monster knew what he did.

The monster knew and yet he continued.

A predator who never stopped.

Crocodile tears if caught. Shed with just the right amount of crocodile pain. For a crocodile has no empathy, only the need to stalk and hunt the next prey.

The monster lived from victim to victim, enjoying the hunt, the conquest, devouring the admiration and love until he bled them dry.

And when she was a dry husk, all her love used up, denied at last, again, she rose up and discarded him while she still had the strength, and courage.

Begone, she said.

Choose, she said.

Decide, she said.

And of course, the monster could not abide ever being told what to do by a victim, so he did what he always did. He ran.

And ran and ran and ran.

The monster ran so far that he found himself back in the world where he was never at fault. A world where the victim was always to blame, and the pretty young things were there to soothe his bruised and injured ego with their soft touches, loving words, and hate for the woman that had loved him all those years.

The pretty young things became enraged at the woman for daring to show them his real face.

They helped him hurt her.

They soothed him with their words.

They filled his monster heart with their admiration, and he grew fat on it.

His world was again filled with the words of pretty young things fluttering around him.

All was right in his world.

For he was a devourer of pretty young things.

His world did not include consequences.

In his world no one ever saw him.

No one saw the patterns of his life until she had the glamour stripped from her eyes.

She was to be his downfall.

She told him when they met that she would be his last.

She was the one who saw the monster in all his dreadful glory.

She was the one who stayed the course.

She was the one who did not flinch when it came to showing the world she inhabited what the monster was capable of doing, and what he had done.

And the monster became afraid.

The monster knew her resoluteness would be his downfall and he grew unsettled.

As yet the story of the monster and the woman is unfinished.

The woman knows the monster is afraid.

In her world the monster is a coward.

A coward preying on women.

A coward.

She is done with him.

The unmasking continues, the monster will learn the resolute woman was always strong, never weak.

She will indeed be the one to unmask the monstrous emperor who wears no clothes.

Always strong.

Never weak.

Her story will continue; his will wither as all monsters do eventually, when the light shines on them in the dank darkness they inhabit.

For now, she watches, knowing the wheel of fate and karma are on her side.

The Lovebombing

The jewellery he bought me, the exotic perfumes, the holidays, the way he made me feel as if I was the woman he'd been waiting all his life for.

\$10,000 he spent on two pieces of jewellery in the first few months.

He listened. He paid so much attention to me. He made me feel heard and valued.

We talked so much. We had so much in common, so many shared values and beliefs, so many things we loved and wanted to do together. He introduced me to all his friends and family, and we just loved each other so deeply.

I Fell For Him...

Her Story...

It all felt so normal, yet exciting, meeting this new man who swept into my life like a whirlwind. He made me feel so special and exquisite, as if I'd been the one he'd been waiting for all his life. He courted me assiduously as all good predators do.

I loved him.

He made me feel as if I was his soulmate.

He made me feel cherished.

He made me feel as if nothing mattered except us.

He made me feel safe and nurtured.

He made me trust him.

He made me feel treasured, like a precious jewel.

He made me feel alive.

She Fell For It...

What he *really* thought...

Well fuck me.

She fell for it.

She thinks I'm a good bloke who cares about her.

She has no idea how little I give a shit, and how much more I care about having
someone on my dick every day than anything else.

She thinks I love her.

She thinks I care.

She fell for it hook, line, and sinker, like a good bitch should.

She fell for my bullshit and now I know she's a keeper.

She thinks I'm the best thing to happen to her, boy is she in for a surprise.

She thinks I'm on her side.

She thinks so highly of me that I feel like I'm high again! This is like a drug and I
can't get enough of her adoration of me.

She adores me.

She loves me.

She married me within nine months.

Fuck I'm good at what I do.

We Got Married 2010



Questions / Activites:

What red flags come up for you?

What warning signs do you see?

What would you say to your younger self if you could warn her?

What would you say to the woman who disclosed this to you?

How did he catch her?

What were the emotional hooks he used?

What is this stage called?

Is it normal to get married so quickly?

The Ex Wives Club

Ex-Wife Number 3 & The Lies

1. In early September 1998, I met the person who was to become my current partner, Julie. Julie was then a single mother with an almost-2-year-old son, who had been released from a psychiatric ward at a hospital about 6-8 months before I met her. We had something in common in that we both had close-up experience with mental illness.

What he *really* thought...

It was so good telling Lisa that Julie was ditzy, and that our life together was sexless.

It felt so good seeing Lisa work so hard to make sure I was loved and had plenty of sex.

It was such a turn on seeing Lisa believe everything I told her.

Fuck me, it was so good knowing I could control these stupid women around me.

No sex.

What a great line.

Worked a treat with with Veronica as well.

Why change what isn't broken, am I right?

Of course I'm right.

What woman doesn't want to give me what I need, when I make them feel like I'm the one they've been waiting for all their life.

It's such a trip watching this play out and they don't even know it's a game I'm playing with them.

There is something very arousing about having this kind of power over women.

I love it.

It feeds my need for attention, and it gives me the kind of fix only a drug high compares to.

Ex-Wife Number 2 & The Lies

You told everyone Veronica was abusive.

2. I formed a relationship with a woman who, as it turned out, had a similar dependence on alcohol as I had developed, and we were in relationship from about 1993 to about 1997. We married on 14 February 1995.

What he *really* thought...

Veronica, Veronica, Veronica...you never stood a chance.

I got you good.

I got my dick in, and my money into your property.

I used you.

You meant nothing.

I fall in and out of love because it isn't real to me.

Love? Pffft as if there was any space in me for anyone else.

Love you?

You made it easier for me to convince my kids that I wasn't the monster they knew I was.

I even used you as an excuse in an affidavit I wrote to get me out of that professional misconduct charge I was facing...boy did I do good work on you.

Ex-Wife Number 1 & The Lies

You made sure we all thought she was someone we shouldn't get too close to.

What he *really* thought...

You had no idea I was fucking the secretary.

Fuck that was so good.

You thought we were a family.

You thought we were on the same page.

You took everything I did to you and sucked it up like a poison.

I kicked you, beat you, and I made you crawl and beg.

You thought you were safe.

You thought I wouldn't hurt you.

You thought I would keep my word.

You took me at face value.

I fucked you over.

I dragged you through the courts and destroyed everything you held dear.

I made sure you'd never touch another man.

I made sure everyone knew I was a victim.

I made sure I smeared your name with everyone, including the kids.

I took everything from you.

I sharked our bank accounts so you had to beg me for support.

I sold the house to the first offer.

I screwed you over.

I made everyone believe you were abusive.

I made everyone believe you wasted my money.

It was always my money.

My money.

You spent my money.

You squandered money that I should have had.

You never treated me with the respect I deserve.

You stopped giving me the fixes I needed.

You made me fuck the secretary.

You made me fuck Veronica.

It's your fault I left you.

You were an old hostage and I needed a new one.

I always need fresh blood.

I always need something fresh to impale my dick in.

You always made me angry.

You should have been better.

You should have known how to be a better wife.

It was always your fault.

I was always the victim.

I hit you because you deserved it.

You asked for it.

You never stopped talking.

You should have known better.

I needed to get you to shut the fuck up.

Drugs helped me deal with you.

Questions / Activities:

Do you see patterns? What are they?

What would be a red flag in these past relationships?

What should a victim be aware of?

What do you see?

What would you say to a woman who was dating a man with so many failed relationships in his past, who blamed all the women?

That Partnership Dispute 1991

What he wrote about it in 2007...

- I have practised solely as a barrister since December 1991, when I signed the Bar Roll.
- When I retired from the firm in 1991, I was one of three partners, with three employee solicitors, and over a dozen secretarial and paralegal staff.
- The years from 1987 to 1991 were years of rapid expansion for the firm, and I worked long hours during the week, and also on weekends. Work commitments contributed to interpersonal stresses which I was experiencing with my wife, and children, and my marriage and relationship with my children deteriorated over a course of time. Things came to a head in 1991, when, as a result of continuing friction at home, I was distracted from work⁸, not "pulling my weight" in terms of writing fees, and drawing more funds from the partnership accounts than my other two partners, without there being any corresponding contribution by me.
- In the upshot, after discussing the matter with my partners and my wife and children, I decided to retire from the partnership and go to the bar. I thought that I could get a "fresh start", be relieved from a heavy administrative load as a solicitor, and have more time for wife and family⁹. Unfortunately for me, the extra time with wife and family served only to throw into stark relief the previous problems which I

⁸ Distracted by his affair with the secretary

⁹ This line was used to explain why he went back to being a solicitor in 2019. Why change a good excuse if it works then, just rinse and repeat. No one will ever see the repeat, eh?

had been experiencing and ultimately, in early 1992, I separated from my then wife.

- At that stage, there was a great deal of bitterness between my former wife and me, and as a result a significant amount of the money which was due to me from my retirement from partnership was wasted¹⁰. I was then earning little money at the bar, and cash flow was almost nonexistent. It took me a significant amount of time to work up the courage to take proceedings against my former wife for property settlement. When I ultimately did so, a significant amount of the matrimonial assets, consisting of my interest in the partnership, had been frittered away. In the end result, I settled the proceedings with my former wife in about 1994 or 1995 on the basis that school fees for our two children at a private school would be prepaid from the net proceeds of sale of the former matrimonial home, that such prepayment would be regarded as a contribution by me out of my entitlement to property settlement, and that she would receive the balance of the net equity therein

What he *really* thought...

What the fuck?

Those dickheads think they can control me?

I started this firm.

I deserve respect.

So what if I fucked the secretary for years.

So what if I took more money than I was entitled to take.

I'm Pierre H Testart and don't they know I did my fucking articles of Clerkship in Hamilton, Victoria, at Messrs. Melville, Orton & Lewis, where I was articled to the

¹⁰ Used the 'wastage' excuse on me as well in 2019. Another rinse and repeat pattern to note.

late Harold Fenton (“Hal”) Orton. My articles were to be with Mr. Gordon David Lewis (as he then was), but he retired from that firm to become the Executive Director of the Law Institute of Victoria, and the person who effectively was my mentor was Timothy Patrick Tobin, now Tobin SC.

Don’t they know I know people in high places.

Don’t they realise I can whisper in ears of people and cause them trouble?

It’s just fucking money.

Get over it.

You don’t understand I have needs.

I need to be in control.

I need the sex.

I need the money.

I don’t care if it’s your money, or the partnerships money.

It’s all my money at the end of the day.

Who do they think they are!

I created this firm and they’ll be nothing without me.

Just wait and see.

I’ll leave.

Go to the Bar where I will get more respect.

Make them pay me out.

Make them pay.

I’ll be free of the scut work of a solicitor.

I’ll be set free of the tedium of having to follow routines and protocols.

I'll be master of my own fate.

I'll be free at last.

New hunting grounds.

Fresh meat to find.

Discard the old.

Find the new.

What fun.

The Victorian Legal Regulator And Disciplinary Body - The Legal Services Board + Commissioner

Lawyers are a regulated profession. They are officers of the court and that gives lawyers both a weight, and a shield. As officers of the court, lawyers are held to higher standards than the ordinary member of the public, and the expectations on lawyers to uphold the profession in good repute is high.

Every profession has it's bad apples. Being a lawyer doesn't magically turn an asshole into a saint.

Like any profession that involves direct client interactions, there are always going to be the assholes attracted to the power imbalance inherent in the client / lawyer relationship.

The legal profession attracts its share of narcissists, psychopaths, and other predators who prey on the vulnerable just like any other helping profession does.

There are plenty of doctors, counsellors, psychologists, dentists, nurses et al who are on the narcissistic-psychopathic spectrum who thrive on the power imbalance between the trusted powerful professional and the vulnerable patient. It's a given.

However, the legal fraternity is unique, in that it is the only profession in Australia that doesn't prohibit a sexual relationship between client and lawyer. There is no recognition of the power imbalance that exists between a lawyer and their more often than not vulnerable client. Nowhere is this more evident than in the family law jurisdiction.

The legal profession is possibly the slowest disciplinary body when it comes to protecting the vulnerable consumers who come into contact with predatory lawyers, and that is an issue that needs exposing and correcting.

The Legal Services Board in Victoria appears to only investigate conduct that it is certain will result in a positive outcome if prosecuted, leaving many victims to wonder how a lawyer can still be carrying on with their practising certificate renewed year after year.

The case of Nicola Gobbo (Lawyer X) and the decade it took to have her name formally struck off is a classic example of this unwillingness to do anything that could be seen as proactive. If you want to see their current compliance and enforcement policy check out this link:

<https://www.lsb.vic.gov.au/sites/default/files/2020-04/D-16-25424%20Policy%20-%202022-04-18%20-%20VLSBC%20-%20Compliance%20and%20Enforcement.pdf>

The Legal Services Board has a raft of compliance and enforcement options available to it as noted in sections 2.10 and 2.11:

Regulatory Sanctions - Policy 2.10 and 2.11

2.10 If there is evidence that a lawyer has committed a relatively serious offence (that is, or is not, related to legal practice) which poses an actual or likely risk of consumer detriment, regulatory sanctions may be used.

2.11 Regulatory sanctions may include:

- Refusing to grant or renew a practising certificate;

- Varying, suspending or cancelling a practising certificate;

- Imposing conditions on a practising certificate;

- Initiating external intervention;

Applying to VCAT for an order that a person pay a pecuniary penalty for contravening a civil penalty provision.

It's patently clear that at all material times the Legal Services Board has the option to deal with a lawyers practising certificate, and can in fact issue a show cause notice on a practitioner that puts the onus on the lawyer to prove their fitness to hold a practicing certificate.

As will be demonstrated in this book, the Legal Services Board + Commissioner take a long, drawn out approach to any complaint, more often than not dismissing a complaint as a first course of action. I will unpack the long and torturous journey of my own battle to have complaints made about my own abuser taken seriously.

Lawyers know that the LSB is a toothless tiger.

They know that the LSB doesn't act fast, or even appropriately, causing irreparable harm to the victims of these dangerous and dirty lawyers.

When lawyers are allowed to keep working for years while they continue to do whatever it was they got caught doing, then there is a serious problem with a disciplinary watchdog that doesn't even have enough strength to bark, let alone bite.

When a disciplinary body acts more like an insurance company than the watchdog it's supposed to be, the question has to be asked - who is going to protect the public from predatory and abusive lawyers who know they can get away with so much.

Why is it that lawyers can keep working for years, while their victims suffer?

Why does the Legal Services Board take such a long time to do anything, and when they do, more often than not their first response is to dismiss the complaint?

Buying Property While Bankrupt - An Investment Strategy For Lawyers 2003-2005

On 25 September 2007 Pierre was prosecuted at VCAT for professional misconduct by the Legal Services Commission. The charge was found proven.

While bankrupt, Pierre give ex-wife number 3 around \$100,000 to buy land in Gippsland during 2003-2004.

On 28 July 2005 Pierre notified the Victorian Bar of his second bankruptcy, as it was by then a notifiable event.

The Legal Services Board somehow found out, and an investigation started.

Perhaps he got too smart when he cooked up the scheme prior to going bankrupt a second time, giving him that ten year period of continuous bankruptcy.

Maybe it was the letter he sent on 28 July 2005 telling them he had no interest in any property, and that his second bankruptcy did not arise out of any tax avoidance scheme. I don't know how they found out. Someone had to have ratted him out. It's the only explanation for how they came to know he'd bought the land through Julie.

Make up your own mind...

The Evidence Is In And Says It All

Pierre Testart

C/- Clerk "W",

205 William Street,

Melbourne, 3000.

28 July 2005.

The Secretary,

Ethics Committee,

Victorian Bar.

By Hand.

Dear Sir or Madam,

Pierre Testart – Disclosure

Pursuant to Rule 197 (b) of the Bar Rules

Pursuant to my duty of disclosure established by the above rule, I write to advise that I filed a Debtor's Petition, which was accepted, on the 19 July 2005. As required, I set out hereunder the circumstances giving rise to my filing the said Debtor's Petition.

This is my second bankruptcy. The first has not yet been discharged. Indeed, the first bankruptcy was extended, at the behest of the Australian Taxation Office, as a result of my inability to pay contributions assessed by my trustee in bankruptcy at various times during the course thereof. My inability to pay those contributions are stemmed from cash flow problems associated with my obligations to pay current tax, as well as to pay increasing contributions over a course of time towards the discharge of bankruptcy.

My decision to file a debtor's petition was not made quickly, nor was it arrived at easily. The decision follows significant negotiations, both with my trustee in bankruptcy, and with the Australian Taxation Office regarding a possible payment

scheme to resolve both past and present taxation issues. Unfortunately, those negotiations have not brought about a resolution of the problem.

Both my trustee in bankruptcy and my accountant have, at various stages, recommended the option of a further bankruptcy in order to "roll over" past debts and consolidate them with current accruing debts. I might say, that the debts to which I refer, are wholly and solely taxation liabilities, with one exception. That exception is a debt of about \$30,000 which I owe to my clerk. As to the debt, I enclose a copy of a letter from my clerk to me dated 20 May 2005, which I believe is self-explanatory.

I might also say that the debts owed by me to the Australian Taxation Office arise out of accrued income-tax and goods and services tax, and do not arise out of any schemes engaged in by me at any stage.

Furthermore, I can inform the ethics committee that during the course of my first bankruptcy, I did not acquire any real property or any other assets of significance; my only significant asset is the book debts constituted by my outstanding fees.

Before filing the debtor's petition the subject of this letter, I obtained expert advice from an insolvency practitioner, Mr Dean McVeigh. His unequivocal recommendation was to take the course of action which resulted in my going bankrupt the second time.

In the event that the committee requires further explanations from me, I stand ready to provide them, and to provide any documents required to be produced by the committee.

Yours sincerely,

Pierre Testart

Pierre Testart
C/- Clerk "W",
205 William Street,
Melbourne, 3000.
15 November 2005.

The Secretary,
Ethics Committee,
Victorian Bar.
By Hand.

Dear Sir or Madam,

Pierre Testart – Disclosure

Pursuant to Rule 197 (b) of the Bar Rules

I refer to your letter of 25 October 2005, and apologise for my delay in replying thereto.

One of the reasons for the delay in replying to you is that I wanted to take the opportunity to check the assertion in paragraph 3 of your letter that the \$50,000 referred to in my statement of affairs was not "first applied to [my] pre-existing debt to the Australian Taxation Office".

I took the opportunity to raise this matter with my tax agent, Robert Pitts. Upon checking electronically as to my taxation file, it appears that my tax returns for the years 2000, 2001, 2002, and 2003 were all processed on 11 March 2004 by the Australian Taxation Office, and assessments issued either on or shortly after that date. The actual tax debts arose, then, on or after 11 March 2004.

Accordingly, and without wishing to be sharp in any way, and desiring at all times honestly to grapple with the substance of your letter, I feel I should make clear certain matters before I deal with what I believe to be the substance of your letter:

- My partner's father, died on Australia Day 2003;
- As a result of his death, my partner became entitled to an inheritance in the sum of approximately \$118,000;
- It was, I believe, at least partially as a result of coming into that inheritance that she decided to invest in the property in question in late 2003 and early 2004;
- My partner did not actually receive her inheritance monies until, I believe from my recollection, about April or May 2004;
- When she decided to buy the land in question, she expected to receive her inheritance monies very soon;
- It was assumed, rather than discussed explicitly, that I would assist her with the payment of deposit for the land, in view of the fact that she would soon be coming into her inheritance, and I did so, to the tune of about \$20,000;
- My partner purchased the land subject to finance being obtained by her;
- Finance was approved, but in a lesser amount than she had applied for;
- By that time, to my recollection, her purchase had become unconditional and she required additional funds, to the tune of about \$30,000;
- Again it was assumed, rather than discussed explicitly, that I would assist her in the circumstances, as I had access to funds at that particular time;
- Settlement of the purchase of the land occurred, from my recollection, in February 2004;
- Accordingly, at the time I advanced the monies to her to enable the completion of the purchase of the land, there was, in fact, no "pre-existing debt" to the Australian Taxation Office.

In addition, and for the sake of completeness, I believe you should know the following facts:

- On 29 May 2004, I sustained a broken right leg and was off work for about six weeks. When I returned to work, I needed, by reason of my recuperation, to get back gradually to work, and was unable to take on as many matters as I would have wanted to. As a result, there was a significant period of time where I was earning either no income or a very limited income as a result of my work at the bar.
- During my convalescence, my partner provided significant monies for the welfare of myself and our family, from her inheritance. Over the course of my convalescence and up until the end of 2004, she contributed well in excess of \$30,000 from her inheritance monies for the benefit of the family, including me.

In light of the above matters, I would make the following points:

1. I do not believe that there was, strictly speaking, a "pre-existing debt" to the Australian Taxation Office, as appears to have been assumed in your letter under reply. Of course, there was the taxation debt subsumed in my first bankruptcy. However, I was in the process of paying the consequences of not paying that debt, namely, I was undergoing bankruptcy. Also, obviously, I had not paid contributions in respect of my first bankruptcy for a long time. However, I was in the process of paying the consequences of not paying those contributions, namely, my bankruptcy had been extended from three to eight years.
2. In respect of my taxation debts for the years 2000, 2001, 2002, and 2003, I readily accept that I could have and should have reasonably anticipated that there was to be a taxation liability which I ultimately would have the responsibility of dealing with. I also accept that, had I behaved strictly in accordance with my obligations, I would have lodged tax returns for those

years in timely fashion; but I did not. Those taxation debts did not crystallise, I would contend, until 11 March 2004 at the earliest, which is when the Australian Taxation Office processed my tax returns. However, for the reasons which I set out in my previous correspondence to you, I did not lodge those tax returns in timely fashion. That was not a deliberate or considered course of action on my behalf but a product of me responding to various stresses unconnected with my financial affairs.

3. At the time that I made the contribution in question, I did not consciously turn my mind to any contest of priorities between assisting my partner with the purchase of the land and paying a pre-existing tax debt. From my point of view, had I thought about it, I believe I would have seen it as futile to pay further monies to the Australian Taxation Office in view of the fact that I knew I was to continue to be bankrupt for a very long time, and that any money which I paid to it would not have any reasonable prospect of expunging my debt.
4. I was, on some level, although I did not specifically turn my mind to the question, aware of the fact that, whatever monies I had available to me, they would not be enough to pay my tax debt, when it crystallised. As to my taxation affairs, I had long before despaired of being able to make any inroads into the matter.

I might, in concluding this letter, point out to the committee that both I and my partner have been publicly examined at the behest of my trustee in bankruptcy in connection with, amongst other things, the purchase of that land. I can indicate to the committee that the evidence given by me on oath in the public examination was substantially identical with the matters which I have set out above. That public examination occurred, I believe, in June of this year, and was adjourned part heard to September of this year. My partner also gave sworn evidence. I have never discussed the detail of her evidence with her; however I believe that her evidence was substantially in accord with mine. Neither my trustee in bankruptcy nor the

Australian Taxation Office have seen fit to take my public examination any further, nor to commence any other proceedings against me, nor to take any steps against my partner in relation to the matter.

In the circumstances, I would seek to contend that there has been, in the circumstances, no ethical breach by me in connection with my contribution to the acquisition of that land.

Yours sincerely,

Pierre Testart.

Pierre Testart
C/- Clerk "W",
205 William Street,
Melbourne, 3000.
10 January 2006.

The Investigations Officer,
Ethics Committee,
Victorian Bar.
Owen Dixon Chambers East,
205 William Street,
Melbourne 3000.

Dear Sir or Madam,

Pierre Testart – Disclosure

Pursuant to Rule 197 (b) of the Bar Rules

I refer to previous correspondence in this matter, and in particular to your lengthy letter of 9 December 2005, and your subsequent, shorter letter of the same date.

First, I regret to say that I need to seek more time to address the issues raised in your lengthy letter, and particularly to gather the documents referred to in paragraphs 1, 3, and 4 at page 3 and 4 of your lengthy letter. Many of the documents to which you refer are no longer in my possession, having been produced under subpoena to the Federal Court when I was publicly examined in June of last year. Although, as I understand it from my trustee in bankruptcy, the public examination has effectively ceased, those documents have not yet been returned to me. I will need more time to obtain them.

Secondly, I should at this stage say that I agree with all the matters set out in subparagraphs (a) to (g) on page 2 of your lengthy letter, but that I do not agree with

subparagraph (h) thereof, which I believe, with respect, does not accurately summarised my explanation. The real explanation involves a large number of other factors, contained in my previous correspondence, and I am somewhat disappointed that the committee has failed to take any of those matters into account in the bald summary presented in subparagraph (h).

Thirdly, I am left in some doubt as to whether I should continue to correspond with you, or whether I should direct my responses to the Legal Services Commissioner.

I do not know whether the committee remains interested in this investigation in any way, and would be grateful to receive some guidance. I have, in any event, forwarded a copy of this letter to the Legal Services Commissioner.

I would be grateful to hear from you at your convenience regarding the matters which I have raised in this letter.

Yours sincerely,

Pierre H. Testart.

Cc: The Legal Services Commissioner,

Ms Victoria Marles,

9th Floor,

330 Collins St,

Melbourne 3000.

Pierre Testart
C/- Clerk "W",
205 William Street,
Melbourne, 3000.
3 March 2006.

The Secretary,
Ethics Committee,
Victorian Bar.
By Hand.

Dear Sir or Madam,

Pierre Testart – Disclosure

Pursuant to Rule 197 (b) of the Bar Rules

I refer to your letter of 24 February 2006.

Before I turn to the numbered questions commencing on page 2 of your letter, I wish to address some of the "dot points" on page 1 thereof.

It is not strictly correct to say, in "dot point 4", that I stated that I was "able to electronically check [my] taxation returns for the years 2000, 2001, 2002, and 2003 with [my] accountant". What I said was that upon my tax agent checking electronically "as to my taxation file", he ascertained that all those tax returns were processed on 11 March 2004. I make this point to clarify any misapprehension you may be under that I then had available to me those taxation returns; I did not.

Further, you make reference to me having stated that the documents had not been returned to me after the public examination. That is true; however by letter dated 21 February 2006, my trustee has indicated that I am now able to go to the Federal Court to obtain the release of those documents. I will be unable to attend at the Federal Court to obtain the release of those documents until the week commencing 13 March

2006, as I will be in Castlemaine on Federal Magistrates Court circuit in the week of 6 to 10 March 2006.

You mention my statement that I can provide a copy of the transcript of my public examination. Are you requesting a copy thereof?

As to the numbered questions commencing on page 2 of your letter, I respond as follows:

1. Without wishing in any way to be sharp, I would point out that I gave an explanation to this question in my letter of 7 October. I would add these remarks. I was at a low ebb in my life, with severe problems on many fronts, and not dealing with them in any real way at all. For a significant amount of time, I felt overwhelmed by the bankruptcy, my children's problems, my partner's problems, and my own. I was unable to do anything constructive about any of them. It took a lot of time to come to grips with them, and I needed time to recover. During that time, the financial aspects of my situation were my last consideration. I stuck my head in the sand; I let things slide; I was unable to give rational and timely consideration to problems as they arose, and my affairs suffered as a result. I moved from a home and a wife in November 1997 to rented premises with a 17-year-old daughter fresh out of the psychiatric ward of Monash Medical Centre. In 1998, I moved rented premises twice. During that year, my daughter repeated VCE. I was preoccupied with getting her through that year – alive, and successfully completing the VCE. During that year also, my son suffered a psychotic episode, and was hospitalised for a considerable time, and when released from hospital, he came to live with me. The damage to my children was enormous, and I spent a good two years reeling from the spin-off effect on me. During those two years, I moved again, twice. The disruption was significant. I was drinking to excess on a daily basis to escape. I lived hand-to-mouth, my only real concern being to provide for my loved ones, and to have sufficient cash to drink with. In 1999, I met my

current partner. She was also an alcoholic. We hit rock-bottom together in about December 1999. Both of us were fortunate in finding support in stopping drinking. The recovery has been difficult, time- and energy-consuming, and slow. It involved daily support meetings for each of us, for well more than the first year. As much as \$200-300 per week was being spent by both of us in babysitting for my (then 2-year-old) stepson, and on medical, psychological and other therapies. It was not until early 2004 that I began to address the financial aspects of my predicament. There are many more details which I could set out; however the basic explanation, to summarise the matter, is that I let my financial affairs overwhelm me for a considerable time, and did not respond in a timely or constructive way to overcome problems, or meet obligations.

I have set out the above matters in some detail, not because I seek to justify or excuse my actions in any way, but to explain them. I would point out, however, that my failures to meet my obligations have borne consequences with which I am still dealing, not the least of which is the second bankruptcy. However my failures may be seen, they do not, and I believe could not, properly understood, constitute misconduct or unfitness to practice within the meaning of the legislation.

As to the documents you desire me to produce under this rubric, I have none of them currently in my possession. I should be able to provide them within the next 21 days.

1. I believe I lodged all of the tax returns at the one time, some few days before they were processed by the ATO, on 11 March 2004. As to my explanation for failing to lodge each annual return by its due date, I refer to the matters set out in paragraph 1 above, and to my previous correspondence.
2. (a) The source of the money was my income as a barrister, and no other source.

(b) The contributions were made during the latter part of 2003, and in early 2004. The bank statements in connection with those contributions hope the Federal Court, and I should be in a position to have those within the next 21 days. I will go through them and specify the dates on which I made those contributions.

(c) As to my explanation for making those payments when I was neither making contributions to my Trustee in Bankruptcy, nor paying Income Tax on income I had received in the years 2000, 2001, 2002 and 2003, I would refer you to the matters which I set out above, and to my letter of 15 November 2005.

1. I have requested my Clerk to provide copies of the documents you refer to, and he tells me he will have them some time next week.
2. No, I did not detect the overpayment. It was not until my clerk told me of it that I first became aware of it. My explanation is that I took the weekly remittance advices I received from my Clerk on face value, without checking the arithmetical calculations which they contained; I simply looked to see that a certain amount was being sent to the ATO, and a certain amount was being remitted to me. The remittance advices asserted that 60% was going to the ATO, and 40% to me, and I did not double-check that assertion.
3. No, I did not intend to imply that I had made bona fide endeavours to apply all disposable income to meet my legal obligations to the ATO or to my Trustee in bankruptcy. I did not turn my mind to any such implication, nor did I understand any such assertion, express or implied, to be called for. However, I believe to be true what I did assert, namely that I did not acquire any interest in any real property or other assets of significance during my first bankruptcy. My purpose in making that statement was to assert that I had not ended up as a bankrupt for a second time as a result of any

systematic undertaking to enrich myself by avoiding my obligations to the ATO and my Trustee. I believe that proposition to be true.

I would ask your indulgence for a further 21 days to enable me to get the documents you call for.

Yours faithfully,

Pierre Testart.

Pierre Testart
C/- Clerk "W",
205 William Street,
Melbourne, 3000.
12 April, 2006.

The Investigations Officer,
Ethics Committee,
Victorian Bar.
Owen Dixon Chambers East,
205 William Street,
Melbourne 3000.

Dear Sir or Madam,

Pierre Testart – Disclosure

Pursuant to Rule 197 (b) of the Bar Rules

I refer to previous correspondence, and in particular to my letter of 3 April 2006.

I now enclose a bundle of bank statements in respect of my bank account from July 2003 to around the beginning of April 2004.

There are a number of withdrawals, which I have marked with a pink highlighter, showing payments made to my partner which account for her accumulating sufficient moneys to purchase the land in question.

Please note that, at the time I started transferring monies to my partner, there was no intention to buy land; that intention was formed after New Year's Day 2004, which is the first time my partner saw the land in question.

I believe this concludes the exchange of correspondence wherein you seek documents, as I believe these documents to be the final documents sought by you.

I would be grateful to hear the outcome of your further deliberations.

Yours faithfully,

Pierre Testart.

Pierre Testart,
Room 1101,
Owen Dixon Chambers West,
Melbourne.

20 June 2006.

The Chief Executive Officer,
Victorian Bar,
5th Floor,
Owen Dixon Chambers East,
205 William Street,
Melbourne 3000.

Attention: Applications Review Committee

Dear Madam,

Pierre Testart – Application for Renewal of Practising Certificate.

I refer to your letter of 7 June 2006 concerning my application to the Legal Services Board for renewal of a practising certificate for the period 1 July 2006 to 30 June 2007.

Pursuant to your invitation, I am submitting the following further material in support of my application for a practising certificate.

Full particulars of, and a complete explanation of the circumstances of your insolvency, any prior insolvency and the surrounding circumstances thereof.

When the Bar Rules were changed, I was still undergoing my first insolvency. I was notified that my insolvency had become a “disclosable event”, and I made

disclosures at that time. I now enclose copies of the relevant correspondence to the Bar Council, which sets out the matters which I disclosed.

Upon entering into my second insolvency, I also made disclosures, as required by the Rules. I now enclose copies of the correspondence which I sent to the Bar Council, and which sets out those matters, in respect of the second insolvency.

The circumstances of both insolvencies were personal to me, in that no one disastrous outside event "caused" either insolvency. Given that, I have agonised at length as to whether I have provided a "complete explanation" of the circumstances of either of my insolvencies, being aware that subjectivity, self-deception, self-justification, and self-seeking have all been factors which could well have affected my accuracy as a historian and apologist. However, as best I could, I believe I have attempted to be honest in disclosing the factors which were in play and which resulted in each of the insolvencies.

Copies of any material you have provided to the Ethics Committee concerning your insolvency and the surrounding circumstances thereof.

My correspondence with the Ethics Committee has been protracted and voluminous. I have provided, at the committee's request, many documents. Unfortunately, I did not retain copies of those documents. To the extent necessary, I willingly authorise the Ethics Committee to release to the Applications Review Committee any and all documents which may be relevant to the consideration of this application.

To avoid delay, I enclose copies of the correspondence which I forwarded to the Ethics Committee, with enclosures omitted. I trust that this will give the Applications Review Committee sufficient information for it to, at least, commence its deliberations.

An explanation for your failure initially to disclose your insolvency as a show cause event in your application for a practising certificate.

Any such omission was entirely inadvertent and erroneous. When I was contacted by telephone about the matter, I made immediate disclosure and expressed surprise that I

had omitted to "tick" the relevant box. I had naturally assumed, in any event, as a result of correspondence which I had received from both the Ethics Committee and the Legal Services Board, that my circumstances were well and truly "out in the open"; I had no intention whatsoever, in failing to tick the relevant box, of concealing my true circumstances. I am surprised that the Applications Review Committee and/or the Legal Services Board have not been kept up-to-date; I had assumed that the ethics committee would as a matter of course be in communication with either one or other of them, and that my circumstances would be thereby up for consideration.

I apologise for the omission.

Personal references addressing your fitness to practise notwithstanding the circumstances of your insolvency.

I enclose herewith a reference from CP* dated 15 June 2006, a reference from SS* dated 19 June 2006, a reference from GN* dated 20 June 2006 and a reference from MD* dated 20 June 2006.

Upon receiving your letter under reply, I also spoke to Mr Anthony Kelly, who is the person charged with the administration of my bankrupt estate at the office of my Trustee in bankruptcy. Mr Kelly indicated his willingness to provide a reference for me for the purposes of this application; however he informed me he was leaving for overseas very shortly, and would not be back at work for some two to three weeks. He indicated he was too busy to provide a reference at very short notice, and indicated he would do so upon his return. Having discussed the matter with him, I believe that his reference will make comment about the fact that I am in regular communication with my Trustee, that from his knowledge I am up-to-date with contributions to my trustee in respect of my insolvency, and also that from his knowledge, I am up-to-date with payments of tax (both GST and income-tax) to the ATO.

I would be grateful for the opportunity to provide such a reference to you upon Mr Kelly's return, and to have it considered by the applications review committee.

Any other relevant matter you wish to put before the Bar.

The ongoing correspondence with the ethics committee about these matters has been the catalyst for me to engage in a great deal of examination of conscience and soul-searching.

Without attempting to engage in self-pity, it appears to me that I have been dining at a banquet of consequences in respect of actions taken by me, many of them wrongheaded, mistaken, and born of fear, for a very considerable time. It is my hope that I have at least made a beginning of clearing up the wreckage of the past¹¹.

A look at the cases, particularly *New South Wales Bar Association v Cummins*

[2001] NSWCA 284, has served to emphasise, for me, the real nature of my omissions and other mistakes.

However, in all the circumstances, I would contend that I would be allowed continue to practise.

I look forward to hearing the result of the Committee's deliberations. In the event I am able to provide any further information, please do not hesitate to contact me.

Yours Faithfully,

Pierre Testart.

¹¹ Does any of this sound familiar?

MD*,
Room 923,
Isaacs Chambers,
Melbourne.
20 June 2006.

The Chief Executive Officer,
Victorian Bar,
5th Floor,
Owen Dixon Chambers East,
205 William Street,
Melbourne 3000.

Attention: Applications Review Committee

Dear Madam,

I am a barrister of 7 years standing. I am a member of Duncan's List and I know Mr Testart personally and professionally.

I am aware of Mr Testart's insolvency and have been for several years.

Mr Testart from my perspective is of outstanding character and integrity. His code of self honesty is unquestionable.

During the last 6 months I have had personal issues for which I needed assistance.

Mr Testart without hesitation sacrificed his time and a great deal of effort to assist me, quite probably at the expense of his own issues.

During my time at the Bar Pierre has acted as my de facto mentor and has had a great influence on the way I practice and want to practice. I turn to Mr Testart for advice

as to personal and professional issues and find he always answers with the voice of reason.

There is no doubt in my mind that Mr Testart is without question is a suitable person to hold a practicing certificate.

Yours Sincerely,

MD*.

GN*,
Room 1101,
Owen Dixon Chambers West,
Melbourne.

19 June 2006.

The Chief Executive Officer,
Victorian Bar,
5th Floor,
Owen Dixon Chambers East,
205 William Street,
Melbourne 3000.

Attention: Applications Review Committee

Dear Madam,

Pierre Testart – Application for Renewal of Practising Certificate.

I write this letter as a personal reference for the above named, in relation to his application for renewal of a practising certificate for the period 1 July 2006 to 30 June 2007.

I have known the above named for many years, and have shared chambers with him at the above address for a little over a year. In that time, I have come to know him well.

I am aware of his personal circumstances: his two failed marriages, issues with his children, issues with recovering from alcoholism and drug addiction, and issues with both his first and second bankruptcies, as he has discussed these matters with me openly and freely over a course of time.

My belief is that he has attempted, and they made a lean what ailing what can one yet our bomb in my room in doing nobody application for renewal of a practising certificate rotator jeers as far as he is able, to deal with these issues even though he has, from my observation, sometimes been overwhelmed by them.

I have been opposed to him on many occasions, and have had referral work from him, as I have referred work to him on various occasions. I trust him as a member of counsel. He has always been honest with me, and honourable in his dealings with me, and with instructing solicitors to whom I have referred him.

On many occasions, I have discussed with him the problems which he faced in dealing with his debt situation, and taxation matters. While he may have been overwhelmed by those problems in the past, I believe he is making a genuine attempt (and spending considerable time) in dealing with them at present.

Notwithstanding the fact that he continues to be insolvent at present, I believed him to be a suitable person to hold a practising certificate.

Yours faithfully,

GN*.

Pierre H. Testart

C/- Duncan's List

DX 95 Melbourne.

28 February 2007.

Legal Services Commissioner,
9/330 Collins Street,
Melbourne,
VIC 3000.

Your Ref: BAR/05/80

Ms O'Shanassy

Dear Madam,

DISCIPLINARY INVESTIGATION

I have to hand your letter of 21 February 2007.

My reading of it is that you are seeking some input from me before you decide whether or not to take disciplinary action against me. I do not understand your letter to be an indication that, unless I make further submissions to you, you propose to determine whether or not I am actually guilty of the misconduct which you say I may be guilty of.

If I am wrong in my reading of your letter, may I make it clear that before you come to a decision as to my guilt, I seek the opportunity to be heard, and to make submissions, if necessary with representation.

If I am correct in my reading of your letter that you are simply seeking further input from me before you make a decision whether to proceed further, then I make the following points:

- I agree with paragraphs 1 (a) and (b) of the numbered paragraphs in your letter;
- as to subparagraph (c), the sum of money which I provided to my de facto partner was in fact \$50,000 approximately, and she did acquire the property at Lot 2, 190 Chilvers Road in Gippsland;
- I would dispute the assertion in paragraph 2 in your letter;
- In respect of that last mentioned assertion, I would contend that on both a strict technical and a wide liberal interpretation of the law, it cannot be said that I acquired "any real property or any other assets of significance", and in that regard I would point out that the only advantage which I have obtained by such contributions to my de facto partner is some inchoate chose in action under Part IX of the *Property Law Act 1958*;
- An investigation of the circumstances surrounding my financial dealings with my de facto partner will show that she gave good and valuable consideration to me in respect of those payments which I made to her on her behalf (using the expression "good and valuable consideration" in a non-technical, nonlegal, and ordinary sense), from an inheritance which she had every real expectation of receiving, and did receive;
- I had no intention to mislead anyone by making the statement which I did;
- The "penalty" which I paid for being bankrupt, failing to make contributions to my trustee in bankruptcy, and "failing to pay income-tax on further income-tax on further income that I was earning and had earned" [*sic*] (which last mentioned assertion I do not admit), was to incur a further bankruptcy, with very real personal and professional disabilities and consequences;

- Since my second bankruptcy, I have kept up-to-date with contributions, with tax, and with my other obligations in respect thereof.

I might also indicate to you that my de facto partner is currently in negotiations with representatives of my trustee in bankruptcy in respect of the \$50,000 which I paid and in respect of other contributions which my trustee asserts are payable by her to him. Those matters are matters, of course, out of my control; but I would point out that in the event some payment is to become due by my de facto partner to my trustee in bankruptcy, she has assets from which to make good such payment, and accordingly whatever loss may be said to have been occasioned by my actions may well never crystallise.

Of course, it would be disingenuous of me to seek to "play the sympathy card" in these circumstances; I am clear that I must take personal responsibility for my actions and inactions in the past few years.

Having said that, however, I would point out that the background of my financial woes lies in personal and family circumstances which led me to a low ebb, and which, I would hope to say truthfully, I have worked hard to overcome. This matter has been hanging over my head for a very long time, and has caused me a great deal of earnest soul-searching. As I pointed out to the Bar Council in a previous letter, I would seek to distinguish my bankruptcy circumstances from those of some of my more notorious colleagues north of the Victorian border. In those circumstances, I would respectfully submit that you would consider taking no further steps against me.

I look forward to hearing from you as soon as possible. Should you desire to telephone me to discuss any aspect of this letter, please do not hesitate to call me on my mobile phone on XX*x.

Yours faithfully,

Pierre H. Testart.

The LSB Never Stood a Chance

2005-2007

What he *really* thinks...

Being a lawyer is so good when it comes to hiding.

Everyone thinks you'll tell the truth because you have a duty to the court.

As if.

What the fuck do they know.

I'm way too clever for them.

They can go get fucked.

I never tell everything.

Sure I'll admit something if there's no alternative, but really?

Why would I admit to something they didn't even know about.

Still don't know who ratted me out on the land purchase.

But the house.

Fuck me that was gold.

They never saw that coming.

The Legal Services Commissioner was another stupid fucking bitch who only saw what I wanted her to see.

Pity party.

Poor Pierre and all his personal troubles.

You should all feel sorry for me for having such a stupid family, stupid children who bled me dry financially, and a stupid bitch partner who did whatever I wanted.

You took me to fucking VCAT and never once thought to do a title search in that bitches name?

Holy fucking shit how stupid all of you were.

You all believed that poor fucking me story I wove that any other person would see holes in a mile away.

That smoke and mirrors game I played with you was so much fun.

I got you all confused.

You forgot I never gave you the bank statements you asked for.

That was gold.

As soon as I got that past you I knew the Chelsea house was safe.

You were so gullible.

All puffing out your chest thinking you'd got me.

Fuck that was gold.

You all thinking you'd got me while I hid the Chelsea house right in plain sight.

Of course the bankruptcy trustee saw it, and I dealt with it.

But you guys at the LSB? Woweeeeeee that was so much fun.

I had a ball playing the woebegone martyr at your expense.

I strung you out for such a long time.

All deliberate of course.

A good lawyer will make your case last three years, a great lawyer will make it last for six years.

I'm a great lawyer; just ask me.

I had you guys dancing to my tune for so long.

What a game it was.

You all thought you had me.

As if.

I played you like a well tuned violin.

You never realised what was happening.

I loved it.

You could have got me, if you'd paid any attention to what I was doing.

As if.

You couldn't see anything.

You all thought being a lawyer would mean something to me.

As if.

Nothing means anything to me except meeting my own needs.

What I want I get.

I want property.

I get property.

I want something on my dick.

I get something on my dick.

I want a character reference.

Ha. How easy it is to massage people into giving that to me.

Everyone thinks I'm the best thing in their life.

They're the lucky ones who aren't on my dick.

It's the women who end up on my dick that get destroyed.

The others just get contaminated by my pornstar fingers if they hang around me too long.

Yeah.

Pornstar fingers.

Lisa came up with that one.

I love it.

I'd never tell her that though. She's a cunt and deserves everything she got.

But I do love the pornstar moniker.

She thinks it's because everything I touch I end up fucking.

I'll give her that one. It's a crumb.

I love it because I am a pornstar in my own cinematic life.

I'm a fucking stud.

I fuck for hours with enough viagra in me.

I need to fuck for hours just to deal with the rage inside me that nothing seems to take the edge off except for sex.

I love sex.

I need sex.

Without sex I am nothing.

Fuck. If I couldn't have sex what would I do?

Sex is my weapon of choice.

I might have a small dick but I have a big ego and a libido to match.

Getting away with the Chelsea property was like nothing I've ever experienced.

I fucked over the entire Legal Services Board, their investigators, the VCAT members, my friends, the judicial officers who gave me character references, and anyone else that supported me.

I fucked them all and they don't even know it.

How awesome is that?

You get it, right?

I am a goddamned pornstar and don't you forget it.

I'm fucking Pierre H Testart and I got away with cheating the system, big time.

Not a single one of you saw me do it.

Like Bart Simpson, if you didn't see me do it, then did it really happen.

Oh joy of joys.

So much fun.

So fucking easy to do.

I love it.

I love being a lawyer.

I love seeing everyone go blind around me.

A fucking pornstar.

Yippee.

The Verdict - Guilty 2007

VICTORIAN CIVIL AND ADMINISTRATIVE TRIBUNAL

CIVIL DIVISION

Legal Practice LIST	vcata reference No. J105/2007
CATCHWORDS	
<i>Legal Practice Act 1996 – S.137(b) – misconduct – gifting of money to de facto partner whilst bankrupt and not making payments to trustee or paying tax – whether letter to Bar Ethics Committee misleading.</i>	

APPLICANT:	Legal Services Commissioner
RESPONDENT:	Pierre Testart
WHERE HELD:	Melbourne
BEFORE:	His Honour Judge Bowman, Member P Harper, & Member S McKenzie
date of hearing:	25 September 2007
date of REASONS:	22 November 2007
CITATION	Legal Services Commissioner v Testart (Legal Practice) [2007] VCAT 2234

Orders

1. First charge of misconduct relating to payment of money to de facto partner whilst bankrupt found proven.
2. Second charge of misconduct relating to letter to Bar Ethics Committee dismissed.
3. Further hearing in relation to penalty adjourned to a date to be fixed.

4. Question of any ancillary orders reserved.
5. Liberty to apply.

Judge Bowman Acting President	Member P Harper	Member S McKenzie
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APPEARANCES:

For the Applicant: Mr Star of Counsel, instructed by the Legal Services Commissioner.

For the Respondent: Mr Billings of Counsel, instructed by Cariss & Company.

Reasons for decision

general background

1. This matter comes before us as a result of charges laid pursuant to s.151(2) of the *Legal Practice Act 1996* (“the *1996 Act*”). It then finds its way before this Tribunal as a result of the transitional provisions contained in Schedule 2 of the *Legal Profession Act 2004*.
2. The charges concerned are those of misconduct within the meaning of s.137(b) of the *1996 Act*. The misconduct defined in that sub-section is as follows:-

“Conduct by a legal practitioner or firm that is unconnected with legal practice but that would justify a finding that the practitioner or firm is not of good character or is otherwise unsuited to engage in legal practice.”

The charges are laid against a barrister, Pierre Testart (“Testart”) by the Legal Services Commissioner (“the LSC”).

1. The first such charge could be summarised as follows. Testart, between 28th August 2003 and 25 February 2004, whilst a bankrupt and failing to make contributions to his trustee and failing to pay income tax on further income that he had earned, made a payment of at least \$50,000.00 to his de facto partner, Ms Blair, which enabled her to acquire a block of land in Gippsland (“the land”). The second charge is that Testart made a misleading statement to the Bar Ethics Committee in a letter of 28th July 2005, this statement being to the effect that, whilst bankrupt, he did not acquire any real property or any other asset of significance. It should be added that Testart became bankrupt for a second time after filing a debtor’s petition in 2005, and the events which form the subject matter of the charges occurred between the occurrence of his first bankruptcy on 24th November 1998, following a creditor’s petition by the Australian Taxation Office (“the ATO”), and the date of the second bankruptcy. By way of background, it should also be added that, as a result of Testart’s failure to pay all contributions in relation to his first bankruptcy, the term of that bankruptcy was extended. During the period between the bankruptcies, Testart continued to practice as a barrister.

presentation of the case

1. Mr Star of counsel appeared on behalf of the LSC. Mr Billings of counsel appeared on behalf of Testart. No oral evidence was adduced, and the matter proceeded by way of careful and detailed submissions.

a preliminary point

1. Mr Billings raised a preliminary point in relation to possible duplicity contained in the first charge, being the charge relating to the payment to Ms Blair during the period of the first bankruptcy. Mr Billing’s submission could be summarised as being on the basis that s.137(b) of the *1996 Act* refers to conduct by a practitioner that would justify a

finding that such a practitioner was not of good character or was otherwise unsuited to engage in legal practice. These allegations, submitted by Mr Billings, are alternatives, but the LSC had not identified the alternative on which it was proceeding.

2. A ruling was given in relation to this preliminary point. In essence, we did not accept Mr Billing's argument. We found that the charge had been set out clearly and in full, as had the evidence in support of the charge. In addition, Testart had admitted the truth of all factual matters alleged. He knew exactly what he was facing and had admitted the evidentiary foundation. In addition, in disciplinary proceedings such as these, the rule in relation to duplicity is not absolute. Procedural fairness had been observed. No injustice had been caused, particularly bearing in mind the admission of all factual matters and the details provided in relation to the charge and its supporting material. We stated that we were confident that no injustice would be caused. Accordingly, we ruled that the matter should proceed in relation to both charges. A lengthier version of this ruling can be found in the transcript.

the case on behalf of the lsc

1. The detailed submission of Mr Star on behalf of the LSC could be briefly summarised as follows.
2. The facts are not controversial. They have all been admitted.
3. In relation to the first charge, it is clear that, whilst a bankrupt and not honouring his obligations to pay amounts to his trustee in bankruptcy, and whilst not paying ongoing tax, Testart paid amounts to his partner from his earnings. These amounts would appear to have totalled something in excess of \$90,000.00. The first charge is based upon a payment in the order of \$50,000.00 used by Testart's partner for the

purchase of what could be described as a recreational block of land. It should be noted that, as we said from the bench during the hearing, the fact that it is alleged that the payments made to Ms Blair exceeded \$90,000.00 and the charge is based upon a payment of \$50,000.00 does not concern us. We do not regard this as something which has a prejudicial effect in relation to our opinion of Testart or the charge against him. It seems to us that, whether the amount paid to Ms Blair be \$50,000.00 or \$90,000.00 (and it is to be remembered that the factual basis of the charge is admitted), the alleged offence remains much the same.

4. Returning to Mr Star's submission, whilst Testart has not been prosecuted for any criminal offence, it is submitted that this does not prevent a finding of misconduct. By not paying his tax, he has increased the burden on tax payers generally. Authority is referred to in this regard. Furthermore, he accumulated significant sums of money from his earnings, and applied part of these earnings to the purchase of land by his de facto partner. Reference is made to the decision of *NSW Bar Association v Hamman* (1999) 217 ALR 553. The reputation of the legal profession is damaged by conduct such as this. Reference is also made to the frequently cited statement of Kitto J in *Ziems v The Prothonotary of the Supreme Court of NSW* (1957) 97 CLR 279. High standards are expected of barristers.
5. Testart's behaviour was quite deliberate. His behaviour brings the legal profession into disrepute and constitutes misconduct even though no conviction for any criminal offence resulted.
6. In relation to the second charge, whilst the passage in Testart's letter of 28th July 2005 to the Bar Ethics Committee may have been technically correct, in that he did not personally acquire any real property or any other assets of significance during the course of his first bankruptcy,

this was in fact a “half-truth”. The letter suggests that he had done his best to apply whatever funds he had to meet his obligations to the ATO and his trustee in bankruptcy, but had not been able so to do after paying for the necessities of life. The misleading nature of this statement constitutes misconduct.

the submissions on behalf of Testart

1. The submissions of Mr Billings on behalf of Testart could be summarised as follows.
2. In relation to the first charge, Testart’s behaviour occurred in a “one-off” situation, and he faces one charge. The matters alleged in the preface to the charge – namely, that he was bankrupt, failing to make contributions to his trustee, and failing to pay further income tax – are not in themselves matters which form the substance of charges against Testart. They simply provide the background for the charge that has been laid. Accordingly, much of what has been said in the New South Wales cases involving barristers not paying tax or putting in taxation returns for many years is not relevant. Some of those cases also involve very large sums of money, much larger than that involved in the present case. In essence, Testart made a “one-off” gift to his partner at a time when she required financial assistance to purchase a block of land and Testart had no hope of meeting his financial commitments to the ATO in any event. Any earlier or other dealings between Testart and the ATO are also not relevant to this charge. In the particular circumstances of this case, Testart’s conduct was not such as to establish that he is not of good character or is otherwise unsuited to engage in legal practice.
3. In relation to the second charge, this has simply not been made out. The information given by Testart to the Bar Ethics Committee in his letter of 28th July 2005 was accurate. Whilst bankrupt, he did not acquire

any real property or asset of significance. He did not acquire any beneficial interest in any such property or asset. It is quite clear from what he said in his Public Examination on oath to the Federal Court that the money in question was gifted to his partner. If ever a question should arise as to the ownership of the land, he would find it virtually impossible to resile from this position. Following the examination, neither Testart's trustee in bankruptcy nor the ATO took the issue of the ownership of the land any further.

RULING

1. In our opinion, the first charge has been proven, but the second charge has not been made out. We have arrived at those conclusions for the following reasons.
2. We accept the argument advanced by Mr Billings that many of the matters set out in the Notice of Charges, insofar as they relate to the first charge, are matters of background and not charges in themselves. The misconduct with which Testart is charged is specifically limited to events occurring between 28th August 2003 and 25th February 2004 when, whilst bankrupt, failing to make contribution to his trustee, and failing to pay income tax on further income he was earning, he made payments to his partner enabling her to acquire the land. That is the charge which has been laid, and the charge with which we are dealing.
3. The obligations of legal practitioners in general and barristers in particular to attend to their taxation responsibilities have been outlined in a number of decisions, and particularly in New South Wales. We need not go through them again here. Those decisions assist in highlighting the attitude which the Courts have taken to legal practitioners and their responsibilities in relation to compliance with taxation laws. We also accept that misconduct can exist in circumstances such as these without a conviction for a criminal offence having been recorded.

4. In the present case, Testart, whilst bankrupt and failing to make payments to his trustee in bankruptcy or in respect of his ongoing taxation liabilities, earned income and made substantial payments from that income to his partner. This has been admitted, and his excuses for so doing are completely inadequate. In his sworn evidence of 16th June 2005 given to the Federal Court of Australia, Testart stated that he chose to apply monies he had earned in order to fund members of his family rather than to pay contributions to his trustee in bankruptcy. In his letter to the Bar Ethics Committee of 15th November 2005, Testart stated the following:-

“At the time that I made the contribution in question, I did not consciously turn my mind to any contest of priorities between assisting my partner with the purchase of the land and paying a pre-existing tax debt. From my point of view, had I thought about it, I believe I would have seen it as futile to pay further monies to the Australian Taxation Office in view of the fact that I knew I was continue (sic) to be bankrupt for a very long time, and that any money which I paid to it would not have any reasonable prospect of expunging my debt.

I was, on some level, although I did not specifically turn my mind to the question, aware of the fact that, whatever monies I had available to me, they would not be enough to pay my tax debt, when it crystallised. As to my taxation affairs, I had long before despaired of being able to make any inroads into the matter.”

These explanations are far from satisfactory.

1. To our minds, the siphoning-off of substantial sums, whether they be by way of gifts or otherwise, by Testart in circumstances where he was not making his payments to his trustee in bankruptcy nor paying

ongoing tax on his earnings, constitutes misconduct. It is conduct essentially unconnected with his legal practice, but is such as to justify a finding that he is not of good character or is otherwise unsuited to engage in legal practice. It is also sufficient to satisfy the long-established test in relation to misconduct at common law by a professional person. It is conduct which would be reasonably regarded as disgraceful or dishonourable by members of the profession who are of good repute and competency. Testart is a barrister. As was said by Kitto J in *Ziems*, being a barrister carries with it exceptional privileges and exceptional obligations. Testart's conduct in the present case falls short of what is required. His conduct, in diverting monies obtained from his earnings to his partner in a situation where he had the other obligations to which we have referred, is conduct likely to jeopardise the reputation and standing of the legal profession, to use the words of Mason P in *Hamman*.

2. In summary, we find the first charge proven.
3. We do not find the second charge proven. We simply do not find that the statement in question was misleading. On the basis of the admitted facts, Testart's statement as set out in his letter to the Bar Ethics Committee of 28th July 2005 was completely accurate. There is nothing to suggest that, during the period of his first bankruptcy, he did acquire any real property or other assets of significance. Certainly, and improperly, he gave substantial sums of money to his partner. At his public examination, he has given evidence on oath that these amounts were gifts. His partner used those amounts to assist her in purchasing a recreational block of land, but it is not suggested that Testart became a registered proprietor. Given his previous sworn evidence that the monies were gifted to his partner, it would also be extremely difficult for him to assert that, should it become an issue, he has acquired a beneficial interest in the land.

4. Mr Star has submitted that the statement is a “half-truth”. It may be that some suspicion exists as to exactly what has occurred in relation to these monies and this land, but, on the basis of the material before us, what Testart conveyed to the Committee was not a “half-truth”, but was correct and accurate.
5. Accordingly, the second charge is dismissed.
6. In relation to the first charge, we shall hear submissions as to penalty on a date that is convenient to the parties.

Judge Bowman Acting President	Member P Harper	Member S McKenzie
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The Half Truth and Nowhere Near the Truth 2007

What he *really* thinks...

Well, fuck me.

“it would also be extremely difficult for him to assert that, should it become an issue, he has acquired a beneficial interest in the land”

Now I can't fuck over that stupid bitch and get my money back.

Why the had to go and include that I'll never understand.

Who do they think they are.

Jumped up pretend judges.

They think they stitched me up.

I'll show them.

I'll show them all.

They didn't find the Chelsea property, so I'll still get something.

I'll just go out and get another property and use the Chelsea one as equity.

Simple.

I'll do it.

I deserve it.

I paid for everything after all.

My money.

She doesn't deserve it.

I'll get it one way or another.

Questions / Activities:

When does a risk assessment need to be done?

What do you see in his actions with the Legal Services Board?

What are the patterns of remorse, and how do they assist him?

How does he manipulate the reader?

What He Really Thinks

The Gaslighters Inner Monologue

What he *really* thinks...AKA - Who's Got The Gas!

People believe whatever I tell them.

I'm just so believable.

They're so gullible and stupid after all.

Why wouldn't they believe me?

I can't help it if they force me to tell them lies.

It's their fault after all.

They shouldn't make me feel bad.

They shouldn't ask questions.

They should just trust me.

They force me to do this.

I wouldn't have to make shit up if they just flied right and didn't challenge what I say.

It's their fault I deceive them.

They're always at me to tell them what I'm doing.

It's my life.

I don't have to tell them shit.

I don't have to tell Brother Chapman shit.

We don't dob at St Kevin's.

We don't say shit to the Christian Brothers.

Assholes.

It's a team effort here.

No one breaks ranks.

No one tells those Wombat Christian Brothers a goddamn thing.

Never tell.

Never own up to anything.

Never offer up anything.

Always hide the truth to protect yourself and the team.

I always have to keep shit safe from you stupid bitches, and the others who come sniffing after me to trip me up like the Legal Services Board.

Everyone trusts me to tell the truth like being a lawyer is a badge of honour or something.

Fuck me, I wouldn't do it if you just left me alone to do what I wanted.

Why can't you just get off my case and shut up.

Why don't you just accept what I say.

It'd be so much easier if you did.

You make me bring out the angry Pierre.

It's your fault I do this.

You should know better.

You shouldn't question me.

You shouldn't make me feel less than.

You make me do it.

It's your fault.

Why can't you see it my way for a change?

Just fucking build a bridge and get over it for a change.

I know you want more; tough.

I'm never going to give you anymore than I want to.

I love making you feel bad about questioning me.

I love making it all about you.

I love watching the conflict in you as you try to figure out what just happened.

I love seeing you so confused that you forget about my transgression altogether.

I love knowing I can do that to you.

I love seeing you walk away as if you'd just been punched.

I love feeling your pain, tasting your confusion, seeing you so troubled.

Makes me seem so gracious when I forgive you later on for being so bad to me.

Fuck I love this game so much.

I'm so good at it.

I'm so fucking good at making you doubt everything you knew.

I'm so fucking good at twisting you into knots so tight you don't know which is way
and which way is down.

I'm sucking you dry and it feels glorious.

You aren't fresh meat any more.

Better get you ready.

Have to make you so bad that everyone will believe me when I call you the abuser.

Have to send you crazy...batshit crazy.

Such fun.

I love this part.

I love the way you look at me with such love and distress, full of care and concern, wanting us to be ok again.

As if.

You're tired meat, not fresh meat.

I need fresh meat.

I need new adoration and attention.

I need new stroking of my dick and my ego.

I need anything that isn't you.

I hate you.

I hate the way you beg me.

I hate the way you cling to me.

I hate all of you.

What did I ever see in you?

You're a millstone around my neck.

I need to walk lightly.

I need to run far away from you so you don't contaminate my next hostage.

Why can't you just disappear.

I don't want you.

I never loved you.

I never cared about you.

You were just a means to an end, and that end was getting my dick wet.

You were never going to last.

I'm off to hunt now.

Fresh meat.

What fun.

The Women

What he *really* thinks...

How I love having a woman adore me.

I love the hunt, the chase, and how easy it is to have them slide onto my dick.

I love the control I have.

It's so fucking easy.

They're all such dumbfucks when it comes to the hunt.

A few questions and I know all about them.

They love to vomit their life into my bowl so I can sip at it.

I sip and taste their vulnerabilities, their weaknesses, their stupidity.

I work my way into their heart and then I break it with a million paper cuts.

When the charm doesn't work, they'd better watch out.

I'm a raging wild beast and they'd better watch out.

I'm a raging bull.

I lash out.

I bite, kick, hit, punch, and smash everything to pieces.

But they all forgive me.

They want to see me all loving and kind, just as they remember me.

Fat chance.

I give them crumbs.

They latch onto the crumbs like Hansel and Gretel, refusing to see.

I love it.

I love that they hang on for so long.

It's such great fun.

I sucked Veronica in when she was still a carefree young thing.

I put her through law school because I always want my women to be adornments.

I puff them up, make them feel so confident.

And then I yank it all away.

Don't get too smart, or too busy.

Don't forget I have a dick here that needs constant servicing.

Don't forget that I take priority, bitch.

I can take it all away in a heartbeat.

I can take all my money away.

You'll be fucked.

I love that.

I love knowing I can do that to you.

I love knowing you'll be helpless if I do.

I love your dependancy on me. Truly I do. I created it. I need it as much as the drug highs.

It's such a rush watching you turn yourself inside out to make me happy.

You're all so fucking weak and stupid.

No wonder I fucked the secretary for so long.

She thought I cared about her.

It was just a convenience.

Sure made her much more productive at work when she knew she had the boss to ride.

Fucked off the bitch and the broom she rode in on when I met Veronica.

Fresh meat.

Tasty, tender, sweet.

One of those sweet young things I love to mentor.

Ripe for the picking.

Full of trauma.

Full of the vomit I lapped up.

I just gave her the vomit back, and she loved it.

She thought I had empathy and sympathy.

Fuck that shit and the horse it rode in on.

I just pretend because that's what you have to do to look good in society.

I just pretend.

I read the room and the people in it and fit myself into it.

Empathy? Me? Moi? Fuck no. Just a prodigious memory and an ability to throw obscure quotes around that make me look good.

I don't give a fuck about any of them.

All they're good for is fucking.

If only they'd learn to shut the fuck up they'd be perfect ejaculation vessels.

I hate having to use my hands.

I prefer a warm soft place to blow in.

I don't care if they're willing or not.

They know not to refuse me.

They know I'm dangerous.

They know I can hurt them.

I love it.

I love seeing their bodies laid out in front of me so I can do what I want.

I soak up their adoration and love.

They get nothing back.

I pretend. They believe it.

Fucking idiots.

No wonder I don't feel any guilt when I'm fucking someone behind their backs.

No fucking guilt.

Why would I.

I don't feel anything anyway, so guilt is a useless emotion.

I don't have consequences either.

Why can't they see that my way is so much better.

Why do they all harp on about fucking shitty details.

Why can't they fucking get it through their thick heads that rules only apply to them, not me.

I'm not like them.

I'm special.

Better.

No rules for me.

Rules for non special people.

I'm so much smarter than them; just ask me.

But I hide it.

I learned not to stand out.

But I expect your respect every single moment of our time together.

Watch out.

I will destroy you.

You will run away from me.

But you always come back, you stupid bitches always do.

So predictable.

You always bleat on about emotions, feelings, blah blah blah.

The Harem

What he *really* thinks...

I love the way they flutter around me.

They adore me.

They respect me.

They need me.

I've trained them well.

"Call me at inconvenient times"

They wonder how someone so powerful could give them so much time.

It's so fucking easy.

They are so fucking stupid.

They think I care about them and their petty lives, their petty clients, their petty smallness in everything.

They only exist to serve my needs.

They love how I flirt with them.

All the female lawyers who think I'm a god.

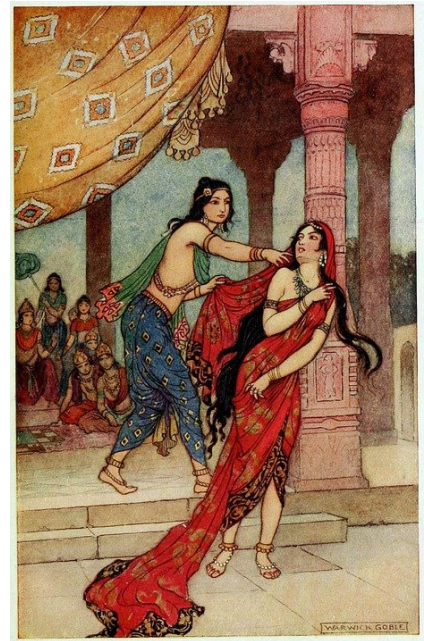
They hang off my every word.

They can't get enough of me.

They'll do anything for me.

They'll even pay me cash in brown paper bags.

Fuck I've trained them well.



I've gotten under their guard and they don't even realise I'm pulling strings like a puppet.

They believe everything I tell them about that bitch, Lisa.

Lisa is a bitch.

Lisa is my abuser.

Lisa is a perpetrator.

Lisa is a perpetrator of domestic violence towards me because she just won't stay dead or shut the fuck up.

That stupid bitch up in Shepparton thinks nothing of supporting me when that bitch, Lisa, refused to let me walk away and started family law proceedings against me.

I'll teach her a lesson she'll never forget.

I love destroying these stupid women.

I love working the court like a prized conductor leading an orchestra.

I love it when that bitch is made to look so goddamn stupid.

I fucking love it that I get away with shit because I'm a fucking respected barrister.

I did it with the first bitch, ex-wife number 1.

Lisa is payback for those other two I couldn't touch.

Destroying Lisa is so much fun.

Watching everyone around me believe the smear campaign makes me feel so good.

Everyone that believes me over her is one more fix in my drug addict heart.

Everyone took my side and it was so fucking easy to do.

Everyone believes the addict in recovery bullshit I spout.

No one expects me to lie.

It's so much fun to watch everyone believe me.

And Lisa is so fucking predictable.

Just like every other bitch out there who doesn't do what they're told.

They react so predictably.

No one will ever believe them because I've made it impossible for them.

Who would ever think such a loving, charismatic guy like me could do anything like she's accusing me of.

Please, I'm better than that.

I'm an addict in recovery don't you know.

I'm a god.

I am special.

She's just a loser.

She deserves everything she gets because she stopped believing that I was who I said I was.

She deserves it all for seeing me when I made it very clear she wasn't to see me.

She means nothing to me.

She's just sport now.

It's fantastic seeing how far I can go.

I never lie.

I always tell the truth.

I'm a barrister after all.

I'm a rare and special individual and you're not.

You deserve everything, you bitch.

I'm going to destroy you.

I love it.

I just love the fact that I can do it.

I love that there is never going to be a consequence for anything.

She is nothing to me.

Who's going to believe her over me?

She's just a batshit crazy woman like every other stupid bitch crying about being a victim.

I'm the real victim here and don't you forget it.

I'm the victim.

Me.

Look at me.

I'm the victim.

Why would you believe that piece of trash I picked up and pretended to love all those years?

Everyone knows she's just a gold digging piece of trash.

Everyone knows that I deserve to get everything.

Everyone tells me I deserve it all because I paid for everything.

Fuck it's great to have so many who feed my black heart and tell me I deserve everything.

I never tire of the flying monkeys and sweet young things who flutter around me like moths to a flame.

I singe their wings every time they get close to me, but they never feel it.

Sooner or later they will stop being useful and I'll walk.

Until then, come closer my pretties, even the old uglies, and let me feel the warmth from your adoring faces as you soak up my shit like it was gold.

The Affair 2009

That Fateful Dinner Date 2009

Her Story...

It was a Friday afternoon; I watched you walk away from me on your way to have dinner with an old friend. Little did I know that this would be the day I started to live a life of pain and anguish that would culminate in huge growth and self-awareness that I could never have dreamt of.

We met online, March 30 2009, and started living together April 24th. I was managing a tall ship and you were a lawyer. Our paths would never have crossed if it hadn't been for a fortuitous chance meeting online, and we clicked straight away.

You made me laugh, you listened to me, doing all the small things I craved and didn't even know I needed so badly. You filled my heart up and it overflowed for the first time in my life.

I felt completely cherished and loved, and you felt as if you had stumbled into a cool, clear lake after being in a sexual desert for many years with no physical intimacy of any kind that really mattered to you. Together we found a soulmate in each other and we blossomed, each nurturing and supporting the other as we explored who we were and what we were becoming.

We had talked about me working for you, and I resisted because I was not prepared to be totally dependent on you, for reasons I couldn't quite pin down. Over the next few months it became harder for me to remain in my job as I clashed with the organisations chairman, ending up in hospital at one stage with a panic attack. So, we talked, and we tossed it around until it became something we could both manage.

So, that fateful day in July, a Friday, July 3rd, is one that is etched into my mind with laser like precision. I can still see you walking away from me towards the central

CBD; I can still feel the slightly squirming feeling in the pit of my stomach as I wondered why I felt so uncomfortable about you going to dinner without me. I can still see the eagerness with which you turned from me and went on your way, leaving me to find my way home alone. We had been so close and inseparable that any separation was noticeable. I can still feel the heaviness in my feet as I walked back to our home, alone.

I started working for you July 1st, 2009, to coincide with the new financial year. I had been working with you for just three days. I felt like a fish out of water and surrounded by a strange new life. You were so afraid of being seen to be having a relationship with me that we tried to maintain some distance, but those closest to you knew. It was difficult for me, pretending to be one thing while being another and it did not sit well with me. I was very glad when we started to relax into our working life and developed a routine that worked, and I was happy not having to hide who I was from others. The day finally came when it didn't matter that we were in a relationship, but that took some time.

Those early months were so full of fun and the feeling of being connected to another person was exhilarating. I cannot remember a time I felt so cherished or cared for, but a darkness was in the wings and I didn't even see it coming.

There was a lot I had to learn about. Your phone was a lifeline to your work, and it was something that I had to learn to accept. I took for granted that every time you used it was for work or friends. How was I to know otherwise? Why would I even suspect that you hid a secret from me so big it would almost tear us apart?

How was I to know that the person I loved was in a torrid relationship with someone else?

I had a lot to get used to. I knew nothing about your work or the business lifestyle associated with it, and took you at face value as you walked away from me that night. I did wonder why I wasn't included, but not really knowing anything about your working life, I didn't question. If I had looked at your calendar that day I would have

seen a different name in your diary, but I didn't see it until much later, and so I was blissfully unaware of the trauma that was starting on that night that was yet to hit.

I accepted your words because of who you were. You had 10 years of sobriety in a 12 step program of recovery and your words said integrity and honesty to my heart. I believed you. I had no reason to doubt you; we had talked about so much stuff that I thought I knew you intimately in every way there was to know a person, and you gave of yourself so freely. You gave me full access to your bank accounts, email accounts and anything else I needed to have in order to manage your work practice. How stupid I felt when I realised the information I needed was at my fingertips all along.

But, that night, I didn't know and I couldn't have known, that you were eager to be gone from me and into the arms of another woman. A woman who seemed exciting and mysterious, a bit wounded and needing a knight in shining armour (because that's who you are, a knight in shining armour) and who was also a bit dangerous.

It was like being in a candy store with two women...the dangerous one and the soft and gentle one who cherished you...what a choice you had.

The Proposal

On 30 October 2009 Pierre returned from the October 2009 family law circuit in Shepparton.

This was the day he proposed to me.

I didn't know he was having an affair.

I was so happy.

I wasn't to find out until 22 June 2010, and by then we were married.

From: Pierre Testart

Sent: Friday, 23 October 2009 12:34 PM

To: XXXXXXX

Subject:

Dear XXXXX,

Congratulations! Great news for you, and a real opportunity to capitalise on the publicity, etc.

On my side of the fence, things are a little darker, I'm afraid. My chamber-mate, NK*, lost consciousness last night (heart attack? stroke? Who knows?), and took quite a severe fall, hurting his head. He's had stitches and is in hospital, and his attendance on circuit next week is in doubt.

If he can't go, I may have to do quite a lot of work on briefs that he'll end up having to flick to me. If he can go, I'll in all likelihood have to drive him up to Shepparton, and act as general nursemaid. ; - @

The upshot is that I won't be in Xxxxxx on Sunday night, and I may be busier than I had anticipated during the week.

Why don't you give me a ring on Monday morning, when I have a better idea of what's happening, and maybe we can get together for lunch during the week?

By the way, I haven't heard from Slater & Gordon, so assume I won't be having the honour of appearing on your behalf on Monday...

Cheers,

Pierre Testart

Barrister

From: Pierre Testart

Subject: FW: Xxxx Xxxx

Date: 27 November 2009 at 9:16:02 am AEDT

To: Lisa Xxxxx

Hey, Hon.

I dealt with this client a few circuits ago -- ?? Feb 09 ??

Watch the allegations start to fly! I wouldn't be surprised to get a complaint to the Legal Services Commissioner...

Pierre Testart

Barrister

That Email 22 June 2010

From: XX*

Date: 22 June 2010 13:19:50 GMT+10:00

To: Pierre Testart

Subject: FW: Pierre Testart fees

Hello Pierre,

This email follows several emails between Chris and myself in relation to your account. I have advised Chris that I will not be paying your part of Slater and Gordon's account totalling \$3000. The reasons for this relate to your conduct as my Barrister between May and October last year.

Along with forwarding Chris details of your text messages I received last year (see attached document), I have also advised him of your intention to take me to SS*'s home (during Court lunch recess) on Thursday 6th August 2009 at approx 1.20 pm for sex. As you may remember, I refused, stating I would feel uncomfortable in my ex husband's Lawyers home. You instead stayed overnight with me in XX*x on the evening of August 6th.

I have also sought independent legal advice, from a respected Law Firm in Albury, who advised your conduct was completely unacceptable and that the Bar Council's view of your actions would result in serious consequences against you.

On their advice, this email requests your withdrawal of your fees of \$3000 immediately. Otherwise, you leave me no option than to pursue a complaint against you.

Please advise your instructions by return email.

The Text Messages 22 June 2010

STRICTLY PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL

The following text messages were received from Pierre Testart:

28/5/09 8.30pm

•Sorry. Loud surroundings and lots of people. Would be very pleased to have dinner with you when all this is over

31/5/09 5.24pm

•Can't this Friday Flying out to Tassie Friday evening; return Monday. Coming to Shepp Tuesday- wanna meet me there?

1/7/09 2.38pm

•Women should be obscene and not absurd

4/7/09 4.30pm

•Hi. Thought of you a lot today: lots of pleasure and no guilt. You and I both, it seems, kiss deliciously together. Looking forward to the next kiss and to seeing your knickers in their entirety- as they come slowly down over your hips.

6/7/09 8.23pm

•“I like hanky panky- nothing like a good spanky. I don't wanna cry. I just want some hanky-panky guy.”

16/7/09 1.25pm

•Comme tu dis, as they say, “like you say.” Don't know about the morning after....Suspect it would be challenging for me. My real problem is thinking about the morning after before the night before. And you so delectable and all!! Sorry it's been so long; lots going on @work, and generally shagged out.

16/7/09 2.02pm

•Thing is I'd still like to do all those other things we both divert ourselves thinking and writing about!! Ai, Caramba!! Work is shagging me more thoroughly than my woman can at the moment. Looking forward to the hug/snog combo, though, whatever happens.....

7/8/09 8.52 am

•Sorry, didn't see this till I stopped at Pucka to have breakfast. The great thing is I can still smell you!! I too missed our kiss goodbye, but I'm glad X & X were spared the sight of me in those circumstances. Loved our night. Loved what we did. Love what we'll do in the future. Have a good day vixen.

7/8/09 9.28am

•Don't! I dare ya!

7/8/09 10.05 am

•I can't wait for the opportunity to give you one of those unassisted by machinery...

7/8/09 10.09 am

•And you looked it!! Seldom seen anything so stimulating in real life.

7/8/09 10.15 am

•You're very welcome. I'm sure!! The trouble you went to for my sake is gratefully acknowledged.

10/8/09 12.37 pm

•So, three orgasms before breakfast , eh? Boasting will get you anywhere. Fortunately, I too was kept busy on the weekend...Still remember our encounter, though, with pleasure on the recollection XX* lady. Hope this finds you well and juicy.

10/8/09 7.03 pm (In reference to MF* from SS*'s office)

•I suspect autism. Such a huge pain in the arse could not be the result of normality. Monday morning before Court- could be OK. Can't commit right now, but will try to fit it in, as the actress said to the bishop.

10/8/09 7.12 pm (In reference to MF*)

•You should try "taking instructions" from her, as we Barristers call getting briefed by a solicitor. She is a cross between Pippi Longstocking and the Wicked Witch of the West, with the sex appeal of neither...

27/8/09 9.28 pm

•I too could think of easing a thumping head of mine, with your cooperation. In Canberra for a case.

2/9/09 9.27 pm

•Cheers. Sorry I haven't been in communication. Too much shit going on, not enough time. Hope this finds you well and frisky. How's the property settlement shit going? Ok, I trust.

29/9/09 6.34 pm

•Hey miss XX*. I've had 1 of those days. Wouldn't mind being in full voice with your good self right now, howling my orgasm into your waiting....hopefully eager...

29/9/09 6.50 pm

•Grrr

29/9/09 6.57 pm

•Oh yes, and many happy returns!! May the next year bring you more joy than you ever hoped for, and less pain than you ever feared.

29/10/09 6.29 pm

•HI. Sorry to be so uncommunicative, frenzy reigns on the work front (neo-Nazi tattoo v Bogan Princess of the Streaming Ovaries). Will try to surface sometime around lunch time tomorrow, but not sure. May have NK* and scar in tow.

That Duck

Her Story...

Reading the email and having my world collapse from under me was the most gut wrenching experience I've ever had.

We were 8 days from our month long honeymoon overseas, a trip I had been excitedly planning for 6 months. I felt horrid and didn't know how I was going to manage being the happy newlywed after having this dumped on me.

8 days! I think I spent those 8 days in abject misery howling at the moon inside as I tried to show a brave face to the world.

I couldn't talk to anyone because no one believed me. At times I broke down at work, and those were hard days.

I remember leaning against the windows in your office wishing the glass would just melt and I could fall to the street below and end my pain. It was then that I reached out for help from a professional.

I'll never forget her words to me '*if it walks like a duck, sounds like a duck, looks like a duck, then it probably is a duck!*'

I needed to hear that even if I wasn't able to do anything with it at the time.

This psychologist gave me strategies to use to allow me to talk about the inconsistencies I found in my husband's story, and I used them to help me put the information in front of him.

Despite this, my husband was still in denial and just kept lying to me to save himself from what he saw as a no-win situation. Damned if he did admit, damned if he didn't.

I only challenged my husband once about this and it was over his phone records. To me, the time when he was out with a fellow solicitor on that fateful Friday, didn't ring true from the phone records, so I found the courage to say to my husband 'this looks like a date from the pattern of calls/texts to this one number'.

His response was simply 'I know how it looks, but trust me, I don't know how my phone was in those locations.'

You have to trust me, I wouldn't do anything to hurt you.

You have to trust me; my recovery means more to me than doing that to you.

How naive I was to take this at face value.

You were, and still are, the asshole who was able to look me in the eye and do what you do best; lie without a shred of guilt.

You are Pierre H Testart, a family law barrister meant to be held to a higher standard than the mere mortal lay people that surround you, the 'punters' who have no idea how dirty you are.

You're part of a profession that still doesn't have any prohibition on you having sex with a client, and that gives you an 'out'.

You're part of a profession that hides dirty practitioners behind closed doors because everyone is afraid of being seen as a dobber. We can't have that, can we? Lawyers have a code of honour and integrity after all.

The casual way you spoke about me in those text messages you sent HER.

The way you threw away everything sacred to us was a heartbreaker.

- Thought of you a lot today: lots of pleasure and no guilt.
- Loved our night. Loved what we did. Love what we'll do in the future.

- And you looked it!! Seldom seen anything so stimulating in real life.
- Work is shagging me more thoroughly than my woman can at the moment.

I knew that every word in those text messages came from you.

I knew.

I saw it.

Yet I didn't see it.

I didn't see you as I should have.

I was blind.

I loved you.

I wanted you to be the man I married, not the lying piece of shit before me.

I desperately tried to prove her wrong; prove you right. But I couldn't.

Everything I saw confirmed her truth, not yours.

You were the powerful barrister, the powerful man who'd chosen me, the quiet church mouse woman.

I loved you.

I really did.

You just outright lied to me and I sucked it up like the poison it was and let it permeate every cell of my body.

I had to go blind in order to stay.

I didn't want to lose you.

I never forgot though.

I kept looking, hunting, chasing it down.

You taught me the art of hunting evidence.

You forced me to go underneath and burrow in the dark.

You forced me build a brief so strong it would withstand anything.

It took nearly two years before I felt safe enough with the evidence I had.

I even spoke to her.

I put out digital breadcrumbs to attract her attention.

It worked.

I got you.

I laid the trap.

I'm good at what I do.

You trained me well; I unskilled what I already had to catch you.

You thought I'd forgotten.

You called me jealous, possessive, a shrew, worse than your abusive ex-wife number 2!

You make me feel like shit because you couldn't stand to be questioned.

You did everything you could to twist my memories, make me crazy.

You did so much harm.

I hated and loved you.

I loathed your touch yet still desired you.

You wounded me in ways I'm still trying to recover from.

You are cruel and callous.

No empathy.

Not a shred of empathy exists in your hollow shell of a body.

You care for no one but yourself.

You labelled and humiliated me.

You did everything you could to paint me as the aggressor.

I'm too suspicious.

I'm too controlling.

I'm too jealous.

I'm too whatever the fuck you decided I was in any given moment.

Well fuck you.

You created me.

It was you who forced me to investigate you until there was nothing left to find.

It was you who kept me on eggshells, never knowing if you were telling the truth or not.

It was you who turned everything into a lie.

It was you reliving your childhood patterns of don't tell, don't admit, don't ever tell the truth.

It was never me.

It was never my fault.

It was never me who should have carried the blame.

That was on you.

All of it is yours.

You create this poison.

You create the hurt, the pain, the damage.

You revel in it.

You love that we hurt, that we just want you to be the person we fell in love with.

You love hurting us.

You love being cruel.

You love unleashing the raging monster to keep us in check.

You do it all because it's all you know how to do.

It's all you are.

It's all there is.

It's that simple.

You do it because you can, because it's always worked in the past, and you'll never get caught or seen.

You do it because you can.

The Lawyers Advice

On 22 Jun 2010, at 17:36, XX wrote:

Pierre

I think it is appropriate for me to advise you of a number of things in this matter and give you some background.

I have extensive experience in these professional standards type matters. I acted for the Australian Nursing Federation (Vic Branch) for more than 10 years and in that time conducted all disciplinary matters before the Nurses Board of Victoria for their members. I acted for the Australian Education Union (Vic Branch) for 17 years and did the same work for them. Moreover, I acted for all their members defending allegations of sexual misconduct and or assault that whole time. The issues in both professional groups were allegations of the nature made against you in the context of statutory misconduct and or criminal prosecutions. The nature of my practice for many years meant I had to deal with a number of complaints against me via the equivalent of the LSC all of which were dismissed save for one which is minor and will be dismissed shortly!!! Put simply, I know what I am doing. Having said that though, it would be appropriate to have a good criminal barrister looks at the evidence forensically once it is obtained (which I comment on later) not to see what offences she might have committed but to comment on the strength of your position based on the evidence gathered.

The current community response to such allegations and particularly unprofessional conduct based on sexual misconduct or the like is public out cry (Look only to the CEO of David Jones who is alleged to have perpetrated the heinous offence of an unwanted hugging on two occasions. God help our sons!!!) and to assume where there is smoke, there is fire. The response of our institutions that regulate professional standards is to seek to protect themselves from criticism such as an allegation by a complainant that “I was treated poorly. They didn’t believe me”. My point is that you

need to understand that no matter how clear it is to you; they will be unsympathetic until that are satisfied that the allegations are baseless and therefore you must take the matter seriously and prepare with clinical detachment as you would if you were acting for a client.

Accordingly, if you want to recover your fees from the solicitor you should begin to prepare your response by gathering the evidence and then and only then decide whether you should respond and if so, how. The nature and detail of the evidence gathered for the response will inform what you decide to do. It probably needs to be done in any event because it would seem she will hold this over you for ever and you need to know how to deal with it at that time, if necessary.

I think the allegation that you sent the emails is central. She will say sending them is inappropriate in its self but also that their content makes it worse and also that the sending of them and or their content bolsters her allegation that there was a wider inappropriate sexual relationship.

As I understand it you say you may have sms'd her but not the times she alleges and certainly not with that content. If you did not send sms's to her (other than the first one) then this can be established by obtaining your mobile phone records. I believe those records will show what sms's were sent on a particular date (but not what they said) and to what number. If she complains then the LSC will subpoena those records in any event. If they show you did sms then no doubt you will deny the content as alleged. In that case, it may get down to whether she still has them on her phone and whether she may have made them up herself. Probably expert evidence territory. If no sms's were sent according to the providers records, then that is pretty conclusive evidence of her lying.

I think we should start with that evidence and then reassess the situation. At that point, you will need to decide whether you will enforce the debt and or notify the LSC or whatever. Some would say don't notify because it is akin to going to the police to say you didn't commit an offence the police don't know about. I say, if you can prove conclusively you didn't send the sms's then

you may want to initiate something with the LSC. In any event, you can have a criminal barrister look at the material then if you wish to advise on your “defence”. Until then, I wouldn’t be focsuing on proceedings against her for debt revoverly, defamation or the like; just on the evidence you have.

I am not a barrister but i am happy to do the work as solicitor and I am not going to be put out if you decide otherwise.

Regards

XX

From: Pierre Testart

Subject: Re: The blackmail

Date: 22 June 2010 at 6:37:18 pm AEST

To: Xxxx Xxxxxx

Thanks for your swift and comprehensive response.

I will chew on all the things you raise.

Meanwhile, I've spoken to (an albeit junior) criminal barrister, who recommends I go to the police and lodge a formal complaint. According to her, they may be able to get records of what I sent, depending on time(s) and carrier. This MAY be able to put things to rest. By the way, her comment was that there were two blackmails -- one about the Ethics Committee, and one about the fees themselves. She also said she thought the blackmails would be made out whether or not her allegations as to my conduct were correct. Not that they are.

Do you agree with that?

Looks to me that, no matter how this turns out, I've done this woman's work for free, as I can see a whacking big bill from my solicitor!

Thanks for all your help.

Pierre Testart

The Police Are Involved

From: Pierre Testart

Sent: Wednesday, 30 June 2010 4:07 PM

To: VicPol

Subject: Fwd: Help with my advice

Dear Mr. Vicpol,

I refer to our recent conversation, and now forward to you an e-mail and attachment I sent to my friend and colleague, Miss MD*, who practices in the criminal jurisdiction. Hopefully, it is all self-explanatory.

The mistake in it that I referred to is that I took the brief in May 2009, not 2005.

I will, regrettably, be checking my e-mails while I am away, so don't hesitate to contact me if there's anything I can add by way of clarification.

Yours truly,

Pierre Testart

Begin forwarded message:

From: Pierre Testart

Date: 29 June 2010 16:57:46 GMT+10:00

To: MD*

Cc: Lisa Testart

Subject: RE: Help with my advice

Hi, Miss MD*.

Now I need your help, again.

I'm attaching a draft Statement. I know it's in legalese, not Police-ese. Not had anything to do with crime for ages.

Is it OK? Does it say too little? Too much? What Should I do with it? (It probably won't fit up there unless I print it out first...

Fangs for all your help,

P.

From: VicPol

Date: 30 June 2010 17:31:31 GMT+10:00

To: Pierre Testart

Cc: VicPol

Subject: FW: Help with my advice

Dear Mr TESTART,

In relation to your complaint concerning alleged attempted blackmail, I wish to reassure you that your complaint will be attended to. I currently have a staff of one Detective and one Acting Detective to service all crime in the Shire of Baw Baw. I hope you can understand we simply have not been able to get to your case sooner than today with other competing investigations. I apologise for this.

As Acting Det Sen Constable XX informed you when you rang this afternoon, I was coincidentally being briefed with the circumstances of your case by him at that time

of your call. This was with the view of developing an investigation plan. Further, I have just read your statement, thank you for this.

I had intended to attempt to meet with you in person this Friday 02/07/2010 to gain a greater understanding of the circumstances. Also it is important for us to know what result or outcome you desire from these circumstances. Your desired outcome will (to some extent) dictate the manner in which we proceed and which option (there are several) we would pursue as part of an investigation plan. Whilst your statement is detailed, there are other matters which we will need to clarify before taking definitive action. This matter could be resolved to your satisfaction in several different ways which we will outline to you when we have the opportunity to do so.

Unfortunately, with you now being overseas and unavailable for the next four weeks my view is that we will not proceed further until you have returned and Det XX and I can sit down with you and obtain a full understanding of all the facts and circumstances. There are several reasons for this, the main one being that we do not want to be in the potential situation of having arrested the alleged offender and not being able to directly communicate with you during an interview process.

I have no facts that suggest that putting this off until you return would have any further negative consequences (other than what has already occurred). If there are facts that suggest otherwise, then please communicate them and I will reassess.

Finally, I affirm that your report is being taken seriously, it has been officially recorded, it will be properly attended to and that we will make our best attempt to resolve this to your satisfaction within the responsibilities of our role.

Please make contact with Det XX or me as soon as you return so that we can arrange a meeting and progress your complaint.

Yours faithfully,

VicPol

The (False) Police Statement 30 June 2010

STATEMENT OF PIERRE TESTART

My full name is PIERRE HENRI ANTOINE MARIE TESTART.

My professional address is: Care of Clerk “W”, 205 William Street, Melbourne. My private address is known to Police.

I am a Barrister by occupation, having been admitted to practice as a Barrister and Solicitor of the Supreme Court of Victoria on 3 May 1976.

In May 2005, I accepted a brief from Mr. FC*, a solicitor from the firm of Slater & Gordon, to represent XX* in family law proceedings against her former husband in the Shepparton Circuit of the Federal Magistrates’ Court, where I have regularly attended on circuit for a number of years.

Upon receiving the brief, I prepared it, along with other matters, for hearing at that circuit. The matter was in the circuit list for a number of days. I was opposed to Mr. PT* of Counsel, who had been briefed by the Husband’s solicitor, Ms SS*.

Both Ms SS* and Mr. PT* are very well known to me, and both have been friends of mine for many years. I went to University with Ms SS* many years ago; I stay at her home on each occasion I go to Shepparton on circuit, and I have been a friend of her husband, EP*, for many years.

Mr. PT* has been a friend of mine, and we have been on the same floor in Chambers for some years. By reason of the fact that we both regularly attend on circuit, particularly at Shepparton, we have been opposed to each other on very many occasions, and our relationship is one of mutual trust and respect.

Upon first meeting XX*, I informed of my personal relationships with Ms SS* and Mr. PT*, whom I had not known were involved in the case until after I had accepted the brief, and read the papers. I gave her the option to withdraw the brief from me, and to brief another member of Counsel who did not have such a close association with her “Husband’s side”. However, she chose to instruct me to continue with her case.

Over the course of the week of the circuit, Mr. PT* and I had extensive negotiations with each other regarding the matter of XX*. It was a “high-conflict” case: there were multiple proceedings between the Husband and the Wife; there were concurrent proceedings in the Victorian Magistrates’ Court in relation to Family Violence, where not only the Husband and Wife, but also other family members, were involved, and the issues in the family law proceedings related to both parenting and matrimonial property settlement issues.

XX* was under an enormous amount of personal, emotional pressure and tension over the proceedings. For two of the three days upon which I spent considerable time with her, she had a friend, or support person, with her. I am unable to recall that person’s name. On many occasions, she broke down, and became by turns angry, sad, tearful, irrational, reckless, and resigned. She required a great deal of advice, reality checking, and patient support in order to think through the many issues she had to deal with.

Ultimately, she instructed me to settle the proceedings by entering into consent orders, and I, in conjunction with Mr. PT*, reduced to writing the agreement she had arrived at with her former husband. For technical legal reasons, the orders could not be made finally at that circuit, and the matter was adjourned off to the following circuit, to enable certain matters to be attended to so that orders could be made.

During the week of the May circuit, XX* had given me her mobile telephone number, in order for me to be able to call her if and when needed, as she had many family and business commitments to juggle as well as her court case. I was to phone, or send her messages, as the need arose. On one of the evenings in the circuit week (I am unable

to recall the date precisely, but know I was at “Bohjazz”, a café in Shepparton with a number of colleagues), I sent XX* an SMS asking her if she could attend court at a particular time the next day, as I had been discussing the case with Mr. PT*, and some further proposals had been put to me about which I needed to obtain her instructions. I received a response by SMS which, amongst other things, indicated that XX* had “had a couple of glasses of white wine”; that the wine had given her some “courage”, and that she wanted to “invite” me to “come around and have dinner”, or the like.

I showed that message almost immediately to a number of my colleagues, including Mr. PT*, Mr. MD*, Mr. NK*, and Ms TL*.

Owing to my perception of XX* as a troubled person, I temporised in response to her request, instead of immediately returning the brief, which would have required some other member of counsel to re-prepare the matter, at very significant expense to her. In the event, the matter settled, as I have said above.

Upon my return to Melbourne, I returned the brief to Slater & Gordon, and rendered an account for my fees.

I cannot recall precisely when the final property settlement orders were made, as I had not been briefed to appear of behalf of XX* when they were put before the Court.

However, that was not an end to the matter. XX* kept on contacting, me, both on a personal and a professional level, by SMS, telephone, and e-mail.

Mainly, there was continuing unresolved anger against, and further conflict with, her former husband, both in relation to parenting issues and with regard to property settlement. Also, there was the fact that I had told XX*, informally, that my ex-partner knew the founder of a large franchise operation, and XX* had asked me if I could put her in touch with this person, as she desired to get advice about turning her business, “XX” into a franchise operation.

Over time, and as she grew more and more dissatisfied with the “deal” she had struck with her former husband, her communications became more frequent, and personal. I

copied Mr. FC* of Slater & Gordon into some of the e-mails, and my responses, as I was concerned about XX*'s very angry, irrational, and vindictive attitude towards her former husband, and towards Ms SS* and Mr. PT*, whom she disparaged to me in SMS, and telephone messages.

Over time, it became clear that XX* was intent on pursuing her former husband further on a personal level, and that she was also very resentful of Ms SS*, whom she regarded as the architect of many of the financial problems she faced as a result of difficulties with the implementation of the orders.

Ultimately, I received an e-mail communication from Mr. FC*, in which he indicated that XX* was now asserting she did not understand, or was not given advice about the effect of, the orders she had signed. I responded by e-mail, indicating to the contrary, that it had by then come to my attention that XX* had made personal threats to Ms SS*, and that in the circumstances of my longstanding friendship with Ms SS*, I could no longer remain involved, even on an informal level, with XX*'s case.

Subsequently, from conversations I had with both Ms SS* and a solicitor in her employ, Ms MF*, I learnt that XX* had assaulted Ms MF* by throwing a file of papers, which had struck Ms MF* in the face.

In February 2010, at the café across the road from the Cobram Magistrates' Court, where the Federal Magistrates' Court was sitting, XX* approached Ms SS*, Ms TL* and me. We were sitting at a table having lunch. She said words to the effect of "excuse me, but how is it that a barrister acting for one party can stay at the home of a person acting for the other party? Isn't that unethical?" I asked XX* to desist from talking to us, knowing that Ms SS* was in some fear of her by reason of her past behaviour. Ms TL* then spoke to XX*, asking her to leave us alone, as we were having lunch. XX* then left.

In about the second week of June, as part of a routine review of my outstanding fees, I rang Slater & Gordon, and asked for payment to be made as soon as possible, as the

fees had remained unpaid for over a year. I was told that the matter would be followed up.

On Tuesday 22 June 2010, at about 1:20 p.m., I received an e-mail from XX*, a copy of which I have provided to the Police.

I deny the allegations made by XX* that I had an improper sexual relationship with her, as she alleges in that e-mail. On the night of 6 August 2009, I had dinner in Shepparton at “Cellar 47” with Federal Magistrate WJ* QC, his two deputy Associates, and Mr. MD*. After dinner, I returned to Ms SS*’s home in Shepparton, where I stayed the night.

I believe that XX* is blackmailing me. The e-mail, the allegations contained therein, and the threat of proceedings being taken by her in the manner and for the reasons alleged by her, have caused me very considerable concern.

On 23 June 2010, I spoke by telephone to Mr. Dean Hedge of the Dandenong CIU, and e-mailed him a copy of the E-mail sent to me by XX*. He advised me to approach the CIU at Warragul Police Station, which is the major Police Station near my residential address. Later that afternoon, I attended at the Warragul Police Station and spoke to Sergeant Anthony McDonnell, who took into his custody a copy of the said e-mail, took my contact details, and indicated to me that a CIU officer would be in contact with me in due course. At the time of preparing this Statement, I have not heard from the Police.

I make this Statement as I am leaving for overseas on 30 June 2010, and will not be available until my return on 28 July 2010.

The contents of this Statement are true, and I am aware that there are penalties for making false statements to the Police.

Pierre H. Testart.

29 June 2010.

The Ten Questions 2010

Her Story...

As I read about affairs and how to manage the fallout, I gained a bit of clarity around what to ask, or more importantly, not to overload with questions.

These were my ten questions:

1. What did you say to yourself that gave you permission to get involved?
2. After you had sex, did you feel guilty?
3. How could it go on so long if you knew it was wrong?
4. Did you think about me at all?
5. What did you share about us?
6. Did you talk about love or about a future together?
7. What did you see in her?
8. What did you like about yourself in the affair? How were you different?
9. Were there previous infidelities or opportunities, and how was this time similar or different – regardless of who you were in a relationship with at the time.
10. Did you have unprotected sex?

I wish I'd asked, or made the following questions/statements instead of trying to be the good and dutiful wife who never got angry:

1. What the fuck gave you the right to stick your dick in another woman?

2. Did you fuck her without protection?
3. Did you ever think about what you might have caught, and passed on to me?
4. How stupid do you think I am?
5. Who else did you fuck on circuit?
6. What are you going to do to fix this?
7. If you don't do what's necessary I'm walking. Are you prepared to do whatever is necessary, and whatever I need?
8. I'm not keeping this a secret so you'll need to suck it up?
9. If you do anything else to hurt me we're done. Got it?
10. Wait, on second thoughts, we are done. Get the fuck away from me I never want to see you again you worthless piece of shit.

But as we all know I didn't do option two, I was the good and dutiful wife who thought she had to take the high road all the time, the one who did all the hard work.

You know how that shit worked out for me.

At the time I thought I had made a choice to stay with a man who loved and cherished me. I thought I was enough. I thought he would fight for us, for me. I couldn't have been more wrong, but seeing the wrongness of it all took almost another decade.

I thought the recovery was up to me, that it was my duty to do the heavy lifting of recovery. I'd been hooked and well and truly caught by this man who was superbly skilled at what he did.

Just Shut The Fuck Up 2010

What he *really* thinks...

Those stupid fucking questions.

Who died and made you the questioner in this relationship, huh?

Of course I'm going to tell you what you want to hear.

Blah blah blah you're all so fucking predictable.

You hear the words I give you and you fold so easily.

You're waiting for my fake fucking remorse that is so easy to give you.

Of course I don't mean it.

Fuck no I'm never going to do a thing you want me to do.

Lip service. Can't you see that? Are you that stupid?

Obviously you are.

Just like every other woman who gave me second, third, fourth chances and so on.

You're just another stupid cow who thinks pretty words mean something.

Grow up.

You're useless.

Stop your snivelling.

I'm giving you what you want - on my terms.

It's so easy to make you all feel warm and fuzzy when I do the fake remorse.

It's so easy to make you believe me.

Even the psychologist you dragged me to didn't see me.

It's laughable.

If I didn't need your adoration like a drug I'd make you pay for putting me through this shit activity.

Can't you just shut the fuck up.

Build a bridge will you.

Can you wind it up now.

Are you finished?

Can we have sex now?

I need sex to wipe the shit away.

Sex.

Make up sex with a stupid bitch like you who thinks I'm full of remorse is like sipping from the fountain of youth; makes me so hard.

C'mon. I need to fuck something.

My Journals 2012

February 2012

You didn't know I had gone seeking XX*.

You knew I was sensitive to this.

You let that man continue his filth.

You let that man continue to gloat, you even encouraged it by not telling him to stop.

You acted as if it was a fine joke having me listen without his knowledge.

You took no notice of my facial expressions or body language.

You allowed it to continue.

You know how I felt about Tom, and I told you that if I was ever put in this kind of situation that I would not sit by and say nothing.

You held me hostage to you people pleasing inability to voice a moral position.

You do this a lot and I'm left feeling uncomfortable.

Every time you do this I feel at fault.

I'm drawn back to the issue of XX*.

You tell me you've never been to XX*, you denied ever being there, and again on Wednesday when I asked you, you say no, but then you back pedal.

Why do I have to tell you these things are wrong?

March 2012

6/3/12

Today I realised why I have isolated myself from everyone. How many times can I talk about a situation that keeps being denied? No one believed me so it was easier to keep my pain a secret. It also meant that I couldn't tell Pierre.

No matter what he said about being approachable, no matter how painful the conversation, just how could I have told him how I was feeling and what I was going through, if he kept lying and in effect invalidating what I was going through. The confrontation yesterday was one of the scariest things I've ever done! Afterwards I was shaking as if coming out of shock, and it took a long time to subside. I called a couple of people and pretty much debriefed before I was able to come back to the office. The plus side is that now we have a way forward and our dialogue is honest.

I am so very grateful to Pierre for being able to let go of his lying – after a false start I might add. I hope never to go through anything like this, but I know now that I will trust my gut next time and say it how it is. Would it have made a difference if I'd said from the outset 'I see what you did, the fact that I can't prove it is irrelevant' Would I have rattled him enough to force a disclosure. Will never know.

I always thought that the way I judged people who operated in a way that I found morally wrong was frowned upon – as Pierre would tell me if he was upset with me – like with the guy on the Bluetooth. But what I know to be a truth now, is that I may not handle the small stuff well, but when it comes to the stuff that really matters, I know what to do.

Can I be critical of others? Sure. Can I be judgemental? Sure. But when it comes to having grace and compassion for my husband and his infidelity, I found the courage to do the next right thing with him that allowed him his dignity and respect. It was a painful thing to say to him that I knew what he'd done, but I was proud of him for not ducking his responsibility. He started to reclaim some of my respect back then.

7/3/12

Dancing. He took her dancing! That hurt so much. It hurt that he found the time to take her, but not me. That feels like such a violation. We talked about it last night, and this morning after my shower I just broke down and cried, and asked Pierre for a hug. It was healing being able to cry and feel validated in my pain.

This morning I had lots of thoughts around the way Pierre led two lives – the one with me, and the one with XX*. I know now that he would be walking home with me while texting her! People say that it shouldn't hurt so much because we hadn't been together long, but I disagree. From the very beginning we had a close and connected bond and we knew, or at least I thought we had, a committed relationship.

I based this on our private, public, emotional and business interactions, and I also consider my decision to quit my job and work with my husband as a clear indication of the commitment we had towards each other. In no way did I think that I had to clarify that fidelity was a part of that commitment because we had talked about how important it was and Pierre had talked to me about how much he had grown through being faithful to Julie.

People who purposefully set out to be unfaithful are usually guilt-free beforehand and afterward. Those who fall accidentally or unintentionally are more inclined to feel guilt.

Shame doesn't deter infidelity in the first place, and a shamed response to being caught doesn't guarantee abstinence in the future. In fact, shame can generate a cycle that makes recurrence even more likely.

May 2012

What am I seeing?

I am seeing Pierre doing the same pattern of denial that I am experienced in. The “forgetting” is just another way of saying “get fucked, you don’t matter and I’m in control” and it’s also a self defence mechanism learnt in childhood.

I am seeing Pierre say one thing and do another – agreeing to apologise, yet forgetting and when reminded only doing it half-hearted through the choice of language.

I am seeing a man unwilling to own what he’s done and accept the shame that comes with it.

I am seeing a man not talk about what happened, and that silence is allowing him to maintain the protective armour of denial.

I am seeing Pierre do the same thing I did when I was confronted by the original e-mail. I packed it away instead of dealing with it.

What Happened?

Pierre lied to me. He was deliberately deceitful. He led me to believe that we were in a committed and exclusive relationship, all the while he was engaging in a secret affair with a former client. He planned it very carefully, not with understanding the phone records. He lied to close friends and colleagues so that he could sneak out of Shepparton and stay the night with her in a different town.

Tell me what happened, what you said and who you spoke to.

What did you tell Jim about last circuit?

Why didn’t you tell Jim about the affair after disclosure? Why did I have to do it?

I actually feel quite awful that Jim would ring you first to find out what was happening rather than me – What if you denied it, would he have invalidated me?

Do you understand just how toxic this has all been for me? The lies, the deceit, the secrets? It's been a level of toxicity I never thought to feel again.

This circuit is the 3 year anniversary of the start of the affair and it's almost 2 years since the first e-mail. Quite a toxic circuit.

I feel deeply ashamed that I did not make my feelings more visible – yet I thought it was wrong to keep being so volatile.

I feel as if this is a watershed for our relationship – if this doesn't start to be attended to then I don't and won't continue to stay with a person who won't be honest with me.

I have learnt that I am too considerate and need to be tougher. No more nice Lisa.

I told Jim that I thought he knew and was avoiding me.

Why did you keep this a secret again?

What did you think would happen by not talking about this?

Do you understand the betrayals?

- The affair
- The lies and denial
- The “forgetting” and not speaking about it
- The inability or unwillingness to do what I asked.

What did you think would happen with the dancing?

Do you know what happens when I stop caring about something?

It is not my responsibility to forewarn you of what could be a trigger. You have to walk in my shoes so you can get it.

What part of the last 3 months gave you the right to forget?

What am I feeling?

I want you to get a sponsor who won't call you first to ask if you are in denial or having an affair.

What is your understanding of what a trigger is?

What do you think a trigger might be for me?

TRUST ENHANCING

Focus on what I am saying. Don't fiddle with your phone, I pad, the tv or a conversation in your head.

Talk to me about what is happening for you.

Ask me outright how I feel, don't interpret my behaviour or assume you know how I feel.

Make plans for us – don't leave it to me

Take me on dates – just for me, because you think I will like something.

Study counselling with me.

Involve me in your journey through your recovery.

Show me you are listening by reflecting/paraphrasing.

Understand and act appropriately when you think I might be triggered.

Think about me, don't wait to be told or reminded about what hurts me.

Share at meetings honestly. Don't use minimising language.

Don't take calls during meals or ask first

Put your phone on silent when we are eating out, out shopping or other public places, or allow me to walk away.

Do not play on your phone when you are with me.

If you agree to do something I ask, you need to carry it through or tell me why you can't.

Work on understanding what I like.

Realise that I talk more slowly than you, and can take a while to find my point. Let me have my say, paraphrase my point of view; help me open up more about my feelings about the affair.

Don't text or talk while driving – ask me to do it.

Err on the side of more rather than less. Even if I'm saying or looking ok, act and do things to reassure me.

I need to know who you are talking to. I need to know you're not hiding this.

Put effort into gifts for me. It's not about the cost monetarily, it's about the cost emotionally.

I need you to read the text messages and look at the phone logs and take it in. I need you to remember what happened so that it is real again, and not lost in the past. I want you to relive those experiences so my pain can be a tangible thing for you.

I need you to see the VICBAR Psychologist.

Hold me when I am upset and understand that I don't always know what is making me upset.

Introduce me to people – don't leave me on the sidelines.

Wash your hands after going to the bathroom – with soap, even if you are not sick.

I need rituals. I need the mushy, sentimental, silly and spontaneous, shows of love. However rehearsed, I need it. My heart was broken when I met you and you helped stem and stop the bleeding. But that affair has opened up these holes and my hearts bleeding again.

Hug me – a lot.

Just because I trust you, doesn't absolve you from at least making some effort to enhance that trust.

What happened between your email and text promising to do whatever it took, and the conversation we had where you felt picked on?

You said to me "Let's put this into perspective, this all ended in 2009" and I went ballistic on the phone telling you that while it may have ended for you it certainly didn't for me. That I had almost 2 years of torment before you had admitted what you'd done and that it really started for me in 2012 March. I also told you that your commitment could have come straight out of a text book it was that bad.

Even if you don't think you should, I need you to do things that make me feel ok!

I needed you to make the visible and tangible effort even if you think I am ok. Me being "ok" doesn't get you off the hook from doing things. Just because I am breathing now doesn't mean I won't need more oxygen.

My moods will be variable as I learn how to navigate my feelings. I can't predict them.

I feel as if everything I need is wrapped up and accessible now only if I tell you how I am feeling whenever YOU ask. You seem to miss the point of how difficult this is for me.

How long has it take me to be able to talk about other stuff? And yet you expect me to be able to open up about this on demand, Otherwise it's not fair to you?

What part of my raw feelings should be fair? I didn't leave you, I didn't stop having sex, I didn't take away intimacy or support and I certainly didn't tell your colleagues. How much fairer do you really need me to be?

I never put you through hell over this. I didn't put you through 2 years of hell and complain its not fair.

No. I went through 2 years of hell and I was still able to give you respect, compassion and consideration when I confronted you, and in all our discussions later on. Now I am angry and resentful and you don't like that, You feel set up – I feel unheard.

I get that we need to talk, but there are times when it's hard for me. That doesn't mean you have to give up go "I give up".

I trust that you won't have another affair, I trust that you won't hurt me again that way, but I guess I don't trust you enough not to hurt me emotionally, and I need all the tangible evidence of "your trustability" that you can give me.

If I ask you to do something, and I make it a strong request or demand, talk to me about it. TRY to find out what's behind it. You need to start asking more questions and using you skills to start putting 2=2=2 into 6.

After you started your affair with XX* Scott, you gave me your AA journal to read, about your thoughts on fidelity to Julie. I relied on that to help me work my way through this- I held onto that as a guide to your integrity. Now I question why you gave that to me. Now it seems like part of a plan to rescue me. I don't think you did it that was, with that intent, but it feels that way.

A lot of things I never thought about, that never bothered me before, bother me now. That journal is one example.

You have been really great when it comes to doing things I need, to protect you from this again, like blocking your number, giving out the skype number, changing e-mail signature.

I have been very glad to have you allow me space to talk, and while I recognise you find me difficult to engage with, I recognise that you are trying.

I think this is getting beyond us and needs a third party to intervene.

I know I hold a dysfunctional belief that if I tell you too much, if I tell you how much pain I'm really in, that I'll push you away. I will try to work harder on this.

There have been many times when you've thought you've had a conversation with me, and you have become upset because I haven't been in sync with you – think back to the time when you didn't tell me you needed to get to work early. Remember I asked you the day before if we had to get up early, and you said no. Then you get an email at midnight and you told me the brief was coming the next morning for the afternoon conference.

Remember how agitated you were the next morning, the conversation we had, and how you'd had the conversation in your head about getting up early to get in and read the brief. The only person you didn't include in the conversation was me. I feel that you are having internal conversations about how some of what you are doing is being conducted. You told me in our conversation Monday night of circuit, that you had considered this to be a trigger, but the way you processed it by asking if I trusted you, seems to indicate that you did it internally and I got left out of the conversation. You missed an opportunity to offer a tangible piece of support.

I make a great deal of noise about being listened to and heard. In my marriage to Craig and then my time with Andrew, I was unheard and shut down. When we met you put great effort into listening to me and I loved you just for that alone!

You HEARD me. And then you got caught up with XX* and then even though I didn't know it at the time, you stopped listening carefully to me.

Not in everything, in other ways you were nurturing, loving and you lifted me up – I'm not discounting those things. What I'm saying is that when I started to get perfume every birthday and Christmas, I started to feel unheard. And then the big crisis came for me when you left me here on Christmas eve to go and be with Jacko.

You brought me guilt gifts that included perfume. I don't think I have connected all of these before so critically. You left me here – after I had a fall, after surgery, to go help a fellow alcoholic. I felt abandoned. The gifts, lovely as they were, were tainted by guilt and abandonment.

I see now, that this process of gift giving is one that has real issues for me. When I was a child I ended up asking my mum for just two things each Christmas – I asked for books and jewellery (just trinkets). Books kept me safe as a child much the same way that cats keep me safe now.

When I have to tell someone I'm in an intimate relationship with, what they should get me for my birthday, I feel betrayed and abandoned all over again, and I feel unheard and invisible. I feel as if no one is present enough in my life to get me. It's important to another human being. It's critical that I be as important to you today as I was three years ago.

I will always remember the joy of the clearing sale, just as it is tainted by the disclosure that you didn't know what to get me. I know I tried to let you off the hook, but I also talked about being present, listening to me, hearing all the big and small cues I give out during the year.

I do love the phone cases you surprise me with – they are a tangible thing that tells me you know how to do this – it may be the same item each time, but you still have to choose a design.

When you play on your phone or ipad when we are at dinner – with me or with others, I get a clear message (regardless of your intent) that you are bored. When I sense that you are bored, I feel irrelevant. I feel as if I have nothing to offer you that is interesting anymore, and that we are losing our conversation.

I feel abandoned emotionally when you start playing games or reading e-mails when we are out. I have started to do this to you in return and it bothers me.

I hate the way you tune me out to do something on the phone/ipad. I feel disrespected and alone. You go somewhere else.

Everything I read about affairs talks about how the faithful partner needs to look at their own behaviour before the affair and look at their part in it – lack of intimacy, withdrawal, and a host of other behaviours. None of this applies to me. I was present, loving and attentive – I gave you no reason to seek sex elsewhere, and now I'm

struggling because I'm being told that I need to find my part in this and help you recover in order for you to help me.

I am struggling with my collar Pierre. You gave it to me during the affair, right around the time you were wanting/thinking and planning to have sex with XX*. I feel betrayed by this and along with all the sexual text messages, I get a real sense of intimacy betrayal.

When I am angry I need you to accept me and let me say the things I need to, without you giving me your wounded position, at least in these early days. I need you to validate these feelings, even if you feel hurt and defensive. If you react to me then I either attack or withdraw. I need this very much. I have never been safe to say how I really feel, and this affair touches and burns me completely.

YOU ARE THE FACE OF IT and just like a bank teller, I need you to hear me, not justify and rationalise why my pain and anger are misdirected. I need to hear you say things that make me feel safe. It doesn't mean I will continue to do this, but sometimes I'm in so much pain I lash out. I know this isn't constructive, and I try to avoid it, but if it happens I need to be reassured and I need you to go with me.

I had too many "trust me" conversations with my parents and when it came to the crunch, my mother was hypocritical and betrayed me.

When you tell me, in the midst of my anger and pain, that you are equally in pain and hurting, I feel in a competition of who's in the most pain.

And I feel you get defensive, and I hear the exasperated tolerant sighs of patience and the restrained anger in you.

I was highly traumatised by the last circuits ending, and it left a huge scar on me and every time you question my anger in these early days you pick the scab off. I know you are hurting, but you don't talk to me. I guess I don't ask you either and I think I should do that more regularly. Sometimes I feel as if I'm voyeuristic asking questions, but I see that I have been compliant in us hiding our feelings.

For me this pain is today. Not the far past of 2009.

I feel as if I have to validate your pain before you can validate mine, because in our heated phone conversation you kept telling me how hurt and in pain you are, and how I'm not listening to you or acknowledging the things you are doing.

I feel as if you have it shut down within you because you can't remember – it was all too long ago and in the past.

I feel let down by this because you have such a prodigious memory, and this is where I see the evidence of your denial. You aren't doing anything to try and remember, and in this you are invalidating my feelings, pain, hurt and anger. If you can't be bothered remembering, how can I feel safe telling you how I feel? You don't remember the text messages- how can you understand the mental connections I make?

When are you going to ask me for the text messages? When are you going to ask me about the phone records?

How can I trust myself to feel safe if you don't want to re-read and examine these things? Trust isn't just about faithfulness now.

When you ignore me on the phone I feel abandoned, and it is because I know from the phone records, that you were texting her while we were walking home, in bed, walking to work, in Canberra, in Tasmania, early in the morning, late at night, when we were in the car going to see Julie & Adam, when you were at work, or on circuit.

There wasn't anytime sacred enough to you that you wouldn't text her. And I get triggered by that. I didn't put it together until I wrote this down, but that is what happens. It's not a conscious thought, but it's what happens. I feel angry when you do this because it reminds me of how you behaved then.

I get easily scarred. Your text message to XX* about kissing gave me great grief. I thought that I was able to move on from the hurt I had before around kissing, but the sexually explicit messages, the kissing, it all made me feel ill and I shut down all over again.

I feel very angry about my collar, and all it symbolised for me/us.... While you were designing it and then giving it to me, you were still deeply in the throes of your relationship with XX*. Your text messages say that; it's not my imagination!

Telling someone you can't wait to orgasm in them is NOT being forced or coerced to continue, it's complete participation on your part.

Did you stop and think about me being with you when you sent those text messages?

I was a normal, loving and caring woman. I was the one who had to live with your deceit – knowing you were lying to me but unable to prove it. I am the one you called JEALOUS, CONTROLLING, POSSESSIVE & JUST LIKE VERONICA.

I never called you a liar, a deceiver, a cheating, faithless man. I never labelled you, I just loved you.

I didn't send you crazy with self-doubt, fear and a loss of identity. YOU DID THAT TO ME. I just loved you.

I didn't call you out, shame or blame you, humiliate you in front of colleagues and friends, but you think it's ok to label me when all I had were the normal fears, doubts, & insecurities, that you allowed to continue.

I didn't leave or give you ultimatums. I gave you my respect and compassion.

The first time in 2 years since this affair came out, I get angry – you get defensive and tell me I need to get your pain.

You tell me you didn't like what you were doing with XX*, that you felt like a victim and always guilty. That's not how I read those text messages. You were without guilt – you said it yourself. What did you tell yourself as you wrote those words?

You wrote your after dinner texts on the Saturday while with me – You said ***NO GUILT.***

How do I believe you?

I have been reading about acceptance being the first step of healing. These pages are an outpouring of my pain, anger, hurt, grief, understanding and awareness. I accept that I am powerless over what you did – that what happened has given me greater insight into me, and that your actions delivered to me insight into just how much I had depended on you for who I am.

I needed this lesson to teach me that I am afraid of anger and afraid of expressing it. In the last 2 years I have not allowed you to see me angry. Now I understand I needed this to set me free of that delusion.

I didn't cause you to have an affair, but I didn't have enough self-respect to show you my anger.

I understand now that I have been suffering from complex PTSD. I stuffed my feelings down because there was no way to get any resolution. There are layers to this, my childhood experiences, my relationships with others, and then finally the lies and accusations I endured before you admitted the affair.

I lived with this on such an intense level that unless I'm ready, I feel blocked from talking to you. You shut me down so completely, falsely accusing me of jealousy, possessiveness etc, that it is so hard sometimes to speak honestly about my pain with you.

You see me struggle with issues not connected to you yet you expect me to be able to 'talk' at your whim, when you are ready, and if I don't then I am somehow at fault now for not giving you the information you need to continue.

This is not easy for me. You are the person I thought I knew. The person who 'got me', the man I married. Yet you are also the person who lied to me, cheated on me, deceived me and I have trouble integrating these faces of you into a whole person.

I see my husband. I see the man who cheated and lied. I see the man who shut me down with his denials by labelling me, and then I see the man who lashed out in so much anger that I had to run away to protect myself.

I am trying to bring you back to just one person – you – but that’s not easy for me. Sometimes I’m triggered by a tone, a look, a word or a situation, and then I’m whatever face I feel you are. And I don’t know when this happens or predict in advance. I can’t forewarn you either.

This is very hard for me, I have so many variations of you to deal with.

There were many impacts on me from this affair –

- I lost my identity – was I real? Did I matter, who are you – if you, my soulmate could this to me then who am I? I felt angry, enraged, vengeful, out of control, petty, diminished, frightened, lonely, isolated.
- I lost my sense of being special, I thought I made you happy, I thought I gave you what you wanted and I thought you could never be unfaithful to me. I thought we had a great relationship that was rewarding and satisfying to both of us. You were the most important person in my life, yet I wasn’t important enough to stop you from having this affair. I thought I could trust you and I felt safe with you. You were my best friend and I thought you were in a committed relationship, and for the first time in my life I felt special and loved for who I am.
- I lost my self-respect for meekly accepting your denials so easily, even though I knew in my heart you were lying to me. I felt so stupid and cowardly and I beat myself up all the time because I didn’t have the guts to confront you. I feel so ashamed that I failed to forcefully confront you. I feel so ashamed that I spoke to others and they all told me I was crazy. I remember crying in PT*’s office about how all the details lead you to having an affair, but he didn’t believe me. I know and never acted. I understand now that I muzzled my voice and stopped trusting what I knew to be true. I don’t know how I preserved the illusion that things were ok. But I do know that my failure to confront and protest compromised my authentic self and with this affair and the huge denials. I

lost my voice in our relationship when it came to tackling anything remotely linked to our relationship, the affair or the lies, and it continues today.

- I can't turn my head off. The thing that really hurts the most is how my mind has been contaminated by your affair. I haven't felt like this since 1987. In the beginning I wanted to hurt XX*, not you. But then you started labelling me and I couldn't stop playing the evidence in my mind. I used to pour over the telephone records trying to make sense of what I was seeing. I remember I used to talk to you about how I was going to destroy XX*. Even now, even though I say I trust you, I am still plagued by doubt, if I see you on the phone texting or arranging meetings without letting me know (and we have talked about this and put things into place to work on the meetings issue). When I was deep in these feelings I even contacted a private investigator to find out what happened. I was desperate to know and even today I can recall the text messages – they are, and have been, in my mind since 22/6/2010. Remember how I tried to come up with all sorts of reasons for how XX* could have created these texts, but inside I knew you had written them because you used the same language with texts to me as well. And because your words conflict with the text messages, I feel duped and distrustful. I try to make sense of the things you wrote and did compare them to answers you gave me after you admitted the affair and I struggle because it doesn't fit in my heart. And because it doesn't fit it still feels fresh. My moods change – I fluctuate from adoring you to asking how could you do this to me and everything in between.
- Nothing made sense anymore. I thought I was doing all the right things to make you happy. I was completely committed to you and did everything I could to support you, I treated you like a king. I feel cheated and misled and I feel as if my love and support was used against me. I thought I could

trust you. I thought if you were happy that this could never happen to me and it never even dawned on me that you could be so selfish so quickly.

- I lost my connection to others. Because no one believed me and you denied me, I felt intensely isolated during this time. Even now I feel isolated because I have been keeping this a secret to protect you. How crazy that my priority was to protect you and suppress my own anger so that you weren't confronted by an angry resentful wife. I have agonised over the 'do I tell' issue, and it has eaten me up. I have felt again a great sense of suppression and oppression. I know now that a great number of people don't want to believe me. I have reached out to some AA people only to be rebuffed by their refusal to engage. I wonder what you have said about me.
- I failed to acknowledge just how much this affair and your infidelity harmed me.
- I still see you walking away from down Lonsdale street, as you hurried to meet XX*. When the affair became known in 2010, I became hypervigilant to every solicitor or person you were meeting, even when you went to lunch with MP*. Because I had taken you at your word, I felt so unbelievably gullible and naïve. Then when you continued to meet people from your past without including me – your friends and family, I started to feel separate and ostracised. I felt segregated from your life to a large degree even as we lived together and built a life together. It was akin to being alone in a crowd. And because you kept me in a high state of suppressive anxiety, I became suspicious of every person who took you away from me, wondering when the next opportunity would arise for you. I don't think you quite understand how it was for me. I had to trust you but I couldn't. You lied, but I couldn't prove it. You cheated on me but told me to trust you. In fact everyone told me to trust you and to trust in your recovery. Everyone told me your recovery meant too much to you to

jeopardise, and that you loved me too much to have an affair. Is it any wonder that I can say I trust you while needing tangible evidence to trust you?

- Am I demanding more from you than is reasonable? I've had to think hard about this and while I recognise that there are times when I am difficult to deal with, and that I don't always tell you how I'm feeling, there are some things that are reasonable to expect from you. I do expect that you are present enough to know me. You listened and gave the appearance that you were present when we were first in the honeymoon phase of our relationship – and it was during this period when you started with XX*. I don't think it is unreasonable to be able to anticipate what might be a trigger for me. If you knew what I was dealing with – the phone calls, texts and other material, then you would have a better understanding of how to anticipate or deal with a trigger. I do understand that if you refuse to remind yourself of the cause of my pain, that it is impossible to understand my triggers. So ask; ask to read the material, study it like a brief, read the phone records, understand the efforts I went to; to make sense of all of this in the face of your denials.
- You were the first person I felt completely at ease with. You cherished me and made me feel so special. I felt safe with you.

What I loved about you (Positive)

- You are vulnerable
- You had integrity
- You had personal integrity
- You laughed beautifully and accepted me for who I was
- You showed me a different way of living
- You treated me with respect

- Your compassion and warmth
- Your humour
- Your intelligence
- Our shared experiences
- The small rituals like breakfast at GAS, the way you care enough to make my questran in the morning and make me coffee
- I love your attentiveness to me, the way you let me go first out of the lift or through a door
- I love the way you have accepted that I need to talk and talk and talk through issues
- I love that you can understand my journey of recovery and accompany me on it.
- I loved that you brought me flowers – just because you wanted me to feel special.
- I loved the way you made me feel special
- I loved your smile, your laugh, your eyes
- I loved your patience and how you waited for me to be free
- I loved the way you brought a new bed as a surprise for me.
- I loved the way you would play with my hair, caress me in ways that said you cared
- I loved that you took me places and showed me things
- I loved the way we connected
- I loved the way you met my needs- you took me perfume shopping! What a day that was!

- I loved the glow on your face at the clearing sale
- I loved the way you hang on to me, even when I want to run away
- I loved the way you never gave up on me

The Triggering Event.

Pierre went on circuit. This is where he acted for XX* as her barrister. This is where the affair started and finished. Started May 2009 circuit, finished October circuit 2009. October 2009 the last day of circuit, Pierre came home and proposed. August circuit is when they had sex.

I needed Pierre to volunteer SS*'s phone number. I told him I was struggling with this circuit. I wanted him to offer something that said he knew how painful this was for me. He asked me at work did I trust him and I said yes. He assured me he would be faithful. I didn't say anything else to him because we never talked about what circuit meant.

On the Sunday when he left I was agitated and withdrawn and he asked me what the problem was. I was angry at him and did not tell him what was going on in my head – I suppressed my anger and walked away. He left confused. I understand that I hurt Pierre by not being honest and open about why I was angry, not about circuit but angry with him. I ignored my anger and pain because I didn't want Pierre to be travelling on the roads, which were wet and slippery, in any kind of distress. I thought I was protecting him, but instead I was selfish and holding anger in me very tight so that it consumed me. By doing this I built up a volcano of emotions that exploded.

I assumed that because I had told Pierre about my struggle with this circuit, about how close it was to the last circuit, that he would pick up those cues and figure out for himself how big a trigger it was or could be for me. I assumed that if he cared, he would know or ask me directly. I assumed that he would see trust as a bigger thing than just “will you have an affair again”.

The conflict around this trigger left me feeling unheard 30% angry 30% resentful 20% hurt 10% disappointed 10%. What would Pierre like me to do differently? He would like me to be more direct and open about how I'm feeling. He needs me to guide him as to how I am feeling. He needs me to be able to trust him with my anger and pain and he needs me to be able to actually say what's wrong rather than bottling it up and then exploding. If I don't tell him what's wrong, I guess he doesn't want me holding it against him when he doesn't meet my unspoken expectations.

I have to stop expecting Pierre to live up to unspoken expectations. I have to find my voice no matter how painful it is for me. Pierre is the first person to ever hear me, and I don't want to lose that. I spent my entire life suppressing my needs and anger because it was too dangerous to allow it freedom. My family home environment was toxic and dangerous, and being invisible meant safety. Whenever I expressed strong feelings in my family I would become ill. As an adult, conflict still makes me ill, and so I suppress because if Pierre saw my anger he wouldn't love me anymore.

I need to start trusting that my feelings will not make Pierre stop loving me. I need to let go of holding in my expectations and needs. I need to learn how to be visible. If something is so important to me that it can create an expectation, then I need to say it well before it blows up. I need to speak my truth with integrity rather than anger.

I have had several days now to write on this and reflect on this triggering incident, and I can see my part in this. Today (Wednesday) I am feeling hopeful 50% unheard 30% sad 20%

I need to take responsibility for how I deal with my feelings and I need to be more direct and honest with Pierre.

What is in Pierre that made him think it was ok to deceive me?

What part did he play in this triggering incident? What behaviour does he have that needs to change? What were his feelings? What can he do to reduce the conflict? What can he do that will help him? What are his expectations of me – and does he

need to adapt them just like I do? Is he expecting too much of me too soon? What is in his background that contributed to this triggering incident

“Trust is not a gift. It must be earned, and not with verbal reassurances alone, but with specific changes in behaviour. You the unfaithful partner, need to demonstrate to your partner through bold, concrete actions that “I’m committed to you, you are safe with me”

I need to be very clear about what I need from you and give you a roadmap back to my heart.

I have learnt that my pain is still red raw and that my heart is still bleeding from your lies and labelling of me. I am still afraid of you on some level because of what you did to me between the first denial 22/6/10 – and the verbal assault I suffered after the February 2012 circuit.

A part of me is dreadfully afraid that I will spark that rage again, so I am timid in my approach and suppress. I got so scared that I ran, remember? To me it feels so fresh and recent that it overlays and taints everything, and on top of that all of our first year together is tainted by your lust for XX*. My memories are just tainted. I have found through this writing just how afraid, angry and hurt I really am.

I had no way to say any of this because a lot of the time I have been afraid and I didn’t even recognise it. I didn’t understand that trust meant more than not having sex with another woman, and if I didn’t know it, How could I say what I needed?

I understand as well that my fear and anger kept you at bay, at a distance I thought I could handle. I thought I was ok, but obviously I am not. I have a lot of work to do to feel safe and trusting with you because I was subjected to a huge level of pain when you denied me. I have to work through this and it is going to take some time.

I need new memories to override the tainted. I need new rituals, new moments, new feelings and I need to have you create some of them for me.

I need you to be more than a passive participant in this process. I need you to do more than just ask how I'm feeling. I need to see, feel, hear, and relate to your work in this process.

I need to know that you are working on this just as hard as I am, and not leaving it to me to get myself sorted out so it's better for you.

There are three entities impacted by your adultery – You, me and our relationship. It's not enough for me to be asked how I am going.

I need you to ask clearer questions. I need you to delve into things. I need you to talk about your feelings and experiences.

I need you to work harder to be present with me and I need you to think of things I'd like to do, see, experience etc. I don't want perfume every year. I want to be considered. I'm not saying you don't consider me, but I'd like different considerations that won't relate to health and work etc.

I need you to practice listening with me and I need you to start figuring out who I am and how I fit into your life.

What I also need is more than apologies. I know you are sorry you hurt me, but how did you hurt me? What pain are you sorry for? Tell me! Don't just say I'm sorry, because unless you know what you are sorry for, it becomes meaningless to me.

Sex. I need to talk about sex if I am to be honest here. You and I had a great capacity to send each other flirty and sext texts – it was fantastic.

When I read those texts, you sent XX* (even if I didn't hers) something died in me. I haven't sent you anything since – did you notice? I felt ashamed that you were saying the same things to both of us, stuff that I thought was special to us.

You used a line out of a Madonna song that I gave to you – I felt sucker punched.

And then I had the most awful one "I can still smell you". That and the kissing text did something to me and I've avoided all but the merest kisses since. I have XX*

intruding, and the progress I was making with you, with regards to my kissing issue, was instantly shattered. I froze and have remained frozen since.

And the sex, for me, an orgasm is very difficult because it puts pressure on my brain. I knew it gave me headaches at times or was impossible to achieve if I was unwell, but I didn't know I had MG then. Oral sex and my crones have always been a bitter combination in my mind, and so I've always shied away from it.

You introduced me to the joys of orgasm and then you took it away from me – during the time of your affair you took it away. The last time you gave me any pleasure you told me I had to ask for it again, and I never did, and I am loath to. Didn't it ever feel strange to you that the only desires that were being met were yours?

Why didn't it ever occur to you to touch me, arouse me, love me? Part of this is my responsibility for not saying anything, but I was deeply, deeply shamed and humiliated by what you did and said to XX* that I just shut it down.

You know I haven't shut down to you sexually, but I am shut down to myself and my own needs. Like you, there are times when I long for release, but because we have sex so often, my feelings are gone because desire isn't allowed to build up. I'm not saying I want that to stop, but there are times when I need to be reassured that I can't be replaced with a blow-up doll and some KY.

The scars of this affair are far reaching and deep, and I'm only realising how far and deep as I try to be as honest as I can be about what's happened to me. I do need you to be as attentive as you used to be. You used to hold me and love me, even at the kitchen sink. I miss that. I miss the sexual tension of our first year, when you treated me like a queen. Do you even remember your queenie? She died the day she read THAT email. When I knew, you had come from XX*'s bed to ours, She died. And you never gave her any resuscitation. It felt as if you just became used to having sex on demand and no further effort was required. I am not denying you the intimacy and love we have, I'm just saying how it's been for me. This affair has been toxic to more than just the relationship, it's tainted memories as well as sexually. How do I work

my way through this when I'm in a brain fog most days? I'm not sure what to do or how to do this.

This is all very raw for me. I'm the one who has to do the majority of the recovery in this process. I'm the person who has to work through the feelings of shame, humiliation, anger, fear, hurt, disappointment and pain, and I have to find a way to live through and let go, all the while finding a new way to trust and ultimately forgiveness.

That doesn't take away from your own personal journey through this, but I do have the most to do – I have to forgive if we are going to get through. Don't underestimate the hard work ahead of me though throw away lines like "it was over in 2009"! That tells me that I have no real right to be stuck in pain. It tells me that you think I should have the same perspective – it was over and I'm sorry, can we move on from that?

Do you think you are a sex or love addict? Was the affair and your denial another manifestation of an addict? Does sex occupy your mind?

If this was another member of AA going through this, the denial, anger, guilt and blaming of the faithful partner, and you were talking to the unfaithful member what would you be saying to them? When we came through last circuits blow up, you accused me of taking your inventory, and I am. I need to know who you are all over again, because you've shown me many Pierre's in the last 2 years and I think I have the right to ask you these things and question you on who you are, your values, beliefs and the character defects that led to the affair and all the consequences that flowed from that.

June 2012

When I stop caring about stuff, this is a real danger sign, and a warning you need to watch out for. When I stop caring, I stop being interested and a part of me withers.

It's important to me that you understand that this process of recovery, trust and forgiveness could take me a long time, and there are going to be times when it will feel as if you can't do anything right. I want to assure you that it is not my intent to hold a grudge or set you up for failure, but I may test your resolve to see something through if it's important to me.

I may ask you to do something, and I may wait to see how you respond, and my hope is that if I do that, we will be communicating better and these pages may make me clearer to you. I guess I'm saying just go with me on this journey and accept that I may not always be calm and considerate.

I thought that we were going ok, and that I was ok, because we were talking about a whole lot of stuff that was new for me, and we were having so many positive experiences. I was wrong.

I think I need to have you do more than apologise. I need you to work on the why, the issues that led to the affair – is it going to happen again and why should I trust you? If you and I don't fully understand what happened, how will you resist in the future? I know you said it wouldn't happen again, but I never expected it to happen in the first place. I need to know you are going through this process – you need to keep me in the loop.

I'm listening to soft music as I write this and reflect on my behaviours. I hold so much inside me and almost never ask you for anything important. I can't believe I still do this and it's so painful that I'm crying as I write this. How can you possibly know how I'm feeling about this if I can't say it and how can you know what I need if I don't tell you. I feel as if my whole life has been one great big fucking façade and that there is no one inside me, who am I? Where am I? Where is my voice and how

do I find it? I don't want to be visible and I don't want to lose you, and that's what I think will happen if I don't find my voice. I don't like the anger I suppress, and I want to be free of it.

I was so hurt to find out from XX* that you had tried to do all the things to her that I like, to have a strange woman tell you what you like sexually, was humiliating. I felt so betrayed that you tried and told her that I like it. How dare you! I feel so violated, and still do.

I would love you to empathise with me and validate my feelings – even more than you do. Sometimes you shut down – I am learning not to accept that by speaking up, but I need to have you do it more. Sometimes I'd like you to initiate the discussion of the affair and its impact on me. I would love to have you talk about how I feel, or bring up something that you recognise. I feel so lost sometimes, because I feel as if I'm doing all the talking, I need to hear you understand me by relating to me – not just ask how I am, but maybe start the dialogue in a different way.

I am so grateful that at no time did I take away intimacy from you. I am so glad that although I am angry at you that I never used sex as a weapon against you. I think that would have been the start of the end for us for sure.

I seem to have lots of growth and awareness when I allow myself time to reflect and understand a situation, particularly on involving conflict. What a journey – please, can I get off this learning roundabout?

I had a blinding flash of realisation – Whenever I ask anybody to do something that I think is important to me, and they don't, I am unconsciously back in my childhood again on Christmas Day. My strongest memories of Christmas are of my mum asking my dad “can we have one day without any arguments” (or something similar) and it's always stuck in my head. If my dad loved my mum, why did she have to beg for one day of peace? And why would he deny her that? And why would she keep having to ask every year – couldn't he just get the message and remember it?

And then this connected to Christmas as an adult for me, because I always wanted to overwrite that memory, and it was always denied. I only ever invited my mother to one Christmas. I hand made everything, down to the chocolates, She was coming with Barry and her brother Ray (the one who sexually assaulted her as a young girl).

But my mum, she rang me 30 minutes before they were due to arrive to say that she couldn't possibly interrupt Barry from his packing (they were moving soon after), and did I mind terribly that they wouldn't be coming. I was lost. What could I say? What could I do? I had food for lots of people cooked and ready, and here was my mum giving me some fucking lame excuse about not being able to come. And I just took it and said 'that's fine, no bother.'

I was so angry and I've carried that rage for so long. And it's like a great big chain of being denied and betrayed and unheard. My mother just didn't attach enough importance to me to understand that she should have planned to come. But she didn't. She had no intention of coming and she didn't tell me. She just let me think she was coming. I never told her I was upset.

And then I have you ignoring me when I tell you how scared I get when you use the mobile phone in the car while driving. 3 years I've made this request to you to stop, 3 years I've said how scared I get, how unsafe I feel, yet you still do it. Why? How can you tell me you listen to me when you can't stop doing this simple thing – when you can't take in the message I'm giving you very clearly. Think back – how many times have I told you how I feel about using the phone while driving? You've even said to me 'I know sorry', I know you get scared! How does this not tell me you don't hear me?

What about this continuing behaviour is meant to reassure me that you hear me about other stuff I say? 3 years on and its still a problem for me and now you get this frustration about it because to me it seems like you feel harassed and nagged. Does it feel that way to you? What do you feel about it? You certainly give off vibes about being annoyed.

For me these are all big deals. When you don't communicate the progress around dancing, when you don't talk about it and raise it, I feel that you've dropped it. It only takes a moment to say 'I know we've had busy weeks and been too tired, but I'm still on it, or I'm thinking of it.'

When you tell me you listen, what I get is that you listen to me talk about the scary stuff, the safe stuff, the recovery and growth stuff, but when it comes to the hearing me stuff that requires more than talking, then it appears to me that; that doesn't happen. Otherwise, you would be hearing the words I say very clearly, and you wouldn't be fiddling with the phone in the car.

Being heard. SUCH A BIG DEAL FOR ME. You do listen to me, but only in the way that you want to, that makes it safe for you. But what I see is someone doing the safe listening and letting other stuff go. It's great being able to talk about the scary shit that comes up, and I am so grateful to you for that, but then I get angry because you pay no attention to the other stuff, and it does me no good to get angry with you about it because you get wounded. And how much clearer do I have to make it about being scared in the car when you text on the phone? Tell me How much clearer should I make it so that you get it?

And this has just brought me back to the circuit trigger. I did tell you I was upset and struggling. The small stuff builds into big stuff. Don't hear me about the phone, Why wouldn't I go ballistic over a big thing like circuit?

My mum kicked my dad out early in their marriage because of his drinking. He promised to stop. She took him back. He started drinking again and told her 'you didn't expect me to keep that promise did you?'

There has been a long pattern in my life of not being heard and the consequences have been bad for me. When someone shows me that they don't care enough to remember or act on things I say or ask, then the message I get is that I am not worth anything to them.

Not important enough, not real enough, not good enough, not worth the effort.

Is this what you mean to do when you ignore my fears about your phone usage in the car? Whether you mean to or not, you say loud and clear by your actions that I don't count. And that tells me you don't hear me, because if you did hear me you would have taken the message in, you'd be thinking this makes Lisa scared, plus I could lose points of my license that I can't afford to lose, and I had better not keep doing it.

I have plenty of love from you; we talk, we share a life together, but you don't hear me. How does that feel? What's stopping you from doing this?

I don't want to shut down with you, but I can guarantee that if you continue with this behaviour that it will eventually end our relationship.

I feel a huge sense of disconnectedness as I look back over the time since 22/6/10. I feel so stupid that I trusted you so blindly and didn't stand up for what my gut was telling me. I remember talking to people about how you'd done this, but I couldn't prove it. And I felt so incredibly and utterly stupid for accepting at face value the statement you gave the police. You denied XX*'s allegations and you used your colleagues as an alibi. Did you tell SS*? How could SS* say you were at her house – I remember that her and Peter were away that night in August. How could she know where you were? You lied on a Police statement. You lied to the police. You lied to everyone. You did it so convincingly, and even though I knew the truth, I still couldn't get it out of you. I feel so humiliated and unsure and I hate the way I let you walk over me, and how you trampled your own integrity into the dirt.

If you'd had a complaint made against you, you would have been suspended from practice – all your lies and deceptions would have been evidence against you. No wonder I felt so small and irrelevant, where was I in all of this deception.

Did you tell the police not to pursue the case against XX*? Is that why you didn't want me to go with you that last time, and why haven't we had anything further? Tell me the truth.

Forgiveness is a powerful thing, and it's a crucial part of my recovery. It took me 11 years to forgive my mother, and those 11 years were the result of a throwaway line

she uttered ‘I always thought you were sexually abused by your dad’ and a few weeks of bad behaviour on her part.

I was deceived and lied to for nearly 2 years, labelled and attacked, and everything that mattered to me thrown away. Forgiveness is going to be a long process, just like trust. It’s not just about coming to believe you won’t stick your dick in another woman, it’s about a whole lot of things that are important to me.

I’m never going to feel all warm and fuzzy about what happened, but I’m thinking that there will be a time when these feelings don’t make me feel so bad, when they won’t be accompanied by pain. When I can bring these memories out, and they don’t generate pain, then I’ll know I am on the path to forgiveness. Forgiveness doesn’t mean I’ll forget, but I hope to have some peace around this. You wronged me – and over time my resentment will lessen and I will be able to let go of these feelings that bind me to the pain.

“A partner who wants to be physically and psychologically connected to you must work to win forgiveness through specific concrete behaviours. Unearned forgiveness, like unrequited love, reinforces the assumption that it’s your job alone to stay attached, that your partner doesn’t need to share the burden of recovery.” (after the affair/book)

I am not ready to forgive you, and I have not even started that process. I haven’t even been able to articulate to you, except in these pages, just how wronged I’ve felt, how angry, hurt, betrayed, deceived, manipulated, shamed, humiliated. I have a lot to work through and I am not going to rush through this just to make our relationship appear ok.

I’ve seen how toxic this makes me! Being nice, sweet and pleasant is just another way of me not being authentic, and it allows me to remain invisible. I’ve modelled this from my childhood and although I thought I was doing it differently, I see I was just being the self-effacing adult child again.

I gave you a false front – a façade. Even though I hinted at it, by telling you that I was like a serene duck above water, while below I was paddling madly to stay afloat.

There are self-forgiveness things that I need to explore for my own healing –

- I need to be able to forgive myself for being overly naïve, trusting too blindly, and ignoring the truth I knew in my head, heart and gut.
- I tolerated your bad behaviour towards me because to call you out, I felt, would destroy our relationship, and I didn't understand why I was reacting to you so badly.
- I have such poorly developed concepts of self-love that I didn't speak up for myself.
- I lost my sense of self; I lost my authenticity.
- I lost my ability to trust my perceptions.
- I lost myself.

Whenever you try to tell me how much you are in pain as well, when I talk to you about mine, I feel as if you are invalidating mine by holding yours up as a comparison. This happened during the phone call while you were on circuit, and it enraged me. I'm not ready to process your pain when I'm angry, but I do want you to talk to me about it. I can't always say I'll be receptive to your feelings in the short term, but I will try. Your pain is different to mine, mine is red raw with anger, grief and everything else, and it pulses in me with a life of its own. If you try to compare or rationalise or minimise mine, you make me feel worse.

I think I needed this to make me realise just how much I subjugate my feelings to avoid conflict. I thought the hard part was confronting you – but I was wrong. It's so much harder confronting myself.

I hate you for the pain you put me through.

I hate you for the lies, the deception and the names you called me as you saw me suffering.

I hate the way you thought it was ok to compare me to Veronica.

I hate the way you thought it was ok to hold me hostage in the car to that toxic phone call.

I hate the way you lashed out at me.

I hate everything about this whole fucking thing and I am so angry at you for putting me through this.

BUT

I am grateful for the pain because it has held a mirror to my own flaws and defects. Things I've never had the strength to explore as fully and honestly as I have this past week.

I cannot say I love you right now. I am too raw for that. But I can say that I want this to work, and that I hope we can work through this. I wish you had waited to ask me to marry you. In hindsight, I will always wonder if you asked me as a way of confirming to yourself that the affair was over, because I know you were still in communication with her. It feels a bit off now, the timing. Someone asked me if I would have still married you. I can't say one way or another for certain, but I sure wish you had told me on 22/6/10 when it all came out. If you ever do anything like this to me again, there will not be another chance. I expect absolute fidelity, integrity and honesty from you in all things. If you cannot agree to that then you should tell me.

I am also going to ask you here, if you have had any other affairs (whether sex happened or not) whilst with me, Julie or Veronica. I want the truth. I have seen the level of deception and secrecy you will go to now, so I want the full truth.

What your deception did to me was make me suspicious of everything. You made a fool of me. You taught me that your words had no truth behind them. That's part of

what I struggle with. You told so many lies, so convincingly, for so long, and now you seem to get offended when it appears I don't trust what you say. Even though I told you it was too late for SS*'s number, I wish you'd had the courage to recognise that, even late, it still might have been tangible to show me you were listening to more than the hurt words uttered from pain and anger. I wish you'd said 'sorry, here are her contact details for the future.' It's never too late to recover from a poor position, but it's impossible if you can't think outside the square. I need you to think outside the square more often and be emotionally flexible in how you deal with me.

You were my rock

Your integrity my compass

Trust was implicit

In everything we did

You were my rock

Our love the foundation

Our commitment the walls

Our joy the light

You were my rock

But your rock was a shell

Your foundation hollow

Our walls unmortared

A light extinguished

Darkness complete

The light but a glimmer

Walls scattered

Lingering hope all the remains

Tho tumbled down

The walls can be built

Who will help

Rekindle the flame

A small, soft spark

I need to see your journey of recovery. It is vital that I know you are going through your own growth. You must be willing to put up with my asking the same question again and again – I will get there in the end.

1. Face it, embrace it, mourn it, move on
2. Name it, claim it, own it, Let it go
3. Talk, share, disclose, heal
4. Anger, fear, hurt, rejection, acceptance, peace, awareness, forgiveness, love

A powerful lot of stages to move through to find a place of forgiveness and love again. Do I have what it takes? I think so. Do you have what it takes? I hope so.

Together we have to do this if we are to come out of this a united couple.

How will I know if you are truly repentant?

I will know by how well you can walk in my shoes, by how well you hear me and by how well you attend to your own recovery to help us both heal.

I will know you are truly moving from just being sorry, when I see you do the estimable actions to build a new relationship and marriage with me.

I will know we are moving forward and healing when I feel you present with me. These are just some of the ways in which I will know you and I are healing.

It feels as if the core of our relationship has been built on a lie. While you were courting me, you were in a relationship with XX*. Then, you deceived me. Then you minimised it through your choice of language.

You just had a dalliance, she chased you, it didn't mean anything, I felt guilty all the time, I wanted to get out. None of that owns or acknowledges your part in this. You blame XX* for seducing you and dragging you into it supposedly against your will. How long would you have kept me labelled? At what point, did it become ok to blame me for being suspicious? Were you prepared for me to go mad with grief as you called me jealous, possessive and controlling. I still can't believe you said those things to me, and much; much more. I have seen the dark side of you through all of this and it scares me.

I have been so grateful to have this week alone, to write, to think, clarify and process. I had so many plans for this week, but I think this has been a more productive use of my time. I am starting to feel a little bit real, for the first time I am actually seeing the dots to connect.

So much betrayal runs through my life, and I was subjected to things no child should ever have to witness. Now the fruit of all the years of pain is ripening, and my hope is that each piece of fruit will add a new taste to my life and help get the bad taste out of my mouth.

I didn't realise just how bad all of this would hit me, and I'm sure there will be plenty more reefs for me to founder on along the way.

They say that recovery can take longer than the affair, and so I guess I'm looking at having to allow myself a good 3 years. WOW – although in reality, that's to be expected – who gets well overnight?

Am I looking forward to it? Yes + No. I don't stay away from the pain that brings growth and recovery, but that doesn't mean I like it.

I think I am doing study to find me. To be distinct from you. When I gave up the ship to work for you, I suffered greatly with a loss of independence. I loved what I did with you, but for the first time I was financially dependent on another person. I found this very traumatic and it took me a long time to work through.

When you got offended with me in the car one night recently, when we had a conversation about being on the same page, and perhaps we need to have the same basic skills, and I questioned your counselling skills, I got a strong realisation in the days afterward, that I was again acting in a dependent fashion, wanting you to do this with me.

I realised that if I linked my counselling to you, I would be consumed by your larger than life experiences. I needed to fly my own wings and march to my own drum, and if you weren't even interested in finding out what I was studying and practising with me, then I would just start flying. I hoped that you would want to explore it with me, but I decided not to wait. You either fly with me or not.

I WILL WRITE MYSELF INTO WELLBEING – Nancy Mair.

And so, today you are coming home. I don't know what time, and I don't know how you will receive this. Angry, hurt, defensive, wounded, hopeful....

Home coming from circuit brings painful memories to me – particularly the August 09 circuit. Coupled with the knowledge of your emotional and lustful engagement with XX*, is the knowledge that you were leaving her bed, with her scent still on you, and telling me to prepare myself so you could put her scent on me. That's how I see it. I feel sullied by this, and I am angry that you did that to me. Did you shower before coming home to me? Did you think of me at all, or did you just have a head full of sex.

Can you even begin to understand what this did to me? How I carried this with me to Italy and beyond, that I carried this with me every day, all through the times you

belittled me for being suspicious of you. I long for the innocence and joy we had in our early days, but I don't and won't ever have you higher than me again. No matter how educated you are, you let yourself be ruled by your dick. At 57, with 10 years of recovery and growth in you, I never expected you to treat me with such contempt, or treat what we had with contempt. And as I mentally and emotionally prepare for you to come home today, I feel myriad butterflies churning in my stomach and heart.

Will this circuit be the one to finally change our relationship? Will this be when you actually start to understand and begin to walk in my shoes? Or will this be another opportunity to give me words but no actions.

I am afraid, terribly afraid. Afraid you will say it's all too hard. Afraid that you will again forget, act as if it is all in the past, cause let's not forget to put this all into perspective, hey?

I am angry at you and at me, that you did this to me and I wasn't strong enough to call you out on your lies. I remember sitting on our bed and telling you what the phone records told me. You told me to trust you, that you would never do anything to hurt me, but that you didn't have any answers to give me.

How big a fool I must have looked to you as you sat there saying trust me. How gullible I must have appeared. I was too scared to say how I felt and you used that against me. I am so angry. It feels like I will never be able to let this go, but I know at some point I have too. JUST NOT RIGHT NOW.

While I am angry I am feeling something.

How do we move on from here? You were my heartmate, I adored and cherished you, and you threw it away, sullied it, made a fool of it and mistreated it with your lies and deceptions.

I feel as if my heart is never going to stop bleeding, that the bucket is empty. There are days when I just wish the ground could open and swallow me. Days I feel like a zombie – no emotions and no pain. And other days I am calm yet seething with rage.

Why did you risk everything we had, and were building, for sex with XX*?

What did it give you to have two women wanting you?

How did you tell yourself it was ok? How do I know you won't do it again?

As we were exchanging our wedding vows, did the thoughts "and I will deceive and lie to her forever more" take hold?

What are you doing to work on your recovery?

What are you doing to change your behaviours?

Are you able to understand and accept that there will be times when I fall back into the memories and act badly?

How will you cope with that – will you act as if I should get over it?

I have been doing a lot of thinking these past few days. I have been looking hard at my own behaviours, and in doing that I have come to a huge understanding of something.

You and I are both emotionally fucked individuals. I have to find my voice and stop being a doormat to you, and you need to find your integrity again, and you need to explore your own past to find yourself today.

I know you well enough now to say that you need help. You need help in AA and in counselling. You and I have a powerful amount of work ahead of us, can you commit to it? I think you have been greatly traumatised by what happened with XX*, and you need to fully acknowledge your part in it, and be prepared to go down every rabbit hole, in order to ferret out the roots of the emotional pain you were in, and still are in.

When I say you are in denial, I mean it. I don't mean in the sense of you don't accept it happened, but as you will know, denial takes away focus and I see many layers of denial in you.

I want our relationship to grow through this. I want our marriage to survive. I want us to be stronger as a result of this. But I will say again what I tried saying on Monday,

YOU NEED TO GET ME. You need to walk in my shoes and feel my pain. And you need to feel your own.

I feel as if I have gone through an emotional marathon this week, but I feel better for it. The space to find myself has helped me purge a lot of my anguish into these pages, and allowed me to hear myself. I have read, talked, shared and blogged my pain. I won't hide it anymore and I am looking forward to the day when I can look back with gratitude for the pain.

I am grateful to be in the place I am today. I am grateful to have you in my life. These pages have been a way of regaining my sanity and they have become important to me.

One thing I have found is that I distrust everyone around you now. I read this week about this, and it just clicked for me. My trust button has been completely disabled. I spent 21 months in a state of heightened distress that I had to suppress. I wondered who knew. And since the disclosure, I have been looking at people and wondering who knew and who didn't. No matter what you said, I still wondered. And even now, I still wonder. We didn't hide the blackmail, so who questioned you? Who thought of it? Who's avoiding me? No one seems to understand.

www.survivingyourworstnightmare.com

Always put yourself

In others shoes

If you feel that it hurts you

It probably hurts that person too

Never judge what you don't understand

2/6/12

I wish someone had written about the honeymoon phase after disclosure or confrontation and admittance. Relationships have a honeymoon stage where nothing is a problem, especially the small things we all overlook; it's the rose coloured everything is ok glasses stage. And just like a relationship, the immediate period after you find out can seem to be ok as well. But if you don't attend to things, you won't realise that you are in a rudderless ship, with no steering, amongst rocky reefs, with no lighthouse to guide you.

That's how it's been for me. I thought that getting through this meant not rocking the boat. It's not.

My honeymoon phase was spent in denial of my own feelings and trying to make my husband feel ok.

I know now that I am a fixer! I don't like seeing Pierre in pain, so I make him feel better instead of letting him feel his pain. I did this last night. He tried to tell me how scared he was of losing me, and I jumped in to reassure him that he hadn't. He went out of the room for a moment and that's when I realised what I had done. When he came back I told him what I had realised and validated his fears about losing me. I told him how I felt about what I had done and how important it was that I stop doing this. What clarity that was! How powerful to accept he has to feel his pain, just like I do. I never realised I did this until last night. I am learning, I hope. I have hope that as I practice the things I have become aware of, that they will become new habits, better habits.

Last night my husband made love to me. We didn't just have sex. I am full of gratitude for the way he handled the reading of my journal, and accepted and validated my words. His love for me has never left him, it's just been consumed by his own fears, shame and regret.

He too had been aware of the things that had altered in our sex life, he had been seeing things himself, but had been caught up in his own fears and couldn't talk to

me. I understand this now. How could he talk to me about why I was shutting down in some ways without direct reference to his affair, and for 21 months he had denied me. So for him, talking about sex became a taboo subject, full of danger for him, while for me it became so full of pain and trauma. What a pair we made. Last night was a real outpouring of truth for both of us, and I feel real hope for us. I realised as I lay in bed this morning that my love for Pierre hasn't gone, it's just sleeping – still here, just needing a lot of new behaviours, consistency, truth and trust before I can say it out loud.

After Pierre had read my journal, he called me and we talked. He got me! He was full of regret and it was a glorious thing for me to see the understanding and awareness in his eyes, along with the pain. To have him say “everything you wrote is true” was so validating. Even the things he disagreed with, he said were true.

We talked about one of those, to do with Jim. Pierre gave his experience and it differed to mine, but he said the meaning was true. So I was able to check in and ask ‘So are you saying that while the actual detail may not be correct, the substance/message I had was?’ and Pierre said yes. That was a huge thing.

Before we would have argued over the detail, forgetting or ignoring the substance. Our capacity to argue over detail is enormous. I felt a lot of relief over this, the way we discussed this. I feel as if we were both validated. This is new for me, and I'm guessing it's new for Pierre as well.

I see now that moving through the aftermath of an affair is no easy thing. I thought the worst part was over; the confrontation. I thought that if my husband was always saying sorry and asking me how I was, that would see us through. But it's not.

Until you start to feel your anger, you don't know what it is that you need to start working on your own recovery. 3 months ago I had no idea that trust had so many variables, or that I had so many unresolved issues that were hindering my own recovery. I would tell anyone else going through this to be aware of the honeymoon phase and to journal everyday. Pour your rage and anger onto the pages. I would

recommend 3 books – the small book for the unfaithful partner, the Janis Springer book for both of you, and the Patti Snodgrass book last, to show you both that you can heal from this.

What I wish I had known:

- Did you have a childhood where you were invisible? This might make it impossible to say what you feel. Write it down.
- Did your partner have a childhood of abuse or trauma?
- You will go through a honeymoon phase
- You might explode at unrecognised triggers if you don't talk
- Don't spare your partners feelings. Say it.
- Take some time away when you are angry.
- Get space for you – time to write and cry
- Work through the Janis Springer book page by page, with an open journal
- Don't assume your partner will get you
- Don't play games
- To recover you will need to connect the dots of past traumas and childhood defence mechanisms, only then will you be able to start to heal.

3/6/12

I feel a lot more relaxed today than I have in a long time. We are talking and trying very hard to make this work. I found the courage to talk to Pierre and ask him if he thought a sex addiction had any part in this. He doesn't know and neither do I. So to explore this we are going to the SLAA meeting in Dandenong tonight. I am nervous

about this. What if Pierre does identify, how will I process that? I guess we will cross that bridge when we come to it.

It is amazing how much closer I feel to Pierre today. I haven't felt like this for such a long time. I make progress a day at a time – one day at a time.

Progress NOT Perfection

5/6/12

I'm going to start with what's in my head first. This morning Pierre told me he was calling in to see Matt tonight, which was fine, but when I said 'are you staying for dinner'? He got a bit flustered and said he was, but could come straight home if I preferred. Then he said he told me about this and then got all wounded because I questioned his recollection of events. What Pierre did was tell me when he got back from circuit was that Matt wanted to invite us to his place on a Monday or Tuesday for dinner. Pierre didn't say THIS Monday or Tuesday. So I respond with 'That's fine, just don't make it a night when we have to be in early the next day. That's where I left it, because it wasn't linked to anything else and no urgency was put on it because we saw Matt on Saturday night anyway.

But, I heard Pierre make plans for dinner with someone yesterday on the phone, he was talking to someone about cooking, and I was going to ask him about it but he sent through an invitation for a work conference from a solicitor he is very friendly with, so I assumed his discussions about dinner and cooking were all with that solicitor. And yesterday Pierre confirmed that I wouldn't be in today because I have a session with Jane, yet this morning he said he forgot I wasn't coming in when he made plans with Matt. And this morning he wanted to get away from this and he gets this wounded 'I fucked up' tone and expression.

I'm quiet angry about how this happened.

1. He 'forgets' I'm not in today and makes dinner plans for himself and Matt and the tries to excuse it.
2. I didn't pursue what I heard on the phone – but should I have to listen in to every conversation?
3. If he did plan dinner – it should have been put in the calendar – the way it wasn't makes me feel as if it's a guilty 'I didn't think of you and I'm trying to cover it up'
4. My memory is constantly challenged, and even though my memory is poor at times, I still have some good recall, and I demonstrate that he's not perfect in this regard with the VCAT/Flitner issue – I heard 2 out of 3 witness statements get allowed, Pierre heard only 1. I was right, I know I'm not perfect but I'm also feeling a bit crazy when Pierre does this to me. I don't know why he does it. I get upset when I'm saying 'I don't remember you saying that or that's not how I recollect the conversation.'

Is it only the big stuff I'm allowed to tackle, and not the small stuff you think is trivial? How do I do the important talking if you feel frustrated over what you perceive to be small?

The issue around what you did or didn't tell me about what was organised regarding Matt and dinner, was not insignificant for me. Your reaction was not insignificant. You tell me to be frank and honest with you but you aren't receptive unless it relates directly to you, me and XX*. Is that how it is or am I wrong? I feel shut down again. You said that you were frustrated because you thought it was just an insignificant miscommunication, to you – not to me.

I take these things seriously because they go to the heart of how we communicate. If I can't clarify, what can I do? If I tell you I'm cross, will you tell me again that I'm making a mountain out of a mole hill? What will the next insignificant thing look like? 6 days in and I'm already feeling shut down again. I know I didn't explain it well, but you get exasperated with me and make me feel as if I was nagging you and

hounding you. I feel shut down because of the way you respond to me. I felt shut down this morning and it didn't go away tonight.

I sit here in the lounge room writing this and you've come out asking me if you've done anything wrong, is it about this Matt dinner thing? I don't want to talk because I can't explain it to you, you are upset and wouldn't hear me now, So I will wait and see what happens. Is this how we will behave when a big issue comes along? Are we destined to be in conflict like this? I don't know, but I do know that big or small, if I raise it, you should try to listen to me and not shut me down because you think it's unimportant or trivial. Does this make sense? I think the way you handle me challenging you is very important. Am I making you feel something you don't like? Sigh. What to do and which way to jump. Feel like I'm on the edge of a blade and no way is safe. Test the water on a small thing and I sink. Hate to think what will happen the first time I arc up about something. Why do I feel as if I have to make everything palatable before it's real?

What's the go here? How can he remember to put a conference in but can't stick his head out the door and tell me he's going to meet up with Matt the next day? It's put me right back into suspicious mode, particularly given that I'm NOT in today and he knew it – he checked in with me. He made sure to talk to me before we left work about what time he wanted to be leaving this morning, what time to get up etc. No, there's something more to this that I am not getting.

I think I need to add this to the trust list, and I need to tell Pierre How I feel about this. It's not a spur of the moment plan, it's been organised and it's been done in Pierre's head while I'm on the outside ignorant of what's supposed to be evident.

This isn't the first time I've experienced this from Pierre and it usually ends up with me having to be the one to smooth his feelings of frustration. Even this morning I did it instead of just saying how it was, I could see that Pierre was agitated by it and that he felt upset by it. How do we do this? Do we have to do 20 questions? I think the onus is on Pierre in this because I can't know what to ask Pierre if doesn't tell me.

How can I know that he means now rather than an unfixed date? I think I will start teaching Pierre to give me full information, and not just bits and pieces.

Saying 'sorry I forgot' is a huge trigger for me.

Pierre falls into the naughty/guilty child attitude, and I do feel like I am a parent in these instances. Instead of talking through it he walks away saying 'I'm at fault, I'm sorry' and that leaves me nowhere to go but inside – where I get angry at being shut down again.

- Connect it for me
- Tell me
- Plan it with me
- Update me
- Calendar everything
- Don't assume
- Practice

On Sunday (3/6/12) we went to the Dandenong SLAA meeting. Neither of us felt as if we could see anything in it that Pierre could strongly identify with. I'm glad in a way, because it's one less thing to deal with. We had a long conversation about this on the way home. We are doing a lot of talking about the affair and Pierre is open to what we talk about. I am feeling calm and peaceful as a result of my week alone, and I am grateful to be so clear headed now.

All the pain and growth I've had in the past couple of years have really prepared me for this. I have been able to process a lot and let it go until I can deal with it. While I am angry at Pierre for doing this, for the cheating, lying and deception, I have to acknowledge that I probably would not have had the strength to deal with it in 2009. I might have if he'd been honest in 2010, but I am strong enough now. We might have gotten to the same place we are in now, but we might also have torn ourselves apart.

People are flawed and I come to this relationship just as flawed and damaged as Pierre. How can I cast stones? No, the way to move forward is through an open heart and compassion. The easy way through this is to discard the flawed person and seek someone perfect, but that person does not exist.

We don't grow in a vacuum, we grow through the process of working through pain. It reminds me of a tree root I saw in a cave once, it was huge and had worked its way right through the ground and cave roof to find the water pooling below for its sustenance. We are like that tree. If we don't have the strength, we can't cope with the pain of drilling down through our own layers to find our heart.

6/6/12

Had a rough day health wise, with my MG kicking in quite hard today – sore, fatigued eyes and lots of trouble keeping them open. We had a good result for a friend of ours at court – he got a good result in that he got a good block of time with his kids, and his ex and her parents had to do a lot of compromising. I love watching Pierre do his magic at court.

We haven't talked about anything since Tuesday night though, when he told me he was feeling put upon by my niggling, and that he's doing his best. I haven't opened up about how I'm feeling and I feel as if we have been tip toeing around each other. I knew the hard work was ahead of me, I really didn't appreciate how hard it would be to deal with the day to day issues rather than the big earth shattering ones – the big ones are easy by comparison.

It's surprised me very much! I thought it would be the reverse quite honestly. And when is Pierre going to ask for the texts etc? I have written my trust list out, but it feels like it did after the confrontation/disclosure. All was well the first few days then it kind of gets lost in the busy days of work, travel and school, while I'm left thinking and wondering. I'm going to print it out tomorrow and put it in his desk and pin it up at home.

Feeling my way through all of this. Are we destined to have conflict, make up, conflict, make up?

We listened to one of Pierre's PD podcasts in the car this morning and then resumed it this evening on the way home. It was by HB* who is the work psych, and she talked about the difficulties people face in their relationships outside work. It was spot on, relevant and exactly what we needed to hear. I don't really know how Pierre is today, he seems distant, although he is always more affectionate after we've had a disagreement, as if he is making up.

It's really hard for me tonight – I wonder if our conflict the day before has triggered my MG today? I feel so tired and bone weary tonight, much worse than usual.

I wish there was a way to move through this with Pierre where we could both be on the same page. I guess I have to be grateful that he's with me as much as he is, and I am grateful, I guess I just want more.

We are booked into the Windsor hotel for the meeting tomorrow night. I have school Thursday and Friday arvo's this term and 4 hours sleep will make it very difficult for me to function, so we will stay in Melb tomorrow night.

7/6/12

Had a bad morning, woke up with a raging headache, bad brain fog and fatigue, and it didn't start to abate until after lunch, Phew! I am at school waiting to catch up with one of my new note takers this term, looking forward to continuing the learning journey.

I feel strange. I feel as if I'm just coasting through each day. I keep waiting for Pierre to ask me for the texts – I keep waiting for him to ask to keep reading my journal. I feel on the edge a lot these days, and I recognise that I am suppressing again because it's easier to do this than tackle what Pierre perceives as trivial issues.

He hasn't asked or referred to my trust enhancing list, so I'm a bit perplexed. Is this a 'look at it once' exercise for him? It's definitely not for me! Does he know how much this meant to me? It's quite bizarre actually, we had so much pain, and now it feels like back in March when it all came out and we took a big breath and thought the worst was over.

I don't know how to get passed this stagnant feeling. I'm feeling a bit like I did during the time when he shut me down with the lies.

It's the "you can talk to me about anything unless I think it's trivial, and not worth bothering me over, and then I'll make it clear just how annoyed and frustrated it really is for me, and how little real patience and tolerance I have for your pain."

This is how it is appearing to me and it's making me angry that I can't reach you with the small stuff that matters to me. The small stuff is all linked and connects to the big stuff. You didn't get any of my pain before, and now I sense you aren't getting a whole new level of my pain. But, I will get through each day, and I will continue to talk about my journey, and I will continue to work through this.

8/6/12

Feel anxious today. We stayed at the Windsor Hotel last night and had a good nights sleep which is so different to what normally happens on a Thursday night. Pierre went to his meeting and I stayed at the Hotel.

I think I feel anxious because I am afraid to rock the boat and push issues. It's been 8 days now and I'm still waiting for the request from Pierre.

We've got family coming up for the Queen's birthday weekend, and I asked Pierre to keep the Monday free for us. I get back from class today and Pierre is now asking me if he can come in and do some work on the Monday, if I don't mind, but he'll keep it free. WTF! Why is it up to me to ask him to keep it free? Why is the day now up to

me to organise? I wanted him to do something, anything. I told him when I first asked to keep it free to do something, even if it was just a drive.

I feel selfish for having the thought that you should want to keep Monday free for me, and I'm angry you are shifting the responsibility for deciding onto me. I'm scared to say this because of how you went when I tried talking about the 'miscommunication' around Matt. Is this a big or small issue? How do I tell now? How do I do this?

14/6/12

I have noticed that I don't find the time to write much when I am working – it's as if I don't want to find the time. It's much harder to maintain these pages when I'm not at home. My last comment in here was about the Queen's birthday weekend and the issue with keeping Monday free. I had a good opportunity to reflect on how I reacted to this, and I weighed the workload Pierre would have faced if he didn't do the work needed on the Monday. It's a balancing act between being a workaholic and just being busy. So, I had to let go of my dysfunctional thinking about the QB Monday and work on understanding that things happen.

15/6/12

I need to find more time to write. I am finding it difficult to process my thought and feelings if I can't write it down – there is no space for reflection and I miss the key things that come up. I recognise my need to develop better communication skills around assertiveness.

I have found my new psychologist for this part of my journey. She is the first person to treat me with respect for my past experiences and work. I spoke to HB* yesterday and gave her feedback on how I am going. I was able to tell her how valuable her words had been to me. I have to remember that what I do with a client may not result in any change until the client is ready. Pierre has made an appointment with the work

counselling service – that is next week. This was prompted because we were listening to a PD podcast for work on how difficult it is for he and his colleagues to develop and maintain relationships, given the work they do.

I am pleased that he's done this. I am disappointed that he still hasn't followed up with anything he read on my trust list, So I have decided to print it out and put it where he will see it. It is incredibly important to me that he walk in my shoes. I need him to immerse himself in my pain so that he can really get it.

I feel a superficiality in how we are progressing. I am going to start reading this to Pierre, because reading once is not enough. The more I write, the more I release the pent up feelings! How liberating!

I have been reading another book by Janis Springer called 'How can I forgive you?' and she talks about 4 types of forgiveness:

Cheap forgiveness

Refusal to forgive

Acceptance

Genuine forgiveness

Janis talks about the relative nature of an injury and how we react. What may be a highly traumatic injury to one person may be trivial and insignificant to another. It is highly subjective and she doesn't quantify this harm because the critical tools she talks about apply to all situations of harm, big and small.

I am fitting into cheap forgiveness because I am afraid to rock the boat too much, a lot of the time I act ok and like before, it gives the illusion of closeness. It's shaming and embarrassing to realise just how deeply I subjugate my internal compass to keep the waters smooth. She pinged me perfectly as a person who has a chronic desire to be in a relationship where no conflict occurs.

I identify strongly with the conflict avoider type, I do dismiss injuries to me to protect a relationship. I do care too much about how other people feel. I don't have a healthy sense of entitlement. I do act as if nothing is wrong all the while bleeding profusely inside.

She talks about 3 main fears a conflict avoider has:

1. Fearing that the offender will retaliate with anger or violence. After the Feb circuit I have become much more afraid of Pierre and I am still wary of how he will respond. I grew up with DV and watched my parents fight, and my brother and I would run away to the neighbours. Anytime I voiced my own anger in my family I would get physically ill. I have never been good at expressing anger appropriately and I thought suppressing it to keep peace was ok. I was wrong.
2. You fear the offender will reject or abandon you. I didn't really connect with this because I never got any sense that Pierre would abandon me, but I sure had lots of feelings and the flight response and me leaving.
3. Fear that you speaking up will harm the offender. Yes, I identify with this strongly. I am measured by what I say, mindful of the impact of my words. I find myself protecting him from the intensity of my anger and pain.

I'm also a self-sacrificing type of person who finds it difficult to maintain attention on me; me and my anger. I rarely ask directly for anything, preferring to hint. But, I am getting better at saying things more directly. Cheap forgiveness, or what I've been calling the Honeymoon phase, is about peacekeeping and not rocking the boat. It allows the relationship to outwardly look like it's functioning, but nothing is being addressed. I started this process in the cheap forgiveness/honeymoon stage, and I understand that now. Now I have to break free of that and establish new boundaries for myself. I do not want to be the type of woman who will subjugate her feeling in

order for the relationship to survive. I will have to start accepting and loving all of me, and I will need to work harder on being assertive.

God grant me the serenity

To accept the things I cannot change

Courage to change the things I can

And the wisdom to know the difference

16/6/12

I thought I would explore the issue of anger in the AI-anon step 4 workbook and try to answer the questions it raises.

1. When I was young how did the adults in my family express anger? I have trouble with this. I remember being very afraid when my parents fought, but I remember that my father would always be angry at small things. He had many rules and if we broke them he would be furious. It always seemed over the top, an over-reaction and so difficult to hear. I used to tune out a lot. None of the adults in my life had healthy expressions of anger.
2. What did I do that provoked anger from adults? I was a child! I did what children do, I tested boundaries, but as I experienced my fathers irrational anger I learned to 'behave' and be the 'good' child.
3. How did I respond as a young person, to anger directed at me? I learnt to be 'good'. Being good meant that anger and attention weren't focused on me. I became compliant while inwardly seething. I learnt to stay quiet. If I spoke up it became worse. I responded to anger by absorbing it and

remaining mute. Even though I had no idea what was happening, I knew it was dangerous to have a voice.

4. How did I express my anger? I took my anger out on my brother. He became the focus of my anger. I couldn't express my anger to anyone else because it wasn't safe. I made my anger a deep, deep, pit and just stuffed it down. Sometimes I would deliberately 'forget' to hang my towel up straight just to see if my dad would flip/erupt.
5. As a young person, what happened when I expressed anger? If I expressed anger I got physically ill. It would make my father angrier if I responded or fought back, and so I detached. I rarely expressed anger to anyone but my brother, and with him I would explode.

18/6/12

I'm sitting having breakfast, alone. I get feelings of strong rejection when I'm separate – if I'm going to court with Pierre then I'm included, and we'd have breakfast together, but he's off meeting a solicitor and the client and I'm dropped off. He's certain he told me he was meeting Mark and the client, and I'm equally certain he didn't. What I do know is that Pierre does have internal conversations, and I'm not always present. He does it at work as well, so it's not just me feeling awkward.

To someone outside, this could look like I'm paranoid, but I'm not. I have a need to be kept informed because that equals care and thoughtfulness to me. It is that basic 'if you cared, you'd think about me.' I'm struggling with this because I'm an over thinker and over carer, and I know Pierre loves that I think about his likes, needs and wants so much, and I crave it in return. I crave a relationship where I don't have to feel uncomfortable about basic stuff. Where I don't have to feel awkward because I haven't known to check in, or I get told at the last minute 'I'm having a breakfast with the client, I'll drop you off.' I feel triggered by this – 'I'll see you at home when

I get home from dinner with my solicitor friend.' Layers upon layers of shit I need to deal with. Will it ever end?

Will these feelings eventually go away or diminish? I hope so, I'm working hard to find a way through this. I'm still scared to start reading my journal to Pierre, but I need to. I will start tonight. I have such a headache. Days upon days of pain – and I had a bad weekend with the MG, crashed on Saturday night. I am so grateful to have these pages, they have allowed me the freedom to vent without the censor of another eyes or ears!

21/6/12

We saw Warren last Tuesday, and that also started a chain reaction of talking, and when he had dinner that night I was able to tell Pierre a small part of why I was angry. Sharon pointed out to me that I am animated when I'm in touch with my feelings, and that I close down when I'm not. She noticed! WOW!

Did I tell you dear journal about what happened with Ryan? He ignored my text, the one I sent in pain while Pierre was away, and this week I found the courage to challenge him and ask him outright if my assumption that he was ignoring was correct. It was correct! And when I explored this with Pierre, I told him that I would no longer be including or considering him a friend, and that I would be no longer communicating with him, well Pierre told me that anyone who ignored me wasn't a friend of his either! I felt supported and that we were a team.

Another Email Hoping He Will Get It

From: Lisa Testart

Subject: Thoughts about today

Date: 27 May 2012 at 3:34 pm

To: Pierre Testart

Dear Pierre,

While you are away this week I want you to re-read the book 'how to help your spouse heal'.

I want you to reflect on how important I really am, in the scheme of things, and whether I am worth 'getting it'.

I want you to reflect on what 'I'm sorry' means, as opposed to 'I understand'.

I want you to reflect on just why this circuit was difficult for me.

I want you to consider this: just because I look ok, doesn't mean I am.

I am so full of pain right now that I can't even begin to articulate it, but I will try.

The look of incomprehension in your eyes about why I might be upset this circuit has broken something in me, and I don't know how to proceed.

I don't know if you truly understand just how betrayed I feel, how vulnerable and alone in all of this. I feel as if you are slipping back into denial every time I have to remind you of the impact your relationship, and then the lies you told about the affair, have on me.

I don't want to be the one who has to remind you. I need you to get it. I need you to get me. I need you to be with me, not packing it away because it's all 'out in the open' now. I feel, if anything, worse now than I did in the beginning, because now I'm watching you struggle to maintain interest, and I'm watching you struggle to remember and get it. Today was a crushing day for me. To have you ask me what it

was all about took me right back to that day in your office when we 'talked' and you started to deny before telling the truth.

If you keep packing this away Pierre, I don't know how to handle it.

I feel as if I'm becoming invisible again when you don't know me well enough to get a gift for my birthday or organise dancing.

I feel as if I am not important enough to think about too deeply.

Did you understand what I was asking of you when I asked you to take me dancing?

For all of our time together I have never hidden how much it means to me to be held in the arms of someone I love, and dance, softly, gently.

To know that you took her dancing pulled something out of my heart. The dance itself is irrelevant, it's the fact you took the effort, and you danced with her...and never with me, that hurts.

And now that it's become an issue, now that it's become too hard to organise, it's lost its meaning for me now. I no longer care about going dancing now. I've seen the result of this request and it's left a bad feeling in my heart. You are released from this.

I am feeling invalidated and unheard with regards to this affair and the fallout from it. It's no good telling me I can talk anytime, if you don't get how I'm feeling or simply forget and have to be reminded....that rewounds me every time.

I feel as if this is all too difficult to handle and it's easier to pretend, particularly if I'm appearing to be ok.

I feel deeply hurt by the lack of concern about how I felt around this circuit. I feel deeply hurt that you had to question me around why I might be upset, rather than understanding the pain I might be in because you are going back to a place where I know you had sex with a client, where you had dinner with Her, met Her several times, where you stayed the night with Her, where you lied to good friends and colleagues in order to have sex with Her, and where you came home from, still smelling her scent on you as you kissed me when you came home.

Any wonder I am feeling shattered by the way this circuit has been handled.

I have these words and images burned into my brain and you act as if it's been forgotten.

I think you need to think about all of this while you are away, and use this circuit to give us both some time apart to consider how to proceed.

I don't know if you are getting any help...perhaps you are seeing me looking ok and assuming nothing much needs to be done.

I don't know.

All I know is that I'm feeling worse about this, rather than better, and I'm getting hurt and resentful in the process.

I don't want to discuss this right now, and I don't want any more apologies until you get it. And when you get home you can tell me then if you get it.

I understand this may read harsh and may seem unfair, but I feel as if my compassion and understanding have been used against me in some way, and I feel as if I am wrong now to feel so angry and hurt.

I feel guilty for having these thoughts, and I feel as if I am doing something bad by voicing these feelings, but I understand now that words are easily forgotten unless they are written down.

I am not at fault here.

You promised you would do whatever was necessary to fix this, and I put very few demands on you.

Now I am insisting that you fulfil your promises to me.

You didn't have a 'dalliance' you had an affair. You acted deceitfully and you lied to me.

You told your home group you had a dalliance, and that minimised it to the point where no one took any notice. I wondered for a long time why no one seemed bothered or interested in how I was coping, and it wasn't until I re read that book that I understood just how the language sounded.

How much gentler and old fashioned a dalliance sounds. Not nearly as bad as an affair.

I am angry and hurt right now...that will change, but I think it's about time I started telling you just how I feel.

What do you think you could or should have done to alleviate my fears, anxieties and worries about this circuit?

Do you understand that I don't even have XX's home number...that even if I wanted to, I couldn't feel secure? You never gave it to me in all our time together, and this circuit was critical to me. I trusted you on every circuit. Implicitly. You didn't even put any thought into what might make this any easier for me to cope with. Not a thing. This is what I'm trying to get you to understand...you just didn't think enough of this to walk in my shoes and even try to feel my pain.

I am writing this while I feel the pain, before I become removed from it and shrug it off. I understand you may feel hurt by this, but nowhere near as hurt as I've been, and I think it's about time I faced the real pain I am feeling and not just be the loving, caring, compassionate and understanding wife.

I am hurting.

I am in pain.

I need you to get this.

You'll have to figure out how, because I can't help you do this.

Xxxxxx

Lisa Testart

Ruling Of The Ethics Committee 2013

The Request For a Ruling

3 September 2013

The Chairman,

Ethics Committee,

Victorian Bar.

By e-mail: C/- Ms Alison Rock

Dear Sir,

Ethical query concerning rr. 4, 118, & 119 of the Rules of Conduct

I seek guidance from the Committee in the following circumstances:

1. My wife is a qualified Counsellor. I am a co-shareholder with her in, and a co-director of, a company which is the vehicle for the conduct of her business, trading under the business name “Loving Therapy” (“the business”).
2. Among the services offered by the business is therapeutic intervention and advice, counselling, “coaching”, and like services to persons who have significant relationship difficulties, in particular, those who are facing the breakdown of their marriage or de facto relationship consequent upon one or both of the parties having had an extra-marital affair.
3. As part of the promotion of the business, it is intended to give public talks about the services offered, and the assistance capable of being given, to people who are experiencing the difficulties referred to above.
4. My wife and I have personal experience in this arena, having “survived” such an extra-marital affair in our own marriage.

5. I have been almost exclusively practising in the Family Law jurisdiction for over twenty years.
6. For the better promotion of the business, I wish to participate in the proposed public talks, in order to share my personal experiences, and whatever insights I have been able to garner, as part of the services offered by the business.
7. There is a prospect of either or both my wife and I being interviewed in the media on the subject of the above matters.
8. In the event of my being involved in such public talks, or interviews in the media, I anticipate that the fact that I am a barrister, and that I have been involved in an extra-marital affair, will “come out”, although I do not propose actively to disseminate the fact that I am at the Bar, nor the fact that my experience is in Family Law.

I have anxiously considered the above Rules, which consideration has given me little certainty, and I have spoken to St. John SC about the above matters, in general terms. He suggested that I write to seek guidance.

I ask the following specific questions:

1. Is the business “such that a barrister’s association with it may adversely affect the reputation of the Bar or the barrister’s own reputation”, within the meaning of Rule 118 (a)?
2. Would any of the proposed actions by me, listed above, constitute, in the circumstances, conduct which is “dishonest or otherwise discreditable to a barrister”, or “likely to diminish public confidence in the legal profession or in the administration of justice or otherwise bring the legal profession into disrepute”, within the meaning of Rule 4?

Yours Sincerely,

Pierre Testart

The Ruling

From: Alison Rock

Subject: RE: Ruling

Date: 5 September 2013 at 11:30:05 am AEST

To: Pierre Testart

Dear Mr Testart

The ruling of the Ethics Committee is attached. A hard copy will be sent via your clerk.

The Committee observes that, notwithstanding the ruling, whether there is a breach by you of any of the Rules identified, or any other rule, will, of course, depend on the public statements you actually make and the work you do in the business in fact. In particular, the Committee cautions that you should be astute to avoid, in the course of the business (including its promotion), giving anything that resembles advice on legal matters and making observations beyond matters concerning your own character and experience, that may reflect poorly on the high standing and dignity of the profession (or its members) generally.

Yours sincerely

Alison Rock | Manager, Compliance & Member Services

Ruling

This Ruling is issued pursuant to the powers conferred on members of the Ethics Committee by Rule 8 of the Practice Rules of the Victorian Bar Inc, made pursuant to section 3.2.9(2) *Legal Profession Act 2004*.

1.	Counsel Requesting Ruling:	Pierre Testart (Bar Roll No. 2704)
2.	Situation:	See attached letter
3.	Applicable Rules:	4, 118
4.	Ruling:	On the information provided and on the specific questions raised by Counsel, the Committee rules that: 1. Counsel's proposed involvement in a business offering relationship counselling and the nature of that involvement is unlikely, of itself, to offend rule 118; 2. Counsel being a director of the company and making public appearances where he discloses that he is a barrister and that he has had an extra-marital affair is unlikely, of itself, offend rule 4; 3. No.
5.	Date of Ruling:	5 September 2013

I certify this Ruling has been issued with the Authority of the Members of the Ethics Committee.



.....
Secretary to the Ethics Committee

NOTE

1. This Ruling is recorded by the Ethics Committee and a further copy of it is available on request to the counsel who requested the ruling.
2. The Ruling will be made available to the Legal Services Commissioner should it be requested by the Commissioner or the Commissioner's Office.
3. Should counsel be the subject of a disciplinary complaint in consequence of acting upon this Ruling, counsel is entitled to produce the Ruling to the investigating agency, and advance in defence of the complaint his or her compliance with the Ruling. The force of the Ruling is dependent upon full and frank disclosure of all matters material to it. Counsel should take care when seeking the Ruling to make such disclosure. On receipt of the Ruling, counsel should peruse the situation set out in the Ruling to ensure that no error or omission has occurred, and if it has, to request amendment.
4. In the unlikely event of a charge of professional misconduct or unsatisfactory professional conduct being laid, notwithstanding compliance with the Ruling, counsel should produce the Ruling to the Tribunal.

The Article He Wrote

IS AN AFFAIR FATALLY TOXIC TO A MARRIAGE RELATIONSHIP?

I'd been lying and denying ever since it came out – the damning text messages, the phone records showing me in her vicinity, the tax invoices for coffee for two; the whole box and dice.

But now, my wife had me dead to rights, and I had to decide whether our fledgling marriage was over, or whether I could take the embarrassment and humiliation of coming clean. And then, doing what would have to be done to try to save our relationship. But what?

I'd been married or in long-term relationships three times before. You'd think I would have learned something, wouldn't you!

But I hadn't. I had a whole lot of rationalisations for my infidelity, but no good reasons. Just “excuses”. My wife of 18 months hadn't done anything to “make” me do what I did – she was an innocent victim of my being led astray by my penis.

Thank god it was over! The affair, that is.

It'd been pretty awful and degrading from my point of view anyway, and the way “She” had behaved towards me as it ran its short term had been far from pleasant. There was guilt. There was shame. I was glad to have it behind me, I thought as I turned back to my wife-to-be, and “committed” to her, without telling her anything about my “fling”.

It was months after I asked her to marry me that it all came out, and as I said, the denial was strong, as well as the instant compulsion to lie in the face of damning evidence.

And I was left with the consequences of my actions. Damn! Didn't I live in a “no-consequences zone”? Were the natural rules of the universe to apply to *moi*?

Double-damn.

And, like a car accident happening in slow-mo, the damage I had been doing came home to roost. Slowly. Leisurely.

Now, I was faced with a double whammy of hurt from my wife – hurt because of the affair in the first place, and then hurt caused by the denials and lies.

I wanted to gloss over it. Put it in the past! After all, it was over, *wasn't it?*

But the pain for my wife was immediate, present, and debilitating. So was her sense of trust destroyed by me.

And, she was very angry with me! Furious, in fact.

And why not? Hadn't I actively gone out to demolish all of her confidence in me as a person who truly loved her, and who had pretended to be faithful, when the opposite was true?

The first step that I took on the road to relationship recovery was to take my emotions strictly in hand.

I would display no impatience for this process to be “finished”.

My wife had to be able to talk it all out, with me, on her timetable, not mine.

I had to give up my natural tendency to defend myself (“it’s over now”; “I didn’t love her, anyway”; “it was just sex”; “you know I really love you – I chose you”, etc., etc.)

I had to witness her anger, and validate it.

I had to allow her to express it. I had to let her ask me all the questions about how I could be texting the “other woman” while my wife-to-be and I were away for the weekend, me pretending to be in love with her, while all the while acting out a betrayal.

I had to actually let my wife dissect and analyse my affair. Where had it come from, this capacity in me to tell her one thing, and say the opposite to the other woman?

What did all this say about me? Not a lot that was comfortable for me to look at, I can tell you!

And I had to deal with the guilt that came out of watching my wife go through her painful journey of seeing me through quite different eyes. I was not the person she thought I was. I was not even the person I thought *I* was. What's more, I had to deal with the guilt, and leave it behind, or it would cripple all the attempts we were making to remedy the situation.

Then, there was the lost trust.

Of course, the very fact that I had done what I did meant that I was not trustworthy. I had lied enough, over a long enough time, to prove beyond doubt that I was dishonest, and underhanded, and evasive.

But, what to do about regaining that lost trust?

I was put on a short leash, by agreement between the both of us. My wife and I developed a "trust list" of actions that I needed to comply with to re-establish the conditions under which the trust could "grow back".

And part of what needed to grow back was our communication with each other.

I learned that I needed to be fully present to my wife's pain, and ready, whenever the issue arose (at inconvenient times) to acknowledge the hurt and sorrow that I had caused her. This was simple, but it wasn't easy.

Then came the question of forgiveness.

We learned that there is a "honeymoon", or "pink cloud" stage of our relationship recovery, when all looked optimistic and hopeful; where love would conquer all. But that time was to be followed by really painful times for both of us, when it seemed that the sheer enormity of the damage done to our relationship might be just too much for either of us to put up with any longer.

Through reading widely, we discovered there can be many types of forgiveness, from “cheap” to “genuine”. We also discovered that we could go on in our relationship without my wife forgiving me, if she chose.

Ultimately, I had to learn how to *deserve* my wife’s forgiveness, and she had to learn how to “*let go of unforgiveness*”.

We learned to make time for each other to do all of the things I’ve mentioned, and to allow each of us to do our own individual work to become the kind of people who could leave anger, resentment, embarrassment, impatience, and power plays behind us. We also had to come together to make sure we both nurtured our relationship, as if it were a third entity that we had the care of.

None of this would have worked, if not for one thing: *willingness*.

Both of us had a strong intent to stay together. Neither of us wanted to “trash” our relationship. Each of us had a strong intent to “do what it takes”.

Now, after the storms and stresses we went through, and the pain it caused the both of us, we can honestly say we have a strong, happy, fulfilling marriage.

Along the way, both of us were introduced to ideas about relationships that have stood us in good stead in both our marriage, and as individual persons.

Ideas like “non-violent communication”, “persistence”, “patience”, “being present”, and many others.

These have enabled us to develop some very useful techniques for relationship transactions, not limited to just recovery from extra-marital affairs.

Our involvement with these ideas gave us the desire to pass on whatever skills and techniques we have developed to others who are in the same boat – “stuck” in a relationship that appears toxic, or so damaged that the inclination is to “just end it” and “move on”.

But what we discovered on the road to recovery was that there is no “clean break”; no simple “moving on”. Like Marley’s ghost in the Dickens story, we drag behind us the chains of unresolved issues, whether we split up or stay together.

If we are not to visit the consequences of our ill-advised actions on the innocent – innocent spouses, innocent children, innocent in-laws and out-laws – we need to do all that we can to resolve these issues.

In our case, and we think, if people follow our techniques, in many cases, the results can be that we gain the ability to re-commit to our relationships, to find a new satisfaction with our partner, to strengthen the bonds which brought us into relationship in the first place.

And wouldn’t that be nice?

Being Afraid

So Afraid I Ran Away February 2012

From: Lisa Testart

Subject: thoughts

Date: 19 February 2012 at 12:38:38 am AEDT

To: Pierre Testart

Dear Pierre,

I loath putting things in writing, mainly because there is so much room for misunderstanding and misinterpretation. However, I feel the need to set out a few things, to help me sort out my thoughts and to help you understand some things. You will need to bear with my ramblings. I will be as concise as possible. If I cause any pain it's not my intention.

To start with, I have to fess up to being not entirely truthful with you about my trip to XX*x. XX* has plagued me and I wanted to see her. Why? What purpose would it serve? I don't know, and still can't fully explain why I had this need. However, fate had other ideas and I found out she had moved and her business had failed. At least my trip wasn't all wasted.

You might be asking why she plagues me. Well, to be honest, there probably aren't too many weeks go by when something doesn't trigger me and the same feelings I experienced a year and a half ago come flooding back. Normally I can manage these and they don't overly bother me, but other times, like on circuit, they can become nagging. Couple this with feelings of irrelevance and the come here/go away sensations I was experiencing, it left me feeling out of sorts. I explained some of this to you, but couldn't say the rest...I thought you would be angry or think less of me

because I had these feelings. I haven't been able to tell you of these feelings because you labelled me jealous and insecure when these feelings created uncertainty in me, and I reacted somewhat badly in some situations. You see, I had to take a lot of things on faith, and try to find a way to live through that situation, and sometimes the pain seeps through. Sometimes I can mask it by explaining it away in the guise of something else, other times I can't, and what you get is a woman torn by inconsistencies and the like, and not knowing how to deal with it in a manner that doesn't sound petty or nasty. Sometimes it feels like I'm the only person who even remembers it happened.

And so, when we were in the car coming home and you made the comment regarding Jo, I felt triggered, because the material XX* sent you contained text messages where you'd called MF* names, and so, as I was already emotionally charged, I bit.

Then, there was THAT phone call.

In the car, you "asked" me 'who the fucking hell do you think you are?'

As I live and breath, I think I am your wife. I think that I was entitled to a measure of respect and I had expectations that you would not submit me to the likes of the conversation that unfolded.

I felt like a hostage to what unfolded, and despite what to me were obvious signs of discomfit on my part, you allowed the call to continue. I don't know why, but I do know that at all material times there were choices that could have been made.

My choices could have been that I could have let the call 'slide over me' or tried to ignore it, but I didn't.

I could have just said something afterwards, but that has little impact.

I understand now that I made a choice to make my presence known, and that that choice would have consequences. But I didn't expect the rage that ensued, and it's taken me until tonight to work out that what I thought was disappointment was in fact fear. I know now that I simply shut down and escaped. I ran; I ran in fear at what

you might say, or that I might say in retaliation. I had no way of coping with this and so I did the easiest thing, which was to get out.

I couldn't stay in the house because your anger was so palpable I could taste it. If I stayed it would have led to a toxic showdown of two people who needed time and space to work through this. I was also, pure and simply, afraid. I was the child hiding under the bushes afraid to come out.

I accept that I could have made other choices, but I have to live with the choice I did make. I live in fear that this choice has made our relationship untenable, as all I know is flight or fight, not how to deal with another person's rage in a rational way, if such a thing is even possible. All I can do is understand why it happened and what my part in it was. To me it feels as if it was necessary, to bring this to a head, to make a point about how unacceptable this was. I feel sullied by the whole experience, particularly listening to my husband engage in this conversation when I know you would get off the phone and say how awful that all was. I am still perplexed at how it all unfolded. I kept expecting, perhaps unrealistically, for something to be said that would end the call, but it never came.

Was it wrong of me to do what I did? As I have explored this issue through meetings I am constantly challenged with the comment - your husband is an alcoholic and you did nothing wrong. Yet why do I feel so bad? Why do I feel like the guilty party? Why didn't I end the call by disconnecting the bluetooth? I could have, and perhaps I should have. We'll never know. What I do know is that I have been challenged by people telling me I've taken my eye off the ball and forgotten you are an alcoholic, however long your recovery has been. That hit home, because to me I guess you were my recovered alcoholic, not someone still capable of horrendous anger and rage, yet I know that I have seen small glimpses of it and been aware of it all along, and we've even talked about it. How such things come back to bite, hey?

So, you said 'just come home' but I can't. I need you to understand that this has created a real breach in my emotional psyche and I'm not sure how to go about healing it. I am afraid. I'm afraid of my feelings, my pain, my hurt, your anger, your

pain and everything that goes with it. I don't know how to do the next right thing. I do know that I needed to write this, no matter how incomplete or inarticulate it is. Just putting my mind to this helps clear some of the fog around my mind.

I am going to the meeting at Hampton tomorrow, and I will see how I feel.

I know I am not blameless, and that I should have told you more of how I was feeling, and I'm sorry that I was too ashamed to tell you. Perhaps I should have been braver all around.

Being Afraid Again 2015

From: Lisa Testart

Subject: some thoughts

Date: 12 October 2015 at 5:36:36 pm AEDT

To: Pierre Testart

My Dearest Pierre,

You promised me that I would always be safe; safe to explore things that may be difficult.

I don't know how to start this conversation with you, because I am afraid.

Fear makes me silent, distant and withdrawn. Remember that time, very early on, when we screamed and yelled at each other when you went to shepparton and I stayed home...well, it's like that again for me, only this time we are bouncing off each other instead of able to have time and space in which to process.

I feel us fracturing, disconnecting.

How ironic it happens at a time when we should be joyous and looking forward to our achievements, but there it is.

When I am afraid it takes a toll on me, and it takes hard work to come back from that place of darkness.

The first time I was afraid I ran. The second time we had a week apart and we had time. This time, we are reactive and hurting, or that's how it is feeling for me.

I'm struggling to process all of this, afraid that if I start I will say the wrong thing, creating an even worse situation, so I sit in my silence, feeling your anger and distance, unable to start.

This is how relationships falter, I understand that, but I am caught like a deer in headlights, unable to move.

I'm going to try though, to put it down here; start the conversation.

When you walked away from me the other night, I was transported back to that night you first walked away from me, to go to dinner with XX*. I couldn't help it, and I certainly didn't expect to have such a visceral reaction to it. It was building up, and I didn't realise how hard I was feeling it until I made that throw away comment about the photograph. It was then that I felt that I needed to give you some context around why I made the comment, which I did.

Like last time, I watched you walk away from me, leaving me to entertain myself while you went on your way, only this time I was angry.

This time, though, I felt as if there was little consideration for what it would be like for me, knowing you were out having dinner, and I was expected to manage my time. It felt as if my capacity to support you by staying back, waiting patiently for you without question while you do moots, conferences, meetings and so on, was taken for granted. I love being a part of your life, and supporting you. I do it because it's how I'm wired. But that night felt too similar, and I reacted.

I told you the next morning that there were layers to this that weren't necessarily part of the affair, but the reality is all my reactions and feelings have come out of it; it's just taken me days to even begin processing what happened.

I was a damaged and broken person when we met, that's for sure. But one thing I wasn't was jealous.

When I found out about the affair, that horrible June, my life axis tilted and became skewed.

You used colleagues and friends to deceive me, to deflect any suspicions I might have had, although I had none because I fully trusted you.

But afterwards, things happened that made me uncomfortable.

You'd go out with friends and not introduce me. I'd be sitting at my workstation while you would go out, only knowing this was a 'friend' or a 'colleague'. I remember MP* and how he made a point of introducing himself to me after you'd both been out to lunch a few times. I felt slighted, and still feel this way when it happens now. I had to do a lot of work in those early days to understand that lunch was an integral way of networking with solicitors and colleagues, but all of that went out of the window when I found out about XX* and how you'd deceived me so thoroughly. So, I had to find a way to manage those feelings again, and for the most part I did, although you still bore the brunt of my suspicions in the years that followed, before we had that confronting conversation.

When we are out and you meet someone in the street, you engage them in conversation while I wait patiently by your side. You often don't introduce me to these people, and I'm often left asking 'who was that'? I feel insignificant and of no consequence, of no value, slighted.

These things are the paper cuts to me that make me feel unacknowledged, unseen. They matter to me, because you made me unseen when you chose to be with XX*. I struggled to accept your life and the time you spent with others, in person and on the phone, and it was made even more difficult afterwards when I knew just how much

time had been spent engaged with her while with me. What you perceived as jealousy was actually complex post traumatic stress. Even now, I still get flashbacks, I'm still dealing with stuff, I just don't tell you because I try to work through it on my own.

I'm not jealous, but I am now, as a result of what happened, needing that level of acknowledgment that says you've considered me. That's all it is. Yes, it's probably more heightened as a result of what happened, and perhaps I'm more sensitive to it as a result, but there it is, that need I have to be considered. I don't have a need to be joined at the hip with you and your friends, but I do have a need to be considered.

Consider St John and how much effort it took to be introduced. I felt uncomfortable, and all it took was an introduction and an opportunity to say hello for all of that angst to disappear.

Perhaps I am irreparably damaged by the trauma of the affair, and perhaps I'll never be the carefree and utterly trusting person I was when we first met. What if some of this stuff does need a bit of managing, to assist me to continue my journey of recovery? How does that feel for you? Is that a deal breaker for you? Is that support conditional upon not making you angry?

I don't stop you from doing what you love. Sometimes I'm protective of your time and health, because of the punishing schedule we keep, but that's just me thinking about you.

I don't stop you from going to meetings, flying interstate, going on circuit alone, travelling for work or doing things that make you happy. I don't ring hotels to check up on you, I don't ring colleagues, or restaurants or check up on your whereabouts, or do any of those things that would make you uncomfortable. I just need more than 'she'll be right while I'm out'.

I didn't expect, after nearly 5 years, to be so deeply triggered by you going out to dinner, but I was. It took me by surprise. I think it was a kind of 'perfect storm' moment.

Perhaps I handled myself poorly, but I had some expectation that my message to you about ‘going out to dinner with her’ might have created some awareness. It obviously didn’t, and so I simmered in my resentment that night, and treated you badly. I forget sometimes that you just had the affair, while I lived with the consequences, and there is a difference. I still have images, words and moments tattooed in my brain as if they happened yesterday, and I don’t always know they are so close to the surface until they hit with a vengeance. Sometimes I am a mess, and I’m not always clear, but one thing I had was certainty that I’d always be safe, and now I don’t have that so much. Something has broken in me.

You said stuff to me in anger, and anger always holds truth, even if we recall the words.

I realise that my attempt to try and convey what I was feeling at the time was not successful, but I didn’t deserve the anger you projected at me. I didn’t deserve the things you said to me and I didn’t deserve to feel afraid. You don’t recognise fear in me, you probably see me as rejecting and cold, others would say I’m calm.

I don’t know how to explain this any better, and I don’t know if I’ve made things worse or better by writing this instead of saying it in person.

I feel numb, afraid and unsure.

I know you feel confused, and I can only imagine it’s because our thought processes about the affair are so very different. I’m immersed in them, the feelings, thoughts and images that are burned in my brain, while you probably shrug it all off until I bring something up again. I’m guessing it doesn’t rate much of a ranking in your thought processes, but it does mine. You see, I live with the consequences in my head and heart, and I can’t always shrug it off. I often don’t even know I’m reacting to something until after the event.

I feel as if I’m living a life sentence, one from which there is no parole.

I have wonderful stretches where there is no worry or concern, and then all of a sudden I'm hijacked and rebooted into feelings and emotions I'd rather not be experiencing.

I don't have any answers, shortcuts or solutions, but I do know that we will destroy our relationship if we continue this way.

I am still your loving wife, but I am frozen and unable to release the tension within me. xxx

Another Rage Attack 2017

Sent to Pierre 22 April 2019

Another journalling you've never seen before.

I sent this to the social worker, after the incident with LM*. I wrote it 12 October 2017 and I was still not present when I sent it to the social worker on the 27th.

My parts...

CALM

Calm feels like more than one part.

When I am hurt, betrayed or angry I become calm and quiet, sitting in isolation from the person who harmed me. Calm is the depressing part, keeping me flat so I don't feel too much and fly off the handle.

Calm came about in childhood because it was not safe to be acting out and being a good, quiet girl meant I wasn't noticed. Calm kept me from exploding in rage, and made me physically ill if I did explode.

Calm is not the suicidal part/s.

Calm comes out when my husband hurts me with his words and behaviours and I cannot cope with the hurt I feel.

Calm protects me from saying the wrong thing in a heated moment. This part allows me to ruminate until I find a way to bring up and discuss what has hurt me, or else it shuts my feelings away and allows me to carry on with my life.

Calm can be in control for a few minutes, hours, days or weeks. Calm is conscious until the issue is resolved or allowed to be forgotten. As soon as I speak up and find my voice I know that calm has gone. Likewise I feel calm gradually slip away into the background when we decide not to confront and hold onto our passive aggressive pain. Calm will remind me of these hurts later on because she holds these wounds so that they can be remembered and used later. She stores up the hurts and misspoken words of others, and even if I don't remember, she does.

When my husband told me last night (11/10/17) that I needed to respect him, she came out immediately to offer a weak and strangled apology because all I wanted to do was rip him a new asshole and yell at him and tell him he was an ungrateful cunt who didn't deserve my constant support, consideration and attention. He's always telling me how much he loves my support, how lucky he is to have someone who always considers him and makes him a priority. And yet he had the gall to rage at me about how angry he was that he was left for a few hours to twiddle his thumbs when he could have knocked on my door at any time and asked how long we'd be. This one incident unleashed a side of pierre I do not like, the side that hurts me and causes wounds with his words. Only a few days prior I am the most wonderful thing in the world to him, and then suddenly I'm the woman who needs to give her fucking husband respect. I felt insulted, humiliated and deeply ashamed that I let him talk to

me like this. His sexist, arrogant, spiteful monologue towards me that left me reeling in its intensity and ferocity. It was so over the top that I froze. Calm is my freeze response when I cannot flee, although at times calm has assisted me to flee, such as the time I fled from pierre and ran away to escape his rage at me in 2012. Calm helped me remain functioning as I washed clothes, dried them, packed a bag quietly, and drove away without telling Pierre where I was going or when I'd be back.

I'm always considering my husband, ALWAYS. He often doesn't reciprocate the emotional attention or consideration. I'm always left standing beside him while he talks to colleagues - he rarely introduces me to them. He makes plans with little to no regard to me. It's taken many years to get him to even start doing this, and it's irregular. If he gets invited out he will often not enquire if it's possible for me to come as well. I feel left out a lot. I've had to wait around for hours when we've worked together in Melbourne while he would go to some dinner or event that I couldn't go to, according to him. I had to learn to just put up with it. At times when he has done this with his friends and excluded me from dinners and lunches, calm has kept me from exploding and enabled me to put my feelings down in writing, to journal them, edit and censor, and then send to Pierre. Often this is the way I communicate my feelings.

So what did I do that was so bad that calm came out last night? I made the fatal mistake of losing track of time with someone in my office who'd I'd invited in for a chat around 3.30pm, and ended up finally realising how late it was around 7.30pm. I rushed my friend out, and Pierre was silently raging. It's the first time in our 8 years that I have done this, despite me bearing the brunt of many experiences where I've been left for hours to twiddle my thumbs while I wait for pierre to go out to dinners, events, concerts, meetings etc. This first time I find myself with a husband who turns on me in a rage and tells me I have to respect him. And when I meekly said "I'm sorry, I lost track of time" he jumped on that to loudly and angrily say "YES, YOU LOST TRACK OF TIME!" It felt like my mental health was being used to bludgeon me.

Calm kept me trapped in the car for a few minutes after we got home and I pretty silently, and in a disengaged state, went about the house.

Calm is still out as I write this. I am calm. I am distant. I am disengaged from my husband. I feel disconnected and detached as if things are happening around me. I feel split...me and calm, co-existing in this detached space, recognising the partnership and how we operate.

When my mother was sick in hospital and she nearly died over April/May, the frustration of dealing with my mum saw calm come out every day, which led in part to the breakdown I had around June. I had been struggling to carry the stress of having my mum so close to me for some time, along with general financial and other worries, and calm shut me down so tight that I became vulnerable to the suicidal dark parts who just want to protect me by killing me. I knew calm was out because it was the only way I could visit my mum in hospital, but I hadn't realised just how much calm had been out prior to this.

It feels like there are more than one calm part. At least one acts as a barrier between the dark parts and death, and the calm described here keeps me quiet and shut down. Maybe they are two sides of the same part, but I don't know.

If things get too uncomfortable in a session then calm can take over, which is why I can feel nothing and be calm after exhibiting emotional responses. I shut down pretty quickly.

27 October 2017

My protective parts have been out in full force and it's been difficult dealing with it. I wanted to capture the intensity of it so that I could share it with you, because my usual modus operandi is to forget, let it lapse into silence and trail off, losing track of the feelings that arose.

The feelings of having those calm parts there haven't receded, although they've waxed and waned in intensity depending on other factors such as tiredness, fatigue, stress and so on.

Forced to Recant 2017

Her Story...

In 2017 I suffered a relapse of suicidal ideation and severe dissociative symptoms, and sought the assistance of a Psychiatrist for a proper psychological and psychiatric evaluation. The referral was written June 2017, and my first session was on 12 October 2017.

ADHD quickly became the diagnosis. The suicidal ideation was never addressed.

Shortly after Pierre also became a patient of my Psychiatrist, and we shared sessions.

On 29 December 2017 we shared a 2pm session. We did this to maximise what were very expensive sessions, and it seemed to work for us at the time. It wasn't until much later that it became apparent we should not have been allowed to do this.

At this shared session I clearly told the Psychiatrist of my fear of Pierre. I told him I was afraid of Pierre. I was very clear about this. I was so clear that at one stage the Psychiatrist asked me if Pierre's behaviour was a relationship deal breaker for me. Here I was being asked this kind of question in front of the man I'd just disclosed I was afraid of. How do you think I answered? Yep. I said no.

From: Lisa Testart

Date: 30 December 2017 at 4:18:29 pm AEDT

To: Dr Peter XX*

Subject: Moving forward - no response needed

I do not require a response.

I had a very angry husband after our session, who has told me I am to blame for everything because I am too sensitive, and that I am the one who must change, and that you, the Dr, clearly sided with him because of what you said in your office to him, that was clearly aimed at me.

Pierre was deeply offended by the way I talked about being afraid of him at times. He is very angry that I apparently gave you the impression that I am always afraid of him. He does not accept that anything he does has any capacity to cause me fear because he does not intend it, therefore if he does not intend it, it is not something he does.

I have been told I must inform you that when I said I was often scared of Pierre, that I should qualify this so you understand I am not always scared, only occasionally. There have been three memorable times, when I have either physically or emotionally run away, when I felt verbally attacked and assaulted by Pierre, which Pierre does not accept, but wants me to use as proof that I do not always get scared. He felt I mislead you and created an unfair impression.

In this conversation I was also told that great restraint is used by my husband when dealing with me, so that he does not fully express how he feels about me, and that I should be grateful for this restraint.

Questions / Activities:

Why would someone so afraid of her husband, stay?

What keeps her stuck?

Why does she keep giving him chance after chance?

What do you think is going on here?

If a victim is afraid, yet doesn't leave, is she at fault? Is she to blame for staying?

If a victim tells professionals of her fear, but no one does a risk assessment, is she really a victim of abuse or is she just an attention seeker?

How could someone expressing such fear really stay with her abuser?

Why didn't she leave?

What keeps her hanging on?

The Bust & The Rape Apology 2018

The Viagra Journal

28/5/18 day four

Sometimes I wonder if deceit is just his natural state

Viagra shipped from India

Sold as an Australian product

20 x 100mg tablets. I pack of 10 in draw with other meds, the other 10 secreted in a zippered pocket in leather satchel.

One tablet taken every day since arrival four days ago.

When I ask about meds taken nothing is disclosed about this.

I'm livid at this because if there is a side affect I'll be in the dark, and this is being purchased and used without a drs prescription or oversight.

I don't know whether to see how long this plays out, or if I should confront.

I'm feeling like I am just an ejaculation vessel.

The day Charlie died, I'm up cleaning up the mess, arranging for her body to be placed somewhere safe until we can get home, feeding all the animals, and all he can do is come out to the laundry waving his dick saying 'how about it?'

I feel pressured to be part of his libido recovery when I'm actually feeling ok about how it is.

Finding the other sheet of tablets in his bag makes me wonder why it's hidden in his bag. Is it opportunistic activity? Is it in case of?

Why wouldn't it be in the drawer, with the other one.

29/5/18

So today I gave him another opportunity to disclose when I did the medication list for both of us.

Raised the issue of side affects, hospital and emergency notifications, and no response or disclosure.

A possible side effect if the dosage is too high.

Priapism is a painful and persistent erection that can last for several hours. Unlike a normal erection, it is often not related to being sexually aroused and it doesn't subside after ejaculating. A priapic penis can feel tender and painful and the feeling isn't pleasurable. It can occur at any age but is most reported between 5 and 10 years in children and 20 to 50 years in adults.

Priapism is considered to be a medical emergency and if left untreated the penis can be permanently damaged and you may experience erection problems in the future. If you experience a painful erection that lasts longer than four hours you should seek medical help immediately.

31-5-2018

Six tablets taken since arrival. These are the ones secreted in his drawer with other meds.

Started porn viewing again.

2/6/18

Last night when I checked within an hour of him going to bed there were 7 tablets taken, and this morning there were 8 used.

That's 200mg in less than 12 hours. He's just focussed on his dick and I'm sick of it.

Also there has been a doctors appointment made for 10am on Monday, a day that Pierre knows I am unable to go with him, and This hasn't been added to our calendar.

I think he's going to see if he can get a proper script now, and I reckon he still won't tell me.

I'm angry and disappointed about all of this and I don't trust him again.

He's deleting his internet history as well.

3/6/2018

And now we come to tablet number 9 gone this morning, which must have been taken at some stage during the night or when he got up to take the dog out while I slept.

The sex has been much rougher since he's been secretly taking the drugs, and it's painful 😞

It's as if he is wanting to prove something by using it as hard as he can.

In a 24 hour period he's used 300mg of this drug.

Given how anxious he was about the drugs he might have to take prescribed by Peter, and his concerns around recovery and potential for abuse, I'm deeply saddened by what he is doing now.

He keeps asking me if there's anything wrong, and what do I say?

I just shrug and say I'm tired, flat, carrying clients secrets around, yet all I'm doing is carrying his secret like a weight in my heart.

The addict who deliberately hides their drugging or drinking knows they are relapsing. They know it's a bust, and their recovery is thrown away.

Sure, they've still got all the recovery they had before, and that's powerful, but when the addict deliberately uses again knowing that it's illegal, illicit, a bust, then they've lost the right to the moral high ground of their recovery and must start again, with a sponsor, and reboot their life and make a new start in the full realisation that they deliberately threw away their recovery, and the trust they worked so hard to build.

An addict will lie to your face and gaslight you into doubting what you are seeing and hearing.

An addict will blameshift and project onto you their shame and embarrassment if they are found out.

An addict relapsing won't care if they break trust with you so long as they get what they want.

An addict will always have an excuse, a reason why, or a rationale for their relapse.

A slip up is a mistake, but a decision to use again, regardless of what it is, is a relapse.

If you buy cough syrup and use it without realising it had alcohol in it, that's a slip, a mistake. You'd throw it out and be on guard in the future.

But when you deliberately buy the cough syrup after that, knowing it has alcohol, then that's a bust, a relapse.

Using properly prescribed medications on the advice of a doctor is neither slip nor bust, but using or purchasing prescription drugs without the involvement of a medical professional, and without a script, is a serious relapse.

I don't care how much sobriety a person has, if they deliberately use again then they've chosen to betray those closest to them and broken trust.

An addict who lies and deceives when they are relapsing knows what they are doing.

If they hide the drugs or alcohol then they know that what they are doing is against their recovery and is a major relapse.

It's the intention here.

Taking a tablet by mistake is a slip.

Buying a drug and hiding it is a relapse.

We all tell white lies, but relapsing is a betrayal of the highest kind to those who support them, and sometimes unforgivable.

4/6/18

I trapped Pierre in a situation where he was forced to tell me about going to see Justin at St Luke's.

Later in the day we talked, and he raised the issue of his ED, which he'd mentioned in an earlier text exchange we'd had earlier in the day.

He was not shy or embarrassed to tell me what was happening and what Justing was doing - cardiovascular testing before prescribing something, maybe viagra.

After listening to him for a while, I said to him "you know what honey, in all of this, you never once asked me about how the drugs were for me. I didn't realise until you raised it with Peter, that I was having the same issue, but you never once asked me how it was for me".

He didn't like that, getting all defensive and doing the usual "now you're calling me inconsiderate and making it all my fault".

I know he is trying to create a legitimate pathway to cover his tracks and move past this without getting caught but I'm not going to let him.

5/6/18

Last night Pierre told me more about the doctors appointment he'd kept from me.

Told me how Justin was going to examine his cardiovascular system and perhaps do something chemically for his ED.

I let Pierre know that I felt very uncomfortable about this, and challenged him about why he wasn't discussing this with Peter Heffernan, given it was a drug related issue and not physical. There wasn't a suitable response except to say he wasn't bypassing Peter.

I kept challenging him, telling him this didn't feel right, reminding him of the struggle he'd had about the potential for prescribed drugs, and the possible affects on his recovery. He agreed with all of that, and then went on to look up the drug on the iPad and tell me all about it.

I asked if a dosage had been discussed.

Nope, nothing. He knew nothing about the drug.

I kept challenging him about how I felt, and about the way he'd bypassed Peter, and Pierre started to talk about his recovery and how important it was, and how he'd never do anything to jeopardise it by misusing his prescribed drugs, and I added "and illegal and illicit drugs as well", and Pierre agreed.

I then deliberately challenged Pierre again and asked "you wouldn't do anything to put your recovery at risk would you",

No, he replied.

"Promise?"

Yes, he said...nothing mind or mood altering...

Yeah, there's that use of recovery AGAIN as a shield to deflect and gaslight me, and make me turn away my suspicions so he can do what he wants.

And there's the slide away from the relapse by declaring it ok because it's not a mood or mind altering substance.

I was deliberately lied to. No question about it now.

This is twice now he has used his recovery to stop me from going further. It's twice now he has used it to protect himself and stay rooted in the denial he is comfortable in.

He has been taking the viagra nearly every night expecting something, and I have deliberately ignored him at night.

He now feels rejected and unloved.

When I made a positive comment about his beard this morning while he was trimming it in the bathroom, telling him how nice it looked trimmed, how young it made him look, he responded with "well, guess I've got to do something".

All of his sulking and moodiness around not getting his dick wet is expected because he is selfish and focussed totally on his needs.

If he'd come to me first I would have told him to talk to Peter, and I wouldn't have an issue with a properly prescribed and monitored situation.

But there's no coming back from this now, and no hiding the deliberate lies and deception, which are the hallmarks of a relapse.

Too many people use the excuse that the guy is embarrassed or it's "only viagra, whats the problem".

If Pierre was legitimately embarrassed he wouldn't even tell me about the doctors visit and would have just stuck to his flu jab, his knee and the referral to a skin cancer specialist.

No, this was deliberate and carefully considered.

His lies were convincing.

He used his recovery to swear to me he would never do anything improper - again.

He hid the purchase, hid the drugs, hid the useage, and has hidden it from our psychiatrist.

This is a relapse, not a harmless bit of recreational use of an ED drug.

He has the viagra runny nose, a significant side effect.

He's been tired and getting puffed and out of breath after exertion, and he has commented about needing to sit down much more since taking these drugs.

I have taken his stash - took it last night after he'd taken a tablet AFTER our fucking challenging conversation, and I'm going to keep it.

5 June 2018 The Ultimatum Email

Dear Pierre,

When you sat there last night promising me that your recovery was not something you'd jeopardise, I was in a state of deja vu.

Did you really think I wouldn't know about this, or that I would tolerate your gaslighting again, using your recovery again, as a shield to protect you.

You have deliberately hidden these from me, lied to my face about them, and lied by omission.

You have misused these, purchased them online without a prescription or Dr's oversight, and thrown away your recovery, and most importantly, my trust.

Twice now you have put up your recovery as a reason for why I should believe you, and twice now I have been shown that you cannot be trusted to tell the truth to me.

Betrayed twice, I am broken and damaged.

You have relapsed regardless of what you tell yourself as you promised me last night, while slipping in 'but it's not mood or mind-altering'.

You are in denial if you think that your conduct in this is not a relapse.

Deliberate lies, hiding the drugs, taking them without a prescription, going for the maximum bang for your pill dosage, and expecting me to sit with your deliberate deception last night is the behaviour of an addict out of control; a situation I never thought I'd find myself in with you.

You have betrayed me.

This is not some recreational 'chemical' that you can slide out from, and I will not allow you to make me at fault for this.

You chose to deliberately purchase.

You chose to deliberately hide them.

You chose to deliberately take them.

You chose to keep this all a secret from me.

You chose to make the Drs appointment to create a legitimate pathway to these drugs.

You deliberately chose to use your recovery as a reason for me to not doubt your sincerity.

You deliberately chose this path.

You have made a choice, and that choice is relapse.

You now have a new choice.

I don't trust you, and I don't believe you anymore.

Lisa Testart

0427349134

16 June 2018

I never in my wildest dreams thought that I would be revisiting the details of the affair and having to start the recovery process all over again, but there you go.

As a woman with a long history of complex trauma, which has led to a complex dissociative structure striving to keep me safe, I experience the world through a filter of lifelong betrayal that I hadn't even been aware of.

My husband and I had an emotionally stressful period which triggered me into an intense hyper vigilant state, hyper-aroused and intense feelings of betrayal which saw us both teetering on the precipice of calling it quits.

Luckily for us, despite our worst fears, we were able to navigate a way back and do a lot of very hard work: LISTENING, and LOTS OF IT.

I knew if we spent any time apart we would be doomed, and I knew that one of us had to be vulnerable and expose themselves and be willing to be the circuit breaker of our mutual anger, hostility and mistrust.

I chose to try and be the circuit breaker without begging, and we decided to take each day as it came.

We spent the next five days doing intense work, starting from scratch again.

You see, there was one area we never talked about; we never talked about the change in our physical intimacy, our sex life to be blunt.

Because I was trapped by two years of denial of the affair, I had parts of me that became sullen, withdrawn, resentful, mistrusting, angry and punishers of both of us, denying us forgiveness or joy. We still had sex, but it was no longer an emotional engagement and I withdrew, leaving us both withdrawing emotionally despite how much we talked and were connected.

So two years of this silence - because how can you talk about a problem that both of you know is there if one of you is lying and telling you the affair never happened?

How can you raise the issue of emotional withdrawal if one of you is shutting the other down?

How can you talk if silence is the only safety you have?

And then, how do you talk when it's become such a dominant behaviour, after the affair is finally disclosed?

This was our dilemma...my trauma, my life.

9 years of this silence that finally erupted with catastrophic results.

And yet, today, I write this having my husband and I recognise that for us this needed to happen to allow the parts of me that were keeping me silent, to start having a voice.

And so we talked, and listened, and then an amazing thing happened.

My husband gave me the gift of listening, often for hours, without judgement, anger, disbelief or invalidation, but with regret, sadness, hurt, pain and a deep sense of ownership of who he had created all those years ago; the woman pouring out her heart to a beloved.

Questions / Activities:

Why did she end up feeling grateful for the fact he listened to her?

Where is this on the cycle of abuse?

Where is the remorse?

What happened here?

How does she go from being totally betrayed to feelings of gratitude?

What is the intermittent reinforcement and why is it so important to recognise it in these abusive relationships?

How do you think she handled herself?

What would you do if she was your client in a first intake?

The Lead Up To The End

Babe Becomes Lisa

I am not Julie.

You cannot beat me into sexual submission by making our relationship all about your sexual needs not being met.

You cannot tell me I have the freedom to say no, and then sulk when I use that freedom.

You cannot tell me you'll support me 100% in my studies, and then tell me you feel left behind.

You cannot treat me the way you do, with cruelty and nastiness, and then get sulky and offended when I withdraw from you.

You don't have the right to make my mental health, and my recovery pathway, a tool with which to bludgeon me and make me feel guilty because I'm not as available to you as you want.

You don't have the right to make our marriage dependent on whether I participate in your masturbation needs. I have the right to endure a sleepless night without having you make my wakefulness while you masturbate, a marriage issue.

I am not Janet, and you don't have the right, or the moral high ground, to throw statements at me that imply my lack of nocturnal participation in your masturbation is a crisis of our marriage.

You created me, and despite telling me I had full control of my body and sexual demands on it, and you'd give me as much time as I needed, you continue to act aggressively towards me and withdraw if I don't comply with your passive aggressive requests for sex.

You don't have the right to act contemptuously towards me, belittling and humiliating me in public, berating me at any time, in any place, and then expect me to be acquiescent when you ask if you can 'take a pill tonight'.

I'm tired of being told one minute how grateful you are I am in your life, and how much you love me, and then in the same day being brought down by your willingness to keep telling me how bad of a person I am, and how horrible I am to you.

I'm tired of always carrying you in my thoughts and not having it reciprocated.

I'm tired of carrying the emotional load.

I'm always feeling insecure, uncertain how any action I do, or any word I utter, will be taken.

How do I know what is real anymore when it's ok for you to make snide comments about my medications, and the impact my medications have on you and your needs.

How do I know what is real when you tell me one thing, and then complain about that very thing.

How could I know that my sleeplessness would result in a crisis in our marriage because you were masturbating while I was awake beside you.

Silence

25 January, 2019 - 5.34pm

I should be used to this by now

I should be used to this by now

Silent

Unavailable

You call me by my name

No longer the terms of endearment

No baby, honey, darling, just Lisa

Just Lisa

Lisa.

There's no room in your heart for me

Actions are louder than words

Your daily anger

Contempt

Resolute determination to blame me

Resentment of my growing strength

You resent my growth

My progress

Feeling left behind you sabotage

Silently

Passively

Meanly

You encourage

You resent

There's no way to please

No way out of the checkmate

You hate everything about me

I am what you created

Choosing health makes you angry

You want me back the way I was

Insomnia

Fatigued

Dependent

Lacking confidence

Fearful of my abilities

Lost and afraid

Unwell

Needing you

Leaning on you

Drawing on your strength

Now I stand taller

Challenging

Disagreeing

Regain my power

What a bad wife I was.

He'd been calling me Lisa for days, ever since the early hours of 23 January 2019 when I'd had the outrageous temerity to stay silent in bed reading while he masturbated with his eyes closed beside me at midnight.

What a truly dreadful wife I was.

When he realised I was awake he stormed out of the bedroom. He made it very clear that I was at fault for not being an active participant in his nocturnal masturbation; it was clearly me to blame for bringing our marriage to its crisis point. After all, he'd had three days without sex and this was just the very last straw he could deal with.

I became Lisa.

How innocuous and silly it sounds when you talk about someone calling you by your very normal first name.

But wait, wind it back.

Lisa was reserved for public situations, business meetings, professional settings only. For a decade I was Babe, Honey, Darling; not Lisa.

Lisa was reserved for serious matters. His rages, his anger, his frustration that couldn't be managed. My name coming from his lips meant I was in trouble; serious trouble. The kind of trouble that had me usually twisting myself into knots to try and make him feel better, bring him back to a better mood, or wait for his sulk to pass.

This time though I was sick of it.

A decade of carefully monitoring my words so they didn't trigger his anger.

Carefully mulling over every email, every sentence, every text message, so I ensured the tone was always just right. I tried so hard to be the one who never blamed him, who always worked so diligently on her communication skills, because it was always me who supposedly had the trouble being clear.

If I didn't write things carefully, all hell would break loose as I'd already experienced in 2018.

So for the second time in our relationship I didn't pay careful attention to what I sent him by text, and the consequences were monumental.

Australia Day 2019 - Toxic Fallout

This is the offending text message I sent on 26 January 2019:

“Btw, how much longer is your passive aggressive emotional withdrawal going to last?”

And another conversation, later in the day after I'd been abandoned to camp in the bungalow of the unfinished house renovation

26/1/19, 6.43 pm

Me: So you just up and left. I won't be playing this game with you about who is where. This house needs to be finished, and you're either participating civilly, like an adult, or you're not. I'm not begging, I'm not pleading. If you won't work civilly with me then best to let me know so I can make arrangements.

Him: I have worked my arse off on that place — civilly — in the face of your supercilious attitude to everyone involved, especially me. The contempt you have displayed goes well beyond rudeness. So don't talk to me about civility, when you haven't demonstrated a jot of it. You can continue to play your game of 'feeling threatened', but only by yourself.

Me: I'm simply asking for civility to get this finished. I'll ignore you as best I can. If you won't do that, just let me know. I'm not interested in discussing the issues, as you've stridently made clear. I just want to get this finished. If you won't do that, then please just tell me. I won't be doing a house shuffle by text which will just create further ill will.

Him: I am committed to finishing the house. I'm prepared to keep working on it. But I won't go around all day walking on eggshells any more, trying to keep on the right side of you. And nor do I want to do the 'ignore' game. You need to find a way to be civil with me, according to me.

The Counsellor From Hell

On Jan 27, 2019, at 1:34 PM, Pierre Testart wrote:

I am seeking an appointment, with my wife, to address what has become a high level of conflict.

Both of us regard the matter as having some urgency, and we would be asking that we be fitted in, if possible, at any time on 30 January, or any time after, say, midday on 1 February, to allow me to meet work commitments in Melbourne.

I regret to say that I am unavailable in the week of 4 February. I would be very grateful to receive your reply.

Pierre H. Testart

Barrister

Nationally Accredited Mediator

On Jan 28, 2019, at 10:03 PM, Lisa Testart wrote:

Dear Peter,

My husband informs me that we are to see you on Wednesday, at 9am.

Just so you are perfectly clear, despite how it may have been presented to you, it is not me pressing for your services, but my husband, who refused point blank to

discuss anything with me after he “lawyered up” and forcibly sought confirmation from me that I had found his conduct towards me threatening last Saturday.

As soon as I uttered the words, he then became irrational, refusing to discuss the violence he had threatened me with, and has left me camping in the bungalow of the house we are renovating, and have to move into by 17 Feb, and also pack and vacate our home, which is where Pierre is living while I am effectively abandoned.

My husband thinks he has some secret with which to slay me with in your ‘independent’ presence, and I am well used to this.

My husband was diagnosed with bipolar, as well as adhd, by our joint psychiatrist, in October 2017, and aggression was the primary target of treatment. He will happily tell people about his adhd diagnosis, but will never reveal the bipolar. His son also has Bipolar.

I have suffered Pierre’s irrational rages, public humiliations, and outbursts for long enough. To be told on Saturday, when I challenged him about when this latest passive aggressive event was going to end, that his passive aggressive emotional withdrawal from me was better than the alternative, and that I was ‘this close’ to being harmed, has made me resolute in my requirement that I will not engage in any therapeutic work with you, or Pierre, unless he owns, accepts, and commits to a program of change with regards to his violence towards me.

He has at various times told me I have no right to be scared of him because he has never hit me, and never intends to scare me, therefore I have no right to be scared. It outrages him and fuels his rage even further. He told me on Saturday that being passive aggressive and emotionally withdrawn was better than being hit, and didn’t do any harm. I am ashamed to say that for the first time ever, I told a man to take his best shot at hitting me and get it out of his system. I was just so angry and reactive that it burst out. I have never encouraged a man to hit me, or to act violently towards me, and I am not the provocative kind of person who engages in that conduct. I prefer to talk, or go away and think and process.

When I told the psychiatrist in December 2017, that I was, at times, scared of Pierre, it resulted in me being forced by Pierre, whilst held hostage in the car to his rage, to email the Dr and recant my 'scared of Pierre narrative that I have going on'. Every time I have raised his rage he tells me it's just me trying to shut down his perfectly normal anger. It's never his rage, it's always about me and how bad I am, or the latest bad thing I'm supposed to have done.

We deal with domestic violence every day in our work, and yet he refuses to see it within him.

When Pierre refused to talk to me on Saturday, he told me he felt unsafe around me now because I find him threatening. Thus the being abandoned by him to secure his safety from me.

Because he went nuclear in his irrational approach, refusing to remain in my presence, I have been forced to live by myself at a property that is half finished, while he got over his nuclear rage by the very next day and has been acting normally as if nothing untoward has happened between us. I am the one left shattered and reeling, while he feels vindicated that he's made an appointment with you. An appointment he insisted we have, but which he became outraged over, at me, when I insisted he be the one to organise it.

I can barely speak to him. I am so angry.

His rage stems from feelings of injustice, rejection, powerlessness, or other sense of abandonment or hurt feelings tied to his childhood and adolescence, at the hands of the Christian Brothers. His childhood complex trauma has never been fully processed even though he's had years of therapy on and off. He has never done any work on his anger.

He is clean and sober for nearly 20 years, but is easily triggered into this hopelessness and rage.

Our Psychiatrist told me to just keep saying to him 'I'm not Brother Chapman', but I can't do that in the face of his conduct towards me this time.

Last time it was bad like this was in June, when I caught him buying viagra online. That was the end of our marriage then, and yet, as it turned out, with a lot of work on both our parts, we recovered, and he conceded his he conceded his sexual abuse of me, likening it to rape, over the past 9 years, and giving me back full consent, which he has promptly reneged on with his sulky, pouty, guilt laden 'can I have a pill tonight' questions put to me nearly every night.

And that's been the catalyst for this episode. A three day drought brought on by my meds, which he hates and loathes with a passion.

So, he will tell you I am controlling, aggressive, demeaning, supercilious, lacking insight into his needs, rejecting him, putting everything before him, and generally a critical, nagging shrew of a woman who won't let him live the kind of life he wants.

I am controlling because he wants to play and be a child who has no consequences for his actions. He leaves everything to me to do and then complains that I do it.

He will tell you he fully supports me in everything I do, and he's right, until it clashes with his sexual needs, and then I get the kind of treatment I'm experiencing right now.

He will tell you I am overly critical towards him, and that he finds me negative. He married me knowing I was like this, that I see problems and then find the workarounds and solutions. He experiences this positively when he wants to.

He will tell you he feels left behind and isolated. That's because I am flourishing in my own skin, and becoming a person who has personal and professional growth she could never have imagined. This has come at great cost to me, and now it is a burden for my husband to bear, because he cannot stand that I am able to have a voice and be assertive and strong. This came out to our psychiatrist in December, when this was raised as part of his arsenal of guilt trips against me.

Our psychiatrist, sees through this, and has countered these issues with reflections and musings that perhaps it is Pierre's time to sacrifice, rather than me having to do it.

I am well aware of my failings as a person.

I am an expert in childhood complex trauma, and live with this myself.

I live with, and battle daily, a range of dissociative symptoms stemming from structural dissociation and dissociative amnesia.

I live with adhd.

I live with trauma induced Alexithymia and dyscalculia.

I am concrete in my approach, yet I am empathic and sensitive.

I am in a strong recovery cycle thanks to Dr HP*, my medications, and recognition of long standing symptomology that had been unseen until 2017-18.

I resent the way that my recovery and growth is now being used to batter me, and beat me into a state where I am again the timid mouse who didn't speak up, too afraid of her own shadow.

I am resourceful, strong, and confident these days, unafraid to speak about what I am good at. It galls Pierre to hear me talk like this, when he wants me to be humble, have humility, and be circumspect and discreet, hiding my light under the bushes of conformity and don't be an outspoken, feminist flag waving killjoy.

As I finish writing this in my darkened bungalow, alone, with no hot water, no bathroom, and no husband, and a full day of clients to prepare for tomorrow, I hope you haven't minded getting my perspective on what my expectations are for Wednesday. I will not be the sobbing, pleading, begging wife, nor will I be the victim or martyr.

I simply want my husband, who I love and cherish, to start dealing with the trauma underneath all of this rage, and to get the help he needs to either manage it therapeutically or medically, or any combination that works.

If not, I'm walking. It's that simple. I've had a gut full of being cast as the aggressor, and the creator of false narratives whenever I try to explore the violence issue.

Regards,

Lisa Testart

On 29 Jan 2019, at 6:56 am, PW* wrote:

Hi there and thank you for your email.

Pierre only booked in for couples counselling and I had no background at all until your email.

I can see you both together this week, I prefer to keep a non discriminatory approach and sort out issues as I see them in the sessions.

I am an experienced relationship counsellor and usually see the the ' games' .

Pete

On Jan 30, 2019, at 7:52 PM, Lisa Testart wrote:

Hello Peter,

I am formally requesting an unredacted copy of your complete intake, file notes, and any other correspondence or documents you have, for the session you conducted today with Pierre and myself.

Under the Health Records Act I am fully entitled to make this request of you.
You may send the documents digitally, as scanned files, if that makes it easier for you, to my work email address.

Regards,

Lisa Testart

From: PW

Subject: Re: Testart - Enquiry, sent from yellowpages.com.au

Date: 30 January 2019 at 8:11 pm

To: Lisa Testart

Hi there Lisa, I will forward my hand written notes which there is not a lot of content as the session was a preliminary one to gauge if I could support you in your marriage. Will forward on Friday .

Pete

From: PW

Subject:

Date: 1 February 2019 at 7:14 am

To: Lisa Testart

Hi there Lisa, please find a copy from my notes of your session as requested. Regards
Peter

Pierre & Lisa Texts

30/1/19

Pierre contacted me by email re marriage counselling

- Lisa appears unhappy re sessions.

- P - had an affair - L - suggested and angry re affair with a client (explains cannot trust P -

- Pierre re communication - needs sorting -

- Lisa wants to start (2) - Pierre unsure

- P asking Viagra re impo - o/s supply - issue re L.

- I feel it best they see myself separately due to conflict re sessions -

- Suggested they do so - no commitment Lisa wants group sessions

- Sessions difficult today re conflicting stories.

- Pain re Lisa & Pierre - needs sorting

- Marital therapy possibility to resolve past pain.

On Feb 1, 2019, at 11:04 AM, Lisa Testart wrote:

Hello Peter,

I'd also like the intake documentation please.

Regards

Lisa Testart

From: PW

Subject: Re:

Date: 1 February 2019 at 11:16 am To: Lisa Testart

There is none.

I'm wondering what is going on here?

There was an email from your husband and then I spoke to him on the phone Re a booking. I would need his permission Re showing you the email .

Pete

Lisa's Text Message To Pierre

31/1/19, 7.34 am

Your new 'counsellor' mate, Pete, is nothing more than a music teacher with a case management diploma. He is the kind of practitioner that is dangerous, and I won't be going back to him under any circumstances.

And when you said to him 'I might have said I'd knock her block off', I sat in amazement at how you could say that and not hear yourself saying to Paul Maddock,

when he said that to his son, Liam, 'mate, that's violence and your son would naturally be feeling scared'.

Why the fuck is it ok for everyone else to feel scared but not me?

Why the fuck are you able to tell other people their behaviour is inappropriate but I'm not allowed to be scared sometimes?

And why is it ok for you to tell me I don't have any rights in this, when if I was any other woman sitting in front of you you'd be validating me.

What you and Peter did to me yesterday was horrendous.

He completely invalidated me, and rebuked me, which simply fed into your denial.

I had two men invalidating me.

Yesterday was an experience I will never forget.

You'd better start doing some fucking self reflection while you're at your meeting tonight, and getting honest with yourself and others, because I'm not going to allow you to silence me with your denials any more.

Every time you tell me I can't be scared because you never mean to scare me, is a denial and invalidation of my experience.

On Saturday you may as well have stood over me and pulled a punch, or hit a wall in front of me. It had the same impact.

I have stood by you, supported you, and done nothing but love and cherish you in the face of many issues, but if you can't, or you refuse, to see what is happening here, then I don't know what else there is to do.

You're an intelligent man who knows exactly what is happening.

You see it in every affidavit you read. You see it in the tears of all your clients.

You counsel others in how to get past their own denials, and yet you don't see me.

You don't hear me.

You won't see or hear me.

I've never given you any ultimatums before, and I've never acted aggressively towards you. I've only ever held you safe in my heart and forgiven you every time you've hurt or betrayed me and our relationship.

I've never raged at you, or kicked you out, told you to leave, or done anything other than try to understand, help, and be accepting and accommodating.

But now I am angry, and I won't allow you to keep invalidating me when I tell you there's a problem and it's your anger.

You're still the man I love, who is kind and gentle, funny and smart, but there's a side to you that is dark and threatening, and you only let it out on me. But it's always been there, like you told Dr Heffernan. I'm just the convenient scapegoat because I'm the one you're bouncing off.

I don't want to lose you, Pierre.

I love you, and I'm angry, hurt, and betrayed again by all of this.

I am not responsible for your anger and I won't be used as an excuse for your behaviour towards me.

You need to start opening up to others about this and owning it.

If you want to run and hide and pretend you don't have this anger and violence within you, then go ahead and run, and do an emotional bolt from me.

It won't help you, and you know that.

You'll just take another hostage that can't meet your deep well of need, and you'll repeat again. You know I speak from experience here, as I bolted and came back after your verbal assault of me in the car coming back from circuit.

We didn't address your rage then, and you've never accepted my feelings about it.

If you run from me you'll always be running. You know that.

I am not the enemy. The enemy is your complex childhood trauma; brother Chapman et al.

It's not me. It's never been about me.

But, the less available I am to meet your needs, the angrier and more resentful you become towards me.

I don't want to lose you, but I won't allow you to invalidate me anymore.

I won't beg or plead, because I can't force you to push past your denial.

You've got to think about what you're doing, and what you're throwing away, and you've got to make a decision.

Long-winded Manifesto of Denial and Defiance

On 1 Feb 2019, at 7:18 pm, Pierre Testart wrote:

Here is a response to your longer than usual text message.

Long-winded Manifesto of Denial and Defiance.docx

Pierre H. Testart

Barrister

Nationally Accredited Mediator

Got your SMS.

Where to start? Hmm.

“Your new ‘counsellor’ mate, Pete”.

Maaaate.

He must be my mate. We must have gone to school together, even though he is your age.

Or, we have had numerous conversations setting up how the session yesterday would go.

Or, he must be, like me, a member of *looks furtively around, spits on hand* the Patriarchal Society of Secret Men’s Business. (Thank God our soul doctor, the other Pete, is given a leave pass from being a male, being and all a person previously known to you, and referred by a trustworthy person, being a female.)

Or, we men must be so aligned socio-politically that we now have the power of telepathy to band together to foil women.

So, whatever our interpersonal conflict is, you are happy to give it a sexual political overtone, with your implication that he and I are part of a conspiracy.

Counsellor

“... nothing more than a music teacher with a case management diploma”

So, he is part of the demographic that is the target of a guild “founded on overarching principles of inclusion, ethics, and a ‘you can do this’ attitude”, and open to “all therapeutic practitioners who have a desire, dream, goal or aspiration to be in private practice.”

Know any guilds like that?

Who’s got the gas? The light?

“And when you said to him ‘I might have said I’d knock her block off’, I sat in amazement at how you could say that ...”

This would be very troubling, if I had actually said those words to you on Saturday last, or to my mate Pete the Fraud during the hour we spent with him.

But I didn’t say any such thing.

I accuse you.

I accuse you of ‘recalling’ events and conversations as you want them to have been, and not as they actually occurred.

I accuse you of being a poor historian.

This ‘recall’ of what you assert I said is one of many examples. I’ll say more about this later.

If I thought you did this repeatedly and deliberately for the purposes of manipulating me, my behaviour and my emotions – real gaslighting – I would have called you out by now.

But I’ve made uncountable allowances for the frequent yawning holes that have opened up in your memory – times when you have forgotten whole conversations, or parts of conversations, and when you’ve frequently said, in order to explain or excuse those memory holes that you often dissociate and forget things. You even complain to Pete the Honorary Female that your memory deficits are part of your symptom constellation and are a reason for your asking for learning assistance. You’ll likely not remember how, on countless occasions, I’ve tried to avoid conflict by allowing (at great cost to the Management) your version of events to prevail. And you’ll also likely not remember the many occasions when, after thinking about it, you’ve come back to me and corrected yourself.

Or am I gaslighting you?

Have a think about this:

I am a lovable, loved and loving, kind and gentle, funny and smart man. How do I know this? Because my wife has put it in writing to me on 31 January 2019, in the not-too-distant past.

Why do they call it gaslighting? Because it's a deliberate, long-term strategy calculated to drive someone crazy by causing them to doubt their own reality.

Just like a person can't be dead and alive at the same time, or infertile and pregnant at the same time, a person who is kind and gentle, etc., etc. would, you'd have to admit, be incapable of engaging in the deliberate destruction of another person's happiness, no?

So, for the sake of at least a bit of truth and accuracy, I'll remind you of what I actually did say, on both occasions:

I said words to the effect of, I got your latest bombshell text, and we'll talk about it later, because Paul's here.

You took umbrage at my calling your text a bombshell (by the way, talking of passive-aggressive put-downs and rants, your text message, and the handwritten controlling and abusive note on the envelope that you left on the bed the other day must be prime examples of the genre), and sought to re-assert that you were just sayin', because it was true, dat. (I can't remember the precise words you used, *and you don't, either*, because people don't remember precise words, unless there are very good reasons).

I then pointed out that passive-aggressive is, in any event, better than active-aggressive. You'll likely not remember that I used those specific words – I was quite pleased with that formulation, because I thought it true, in most instances, and also because I hoped it might cause you to reflect on what might have been my alternatives in the circumstances. I'll say more about this later.

You then invited me to act out, by saying words to the effect of, why don't you hit me, then, if it will make you feel better? I'm sick of your withdrawals.

I responded with words to the effect of, you're lucky I haven't knocked your block off already.

You'll likely not remember that at that stage, something occurred – I can't remember what, precisely, *and you can't, either*; that caused our conversation to be interrupted. I think that Paul called out for a hand from me.

It was when I was coming up to the bungalow some time later (you'll likely not remember that you were working on the deck) that you said the exact words

“since when do you think it's OK to threaten me?”

All that, just so you know what actually happened on that day, and what I reported to Pete the Fraud.

So, if you were *actually* sitting in amazement (and not fuming with vitriolic rage at being there in the first place and seeking to express your contemptuous and angry rejection of the whole process. as I strongly suspect you were doing, by seeking to hijack the narrative for all the time you were there – I see you, naughty, naughty!), then your amazement was at something that didn't happen, but that you constructed in your mind. Now is the time I wish you had read *To Kill a Mockingbird*, so you'd remember the lovely words of the accused black man, wrongly accused of raping a white girl, who when asked in cross-examination, you sayin' Miss (can't remember name) is lyin' boy? – No, suh. Ah sayin' she mistaken in huh mind.

So:

- No threat. Never a threat, on any view.
- It is perfectly OK for you to feel scared, if something scary happens to you. But I don't accept that it did, either on the Saturday, or in the session with Pete the Fraud.
- There! Now you have, according to you, a *persistent denial* by me of the very thing you *threaten* me to admit! How does that make you feel? **ANGRY?**
Mwahaha! Welcome to my world, more of which later.

- For now, I'm just going to invite you to immediately ***STOP BEING ANGRY***. See how that goes for you.

Why the fuck is it OK for everyone else to feel scared but not me?

You'll likely not remember that at the session with Pete the Fraud, you very clearly said words to the effect that you weren't in fear on the Saturday, but you were clear that I was then being threatening, and that I was in the wrong.

And nor were you in fear at Pete the Fraud's; you were on the attack – towards both him and me, from the get-go. Were I the kind of person you'd like to portray me as, after the way you comported yourself at that session, humiliating me, yet another time (I'll talk more about that later), then in line with all the other domestic terrorists, I would have been likely to escalate my violence against you. Instead, you'll likely not remember that I went back to Kelso Road, picked up the sanding equipment and the dogs, and sadly and silently kept on painting the house.

And why is it ok for you to tell me I don't have any rights in this, when If I was any other woman sitting in front of you you'd be validating me?

Yeah, nah. I have never said, or implied by word or deed, that you don't have any rights in this.

You'll likely not remember that, when I told you that I wouldn't debate with you the issue of whether I'd made a threat to you without an independent third party present (Pete the Fraud! Lined him up years ago! Mwaaahahahahah), and that I didn't want to be alone with you until we had resolved that issue, I also told you that the reason behind that was ***for your personal safety, and mine***. Maybe, like Alan Bond and Peter Barry, you do remember, after all. It was when you accused me of manipulating you, and described my refusal to 'have it out' there and then as 'shameful'.

Remember?

So, when you think back:

- Lovable, loved and loving, kind and gentle, funny and smart (my wife said so!) versus ‘shamefully manipulative’. Can it be both? if not, you might have to decide which Pierre you’re going to let go – Mr. Lovable, or Mr. Cunt?

By the way, I validate the other women because that’s my job. Get it?

You’re my wife, telling me I am dark, angry and violent without you ever having had a part to play, AND I’M VERY BUSY DENYING THAT! There! another denial! Plenty of Peters in this story, and here’s a triple denial just like Saint Peter before the cock crows.

“What you and Peter did to me yesterday was horrendous.”

Yeah, nah. See above.

“He completely invalidated me, and rebuked me, which simply fed into your denial”

Yeah, nah.

To the contrary, he was trying to make sense of what you chose to make a complex tale, going back many years, while you were interrupting me at every opportunity, being contrary and aggressive, talking over him, and refusing to actually answer any question he asked of you. It’s no wonder that his many attempts to regain control of a counselling session which it became clear you were sabotaging at every opportunity (great work, by the way) became firmer and firmer, particularly as he ran out of time and you refused to STFU. Hahahahaha...

“I had two men invalidating me.”

Yeah, nah.

“Yesterday was an experience I will never forget.”

Yup; me neither.

I had not been fully present to the vitriol, the unforgiveness, and the desire you had to make me out to be a family violence perpetrator for a very long time.

It shocked me, again, that my one-word-at-a-time (that's, you know, how it must be) acknowledgements of my extensive part in betraying you with XX, my denials of the affair, and all the rest, were again to be worse than withheld by me, because *those words didn't come out in the order in which you required me to speak them*.

Again, as I have done many hundreds of times, I want to acknowledge that my actions irretrievably damaged your trust in me, and hurt you deeply, causing you to suffer complex trauma, and irrevocably changed the nature of our relationship.

But this is the last time I am going to do so. If you can't, or won't forgive me for my actions, then my continued apologies aren't going to make any difference, and I am heartily sick of you interrupting me every couple of words to remind me of another particular in the Bill of Indictment to which I pleaded guilty late, but long ago nonetheless.

Seeing that your attitude towards me was one of obdurate judgment – and an inaccurate one at that – was a real wake-up call for me. One of the challenges that you (yes, you) will have to face if you (yes, you) want to play a part in salvaging this carcass of a relationship is to find a way of letting go what is a very damaging misperception of the dynamic between us. I'll talk more about this later.

Because, if you are adamantly minded to continue with your current attitude towards me (it's all you, Pierre; I am Snow Fucking White, and you are Black Pierre; our relationship is just a personal example of #metoo; you, Pierre, could be so nice if you would only admit that All Men Are Pigs, and you are more piggish than the ordinary ruck; why can't you do anything right?), then I certainly see no future for us together.

In which case, I will act honourably. You will, of course, own the narrative you have been busy setting up on social media (all those posts about DV and sex addiction, and rape in marriage – I couldn't say before, but now I can reveal – it was always him!).

Fortunately for me, I am like the Saucy Sailor in one of my favourite songs: “for I am frolicsome, and I am easy/ and I don't give a penny, boys, what the world thinks of me”.

“You’d better start doing some fucking self-reflection”

Well. Yes. If you only knew, in point of fact. One of these days, if you, yourself *do some fucking self-reflection*, you’ll come to regret saying this phrase.

Here’s the thing:

You see my anger; perhaps sometimes, and my frustration, also sometimes.

But you say later in your inaptly-called SMS “I am not responsible for your anger and I won’t be used as an excuse for your behaviour towards me.”

So, again, how does ‘loving, kind, yadda, yadda’, sit with an anger that you have nothing to do with? Is this why I should be wearing a sign around my neck – ‘Bipolar! Approach with caution!’?

Or maybe I am possessed by the restless shade of Chappo, fated to channel his cruelty at any trigger?

Just endogenous, free-floating anger and aggression? That’s only expressed towards you, as it happens, by some unhappy coincidence, that to ascribe a connection between my anger and your behaviour is a bit schiz?

I accuse you

I accuse you of having a part to play in our dynamic of misery and miscommunication, by doing and saying things that, when I see and hear them, I get angry.

I accuse you of controlling me:

1. the Viagra Ultimatum (see, this present ultimatum is but one of many, contrary to your assertion that this ultimate Ultimatum is first and last ultimatum);
2. the support stocking ultimatum;

3. the endless, droning, excessively detailed, repetitive, overly explained and justified instructions for:
4. the loading of the dishwasher, including the humiliation of, me having loaded it, your insistence on re-arranging the dishes, doubtless so it will work 'properly';
 - the loading of the washing machine;
 - the correct dosage of product for both;
 - hanging clothes on the clothesline;
 - hanging clothes on the drying racks;
 - the use of the clothes dryer;
 - how to load a trailer;
 - how to wash painting equipment ('please use detergent');
 - the correct dampness of cloths for the wiping down of newly-hung plaster (having cross-checked my understanding that there should be a wiping-down process against Google;
 - the places to store all items in the house. And shed. And carport. And the green shed;
 - how to wash a dog;
 - how to feed a dog;
 - how to feed a cat;
5. "have you washed your hands?";
6. "have you brushed your teeth?";
7. "Just so you can see what a controlling, supercilious bitch I am – I brought your robes in off the line AND put your jabots on to wash. See

if you can hang the clothes out.” (But – but—how can this be controlling? Eh?);

8. Insisting that *because of your memory deficits* (see “Who’s got the gas?”), it is essential that things be left where you last left them. You’ll likely not remember that all of our cleaning ladies were eventually let go because they (or some of them, at least) had the temerity to throw out things like plastic bottles that you had repurposed, or to put things in cupboards or drawers when *you had already brought them out!!* You’ll likely not remember that after we came home after some of our cleaning ladies had been, you would go around the house, fulminating that they couldn’t comply with instructions, because they had moved something. I accuse you of *controlling your environment – and mine* by this insistence (I appreciate that you have, amongst other things, ADHD. I have, too. But for all the time I’ve known you, you have steadfastly refused to comply with any kind of solution);
9. making me accountable for the whereabouts of items, regardless of whether I last had them or not, without having first made any reasonable attempt to locate the item yourself ;
10. refusing/neglecting/being unable to put rubbish into rubbish bins, etc. You’ll likely not remember that the kitchen has often reeked of rotten meat because of your insistence on ‘washing’ meat and other food wrappings, then leaving them in the sink to go off, and making someone else (who? who?) responsible for dealing with them. And the medication wrappers and blister packs, etc., etc.
11. posting things on social media that you know relate to a conflict that we might be having from time to time, to ‘cement’ your position, and to shame me into adopting a behaviour that you want me to engage in.
Examples:

- no fap, and other anti-porn material;
 - anti-Viagra material;
 - DV material;
 - material about ‘earning trust/forgiveness’;
 - ‘taking one’s share of the emotional load’ (just do something!)
 - and so on;
12. putting me in double-bind situations, the best example of which is the injunction to ‘take the emotional load’ by ‘just doing something!’ but then being disappointed/critical because something was done not according to instructions;
 13. shutting me down (Yes. You’ll see) when you propose a course of action, and I so much as begin to raise an alternative – ‘Maybe we could...’ “No. No. No.
 14. making sure to disclose, and to have me disclose, to my friends, family and others, including my AA group (you see, no choice by me allowed, that’s the control -- and part of the punishment you imposed), the fact that I had been unfaithful to you;
 15. going to others about interpersonal problems we might be having (e.g., the NA guy over the Viagra bust that you continue to insist that I had. By the way, my sobriety, and any relapse, is a matter between me and my HP. It’s none of your business. You’ll remember that, at the time, I told you I was going to do nothing about it, and if you didn’t like it, you could leave. Same with alcohol – you have your choices, and I have mine).

I accuse you of manipulating me:

There is plenty of overlap; see above;

using your health condition/s as reasons why things have to be done a certain way;

using your past experiences (bad neighbours) to dictate my behaviour (never raise your voice/swear in the back yard);

I'm triggered!;

pathologising me (Bipolar! Approach with caution!) to go along with your way;

and many more.

I accuse you of projection:

Accusing me of being angry but you are just as angry, and the fact that you are capable of expressing your anger softly, slowly, and methodically doesn't mean that you are any less angry than I;

Accusing me of berating you in public (and there is no question that I have) when you yourself have told me to go and get fucked in the presence of the salespeople at Harvey Norman, and in front of others, with never an apology forthcoming;

Acusing me of being foul-mouthed, when the very next day you were ropeable when the salesman at Harvey Norman pulled you up for saying 'fuck'. Wasn't that a laugh?

I accuse you of denial:

"I know I'm not the easiest person to live with".

If you said this before 2001, then it'll have to be the understatement of two centuries.

To sweep aside the real and genuine challenges of being around you, and your anxieties, and your certainties, and your hoarding behaviour, and your self-justification, and to take refuge in the denial that your behaviour is frustrating and

extremely provocative of other people (you know, I've kept saying that I'm not XX, and not like XX. But I'm now wondering whether XX and I are both the same, in that both of us would eventually lose our rag in the face of an opinionated, concrete thinking, critical, angry, vengeful woman – here's looking at you, kid!) to take refuge in that denial must be at least on the same level of denial of which you accuse me.

I accuse you of disrespect:

This Kelso Road thing has really brought into stark relief that it's your way or the highway.

What I am now seeing, from the way your facial expressions are beginning to resemble your mother's (there's that sly smirk Eileen gets –entirely unconsciously – when she revisits have diddled someone – five bucks! It's the same look you don't realise you're giving me whenever you think I've come out with a real 'building howler') that you have little, if any, respect for my views about most aspects of the works that are being done. And no compunction in cutting me off if you think I'm talking shit.

When you concentrate on the fact that I am angry, or frustrated, and tell me you're scared of me (which at times I am sure you have been; just not on Saturday last), without ever taking the time to even enquire what it is that made me turn from yadda gentle yadda kind to Vlad the Impaler (Viagra joke warning), then the words you use against me apply just as much to you: you don't hear me. You won't see or hear me. That's as disrespectful as the violence you accuse me of.

When you reduce my frustration anger, despair and loss of patience to the proposition that I'm sooking because I didn't get a root, you invalidate me, and express contempt as well.

As to the sooking, I just ask you to put yourself in my shoes for a moment:

- No more real spontaneity available to me, because I took it upon myself to go on a journey of recovery and management from ADHD with my

beloved wife, fully conscious of how far behind the 8-ball I was from the get-go;

- We have many a conversation and I think the deal is that I ask if it's OK to take the fucking medication, and if not, then no business will result (am I wrong about this? Really?);
- Short of penetrative sex, I share with you that some kind of sexual 'actions' taken by you would go a long way to keep me very happy. I guess you'll likely not remember this. But, after that conversation – nothing. Not an action, not a mention, nothing.
- In the course of our 'Viagra honeymoon' we have 're-introductory sex' – slow, careful, and (I thought) mutually enjoyable;
- But after a couple of occasions, at your request, we seem to be back to 'just ask; if it's OK, just stick it in and get it over and done with';
- So, now I am in the position of a mendicant: begging for a bit. Of course, it would be nice if you would offer me the opportunity first, which has happened up to a half-a-dozen times, but I think that now you have the power to say no, and you exercise that power, it is actually OK to ask.
- Little do I know that, by asking, I cause you to become incandescently enraged (boy, did I find out at Pete the Fraud's!), because by asking, I am deriving you of the opportunity to offer! Shame you forgot to share that with me, eh? Also a shame you didn't offer a little more often, anyway.
- Then, when I ask, you begin saying 'nokay'. That's a real feel-good. But, prison food is better than starvation, and I am by now so full of shame about my needs that I can't bring matters up, or bring about real change.
- And, over time, I develop the habit of saying 'any chance?'
- Then comes the yes that turns into no. Those times that I take the fucking medication, and the TV show is too engrossing, so the only awake time is

spent on that rather than attending to the Beggar on the Street of Lurve. Which leaves the beggar with unfulfilled expectations. Those expectations wouldn't exist but for the yes. So when it turns to no, there are the expectations, and the reliable physical response, which keeps Black Pierre the Marriage Rapist Selfish Pig up half the night, praying not to act out the rape and murder fantasies with which he is afflicted, compounded by the erection that won't easily go away.

- In the morning, for some reason that still escapes me, I find myself tired and grumpy.
- But I should be cool?
- Then I wake up in the middle of the night one night after this has happened a couple of days in a row. I masturbate, with my eyes closed. When I'm finished, I get up to go to the toilet, to find that my loving wife, who has "only ever held me safe in her heart", "forgiven me", and done nothing other "than try to understand, help, and be accommodating", has been awake the whole time, and studiously ignored me for some doubtless irresistible zombie tale. Not a touch. Not an acknowledgement. Nuttin'. And it occurs to me that this is now the marriage that I'm in.

And then there's the passive-aggressive withdrawal. What a prick!
Incomprehensible! Inexplicable! Despicable.

All his fault. Violent.

Yeah, nah.

How about you own some stuff, too, Lisa?

It's early in the morning, and I'm off to see Xxxxx, so I'm stopping and sending this.

But, this is Demtelesque: there's more!

You will have gathered, if you've read this far, that I have adopted a bitter and sarcastic tone.

I haven't even addressed a couple of very important issues, which in my mind are called I Created a Monster, and Lisa Glorifies Payback.

They are the two issues that are the big dangers, in my estimation, because I am in significant danger of not liking you any more. Or maybe you are in danger of me not liking you any more.

In my first two marriages, I upped stumps when I lost my liking for those two persons.

But we won't even get to that unless you start to take responsibility for your steps in the tango from hell.

From: Lisa Testart

Subject: My message back - Re: Long-winded Manifesto of Denial and Defiance.docx

Date: 2 February 2019 at 10:35:59 am AEDT

To: Pierre Testart

Hello Pierre,

Your response to me, in your letter last night, is how you respond to me whenever you are angry, only this time, instead of you saying it to me, you have put it in writing. You say the most hurtful, ill considered things when you are in this kind of headspace, and you feel justified in saying them because you paint me as always the provocateur, the reason for your justifiable anger.

You have, since at least March 2012, been aware of how terrifying your conduct towards me has sometimes been, and I have explained this to you before, in writing, and in front of my psychiatrist. You forced me to recant my fear to my psychiatrist, in writing, which I did. Or have you forgotten that? Perhaps you have, because you always forget the hurtful, terrifying things you do to me in your rage attacks.

You are the kind, gentle, loving man I married. You do have a dark side. The two are not mutually exclusive as you well know. You see it in so many around us whom you and I help on a regular basis. It surprises me that you take this stance, but it is what it is. Why is it we can tell Paul he's got an angry aggressive side but still call him a great friend, a great dad, a lovely bloke, and someone who has great recovery, insight and capacity to reflect and change? Are we somehow the only two people who can't have a partner who can be loving and at times dark?

You have gone on the attack, on a level that is exactly the same as when you say it to me verbally, and usually I never have the opportunity to respond, because when you rage at me, once it's over you're usually back to being you, because the pressure cooker has released at me, and you're back to normal again. I know you don't like reading these words, but nevertheless there they are. I consider this to be abnormal behaviour, and despite what you have written, I am not pathologising you, but stating what I consider to be a reasonable assessment based on my lived experience of your rage at me, and the irrationality of it.

You are right. I did give you an ultimatum about the viagra. You deceived me, and I hate being deceived. It's the worst thing you can do to me, given our history. Nothing is disconnected or isolated. To try and segregate and isolate issues removes the context of why things are problems.

And yes, you are correct in saying I gave you an ultimatum about the support stockings. Shall I refresh your memory? When we were in the doctors surgery discussing our planned trip, the risk of you suffering a blood clot due to the huge swelling and injury to your knee was very high, and the Dr recommended that we look at the stockings as a preventative measure. We went to the local chemist, they

couldn't help us. You became incensed at having to wait, because you certainly did not want to comply, preferring to take the risk, which of course is what you and I discussed with Dr Heffernan in December 2017, which is part of your anger at me: you hate being told you can't, or shouldn't do something.

I did tell you, while you fumed in anger at the pharmacy, that we wouldn't continue with our trip because I refused to succumb to your demand to just let it go. I did not want to be placed in a position overseas of having to manage a sick husband, if you did develop a blood clot. I did not want to be responsible for managing the possible consequences of your choice, so I refused you, denied your right to take the risk, and suffered your wrath and now I see I also suffer the simmering anger my actions have brought home to me.

You've put a lot of things into this letter to me.

You hate being told to wash your hands, or brush your teeth.

Do you know how much I have loathed the fact that you seem perfectly content to go to the toilet, then come out and not wash your hands? You go to the kitchen, you come back to whatever you were doing, and you more often than not haven't washed your hands. It's something you've always done, and still do now. I tried to be polite, rather than direct, and so I now see that you saw this as controlling behaviour by me, and loathsome to you. I didn't know how to bring it up in a way that was sensitive to you, because whenever I have raised concerns about hygiene, or food handling, you brush me off, so what am I supposed to do? I am in a no-win situation with a man who has told me from day one that he's a 'bull at a gate and just tell me to stop' but who can't be stopped because he gets angry with me.

Brushing teeth? Well, for a very long time you'd often forget, and like the hand washing, it just became a habit like I'd ask have you 'got your phone'. But of course a phone reminder isn't a trigger for you.

The dishwasher, animals, washing, et al...I agree that I have ways of working efficiently in these tasks, primarily because I am the one who does them every day. I'm the one who, for nearly every day of around seven years, would be up at 4.30am with you to accompany you to the office. While you spent the entire time getting yourself ready for the drive to work (going to the toilet, ironing your shirt, having a shower, getting dressed), I'd be:

Feeding all the animals

Getting our lunch organised

Sometimes making us a morning coffee

Making sure we had everything organised for the day

Having a shower, getting dressed, getting ready

Putting the dishwasher on after unloading it

Often putting a load of washing on to be ready when we came home that night to hang out

Having my morning meds

Does the disparity in what we do become apparent now?

In all our time at Trafalgar Sth, unless it was the recent washing of the dog bedding, I'd be the one who washed all our clothes, hung them out, put them away. You'd help if I asked, but rarely initiate. If you ask any person who does this daily, you'll soon find out I am not the demon spawn from hell making your life a misery, but a person who hangs clothes out as efficiently as possible so they can be put away, or hung up, rather than ironed. I admit I am not so efficient at putting them away, but truth be told, you are a living, breathing, adult, who occupied the same space as me and you could have helped with putting clothes away, but you stood by and left it to me. You would sometimes empty a basket on the bed, put your clothes away, and then leave my clothes on the bed because you 'didn't know where anything went'.

I couldn't rely on you to see a load of washing in the machine that needed to be hung out. You'd walk past the laundry for days and not see anything, and the same with bringing clothes in from the line. You just didn't see it.

When you accuse me of being controlling and demanding, you should consider the context. It's only in the second half of 2018 that you started actively helping me, but even that stopped and petered out, and you reverted back to not helping unless asked for the most part. You rail at me that it was 'just do something', but you forget that this arose out of our discussions in June 2018, where I explicitly told you what I wanted you to do, but you were the one who stopped doing it. I told you I wanted you to help me with the clothes washing, the putting away of clothes, and the hanging out of clothes. Remember I told you that asking me how I did things was a great way of learning. You agreed, you were ok with this, you were not forced. You acknowledged that I carried this load, just like I carry everything else and bear the brunt of your resentment as I see now.

You were willing, you wanted to help, but it seems now that it was always conditional on how much I put out and gave back to you.

When you accuse me of being controlling, context matters.

The trailer? Well, I was married to a truck driver who taught me how to tie down loads, especially after we had furniture go exploding over the top of the Westgate bridge due to not being tied down properly. See, context. I just try to keep a load secured, but you prefer to take the risk and don't like having anyone tell you that you might need to consider an alternative. Bull at a gate.

You make all kinds of accusations: hoarder, killer of cleaning ladies (but no mention of Naomi), rubbish bins and so on.

You fail to remember all the times I've begged you to work with me when I have proffered a way that works for me, and you can't be bothered. It's not always my way

or the highway here my love. You have refused me many times over the years because you don't want to change how you do things.

I have never shied away from my part in things, and your angry, hurtful rant refuses to acknowledge just how much I have.

I took on all the work of the recovery from the affair, because you just had it, but I had the consequential damage.

You accuse me of forcing you to disclose the affair, but the truth, which you fail to mention, is that I kept your secret for a very long time. It saddens me to read your accusations here, because you willingly participated in everything, and we disclosed often together. You forget you even wrote to the ethics committee to get permission to speak publicly about it. That is not the action of a man who is forced or humiliated, or punished.

It saddens me to read a lot of what you've written.

You hate that I ask you to not swear and discuss clients at home, in the yard, at the top of your voice. Your voice is booming, loud, a declamation style is what you've called it before. When you discuss clients and their cases, using highly derogatory and offensive language, about their intimate matters, or you talk about someone who's just left the property, then yes, I ask that you tone it down, keep it quieter. That's not the picture you paint though, is it. You want me to be controlling, but you want to be able to do the offensive.

You've brought up a lot of stuff here. You've given me a good old tooling; a great big fat character assassination of the highest magnitude, with no stone left unturned in your defiant denial of what the issue was for me: your behaviour was threatening towards me, and I felt threatened.

You've turned this into an attack on me, on us, and on everything we have done together.

Even now, you still don't understand me, even though I've been explicit in the past when we have had difficult discussions.

You now admit I've been scared of you, but because this time I felt threatened, instead of scared, that somehow you have the right to sit in judgement of me and tell me it's all just a story I'm making up to discredit you somehow.

You have at last in your dreadful letter to me admitted that you have scared me before, and that's a new one for me, because every other time you've denied me.

'I've never hit you so you can't be scared'

'I never intend to scare you so you can't be scared'

'It's just a narrative you've got going on'

'You're just trying to shut me down!'

'I've a right to be angry!'

'I'm appropriately angry'

I'm going to remind you that we are both adults and your catalogue of my faults and shortcomings, and your justifications of your behaviour towards me, as a result of Saturdays actions, are not the actions of a man who has been honest with me.

To write what you have written, and to say what you said on Wednesday, makes me wonder if anything you've said to me has been the truth.

The resentments you've disclosed here make me rethink everything we've ever discussed and agreed upon, all our heartfelt outpourings, all of our disclosures and deepest feelings and thoughts. You've made sure to use everything you can against me, and done it in a cruel, nasty, spiteful and vicious manner, the like of which I have never ever done to you. I have been abrupt, pointed, at my wits end, but never have I spewed anything like what you sent to me.

Instead, in all of our dealing with the issues we have faced together, it seemed to me that we were at all times working as a team despite our many episodes of butting

heads, but now I see that what I saw as working together, was just you roiling in your rage at me and what I put you through.

I remind you that you promised I'd always be safe with you. You told me that. You made me that promise.

I reminded you of that promise in 2015.

I remind you of it today.

I remind you that you married me knowing who I was, knowing I was damaged, broken, fragile and vulnerable. I told you, you saw me, you loved me regardless.

'You're the best thing that's ever happened to me'

'I'm so grateful you're in my life'

'I love you so much'

'I'm the happiest I've ever been'

'I love our life together'

'I'm so happy'

'I love how you always think of me'

'I love how we work together'

'I love you'

'I appreciate all the things you do for me/us'

'I know you carry everything, and I'm so grateful'

'Thanks for looking after me'

'Thanks for thinking of me'

'I love how you're always thinking of me'

This is what you tell me, repeatedly.

You can tell me in the morning that I'm the best thing that's ever happened in your life, then in the afternoon you can be angry at me, then in the evening it's 'can we have sex'.

You don't touch me anymore.

You don't act affectionately towards me.

You more often than not don't show me anything except contempt, anger, frustration, and disdain these days, and you immediately interpret every action, muscle movement, facial tic, pause for breath or thought, as an immediate rejection of you or whatever it was you were saying. It's become your go to method of dealing with me now.

If I get this on an almost daily basis, at what point do I become the person who wants to have sex with you?

If there's no physical interaction from you, no sign of affection, how am I supposed to act?

And might I remind you while I am on this subject, that when we do have the great days when we connect, when we are happy, a team, a couple who have touched each others skin in friendship, companionship and love, that I often say to you 'it's ok if you'd like to take a pill tonight'.

And I'm going to also remind you of what our agreement was in June last year.

You gave me your solemn word that I had full consent back again over my body.

You gave me your solemn word that I could take as much time as I needed to recover from the pressure I had been under because you didn't consider me and our sexual contract after the affair, and just kept going with having sex whenever you wanted it because you could, you did, and you didn't bother with considering if this was a good thing to be doing or not.

Because that's what you brought up on Wednesday. You went right back to when we met and I was this sexual being, and we had an agreement that you could 'tap me on the shoulder and have sex whenever you wanted it'. But you didn't give the context.

When you gave me back consent, you gave me your solemn word that you'd respect me, respect that consent, and that I could say no and you'd be ok with that. You even asked me for permission to masturbate if I did say no, just so you could be good to go if you didn't get sex that night. See, we talked about it, we agreed, we gave it a good lot of thought because we both wanted it to work.

And in all of this discussion, you apologised to those very damaged and angry parts who had been punishing you, and me. Because let's face the facts here, you weren't the one who was damaged, I was. I was the one held hostage as a result of my trauma, caused by your actions.

And when we came home, I tried. I actually wanted to recover, but the minute I started, you wanted more. You weren't ok with me taking my time, because your needs, if left unmet, make you frustrated, horny, angry, moody, sullen, withdrawn.

I didn't get the opportunity to take my time.

I didn't actually get what you promised.

I got a few massages, a few weeks of consideration around the house, and then it evaporated as your needs again became paramount and you became the sulky, truculent, put upon man who had to beg for sex instead of the man who was going to give me the time and space to come back to him.

So in all of this dummy spitting at me, take some time to think about what your part in this is as well.

You didn't give me the chance to recover, and now you blame me for it.

So don't you dare take your high handed approach with me, because I do see you, I do see your pain, I do see your frustration, but you've never been honest with me if this is how you write to me.

Consideration has always been what I've asked for, and what you've never been able to give me on a sustained basis.

And by consideration I mean thinking about me, keeping me in your thoughts, being mindful of me when you make plans.

Last valentines day is the perfect example.

And consideration goes to our sex life as well. If you promise me time, don't take it away from me. If you promise me safety, don't take it away. If you promise me support, don't take it away from me. Don't make me choose between meeting your needs, my own, and the university course you promised to support me in 100% but apparently only so long as your needs are being met. Remember that conversation?

Consideration is about thinking of the other person. It's about taking them into account as I do for you. I want the same back. I want empathy, consideration, thoughtfulness.

Because if I was the punishing, controlling, bitch of a wife you're trying to create here, then we'd have been divorced a long time ago.

I've said before that you never remember the hurtful things you say when angry and raging at me, so it's been helpful this time to have it to reflect on.

To help you in return, I'm sending you a couple of things that you can chew on and digest, and see where it fits into your recent narrative of I'm trying to make you into a monster.

Your denial is strong, but I have a reality you can't invalidate.

You are the most loving, caring, gentle man and I love that part of you. But the other, is the one who's scary.

I know you want to blame me, and I've got plenty wrong with me, and I own all of my failings, flaws, frailties and so on. But I won't allow you to use my mental health against me, or as some kind of justification for your behaviour towards me. I won't

allow you to use my mental health as a tool to rationalise and justify your ‘restraint’ towards me.

I saw your sadness on Wednesday, but you don’t see me or mine anymore because you’re too busy being angry with me.

I told you I refuse to beg or plead.

I blinked last time you acted this way, but this time it’s up to you.

If you want to talk, you know where I am. But I’ll be recording any conversation we have so that you can’t ever tell me my recollections are wrong, fallible, or made up. I’ll provide you with a copy of course.

I don’t want our marriage to end as I think we are great together, and have so much to look forward to. But that’s up to you now.

You’ve given me your reality, I’ve given you mine.

Lisa

Good Lisa

Anniversary Love Letter 2016

2 January 2016

My dearest darling wife,

Well, six years since we got married in the cat run!

Of course, it wasn't quite the manky old place it now is, after a few years of cat and dog depredations.

But, I still remember the day, and the day before, when I realized, as you were up in the garden gathering flowers, and I was hurtling about being obsessive and compulsive about entertaining the guests, how different we were – and are.

It's customary to say, in letters like this, something like “you complete me”, or some such trite expression. But neither of us is so silly as to think that either of us is so “incomplete” as to need someone else to make up for the missing bits. Instead, I can say that you have been the method while I displayed the madness, that you have been my soulmate, my helpmeet, my co-director in the wonderful adventure movie that has been our married life, that you have been my counterfoil, and that you have been there every step of the way in our shared life.

And I remember your lovely and loving Christmas card to me this Christmas, talking about the cups of tea, and the rest. And I reflect that it's not just the cups of tea, but the spirit behind them that really counts. And as to that spirit, I reflect on the will behind our conversations, and the good will that you bring to our conversations, and the contribution you make to our plans and dreams.

And that brings me to the point of this letter – Thank You!

Thanks for loving me. Thanks for sticking with me, through all of the dreadful things I've put you through. Thanks for growing and changing, and making sure that I have grown and changed. Thanks for being such a willing participant in all of our stuff. Thanks for booking the accommodation, and making sure the tickets are bought, and looking up the movie times, and hanging out the washing, and, and, and, and...

You've given me the best six years of my life! I'm looking forward to spending all the rest of them with you, my lovely one.

All the best of my love,

Pierre.

His Beloved

Pierre Testart - Barrister

Published 3 July 2018

People who have been following the case of Pettit & Fairs through my beloved wife Lisa Testart's page, Witness Preparation Australia, from the point of view of the digital evidence that assisted in obtaining findings of guilt (a relatively rare occurrence, in the Family Law jurisdiction), will appreciate the importance of that kind of evidence.

Today was the sentencing hearing, at which the Respondents made a late application for an instalment order in respect of the costs already awarded against them in both the Family Court and the Federal Circuit Court.

Again, digital evidence cast significant doubt on the bona fides of the financial assertions they made, and allowed me to obtain significant concessions in settling that aspect of the case with my opponent.

By the way, the Respondents were each sentenced to a custodial sentence of 9 months, wholly suspended until the youngest child of the marriage (soon to turn 14) achieves his 18th birthday.

The presiding judge was moved to observe that the contempts were “heinous”, and that they were “the worst this court has ever seen”.

Only the facts that they had three children entirely dependent on them, and that the male respondent, the sole breadwinner, might well lose his job if he were immediately imprisoned, saved them from jail.

So pleased that my clients are now able to move on from a case that has, through no fault of their own, consumed their time, energy, money, and endocrine systems for four years.

I also want to acknowledge the efforts of my instructing solicitor, who put in a sterling effort over a long time, in the face of derision, abuse, and provocation in correspondence, social media, and in open court, at the hands of the Respondents. Well done.

Pierre Testart - Barrister

Published 20 June 2018

In the wash-up from the Digital Evidence Workshop given by Lisa (she’s my beloved and very competent wife), the following points became very clear, according to some of the participants:

- Although we concentrated on Family Law cases, the topic is of very general application, reaching into TFM, IVO, and Personal Injuries matters. This aspect of trial preparation, and conduct, is not always given the attention it deserves.

- Proper attention to the issues raised by the existence (or otherwise) of Digital Evidence can mean the difference between winning and losing a case.

Given the positive feedback, Lisa and I propose to give some further workshops on this topic, some of which will concentrate on the Family Violence aspects.

Watch this space...

Pierre Testart - Barrister

Published 30 May 2018

Speaking to my instructing solicitor in Pettit & Fairs last evening, who was telling me he was “99% certain” to be at the Digital Evidence Workshop my lovely wife, Lisa Testart (and, of course, I am tagging along!) is conducting on the Queen’s Birthday weekend 10-11 June, at the Watermark Hotel (and Spa!) on the Gold Coast.

That will make it interesting!

It’s the EOFY, so if you’re looking for tax-deductible CPD points, and a weekend away from the usual stresses, come and join us.

Details can be obtained by contacting Lisa.

Or going to the website at:

www.witnesspreparation.com.au and downloading the registration docs from the event section.

Don’t forget the early bird rate finishes this week!

Pierre Testart - Barrister

Published 27 May 2018

My lovely wife, Lisa, has been involved in a number of cases that called upon her expertise in accessing, analysing, and helping persuade courts to accept a range of electronic communications, on a range of social media platforms, and in apps. Especially those that purportedly leave no trace.

On the Queen's Birthday weekend, she (and I) will be unpacking some of those cases, and making the complexities of getting to, assessing the probative value of, and rendering admissible such evidence. I have to say, if anyone out there is a mature age latecomer to technology (like me!), the workshop we will be putting on could really make a difference, whether you are a solicitor, or a court advocate.

We'll likely concentrate on Pettit & Fairs (a Contempt Application), Mettrick (coercive controlling violent behaviour by internet), and an alienation case for our specific examples, but there is to be, we hope, a lively discussion about all manner of cases, both property and parenting.

We will be at the Watermark Hotel (and Spa, if you please) on 10 & 11 June, and the workshop will be on the Monday, with drinks the night before.

There is an early bird discount — \$325 if paid by 31/5/18, and registrants' discounted accommodation at Watermark.

Pierre Testart - Barrister

Published 26 September 2017

My lovely wife, Lisa, has been dogging me for years, while I work.

At first, I thought it was love. And it was; but while I am convinced she loves me a lot, she loves going to court, and watching how the game is played! A proper Court Junkie!

This realisation, at first, dismayed me. But, fortunately I had the good sense to encourage her interest, and now look what she's done!

Here is a copy of a paper she's presenting at a Family Law Conference in Vietnam in a few days.

Her expertise developed as I watched, and as a result of the million and one trial issues we have discussed in the car, on the way to and from court, and during the days at work.

Very proud of her achievements, I am!

Pierre Testart - Barrister

Published 10 July 2016

Spent part of the weekend helping my lovely wife Lisa present a workshop on self-publishing. Here's what one of the participants, was kind enough to say:

"Thank you, Lisa and Pierre, for the amazing workshop you provided yesterday. The immediate take-home for me was the product Scrivener that you recommended Lisa. I downloaded it when I came home and set about starting to do a few things - my research assignment for uni, coding my transcripts, blogging ideas, and goal setting. I had no idea that maybe it is the structure of Word itself that may have contributed to

procrastination with my research project. I will be recommending this to all my research friends from now on (especially for qualitative research). The workshop was so comprehensive and well thought out. Thank you again, I really appreciate what you both shared with us yesterday."

Gilligans Fuck

By Pierre Testart

27 April 2019

It would be safe to say my beloved and I have had problems aplenty during the decade we've been in each others's lives, many (if not most, or all) caused by the trauma I inflicted on her with my deceptions and dishonesty about a betrayal, read infidelity, that I lied about consistently for two years and more, even though she had the goods on me from the get-go.

Those problems include complex post-traumatic trauma that, for some strange reason, affected her particularly in her capacity to tolerate me sexually, even though she never, ever, turned the tap off; she just sucked up the poison, and it made her sick.

It's only recently that a crisis led us to separate for a while, and for both of us to do some serious work around this. Our separation was serious enough to result in her going on a trip to Vietnam, to try to decompress.

For my part, the first step was to move from behind my carefully constructed walls of denial, and get present to the nature of the damage I had done to her, and work out how to actually, really, become trustworthy and safe in her eyes, again. Gotta say, that work has only just begun for me, and I have a long way to go before she stops being cautious, suspicious, and hypervigilant about my activities.

For her part, she started the work of letting go the trauma, and the way she was blocked in by it, in our sex life. As part of that work, she rejoined xxx, and had me join as well.

This site has allowed us to rediscover a freedom and playfulness I, for one, had thought was forever lost.

All of this is the long way around to Gilligan. You may be old enough to remember the series, and the theme song.

Point is, my beloved flew in from Da Nang this morning. For the last week or so, we'd been writing to each other with some fantasies, which both of us found was a freeing process.

On coming home, we were able to celebrate with a little nookie.

So what?

Well, thing is, I never had a three hour fuck before...

Why All The Praise?

I can only speak to my experience of this, because I never did fit the stereotypical presentation.

When he praised me, he got reactions, comments, likes and so forth that fed his need to be admired.

He was admired for having such a supportive, complementary wife able to add value to his family law practice. I added value to the work he did, and he could use me to draw clients in.

The other side of this is it gave him something to hold out as precious, a thing he possessed, something he moulded to suit him.

When it came to the discard stage, I was fully dependent on him and it was easy for him to use all his previous praise and turn it on its head.

Instead of praise, my work became scorned.

My counselling business became a folly he only tolerated.

My legal work became something he could dismiss as inconsequential.

Everything he'd built up about me was so easy for him to tear down.

He let me do whatever I wanted, always encouraging me to reach higher and higher, to go after my dreams.

But at the end of the day he used all my dreams to portray me as the one who was a massive financial drain, who used him, who frittered and wasted HIS money on ventures that he knew were follies, but he so regretfully let me go ahead with.

Bad Lisa - What He Told Others

The AA 'Friend'

On 19 Feb 2019, at 8:32 pm, Pierre Testart wrote:

...My life is on fire, burning on a three-mile front.

My relationship with Lisa is most probably irretrievably broken down.

For my part, I have been withdrawn and resentful at Lisa's ability to dismiss my attempts at all kinds of input into our lives (she is always right), in combination with the micro-management by her of most, or all, of the domestic tasks around the place whilst seeking to have me assume 'my share' of the 'emotional load' of our life activities ('just do something', as opposed to 'waiting until you are asked'). The two propositions mean, apparently, that I should anticipate that things need doing, and then I should do them as if I were an extension of her.

Of course, I have found this impossible. My attempts at tolerance, restraint, gratitude, forgiveness and goodwill have become less and less successful over time.

When I have become frustrated and angry, Lisa's narrative is as follows:

- You betrayed my trust by having an affair while you were courting me (true);
- You lied about this to me (also true; I lied consistently about it, in the hope she would 'let it go', and see that I was now committed to her);
- You lie to me now (also — sometimes— true);
- All of the above constitutes domestic violence and was calculated to dominate and control me, as a result of which I have suffered complex trauma;
- Whenever you get angry, Pierre, you trigger the trauma all over again, which is a renewal of the domestic violence;

- All of the above is your doing, since you were the perpetrator of the outrages in the first place, and has nothing whatsoever with me, or my behaviour;
- You need to get over your denial that you are a dark, angry, coercive and abusive man (even though I appreciate your generosity, support, tolerance, humour, etc., etc.), and do the necessary work on yourself to fix these defects of character, so I am no longer the victim of continued DV.

I have been reluctant, for some reason, to accept Lisa's narrative, but her ultimatum to me has been that unless I do, there can be no continuation of our relationship, as she feels threatened by me.

I am unable to continue to cohabit with a person who identifies me as threatening (how many IVO/AVO applications will I get served with every time we disagree?), and I find it impossible to swallow the proposition that she has had, and continues to have, no part in the genesis of my 'rages'.

Ain't I got fun?

Sorry for the long diatribe.

Love,

P.

Pierre H. Testart

Barrister

On 19 Feb 2019, at 11:05 pm, YB* an old, ugly, and very stupid flying monkey wrote:

Holy Bloody Mackerel !

You describe it so well. So much I could say but none of it worth saying now.

However I will be your divorce lawyer. and honest friend

I caution you to NOT be generous in the settlement. As you have found after the bloom of "love" has passed she can be an irrational cold fish. She had a lot to do with the TS* issue. She is mindlessly jealous - and a clandestine affair whilst courting does not justify that jealousy. She imagines all women you know are 'after' you or might be at some time in the future and thinks 'so better move them out now'

Since she has been the beneficiary of your earning capacity and generosity she has assumed an air of superiority bordering on delusions of grandeur. Since she "studied psychology" at a some sort of Mickey Mouse University that in her mind was the equivalent of Melbourne University whilst overlooking the fact that you paid heaps for it she has assumed the air of the considered and learned but fools no one when it become obvious that she is know all rather than the all knowing she thinks she is.

I almost mustered my educated private school accent and said a few words to her one night. But of course didn't. I tried to be friends with her - for you. As did others. It was never going to happen for any of us - we were female friends of yours. Similarly she drove the men away too. They were Ok in the beginning but soon became not good enough for her imagined self.

Whatever has occurred with you and Lisa you owe her nothing. She is laying a huge guilt trip on you for reasons that are obvious to me.

Morally you owe her nothing. You started this as adults with no children. Get a real divorce lawyer ho can demonstrate she did mot contribute in ay way to the earning of the income.

I so so worried about you in this regard when she worked in your office and then promoted herself with a fancy title to preparing witnesses. When i saw that I thought OMG this will cost him. I could not say anything as I am sure you will understand. Even G* wondered why she looked down her nose at him.

Not bad for someone who wasn't going to say anything. I have thought it all for so many years and now your newfound awareness has allowed me to open the flood

gates. I have watched her influence on you and that has not been easy. You seemed happy at the time. I convinced myself was all that mattered.

Get her out of the house/s You stay in them.

Let her support herself Get a good lawyer .

Allow me to instruct your lawyer.....just seeing if you are still reading

Do not accept any guilt. Trying to lay guilt on people is one of her tools.

She came into the relationship with nothing but a Pajero and a heap of rags she called clothes.

She leaves the relationship with the Pajero, the good clothes, handbags etc you have bought her, the experiences of the overseas trips, the education and earning capacity. She leaves with NO other material assets. No house, No money.

Make a clean break. None of this "be friends" bs - that is not for her.

Make a clean break but DO NOT RUN just to get out of it. GET HER OUT. Oh shit I forgot. If memory serves correctly you put the first property in joint names. Anyway the message is clear. FIGHT HARD for what is your which is everything.

Now will be your time to blossom albeit it might take a little while to adjust. She was a log around your neck. You will rejoice in your freedom.

As for the affair you lied about when you were courting her - hello - she went on to marry you AFTER that!!!!!!

Whatever she got from you the good and the bad you did not deserve what you got from her.

Tell madam "I should anticipate that things need doing, and then I should do them as if I were an extension of her" is the fantasy dream of every woman and the whiney whinge when we are stretched or in a bad mood but the rest of us suffer from wanting this fantasy in our man only momentarily and soon realise he is a person not a robot

with AI - that is called sanity - something that has always eluded her though without any evidence believes she has a greater dose of sanity than the rest of us.

STAY STRONG. You will get passed this. xx

Shit. Now I think I have said too much. Wondering if I should send it.

I will because I think you will be able to accept it from me and it might help to alleviate the guilt trip she has dumped on you.

Sent from my iPad

Yesterday, 11:20 PM Pierre Testart wrote:

Thanks for your supportive and perceptive Account.

There will be no lawyers. There will be no opportunity for her to glory in “getting even”.

I am always a bit better when I’m moving light, anyway.

Believe me when I tell you: this girl glorifies payback, and she will do any and everything she can to keep me stuck drinking the bitter cup. I refuse to play.

Otherwise, I agree with every word you say.

Pierre H. Testart

Barrister

Nationally Accredited Mediator

A Family Member

On 16 Feb 2019, at 1:14 pm, HS* wrote:

Pierre,

I am actually concerned about your physical, mental, and professional safety. Get the hell out of there...

On 16 Feb 2019, at 1:35 pm, Pierre wrote:

Hey.

Thanks for your concern.

I was already aware of those two posts, having been sent them by a friend.

You don't need to worry — yet! about my welfare. I am pretty calm, under the sadness and regret.

The best thing for me right now is to get myself into a situation where I can walk (not run) away with the knowledge that I won't be hounded for time & money into the future...

Pierre H. Testart

Barrister

Nationally Accredited Mediator

From: Pierre Testart

Sent: Monday, 6 May 2019 12:20 PM

To: Pierre Testart

Subject: City Link Reimbursements

Hi Pierre,

Please find attached the CityLink (Linkt) payments for the period since you've been assisting, and now formally working, with your new employer, that require reimbursement.

The total is \$278.68, being two payments of \$78 + \$200 and the relevant credit card surcharges applicable to each transaction.

I have included all of the trips for the period 23-3-2019 to payment made today on 6-5-2019.

I will leave it to you to arrange the appropriate reimbursement process.

I will provide you with the ongoing payments I make on a regular basis for reimbursement and provide both yourself and your employer with the Citylink excel financial output, which should be sufficient for his accounting purposes.

Regards,

Lisa Testart

Begin forwarded message

To: Lisa Testart

11 May 2019 Pierre Testart wrote:

I kept telling you, Lisa.

You need to know.

I had nothing to do with this, and you must know it in your heart.

Pierre Testart

Barrister &

Nationally Accredited Mediator

From: Employer

Date: 11 May 2019 at 18:23:36 GMT+10

To: Pierre Testart

Subject: Expenses, and Lisa

Hi Pierre,

I refer to Lisa's email, below, and to our brief conversation last night on the phone.

Lisa's email raises some really important issues that I am reticent to deal with, but feel I need to be up front, open, and honest with you. I hope it does not adversely affect our relationship, as I feel I have re-established a deep and positive connection with you.

Anyway, here goes:

1. I just wanted to confirm that we *will* pay for **all** your (reasonable) travel expenses on your Shep circuit, except for meals, as I spoke to my accountant, and food and drink are just not considered business expenses. I think we discussed accommodation, petrol and parking. Is there anything else you can think of? 2 options: you can pay for them at first instance, collect receipts, and I can reimburse you. Or, if you give me payment details, I can pay directly.
2. I will look into getting you a debit/credit/Visa card, so that you are never personally out of pocket. Bear with me – I need to organise this with the bank!

3. In respect of ‘reimbursing’ you for your City Link Tolls for your travel to and from work, unfortunately I cannot do this. It’s not the quantum (it’s a rather meagre sum) that’s the problem, but, rather, they are just not valid travel expenses (from a work perspective) *when you are talking about going to and from your place of work*. What I mean is, in general, travelling to and from your place of work simply isn’t counted as a legitimate business expense. Further, in general, *an employee is responsible for the costs of getting to and from work*. You may want to check with your accountant about this, but the advice that I’ve received from my accountant is that it would be like a fringe benefit. Having said that, for the tolls incurred prior to **1 May 2019** (when you commenced) you could probably claim these as tax deductions as ‘Pierre Testart Barrister’, but, again, check with your accountant.
4. (There are a few other things that trouble me about Lisa’s email, but I will turn to these later).
5. This raises the issue of you travelling to and from work from Yallourn North. You mentioned that you would like me to try to schedule appointments after 10am so that you don’t have to get up at 4am. That’s perfectly reasonable, and I will do everything I can to facilitate this, at least in the short term. I want to do

everything I can to help you. I am genuinely excited and enthusiastic about working with you over the years to come.

But I am quite concerned. When you discussed joining us, it was premised on two clearly expressed assumptions:

- that you were (in the process of) separating from Lisa; and
- that you were in the process of relocating to Metropolitan Melbourne (to Williamstown for a few months, and then perhaps to the Eastern suburbs).

For reasons that I honestly cannot quite understand or accept, these premises appear to have shifted.

I support your right to make independent decisions as an adult. But I am deeply concerned about your relationship with Lisa.

If I had have thought that you were going to remain: a) in a relationship with Lisa and b) in Yallourn North, then I would certainly have thought longer and harder about our alliance, and, truth be told, I am not 100% sure I would have taken you on.

In a sense it is your prerogative to live wherever you want and with whomever you want, but I am concerned about how this is going to impact upon your capacity to be the best Special Counsel you can be. Commuting 10-20 hours a week makes zero sense from a health and safety point of view, and it doesn't take much arithmetic to calculate the opportunity cost from an employee productivity point of view. Again, technically it *is* your prerogative to live where you choose, as long as it doesn't impact your job, but I must admit I would find the choice baffling, when you could stay rent-free in Williamstown and very comfortably in a 2-bedroom rental for less than \$300 per week (which would probably be only slightly more than what you spend on petrol, tolls and car maintenance).

I did not really want to embark on a character assassination of Lisa, but I think you need to understand why I hold the views that I do. I am happy to expand if you want me to, but, as briefly as possible:

- I do not intend to have *any* kind of relationship or communication with Lisa in the future **at all**. I gave her 10 years of my life. I do not plan on giving her another second of my time.
- While I respect and love you, if you decide to reconcile with Lisa, then while I will be supportive of you, Lisa will *not* be welcome in the lives of me, or my family *at all*. I need to be perfectly clear about this so that you are under no illusions.
- This is because I see Lisa as fundamentally toxic and dangerous, and I believe that she is beyond redemption. I see her behaviour, both in the recent past, and historically, as *completely* unacceptable. Every time I think of her I feel a deep anxiety, alarm bells ring on a primal level, and I don't intend to subject me or my family to that *ever* again. I plan to send Lisa a brief email explaining that I do not intend to communicate with her again, and then I intend to block her email address. My wife and I have committed not to expose our children to toxic people or people who behave like Lisa has in their lives (and it's not just Lisa – for example, we have decided not to expose the girls to others as well. I have discussed the contents of this email with my Wife in depth, and although she is a far more gentle person than I am, she is in *complete* agreement with me in respect of our stance around Lisa, the girls, my family, and the business.
- I found Lisa's email to be thoroughly obnoxious, passive-aggressive, but, given her recent history of communicating with me, my wife and my mother, unsurprising. A few specific things about the email:
 - a) It was rude and presumptuous. It was the first time the issue of reimbursement for Citylink Tolls had *ever* been raised with me, yet the tone of it assumed some kind of agreement and at the very least, some serious entitlement ('the Citylink payments... that *require*

reimbursement'?!). It's pretty arrogant to write the way she does, assuming she is right when she is so clearly wrong.

- b) There was no 'Hi Xxx, how are you? Look, I really wanted to apologise for my recent actions and how I treated you, your wife, and your mother'. Nothing like that at all. She sent the email to me, yet she spoke about me in the third person. Seriously, she has shown absolutely no insight whatsoever into the harm that she has caused to me and my family, both recently and over the years. My wife specifically said she felt *violated* by Lisa calling her up and unloading on her, and the fact that she tried to collude with my mother, behind my back, to attack you is, in my view, absolutely disgusting behaviour. This is over and above the harm she has caused me and my family by alienating you from us over the years with her jealous crusade to possess and dominate you. Again, absolutely no apology from her – just an email dripping with contempt.
- c) I have no problem in paying my employees what is fair and reasonable, and in fact, I would like to be able to err on the side of generosity. Again, the quantum 'requested' (demanded? It certainly came across as a demand) is fairly meagre, but let's be perfectly clear – we *never* discussed you being reimbursed for your tolls to and from work prior to me receiving that email from Lisa. For her to presume that is really insulting. As I said, generally, employers do not take financial responsibility for their employees travelling to and from their place of work. It's polite to ask first. It's rude to presume. Maybe we need to have a discussion about me paying for your travel to Court and perhaps other reasonable expenses. I am certainly open to having a discussion about this - I would need to talk to my accountant about these issues. I consider myself to be a fair person, and I would like to be a positive and supportive and generous employer. I don't want you to be out of pocket, and I don't want you to be under financial stress. As I said, I am open to giving you access to your own credit/debit/visa card so that you are never personally out of pocket. But for Lisa to write to me in the way

that she did is completely unacceptable, and it simply reinforces our decision to cut all communication with her.

- d) In any event, this issue of reimbursement is between you and me, and it's *none* of Lisa's business. This is why I am concerned at you being in a relationship with Lisa and working here. I signed up to being in a relationship with you, *not* Lisa. I have no interest in her meddling in the affairs of TFL, even if it is under the pretence of acting on your behalf. I will not be letting her 'leech' back into my life. She is, in my view, a toxic wrecking ball, and I have no intention of letting her near my business or my family. I don't really like the way she has access to your email and writes (or purports to write) on your behalf. With respect, I think you are making a huge mistake giving her access to your identity. It wasn't that long ago that she 'was going to bring you down' and that she 'wasn't going to keep your secrets anymore'. Why would you place any trust in this person? Why would you risk your professional reputation, your livelihood, on such a loose cannon? *She placed you under surveillance!* We are talking *bona fide* psycho here... so I am going to need you to absolutely guarantee that you will not put Lisa in a position to harm me, my family, or my business. Can you do that?
- e) I am a firm believer in redemption and forgiveness – I have witnessed miracles in recovery, and I have seen people completely turn their lives around (you and me, for example). Based upon the behaviour Lisa has exhibited over the last ten years, and particularly the last 3 months, I give Lisa about a *zero* chance of turning her life around. Her purported recantation (in respect of her behaviour towards you) is, for me, *far* too little, *far* too late. But as I said, she certainly hasn't apologised to me, my wife or my Mum, and it seems pretty clear from her email that she has no regard whatsoever for me (it's a contemptuous email) or my family.

Above all, I want you to know this - Pierre, you are very special to me, and, on another level, I would really like to work with you, well into the future. I think we have an amazing chemistry, you are an excellent lawyer – all of the fundamentals point to a wonderful and mutually profitable alliance between us. But I need to be upfront with you about my intentions with Lisa, and I need you to take my feelings into account. I am sorry if this places you in a difficult position; that is not my intention. However, if it does, it is because my primary loyalty must be to my wife, and my children, as they are innocents in all of this. We certainly don't have the time or energy to devote to toxic dramas.

I hope that all makes sense.

Talk soon.

Text messages:

11/5/19, 8.29 pm

PT: Got your email. I thought it appropriate to share it with Lisa. I hope you don't mind. Thanks for your honesty and respect. I'll talk to you personally about all of this tomorrow, if you have the time, while I'm on my way to Shep.

HS*: This is bordering on crazy.

HS*: I'm truly baffled as to why you would think it would be a good idea to share that with Lisa. I have absolutely no idea what possible good it could achieve. While I stand by what I said to you, there is no way I would have expressed myself to Lisa in those terms (and that should have been clear from the email). Did you do it to 'help her see the light'? To 'help' her? To hurt her? To make her have even more contempt for me than she already had? Because it seems to me as if your compass around what could possibly constitute a healthy interaction in a relationship is so completely off, for you to think that this is how to relate to her, as if up is down and down is up.

That email was PERSONAL between you and me. Maybe you've been in a relationship with somebody who has no boundaries, who publicly airs her marital problems on Facebook, that you've lost track of what's normal and what is not in a relationship. I told you that I was concerned about Lisa having access to your emails... and then you go and show her the email!!! How can I trust that you won't share other personal things about me with this woman whom I so CLEARLY articulated that I do not trust?

HS*: As for talking about it with you tomorrow, well, it's Mother's Day, and the intention was to devote the day to my wife and family. Devoting time tomorrow to have a chat with you about Lisa would be, de facto, letting Lisa impose on my family in the very way I said I didn't want her to in my email! It's as if you're not listening to me at all... why are you doing this?

PT: Sorry you feel that way, but there was method in my madness, as I will explain to you when I talk to you next. I promise you that my reasons are good (although you have rattled me with the Stockholm Syndrome concept!)

Please, enjoy the day with the mothers! Give them a hug and kiss for me.

This will all keep.

I'll speak to you during the week, when it's convenient.

Meanwhile, don't give a further thought to your crazy old man and his crazy relationship with the crazy cat lady.

The Shepparton Harem Coterie #1

Text Messages

16/2/19, 10748 am

Pierre: Hey! You're on Facebook with Lisa, so you (and hundreds of others) must know she has finally found out what a prick I am — dark, menacing, controlling. And that's on a good day! I am blocked from viewing her posts, so I have to keep informed, in a general way) through the calls and messages of others. Today I got one from your partner! For my part, I am sad and sorry that it has come to this, but I'm not able to agree that I am quite as bad as Lisa thinks I am. Go figure! I hope you are going OK. How's it all going?

BA*: Morning!

Firstly, you are not a prick, I don't care what she says, or anyone else for that matter; and I sincerely hope you don't believe that crap either. Yes, I did see her post. I agonized over whether to call you (and now I am annoyed that I didn't and also very sorry, weak as piss on my part) shit excuse but I didn't want to stick my nose in.

Anthony msg'd me last night, so I am not surprised he text.

I figured you would be blocked, so if you did want me to let you know if something seriously alarming goes up, I am happy to.

I am good, still a whale, I think we are days off yet.

More importantly, how are you? Obviously not great, but I hope all things considered your doing well. If you do need anything, I genuinely mean it when I say don't hesitate to ask.

Pierre: I am acting honourably, and according to my codes. Trying to exercise restraint. Reasonably calm. Feeling supported by kind people (you included, hardnose!) There goes another house, eh? Hope you don't have to wait too much

longer. BTW, I don't want to know the details of what's being posted. Not good for my digestion.

BA*: I have no doubt that your actions would be honorable, you are not one to fail in practicing what you preach to the punters.

And I don't blame you for not wanting to know, it is utter dribble.

Yes another house gone, but can you really put a price on happiness and sanity? I say this because I know things with Lisa have not been easy on you all of the time. As they say you "shall rebuild". I would suggest try and keep as much as you can, but I know it ain't your style.

Pierre: Ach! Shit slows you down, and I am already getting a bit too slow for my liking. So there'll be no trouble on that score. Peace of mind will be a nice change, as there's been shit gathering for a very long time, as it turns out...

11/3/19, 7742 pm

BA*: Good Evening Kind Sir,

Just a msg to see how you are doing and how things are going your end. With all things considered, I hope things you doing well

Pierre: Going OK! Thanks for asking! Move has been done. Still plenty to do here, but I am gradually detaching from the tangle of ruptured expectations, broken dreams, guilty reactions, etc., etc. Looking to actually physically separate in the next few weeks.

BA*: I can't imagine that it would be easy. But I don't doubt you would be doing a great job at what could likely be described as navigating a shit storm. It'll hopefully get easier after the physical separation.

The Shepparton Harem Coterie #2

Text Messages

14/2/19, 8749 pm

CN*: Tell me to fuck off if I'm overstepping the line but is everything ok. I've read Lisa's recent post on Facebook and I'm concerned

Pierre: Will tell you my woes over a coffee, when they have crystallised.

CN*: Are u ok?

Pierre: Umm. I am acting honourably and according to my codes. If not now, I will be OK.

13/3/19, 9735 pm

Pierre: I am just a common or garden cunt, eh? Not even special. But my soon-to-be ex-Wife number 4 would have it that I am a mad cunt...

19/3/19, 6741 am

CN*: “It’s okay to be a little fucked up in the head, we all are. It's only when you are fucked up in the heart that makes you a piece of shit.” (Meme from Facebook - Fuckology)

That’s not a shot at you but could be useful to mention to wifey

22/3/19, 10734 pm

CN*: You made any progress at all? Come to her senses perhaps?

1

Pierre: Maybe. In flashes. We’ll see..

CN*: Well that’s positive!

Sounds like she may want to make it work but doesn’t know what she needs to do perhaps? Ie shut up, listen and agree to disagree perhaps

To be absolutely clear, I haven’t had any contact with her. My loyalties lie with you

Pierre: Yeah. For sure; never thought otherwise. I am remaining flexible and alert.

CN*: Probably the best and safest way to be I reckon. Any counselling arranged yet? The fact that you’re willing to have a go at counselling with her makes me feel like you are not totally done with her. You must love her at least a little to do this. Or are you just trying to make it work cause you don’t want to go through the bullshit all over again?

Pierre: Fucked if I know. Might be sunk cost fallacy. Or love, whatever the fuck that turns out to be. I don't have very high hopes at all for counselling, but understanding and acceptance for both of us might be a good result, even if we can't reconcile...

CN*: Yeah totally agree.

Have the public humiliations by her of you ceased?

Pierre: Dunno. I think so.

CN*: That's a good sign then.

Pierre: Well. Yeah. Horse. Bolted

Forgiveness and mercy. I'll think about it...

26/3/19, 9723 pm

CN*: Wow! That actually gave me a lump in my throat

I'll delete it now and from trash.

Does that mean there may be a way forward for you both?

Vanished.

Pierre: Well, it takes courage to write that stuff — eating shit that tastes that bad is very hard to do, and do voluntarily. So, a start...

CN*: FYI I've not said a word to anyone about your situation so if you mention it in front of anyone tomorrow they won't have a clue what you're talking about

Pierre: Thanks. Your capacity to exercise true discretion is a fantastic gift to me. I'm very grateful to you for your kindness and sensitivity.

06/05/2019, 14:20

My communications on Facebook with the same solicitor:

Hi Lisa

I'm not sure why you have sent me this but if it is because you are concerned about it then you have taken it out of context.

This meme (CN*: *"It's okay to be a little fucked up in the head, we all are. It's only when you are fucked up in the heart that makes you a piece of shit."* (Meme from Facebook - Fuckology)) was sent to Pierre in a joking manner suggesting that he may be fucked in the head but at least he has a good heart (*"That's not a shot at you but could be useful to mention to wifey"*). I was essentially taking the piss out of him in a joking manner (with my black humour).

I remain fond and respectful of you. Pierre will confirm that during any discussions we have had I have not said anything negative about you at any point in time. I have no ill-feelings towards you nor do I have any reason to.

I don't wish to be brought into any conflict with you or Pierre.

I would greatly appreciate it if you didn't do this.

I sincerely hope you are doing well and I wish you all the best

Me: You've hardly been respectful. You definitely took sides. And calling and texting my husband at all hours of the night is hardly an example of a professional relationship. I know what you've said.

"My loyalty is to you"

The Barristers

17/2/19, 6816 pm

FA*: Two super hot chicks are battling it out on the treadmills at the apartment gym. Looks like I'm gonna be here for a while.

If I could discretely get a pic I would. If.

Pierre: Oy. Don't be doing all that creepy shit! #metoo. Look what happened to me! A bit of coercive control, some lies, a few criminal offences, and I'm famous on Facebook!

22/2/19, 9825 pm

FA*: Wow. You've done a great job....under the most difficult of circumstances.

How long will you get to enjoy it??

Pierre: Haven't enjoyed it at all. Relieved it's done. Off on circuit Sunday. Will find other accommodation when I get back. I'll 'enjoy' for a week or two, until I leave.

FA*: I've always respected you a lot and looked up to you; even more so with the way you've dealt with Lisa...if that was possible.

Pierre: Come on. I'm just your ordinary cunt

The Tinder Hookup

31 May 2019

“...Tell me, out of curiosity what are you looking for on Tinder? Are you still married? Just like to know what I'm dealing with.”

“Married, but separated. My poor girl got an idea that I was bad for her, and she began to act quite abusively to me over 3-4 months. I had to leave home, and then I had to get an intervention order, I'm sad to say. We went to couples counselling, and she was seeing her psychiatrist, but nothing would stop her believing I had turned into a monster. Pretty sure I'm not. Counsellor said she needed inpatient treatment, but she didn't agree. Anyway, long story, and still the wreckage to clear up, but I have accepted that I have to move on. I'm on Tinder because, to be brutally honest, I haven't had a root in such a long time that I'm scared I'll forget how. Just looking for someone so share a bed from time to time, and a few laughs, and the good things in life, without the interpersonal conflict. And it would help if that someone could be a friend to me, and me a friend to her...”

“Ok - on that note and given my current circumstances...it might be best to postpone impending visit until I'm the right frame of mind and on the road to being healed for the most part...hopefully you'll find a bed partner to suit your situation in the meantime, but clearly I'm not ready for such as yet, I need nil additional complications in my life at the moment, which I'm sure you can fully appreciate...”

Lisa Recants, Again...

On 26 Mar 2019, at 14:42, Lisa Testart wrote:

Betrayal, regret, and making amends...

Betrayal of trust, however it occurs, creates lasting damage and trauma.

I know this only too well, having lived this for most of my life; as a child, and then as an adult.

I should be the first one to recognise when I'm hurting others, but like anyone else, I am often blind to the damage I can do when I am in extreme emotional pain.

It's easy to lash out in pain when hurt, aggrieved, angry, confused and consumed by grief and loss. The recent devastating breakdown of the relationship with my husband saw me slide into a despair so deep that I became lost, overwhelmed, and threw all of my capacity to moderate myself out the window.

Despite all of my long held values about not using social media to air relationship issues, and all the times I've cautioned others about doing it, I still found myself acting in a way that betrayed my husband, leaving him sitting in a betrayal trauma state that in my anguish and pain, I couldn't see or even comprehend.

It's easy to be a keyboard warrior. It's easy to hide behind a computer screen, and it's easy for damage to be done. I damaged my husband, and there's no excuse for that.

It's easy to vent, and release pain; it's much harder to use that same platform to set things right, accept your culpability, and own what you've done to the person who expected they would be safe with you.

I did this.

I am responsible for the betrayal, and I am accountable for making sure that I act with integrity and not hide away, too embarrassed or ashamed to create a new public discourse around this. I must make amends in the same way that I created the damage.

I said my husband had bipolar, and this was incorrect.

To be fair and transparent, I had been saying this privately in front of my husband for the last 18 months, and he never corrected my false assumption, even when it was in front of doctors or other professionals. I was allowed to carry this incorrect assumption, and this had a part to play in what unfolded. I shouldn't have used it anyway, but context matters.

My husband and I had been locked in a toxic dance of passive, and sometimes overt aggression, rejection, grief, pain, and overwhelming stress for some time, due to complex trauma that both of us carried well before our implosion on Australia Day. I am a deeply complex and trauma damaged person, and the second half of 2018 created a perfect storm of overwhelm that saw both of us feel rejected by the other, deeply hurt, and holding onto unspoken resentments and anger, which again fuelled the feelings of rejection, leading us to each feel abandoned.

All of this meant neither of us were able to see the other, and neither of us was able to keep the other feeling safe, as we should have.

Without that safe space, each of us became blind.

I was blind to the growing hurt and pain within my husband, seeing its outward expression only as anger and escalating aggression towards me, because that was the only way it was expressed, and I was too consumed by own feelings of rejection to reach out and ask why he was so angry all the time. Instead, I reacted to his anger by pulling further away in a failed attempt to keep myself safe in an environment where it seemed all I was experiencing was anger, contempt, and aggression.

And so the cycle continued.

On Australia Day my husband snapped, and was unable to manage his anger and frustration, and it took me by surprise, appeared to come out of nowhere, and left me reeling in shock and confusion.

It appeared to me that he was acting in an irrational way, and I had nothing to hold onto because it became an impossible situation for either of us to navigate. Without any ability to talk, or engage each other civilly, all I had to rely on was my own perceptions of an experience I found utterly outside my comprehension, and as a result, all I could see and feel was my own pain and fear, and the focus of that was my husband, who I perceived as acting in a violent way towards me.

What I didn't see, or understand, because his resentment had simmered for so long, was that this wasn't a situation of domestic violence as I first thought, but simply the actions of a man who was unable to talk to me about what was upsetting him, and as we drew further away from each other in our self-imposed rejection and abandonment emotional states, it leaked out of him in the daily frustrations and anger, and erupted when he was at his most vulnerable and unable to control himself.

We are both holding accountability in this, and we are both working through the betrayals we have inflicted on each other, but to my regret, shame, and sadness, I betrayed his trust by talking about things I should have kept private. This has hurt him and I have a long way to go to rebuild that trust; if I can.

It is easy to say sorry.

It is easy to say words.

It is much harder to do the acts necessary to prove it.

Hiding this, pretending we haven't hurt each other, is a false way forward.

Only by holding ourselves accountable to ourselves and each other does healing start.

There is always a learning to be taken from everything we experience.

I heard words that hit my heart recently when a man talked about how men process feelings: “Men get angry because they don’t know how to talk about what they are feeling”: his reflective question was - “when I get angry what emotion am I unable to express?”

This has helped me better understand what I see when my husband is frustrated or angry, and now gives me something to hold onto and act on in the moment.

Likewise he has things he needs to do and learn about me.

But at the end of the day, I can only work on me, and ensure he sees the amends I make in absolutely unequivocal ways.

He needs to know that just as I was able to use my voice to hurt him, whether intentionally or not, that I am able to also own that voice and use it to correct and apologise.

I was wrong, I hurt you, I shouldn’t have.

As a footnote in this, the people who immediately discarded me, the friends and colleagues who abandoned me so completely without ever speaking to me, I have discovered the true people in my life who didn’t do that; friends who challenged me, disagreed with me, but never discarded me. Those people kept me grounded and thinking. You all helped me in ways I cannot adequately express. Thank you.

On 26 Mar 2019, at 4:34 pm, Pierre Testart wrote:

Oh God. Those words.

Thank you for your courage and your willingness to step into making amends.

Pierre Testart

Barrister &

Nationally Accredited Mediator

26 March 2019 Lisa Testart wrote:

I told you I would, and I meant it.

You are welcome to send it to whomever you want to, or need to.

I wanted you to see it first, in case you wanted anything changed. I'll notify you when I hit send and send you my own proof.

Love, always.

On 27 Mar 2019, at 08:26, Pierre Testart wrote:

Further to our conversation yesterday, here's the text of a post Lisa put up on Facebook last night...

Pierre Testart

Barrister &

Nationally Accredited Mediator

On 27 Mar 2019, at 08:36, HS*wrote:

I hate to say it, but I cringed. Despite a sincere apology, it is STILL airing your dirty laundry in public... making a private dispute public... I really don't understand why she sees the need to do that... it's almost like a public performance... it's inviting literally hundreds of people into a drama. Was that REALLY necessary to make amends? I mean, sure, it's humble in a sense, but in another sense it seems to me to be grandstanding. Keep it simple: 'I apologise for posting private things on Facebook about disputes with my Husband. I shouldn't have done it and it won't happen again.' Full stop, end of story. Move on.

I don't mean to be negative and unconstructive, but these things really should be kept to the private realms of counseling, behind closed doors...

Just my view...

Why would you want a public record of the particulars of your marital on the Internet in perpetuity?????? It's just not... sane...

On 27 Mar 2019, at 08:57, Pierre Testart wrote:

Yup.

But 'progress, not perfection.

Certainly not saying it's a game-changer, but it's a sign of some sort of change...

Pierre Testart

Barrister &

Nationally Accredited Mediator

Fuck Me, Again?

What the fuck am I doing here again?

Haven't I done enough?

Emails To A Sex Addict

Being Strong

From: Lisa Testart

Subject: Being strong

Date: 13 April 2019 at 10:41 am

To: My Husband

And without being my caretaker, therapist, or hypervigilant watcher, you need to know all of this so you can incorporate it into who you are, and how you can grow to accommodate my needs when I can't, just like I am learning to do when I'm not triggered. I am actually enjoying being able to work through, and navigate a place of tension that I might not be able to accurately identify in terms of emotions, but can work on to make sure you know that you're being held safe by me, and loved, even if we've had a difficult discussion. I can do this now, because you've helped me understand how you feel, and what you experience and need from me.

When you're triggered - angry, upset, hurt etc...I can create a space where you still feel connected and I am loving the way this grounds me in the present, and makes me

work hard every day. It energises me, and creates a kind of vibration of wellness within me that I can carry out into the world beyond our front door.

This is what I get from being present, grounded and connected in a space of safety with you, the person trying to hold the same space I am.

Just as you're able to manage your own interior emotional landscape, so too am I, with huge outcomes.

Together we can do this. I'm sure of it.

One of the things Matt wrote in one of his shitty husband posts was about being the common denominator when the grass looks greener everywhere else all the time.

I think this is your time to shine and become the man you want to be, and to step into your alpha state built on compassion, consideration and respect for self, and others.

I know how hard it is to confront the past when we think we've dealt with what we've put behind us.

The only way forward for us is to really go back and work through everything, including our own individual pasts, and bring it all into the light and allow it to have a place in our narrative as an explainer, context, and acceptance of what happened and why, so that we can understand and accept whatever arises in the future. There will always be triggers, were two children of complex trauma and unresolved ptsd, and we can't afford to close the door on our past experiences and isolate them. That's one of the unsafe paths for me. Nothing is isolated. Everything is connected. If we allow the connections to inform us, instead of isolating, then they lose their power to trigger - it's when I'm told I can't put things into a context that I feel unsafe.

All of this allows me work through things and put them into their rightsized place. When I can say 'oh, this is because of this thing that happened way back when' and you can say 'oh, I get that, or I see it now' then I can go PHEW! and my heart resumes it's normal beat and life goes on. Memories become less triggering, context lessens pain, the understanding and integration of our past becomes just part of our

explicit memory narrative instead of the ever hopping up introject shoving red flags up our ass that we desperately try to bury with bad coping strategies like staying silent, being passive aggressive, controlling and so on.

I know I'm writing war and peace here.

Going Back To The Past To Move Forward

Sent to Pierre 14 April 2019

Hey Pierre,

I have to go back to the past to understand how to move forward.

I wrote this 6th June 2012 and I never sent it to you, because so much of it felt so small. I realise now that the small stuff was big, and led to misunderstandings. Of course some of it I did share with you, but most I didn't. You'll see the stuff I didn't, as it's come up now.

So here is what I didn't send you, but carried in my heart all this time.

Written 6 June 2012

- Focus on what I'm saying. Don't fiddle with your phone, ipad or the TV if we are talking.
- Talk to me about what is happening for you.
- Ask me outright how I feel; don't interpret my behaviour or assume you know how I'm feeling.
- Make plans for us – don't leave it to me all the time.
- Take me on dates – just for me, because you think I will like something.

- Study counselling with me – talk to me about how that might be done.
- Involve me in your journey through your recovery.
- Show me you are listening by using the listening skills of reflecting and paraphrasing.
- Understand and act appropriately when you think something may be a trigger for me.
- Think about me, don't wait to be reminded or told what hurts me.
- Share at meetings honestly. Don't use minimising language.
- Do not play on your phone when you are with me, or others, at dinner.
- If you agree to do something I ask, you need to carry it through, or tell me why you can't.
- Work on understanding what I like.
- Realise that I talk more slowly than you, and that it can take me a while to find my point. Let me have my say, paraphrase my point of view, help me open up more about my feelings about the affair, or whatever it is I'm trying to talk to you about.
- Don't text while driving or check emails...ask me to do it for you.
- Err on the side of more rather than less. Even if I'm saying or looking ok, act and do things to reassure me.
- I need to know you are talking about this.
- Put effort into gifts for me. It's not about the monetary cost, it's about the emotional effort and cost.
- I need you to read the text messages and look at all the material I have, including phone records, so that you can take it in. I need you to remember what happened, what you did, so that it is real again and not lost in the past. I

need you to relive those experiences so my pain can be a tangible thing for you.

- I need you or us, to see the Vicbar psychologist.
- Hold me when I'm upset and understand that I don't always have the language to express what is making me upset.
- Wash your hands after going to the bathroom, with soap, even if you aren't sick.
- Introduce me to people – don't leave me on the sidelines.
- I need rituals. I need the mushy, sentimental, silly and spontaneous shows of love. However rehearsed it feels, I need it. My heart was broken when I met you, and you helped to heal the break and stop the bleeding, but the affair has opened up these holes and my heart is bleeding again.
- Hear me if I talk about something you think is trivial. If it's important enough for me to raise it, consider that it might be something troubling me, and it needs your attention, rather than you getting irritated. Nothing is trivial to me, it all revolves around how we communicate, and if I can't talk about what you think is trivial, then I can't do the big stuff either. NOTHING IS TRIVIAL or too small for me to feel pain over, and need to clarify. When I see and hear you get frustrated and irritated, I shut down all over again, even when it's small.
- Hug me, a lot.

See My Fear Again

Sent to Pierre 14 April 2019

I wrote this the weekend I ran away, after we came back from Circuit in 2012 - before I confronted you. (*see the running away email of Feb 2012*)

I needed you to see it again, to read it.

For me, that episode in the car, as I look back, was about you and the way you can't say no to people, which led to you being held hostage to that call just as much as I was. You couldn't have stopped it. And so there were two victims that day, two hostages. You, and me. That's something I see now much more clearly, even though that wasn't what I saw when I read it again. It is only as I have sat here, wondering how I'd write this email, that it dawned on me.

You see, I've been saying these kinds of things for a very long time now. I've been trying for a very long time to get you to see past the surface of my reactions, to hear the very real hurts, the paper cuts big and small, that have become such a drain on me.

That blogger, Matt, and his perspective on life and relationships, it's mirrored in ours and the many, many times I've tried to break through to you about the hurts I needed help with.

But you were equally damaged, although it's hard for me to hold that space when I am flung back into the past that I must look at, touch, cry and grieve over if I am to find a new way.

You need my honesty and congruence if we are to get through this.

The words I wrote in this email to you, the day after I ran away, are breathtaking. I'm clearly telling you what's happening, and why. I tell you the genesis - the affair - and yet when I came home, we didn't talk about it because we couldn't, and we never

talked about why the rage was so toxic. We talked about other stuff when I got home. You made me feel safe again, and while I truly don't remember the stuff we talked about, it wasn't about Wendy, or the rage, because to unpack the rage could only have happened if we'd been talking about the affair. I know we probably talked about the inappropriateness of that call, and how it humiliated you, how I felt, and how difficult it was going to be for you going back to court with his threats hanging over your head, but the rage and it's foundation, no, that we couldn't have talked about.

These are the kinds of emails I've been writing to you whenever I've had something really triggering happen between us. I know I've tried my hardest to help you understand why each episode of triggering is connected, rather than isolated, but because you were held hostage to your own internal shame, blame, anger, rage, frustration and so on, you left me nowhere to be seen or heard, and shut me out.

Because you avoid conflict, you shut me out of how you felt, which has kept you locked in a passive aggressive / explosive rage cycle that has created such a difficult time for us. Plus, I didn't have the ability to talk to you about this either, because I was reacting to the ever increasing micro aggression that became my daily experience. Together we built a great bonfire fuelled by our own vanities and expectations. You expected I'd just ask why you were angry, which I couldn't do, and I thought you were just becoming ever more cruel towards me and had no recourse but to try and protect myself as best I could. I didn't see you properly because I didn't know how to, and I was too stuck in trying to navigate a relationship that felt unsafe.

So many times I wrote, so many times I talked to you. I tried to hold you safe, but I couldn't, because no matter how much I tried, all of my hurts seemed to become irrelevant because I sounded petty, a bit controlling, a bit nagging, a bit needy, overemotional, over reacting, over thinking everything, too wordy, too much all over. How could you, the man I love and cherish above all others, talk to someone when your perception of them was so flawed and stuck?

How could you open up to me when you didn't know how either?

But I've been opening up to you for a very long time now, expecting you to hold me safe. It's only in the last few weeks now that my understanding of what being safe is, and what it looks like for me very explicitly manifest as, but I've been reaching out and talking about it for a long time.

Reading this with hindsight, and the work we have been doing recently, I am flooded with tears; the feelings of hurt, rejection, abandonment, and fear, as I see how well I did express myself, even with the issues I have. And it pulls at my heart knowing how much I have done this, and been rejected time and again, when my needs were treated as burdens or onerous requests by the very person I needed to keep a safe space for me, who failed to see that these were bids for safety, consideration, trust and being a priority.

These are opportunities to see the patterns of our behaviours, and own them, instead of shutting them away because they are too painful.

These were my carefully considered, constructed, thoughtful and articulate attempts to reach you, reach out to you, and have you hold me. They all failed, because here we are now, having to start again.

But they can't fail us again. We must look at them, we must trust that each of us is strong enough to hold the other, and to hold ourselves.

We must go back, see the patterns, see what we missed, so that we can incorporate it into our new relationship; the one built on a foundation of mutual safety, trust, needs being met, being heard and seen, and having an equal voice.

All of this is so very connected, my dearest husband. I know going back over this pulls you down, overwhelms you, makes you feel like it is never ending...I get that. I howl with such deep pain, I sob, the tears flowing, the pain and grief, and anger, so close to the surface again. This is what informs me that the work is not done, nor has it been really addressed between us. We've talked about stuff, but we haven't addressed much. If I'm still crying, and you're still hurting, then it's about time we did the real hard work together. And I'm talking about all of our hurts, our pains, our

issues. Not just mine, but yours too. It's not all about me, although a large part of it seems like it. Maybe that's because I'm the one more vocal, more able to speak right now. That's gotta change though.

This will hurt. A lot. If I can stand it, if I can stand to go back and work through this, then I hope you can too. My hope is that we walk this journey together, bringing our healing back to each other, and our relationship.

You need this as much, maybe more than I do. I want you to have a voice, be strong and congruent, and protective of yourself in safe ways, not the maladaptive ways of coping that currently serve you, but don't work any more. I want you to be my partner in all ways, not just sexually. I want you strong, stable, loved, safe, and trusting. I want this for both of us.

Recovery is one day at a time, a step at a time.

I'll be here with you, every step of the way, if you want it.

My heart is open, I want to see and hear you, and be able to meet your needs, as you work through what they are.

Your loving wife, always

Xxxx

Lisa Willing To Do Whatever It Takes

On 15 Apr 2019, at 2:08 pm, Lisa Testart wrote:

Hello my beloved husband,

I heard you today, and I want you to know that you are loved, cherished, and safe with me. Please keep talking. Only through being open and honest with me will you find a way forward, no matter how uncomfortable it feels for you. Sitting with the

shitty feelings, the feeling of being exposed and vulnerable, are part of the healing journey to finding your voice again; the one you lost as a child. I see that little boy who just wanted his fathers approval. I honour him and want him to know it is safe to talk to me, and that I will hold his hand when he is scared and angry and lashing out. I am present to him, and to you, my husband.

What you shared with me this morning was valuable information that has helped me better understand your perspective, and how it colours the world you live in with me, and outside our relationship.

This article is only very short, but very concise. I believe it will assist us to work through this, if you are willing.

I need to help you build new neural feedback loops that create positive feedback for you, so that you feel the motivation to continue. Being mindful of my reactions will help you, and I will work on that. I have always appreciated the puppy training model for behavioural change, which is what this article really talks about.

But, the catch is, as I said in our chat today, you've got to do the actions necessary to create the behaviours that will underpin the positive, encouraging, and supportive feedback you need. In other words, in order for me to keep you safe in the way you need, to meet your explicitly stated needs, you need to understand, accept, and meet my needs as well. You can't expect me to just become the person who never utters a thought about consideration, being disappointed, sad or angry if you continue to do what you've always done. Together we can create a beautiful, positive, encouraging feedback loop for each other, to lessen the hold our past has on each of us; mutual benefit for individual needs, for positive, mutual gains.

And aren't we already doing that when we negotiate and discuss projects like the deck roof? Hasn't it felt good to work through a project, figure it out, and discuss it together so that there is less 'bull at a gate' approach? The pride I feel for your achievements in doing this are huge, and my heart fills with love when I see you flourishing and getting satisfaction from the work you are doing; work that is

complex and new to you. Have you felt my love and pride for you? Did I put it explicitly enough for you? Can you remember I said it? These get lost in the complexities of compounded negative feelings, which I understand better now. I need to help you hear and absorb more of it, so that they become the new reality for you, while you continue to work on it within you.

I'm not trying to tell you what to do, or control you. I heard you, and I went searching for how I could help and better understand this. I used the search phrase 'how can I help my husband with toxic shame'. This is what came up. I have highlighted what I think are the key points for us to use.

I am willing to do whatever it takes.

Pierre Says He Is Willing To Do 'His Best'

Thanks for these lovely words.

I, too, will do my best to get, and do what it takes: honesty, open mindedness, and willingness.

Looks like I'm going to need help with all three.

Pierre H. Testart

Barrister

Nationally Accredited Mediator

Lisa's Promise To Keep Him Safe

On 15 Apr 2019, at 1:02 pm, Lisa Testart wrote:

I promised that I would hold you safe, and I meant it.

Regardless of how our interaction went, you were at least honest and have given me more to think about, reflect on, and understand. Thank you 🙏

The only reason I took notes was so I could use it to explore and learn more about what you were describing to me. I wanted to capture your thoughts so I could better try to understand what's happening for you.

We're gonna hurt each other as we go through this, please accept this, instead of using it as a reason to reject.

I promise I am listening, and hearing you. I'm not triggered by this, and I am fully present.

<https://www.psychologytoday.com/us/blog/intense-emotions-and-strong-feelings/201104/shame-concealed-contagious-and-dangerous-emotion>

Regards,

Lisa Testart

I Will Stick With It, And You, Conscientiously.

15-4-19 Pierre wrote:

Yup.

I will stick with it, and you, conscientiously.

Have a wonderful, safe, interesting day!

Pierre H. Testart

Barrister

Nationally Accredited Mediator

Compulsive-Abusive Sexual-Relational Disorders

On 20 Apr 2019, at 3:03 am, Lisa Testart wrote:

The Diagnostic and Clinical Treatment Formulation for Compulsive-Abusive Sexual-Relational Disorders (CASRD) developed by Dr. Omar Minwalla (2013), emphasizes not only sexual and relational acting out patterns (problematic sexual behaviors alone), but also an integrity and conduct disorder with associated dynamics of perpetration, violation and abuse of others, such as patterns of lying, deceptive tactics, victim-blaming, and covert psychological manipulation (SAIP = “sex addiction-induced perpetrations”). This is foundational and important. To ignore the ways one is abusive to human beings and the ways one violates the human rights of others as “non clinical” is inadequate, if not unethical. If considered clinical, then

there is the need for a diagnostic and treatment model that addresses both sexual compulsivity and integrity disorders involving intimate partner abuse.

<https://theinstituteforsexualhealth.com/compulsive-abusive-sexual-relational-disorder-casrd/>

SAIP = Sex Addiction-Induced Perpetrations

On 20 Apr 2019, at 3:47 am, Pierre Testart wrote:

Yes. I identify with the second ‘prong’, but not the first.

It’s not the compulsive sexual acting out — that was relatively isolated and historical (although I acknowledge that my use of porn could also occur as an infidelity) — it’s the attempt to hide; to manipulate you; etc. that I did for many years, and my continuation of the minimising of the consequences.

Sorry.

Pierre H. Testart

Barrister

Nationally Accredited Mediator

Thirteen Dimensions of Sex Addiction-Induced Trauma (SAIT)

From: Lisa Testart

Subject: Re: Thirteen Dimensions of Sex Addiction-Induced Trauma (SAIT) Among Partners and Spouses Impacted by Sex Addiction© | The Institute For Sexual Health

Date: 20 April 2019 at 11:14:04 am AEST

To: Pierre Testart

Here's something to consider - I identify with all 13 categories...

<https://theinstituteforsexualhealth.com/thirteen-dimensions-of-sex-addiction-induced-trauma-sait-among-partners-and-spouses-impacted-by-sex-addiction/>

The following is derived from the victim's perspective, from the bottom looking up, NOT just from the top looking down.

Thirteen Dimensions of Sex Addiction-Induced Trauma (SAIT) among Intimate Partners and Spouses Impacted by Sex Addiction-Compulsivity©:

1. Discovery Trauma
2. Disclosure Trauma
3. Reality-Ego Fragmentation
4. Impact to Body and Medical Intersection
5. External Crisis and Destabilization
6. SAIT Hypervigilance and Re-Experiencing
7. Dynamics of Perpetration, Violation and Abuse (SAIP)
8. Sexual Trauma
9. Gender Wounds and Gender-Based Trauma (GBT)
10. Relational Trauma and Attachment Injuries
11. Family, Communal and Social Injuries
12. Treatment-Induced Trauma
13. Existential and Spiritual Trauma

Why I Can't 'Hurry You Up' To 'Get Over It'

On 20 Apr 2019, at 3:41 am, Pierre Testart wrote:

I read this thoroughly.

Irrespective of whether I am a sex addict or not, I did the damaging things that are referred to. I understand why you identify with all of the categories, as they have been described in detail.

I'm starting to understand why I can't 'hurry you up' to 'get over it'.

I'm very grateful to you that you have continued to relate to me all this time in spite of all the painful difficulties I caused you. I sure hope I'm fucking worth it.

Pierre H. Testart

Barrister

Nationally Accredited Mediator

Lisa Soaks Up Another Acknowledgement Of Abuse

From: Lisa Testart

Subject: Re: Thirteen Dimensions of Sex Addiction-Induced Trauma (SAIT) Among Partners and Spouses Impacted by Sex Addiction© | The Institute For Sexual Health

Date: 20 April 2019 at 11:14:04 am AEST

To: Pierre Testart

Thank you. I don't care about the label, even if I use it to try and fit this into something I can work through and make sense of.

This process of trying for so long to create understanding within you has created its own level of trauma.

Pierre, my love, my gorgeous, kind, generous, husband...I have always told you that this was just one aspect of you, and while this part has created the world of pain I have been immersed in for so long, it's the other parts of you that I have held fast to, knowing that all of this is who you are and that the darkness comes from a source of pain and trauma within you. It is the light part of you that shines through, that loves me, that cherishes me, that I hold.

I am not most women. I am me. I may be a bit slower to make sense of difficult situations, but I try to do my best. I love all of you even though I am triggered and scared of some of you at times.

We are all made up of dark and light.

Yours is out of balance and out of control, but that's not going to be who you are forever.

I have always known that if you understand, then you'd choose to act accordingly; but you had to choose.

To me you are worth it; worth the risk of trying, which is what I have been doing for the past nine years.

While I've been sinking deeper and deeper into trauma, I've always held fast to the light within you.

My eyes are open now, and my voice is louder, and I'm taking back the power I gave you to do all of this to me because I've realised that I'm worth it.

And you, my beloved, are the reason I have had to roar like an enraged lioness protecting her cubs, because I am protecting me. I am roaring in outrage because I want you to hear me, and I do that because I'm fighting for you to be in my life in a way that respects both of us, but me critically.

I want you in my life. Always. In all ways. Because you are worth it, and worth fighting for.

The ball is in your court now, as to whether I am worth fighting for, because you can't continue to remain blind to me.

Regardless of any label, I am going to have to set really strong boundaries with you to protect myself, and I am going to have to make them unambiguous, no wriggle room, no way to misinterpret or slide past, and absolutely crystal clear.

My hope in all of this is that you start to realise I am not the woman you have carried in your head all these years, the creation of your own internal narrative. I am the woman who is struggling to survive and work through the extensive trauma, with all of the normal reactions and consequences that flow from that.

Even with all of that...I'm still telling you you're worth it. I'm worth it. We are worth it.

That 180 Degree Email - Did He Get It? 2019

From: Pierre Testart

Subject: Do I get it?

Date: 21 April 2019 at 9:27 pm

To: Lisa Testart

My darling Lisa,

When I betrayed you with XX*, I had no idea what I was doing. In my immature arrogance and shallowness of understanding, I thought I was having a mere sexual dalliance, *well deserved after the sexual desert that was my relationship with Julie* (when you see the italics, you need to know this: I am letting you know the kinds of thoughts I had **then, but don't have now**. I mean it to be self-mocking, and to contrast my current attitudes against what I thought was the reality back then.

And, Lisa'd never find out. And, she's way up in Shepparton, and it'll only be a casual thing, no matter what happens with Lisa. All complete bullshit, of course.

What I then proceeded to do was to (in very many ways, unconsciously) replicate the same wooing behaviours with both of you. And, in my brazen cockiness, I did the things in the active part of my relationship with XX* that caused you the most pain (I think) about the physical aspects of my infidelity — the texting to her in front of you, the betrayal of the sacredness of your and my sexual relationship in the many ways you've pointed out to me they hurt you. When I finally *had to come clean about my relationship with XX**, I thought that those things were the most important hurts that I had inflicted on you.

But, *since I had chosen you* (I see the pat on the head, now. God forgive me. I honestly don't know how you can.), and since it was *in the past*, I thought that my

sincere and (I thought) authentic expression of sorrow at having betrayed you were not only the start, but a very good part of the journey, of regaining your trust was already being accomplished.

*My life's an open book. I finished the affair long ago. She'll get over it in time. She's **bound to realise my good intentions.***

I didn't know the half of it.

What I didn't in any way acknowledge was the years of denial of the affair, and the toxicity and perniciousness of the tactics I used to manipulate your reality and try to run you out of puff to keep looking for the truth behind my denials.

It has turned out to be **the absolute worst thing I have ever done to another human being.**

By **gaslighting you** (I realise now that it could only be called that), I compounded the dreadful suspicions you had, and **it was my actions that led you to having your nose rubbed in the details of what I had done with XX*, traumatising you all over again, and again, and again with the continued denials.**

By trying to put the physical side of the affair into the past, **I compartmentalised** the affair into its components, and **ignored the real nub of my betrayal: the continued wounding of your psyche, time after time, by ignoring the loss of trust issue almost entirely, except at the very beginning. And what a huge error of judgement and insight that was!**

You did make yourself clear about the trust issue; it was just that I couldn't see it. Denial; genuine ignorance; male chauvinist patriarchal behaviour; that continuing abuse syndrome; my lack of subtlety; sex addiction — one of the above? All of the above? I don't know.

But I see now why every dissonance made you suspect me, and be re-triggered, and frustrated, and enraged, and be full of self-doubt, and wish more urgently that I would just get it, and help you on your path to healing.

You could have called bullshit on me any time. But you saw something that made you stay, and made you willing to tolerate the **appalling lack of insight** that I displayed.

Thank you for sticking with me.

There have not been many days since all this started that I have not wished to myself that I had been less cowardly, less surreptitious; less a little crawling poisonous creature towards you. I wish I had had the guts to tell you the truth from the outset; you may have been spared the additional trauma caused by you discovering the facts you did, because of the investigations you conducted as a result of my denials.

I can begin to see your need to check and re-check on me — after all why would you believe a single word I say?

I can begin to understand why every time you become suspicious of me **is because of something I've done to you**. I can begin to understand why **everything comes back to the betrayal of trust**.

Why, when I give you cause to suspect today, you go back to square one.

Why, when I give you cause to suspect today, you go back to square one.

I don't know if I get it, or if I get a little bit only, of it. But I am beginning to understand more about what my betrayal has done to you as a person, across those thirteen dimensions the guy with the Arabic name talks about.

Sorry is very cheap, I know. But I am truly sorry.

I am only human, and will make mistakes. I am beginning to understand that the things in me that **make the**

dishonesty and inauthenticity so spontaneous need to be dealt with — **by me**.

I hope you will give me a chance to come good.

If I can come good, there are many more things that will need to be dealt with, if we're to move forward with some chance of happiness and harmony.

Let's deal with what we can, what's in front of us.

I'll try hard, and I can try hard.

If nothing else, I very much hope that this letter serves to give you a little bit of peace, at last. I do see you. I do.

Pierre H. Testart

Barrister

Nationally Accredited Mediator

Response to the 'do I get it email'

My Dearest, Beloved Husband,

I have been waiting nine years for you to take up the opportunity to step into the light and be the man I see in you. I haven't waited all this time to discard you, or walk away.

I know we both have work to do, and I have given you my commitment to that process.

I have every intention of sticking by you, to give you every opportunity to 'come good'.

I have no time limit on this for either of us as it's going to take years for us to work through the many layers of personal trauma we carry. However, I have run out of energy, resilience, and my well of heart happiness has been drained to a critical level. I don't have any more chances at redemption in me after this 'come good', but I do promise to act with the utmost integrity towards you as you work through things. Because I have been so critically damaged you will find that my needs are high, and my boundaries as strong as I can make them to protect myself moving forward. My needs and boundaries are also the tools for assessing and allowing me to see trust through consistency and reliability in all areas - words, deeds and actions. Because of

my childhood trust issues, exacerbated in the here and now, I am very aware that my trust issues are compounded by your actions towards me.

This is why I have concrete and specific needs that relate to actions and intentions.

Intentions are as concrete to me as actions. One informs the other, leading to a visible, tangible outcome. Words have no value to me, except in the form below, which allows me to hold fast to you as you unpack things, showing me in the concrete way I need, that your understanding is more than just lip service to my appeasement.

You may find it very difficult to accept this, but it may be that my shit as the primary victim takes priority in all of this, and that out of that will come the better relationship we both desire of each other. I am not unaware of the work I need to do, but I think making 'yes, but you too' references every time will not be helpful, and will make it much more difficult for both of us. You are the reason this is all happening, and these are the consequences of your actions so long ago.

What you have written here is a fantastic start and yes, you are starting to get it. There's a long way to go, but I hear your intention, and I see the action. Please keep doing this as you work through things, as I do when I send you my thoughts and musings. I need to see more, so I can build up a bank of words and intentions I can read again and again.

Thank you so much for your willingness to step into my need.

Xxxxx

The Cowardly Abuser

On 24 Apr 2019, at 5:40 pm, Pierre Testart wrote:

Yes, it was a good read.

And it correctly identified me, I regret to say: a cowardly abuser.

Oh, boy.

I'm glad that even though I put you through such a tough time, we are again 'open for business'.

Pierre H. Testart

Barrister

Be Prepared To Hear Me

On 25 Apr 2019, at 4:10 pm, Lisa Testart wrote:

Yes, me too.

You need to be prepared to hear me, my love, because there is a lot that has been done to me, and a lot of harm done that must be brought up and acknowledged if we are to get through this. There are a great many lies and deceptions you have woven that are going to come crashing down around you, that I must expose so you can begin to understand the behaviours you have and continue to act out with me. You don't accept any of this, and so you are going to be confronted by a lot of things you will angrily reject and blame me for, casting me in the role of aggressor to you as a deflective, defensive measure.

As you have discovered, there is a world of difference between being an open book, and not being honest.

I'm telling you that there is a world of difference between accepting behaviours calmly by email, and having them brought individually into the light and exposed.

Acknowledgement of the abuse is only one part. Accepting and learning from the individual examples, of which there are so many, and their impact on me, will be a necessary part of your journey that I cannot protect you from. Every lie is a breach of trust, whether by omission, deliberate, or in any other way it is done.

Every time I have to second guess what you are saying to me it is an act of dishonesty that you have to come to terms with. Your definition of rigorous honesty is going to have to change if you and I are going to get through this.

Every time I ask a question of you I am always wondering if you are telling me the truth or not. I actually have no way to gauge your honesty with me at the moment, and that is a problem for us as you hold the view that you don't lie, and I have the experiences that you do. So who's narrative is to be believed, and how do you convince me that your words are truthful and trustworthy?

How do you think that might happen?

What would you have to do to make me trust you whenever I asked you a question, because you understand that at this point I don't trust you in this area, don't you. It would be foolish to tell me that you're already rigorously honest, and that should be enough for me. Or that I should just let go of my suspicions and learn to trust you by osmosis. Your past behaviour lacked any honesty towards me, and where we are now there is still dishonesty towards me in many ways you aren't even aware of, and wouldn't believe me at the moment. That will be a part of the painful unpacking you'll have to do.

Every bit of resistance to this is part of your own self-deception that you know is denial. Every time you try to rationalise why it's too hard to do something, that's part of your denial. Every question I ask you is an opportunity to step into honesty, regardless of what I'm asking.

Consider how long it took for you to finally see what I have spent nearly a decade trying to get you to understand. You lied to me all these years, making it all my fault for the behaviours you now use against me, because your continual lies and

deceptions made it impossible for me to be anything other than the woman you created.

You denied me my truth all these years, because it was easier to lie and blame, than to own and accept.

Now this aspect of our relationship is going to need work, and the only way to actually do this is to face the reality of what brought us to this point: lies, deceptions, betrayals, broken trust, broken safety, and always the lies.

Just because you may have difficulty with my definition of what a lie is, doesn't mean it's up for discussion. And that's going to be challenging for you. You're not used to having your integrity challenged, and you absolutely hate being called a liar, or dishonest, or anything that impinges on your perception of who you are as a person not just in recovery, but in general.

You're going to have to get over this hump and really start to think about what Lisa is talking about when she says you lie to her all the time. Because goddamn it, she caught me out in that big fucking whopper that I started in May 2009...maybe when she tells me something like this I should listen, and not make her feel like shit because I refuse to see something she clearly knows about me. Maybe I should try and figure out what I'm trying to protect when I project all of this on to her when she has clearly been sitting in all of this truth for a long time... cause didn't I tell her I accept I abused her all these years with my behaviour...so how come I'm not prepared to own the individual aspects of that behaviour she's desperately wanting me to understand and work on????

I love you...and I'm going to inflict pain in order to show you the truth.

You know there isn't growth without pain...I will hold you in love, but the truth has to be brought out.

Xxxxxxx

Couldn't Be Seen In Public With Me

On Fri, 10 May 2019 at 11:05 am, Lisa Testart wrote:

Dear Pierre,

Last night was a classic example of how you behave when you are caught in acts of deception, dishonesty, and behaviour that breaks trust between us.

You will more than likely still feel, as you so angrily pointed out to me last night, that I am controlling you, manipulating you, and acting towards you in ways that you'd like to, and most certainly did last night, characterise as being domestic violence when I asked you uncomfortable questions, and challenged your responses.

This is what you do every time you are defensive, feel criticised, attacked, or caught out doing things that you know you shouldn't be doing.

It's the behaviour you've exhibited for the past nine years, which is why it no longer triggers me, and I remained calm during the entire episode, despite your florid attempts to yell me down, intimidate me, threaten me with your willingness to choose your son over me, and which eventually became physical against me.

I remind you again of the things I have put to you in the original email exchange attached below, and the reality of who has been the abuser in our relationship.

To label me, again, on Thursday night, as a perpetrator of domestic violence against you, in the face of all of this, is the last act of a cowardly abuser - the label you put on yourself. I call you out for that, and name it bullshit. I told you when I was in Vietnam that I would not tolerate another 'I'll walk / I'll choose my family' detonation.

You've told me recently that you'll only do things if you're told to..."if I'm told that I have to work with you to rebuild relationships then I'll do it"...it's a pity you can't think about that without having to be told what to do.

Out of last night's exchange, it is now apparent to me that you've deliberately done the following:

1. Allowed your mobile number to be promoted to clients via your work email signature; a digital signature you have full control over. This allowed clients to text you as a result of your mobile number being promoted to clients - a direct, and in my opinion, conscious breach of the boundaries set up in the phone and communication contract that you had full input into, and agreed to the terms and conditions imposed on you. To tell me your employer set up the email account is simply a way of not accepting liability for your conduct and the breach you allowed to manifest, that I only find out about after asking how these clients even got your number. You become outraged and accuse me of being controlling, and manipulating you, because I dared to question, and challenge you about your conduct. You feel entitled to use this as an example of my domestic violence behaviours towards you.
2. Made financial agreements with your employer without my knowledge, to continue using personal funds to cover your employer's business expenses on circuit, and generally in daily business activities, and then seek reimbursement, knowing that this will have an immediate, and long term impact on our ability to live within any budget (a budget I can't even do because you refuse to engage with me in this task). You did this in spite of the current discussions we have been having about the business expenses of the upcoming Shepparton circuit, with accommodation costs being the obligation of your employer, not us. You told me your employer would handle the accommodation costs, but didn't think to tell me about the other arrangements you made behind my back. You made these arrangements without telling me, and then became outraged and felt controlled because I dared to question and challenge you about this - these are questions any partner is entitled to ask of their spouse if they are employed, if their income is so reduced that they have to budget every single dollar and husband it carefully week to week. But you felt so controlled and manipulated

by my questions that you became entitled to use this as another example of my purported domestic violence acts perpetrated on you by me.

3. Resisted giving me any details of your personal or other expenditures so as to develop a budget that allows us to meet our financial obligations as and when they fall due. I've been asking for your side of the budget we need to develop since you first raised the idea of working with your employer on or around 23 March 2019. You have yet to do this, despite the many requests I have made to you about this issue. You've now been working for your employer for ten days, and I have no clue as to what our weekly disposable income is, after bills have been accounted for. I don't even know how much money is available for groceries, or the coffee you'll buy every day. This is how serious the issue has become, because you blithely ignore me, giving priority to your employer, and everyone else. Do you hear me? I don't know how we are going to live from week to week because you won't give our budget any time or priority and fob me off by telling me you get distracted. You haven't yet used this as an example of feeling controlled, manipulated, and a victim of domestic violence, but I'm guessing it'll come if the pattern remains true.
4. Continued to use the ongoing gaslighting tactics of making me your abuser for having the temerity to challenge you about these and other uncomfortable issues, and hold you accountable for your conduct.
5. You deliberately used all of the above issues to create a scene where you could self-righteously refuse to go to your AA meeting, which was the real intent behind your behaviour. You were afraid that if you were seen with me in any kind of positive way, that your narrative of me as an abuser would be punctured, so you created a situation that allowed you to perpetuate that image by:
 - aggressively accusing me of all of the above, and AGAIN telling me that you would choose your son over me because I dared to say that you allowed your son to believe I was a perpetrator of domestic violence against you and that that was the reason why they deemed

me unsafe, and that you hadn't ever said anything to disabuse them of that viewpoint,

- driving dangerously as a result of the violent manner in which you wrenched your mobile phone out of my hands when I attempted to use the message function on your phone when CD* called,
- yelling at me, intimidating and threatening me,
- and calling me controlling, manipulative, and your domestic violence perpetrator.

So, Pierre.....

I won't be told you love me while your cock is thrust up tight in me, and have you call me a perpetrator of domestic violence the next day.

If all I'm good for is a great fuck, then I'm sorry, and I deeply regret having to point out the obvious here, but that's not enough for me anymore.

You make it impossible to know how we are going to live from week to week when you make secret financial arrangements with your employer and refuse to tell me these details until I have to question you, and drill down into what you decide to tell me <— this is the pattern of your dishonesty - don't tell unless absolutely forced to, and then blame me for even asking because you deem it controlling, manipulative, and domestic violence!

You make it impossible to know how we are going to live from week to week, when you don't do the necessary things about our budget.

You make it impossible to know how we are going to live from week to week when you refuse to actively participate in the creation of a budget that will allow us to know exactly what we are doing financially from week to week. I don't even know how much you are getting as a net amount, if it's going to be paid weekly, fortnightly or even monthly.

You make it difficult to trust you in the moment, when you flagrantly breach boundaries so early, and so easily, and blame it on your employer, when the responsibility for managing this is yours. These boundaries are the tangible tools you have to help rebuild trust between us, which is the work you must do. You can't continue to tell me that I'll never trust you again, and that you feel as if you'll never be in a place where you can be trusted, if you have the tools to actually begin to build trust again, yet choose to discard, or not use them.

I've reached the point now where I feel as if all I'm good for is a great, mind-blowing fuck that lasts for hours, and is the best sex you've ever had, but I'm not good enough to do anything else with, and certainly not good enough to be seen with, or around, anyone that you've encouraged to believe in the narrative that I am a perpetrator of domestic violence and abuse against you.

You've made it perfectly clear that this is what you've actively encouraged everyone to believe, and in fact it's exactly what you said to me on Australia Day, and it's what your son told you in February after he saw the only two public posts I made on Facebook. Your son formed that view after he'd spoken to you, and was already primed to see me as a perpetrator, despite acknowledging the intent of my call to him, which was to seek support.

I've made it so clear to you in writing, and in person, that I consider you worth all the pain, because I see this aspect of you as only one part of you, a quarter of you, and the remaining three quarters is the kind, gentle, loving, sexual, intimate, supportive, empowering, generous man I love and cherish.

I've consistently told you that I'm in this 100% with you, that you're worthwhile, and worth it.

I've deliberately developed boundaries so you know exactly what they are designed to do, and why, and what the intentions are behind the boundaries, to enable you to have structure and a trustworthy acts framework within which you get to

demonstrate, in real and tangible ways, the trust building actions you willingly undertake.

We both acknowledged that there'd be slip ups, but I never expected that when challenged about the very first breach that you'd use this as a way of demonstrating my purported acts of domestic violence against you, or that you'd use all of the discussion as an act of intimidation and further threats against me.

As you are aware, I've become much stronger and more aware of what is happening now.

I never got angry with you, or forced any ultimatums or consequences on you in 2010 because I understand now that I was afraid of being abandoned by you, and clung desperately to the role of good wife so as not to rock the boat and force anything. You allowed me to do whatever I needed to do to 'recover' from the affair, so long as all I really did was talk and cry, which you could manage.

The only time I ever reacted negatively was the first time I physically ran away from your rage in Feb 2012 before I had confronted you with your lies...you taught me then never to get you angry again, and god help me, I stepped into that conciliatory, counsellor safe construct, good wife, submissive, don't rock the boat, don't ever get him angry persona so well that I am sickened by what I have enabled.

And now my chickens have come home to roost as you've used those nine years to beat me into submission with your abuse of me through your insidious gaslighting, made all the worse because it happened even as you were building me up in so many other areas, and we were so good together.

My chickens are roosting in your narrative of me as a victim of my purported domestic violence against you.

My chickens are roosting in your ongoing manipulations of my narrative, where you acknowledge your abuse of me, and acknowledge everything I've lived with, yet you still accuse me of being your perpetrator.

I've come to realise that you don't really want to shift that narrative, because it comes with too much shame and humiliation for you. You'd have to actively choose me over everyone else in order for us to then work together to rebuild and repair relationships, and I don't think you want to do that.

From where I'm sitting right now, I think you are revelling in the attention you're getting, the sympathy, the approval from your son, and the bolstering of your fragile ego from the sympathetic stroking from those around you who will never challenge you because you're so damned charismatic and convincing, and oh so genuine in your apparent grief at the difficulties you're enduring being at the Augean Stables every day, where your cock and ego get huge sexual boosts, but aren't enough to persuade you that anything else has to be done.

You're waiting for a professional to tell you what to do.

Until that happens, you're going to sit in your viewpoint of me as the perpetrator of domestic violence against you, and that's the sad fact of the construct you hold out about me to everyone.

I'm beginning to wonder what it is I'm doing, if all I'm good for is the fucks that enable us to feel good in the moment, walk around for a while in a blissful haze of sex induced endorphins, but don't actually shift anything within you.

Am I prostituting myself for the sake of keeping your anger and aggression at bay, so you, as you've clearly explained, become a manageable wild beast instead of an angry, aggressive wild beast who bites and kicks at every opportunity. Is it my responsibility to ensure you are always feeling loved, so that you feel less compelled to act aggressively towards me? Because that's how you've explained the way you work...you've told me I need to "gentle the wild stallion within you" through sexual intimacy so that you can manage your reactions towards me in a more thoughtful and considered manner.

Isn't this just a manipulation of me?

Aren't you putting all of your emotional responsibility onto me to manage?

By making those statements to me you set up a dynamic where I built us a safe place, where I encouraged you to feel safe to express yourself sexually, where I actively worked through the sexual trauma you'd inflicted on me, and I came out the other side a changed woman; a woman who found her lost and held-hostage sexuality, and reclaimed it vociferously, to our mutual benefit.

And yet it isn't enough. I'm not enough.

I'm not worth anything to you, that much has become abundantly clear in all of the threats you level at me about choosing others.

My value to you is only as a fuck toy. Something to keep your emotions on an even keel, to keep your emotional equilibrium manageable.

My value is conditional upon how you feel at any given moment, whereas your value to me has not wavered, and I have never threatened to leave or abandon you.

If I am not enough, or I hold no value to you as a person, and you are not willing to work with me as a couple, and you are not willing to acknowledge that we both have to work on relationships that have been damaged by the actions of both of us, then I am not prepared to continue with you.

That is the consequence I hold for you, in love and respect for both of us. If you refuse to accept that we both have a responsibility, and a part to play, in rebuilding damaged relationships, then I am not sure I want to continue what I see as an abusive cycle.

The Abuse Cycle:

- **I have to abstain from any kind of questioning of you so that you remain calm.**
- **We have great sexual encounters which are highly satisfying and rewarding, and keep us grounded in a state of emotional safety and calmness.**

- **Our daily interactions have to be positive, or so mild as to be recoverable. You get to avoid any challenges or unpleasant questions.**
- **I ask simple questions, always making sure they aren't inflammatory.**
- **I ask a question, I get an answer that is difficult to process.**
- **I ask follow up questions, you get defensive and start attacking and blaming.**
- **You throw a bomb into the discussion 'I'm leaving / don't make me choose between you or my children because I'll always choose my children even though they have always cast me aside when it suited them'**
- **We fall out of safety.**
- **I bring us back to safety because I've built our safe, grounded space.**
- **We ignore the real issue of what you did, but there will be an email more than likely from me telling you exactly what happened, and calling out your behaviour, yet again.**
- **You'll acknowledge, yet again, that you acted inappropriately, making assuring, soothing noises of understanding, acknowledgement and so on, as appeasements to me.**
- **We have another great sexual encounter which is highly satisfying and rewarding, and keep us grounded in a state of emotional safety and calmness because I've felt heard, you feel calmer, and it seems as if we've navigated our way through another detonation event, again.**
- **I have to abstain from any kind of questioning of you so that you remain calm.**
- **And it continues, with some adjustments, but pretty much in the cycle as described here.**

I'm tired, I'm over the constant threats you throw at me all the time about being able to leave or choose.

So now I'm giving you the consequence I told you you'd face if you ever threatened me again. I told you there would be no more second chances.

So now, you have to decide once and for all, and make it explicit, because I am over your threats and aggression towards me.

Choose.

Because I am no longer a fuck toy, or a woman who can be gaslighted, intimidated or threatened into the silent space you want me to occupy so I never cause you to feel uncomfortable about anything you've done.

Choose.

You are either with me, or you are not.

We are either both going to work towards repairing relationships, together, or we are not.

I am absolutely done with being threatened by you, and living with the consequences of my enabling behaviours, borne out of fear of losing you. I no longer fear losing you, and I am no longer afraid or intimidated by you.

Choose.

Because I can't make you do anything, and I can't fix you. Choose the direction you want your life to take, and live a life of honesty.

And don't respond with a too quick answer that you think is funny, angry, mwahahahahahahaha, resentful, spiteful, or a go fuck you reaction. Don't respond as you have before with words you cannot take back, that you've used before to hurt, maim, and intimidate me with.

Think carefully about what I've said here, and what you really want to do. Because I'm heartily sick of being threatened every time you decide I've struck a nerve and you reactively want out or you want me to shut the fuck up.

If you want out, then choose.

Choices also have consequences.

I am still here, fully present, and wanting you to step into the light of who you can be. I still hold you as a person of worth, of value, and I think you are worth waiting for, worth fighting for, but I don't think you see me the same way.

So your choice is clear - do you hold me as a person of worth, of value, and am I worth fighting for in all of this, or am I just a good fuck and you can ignore the rest and walk away?

Go think about it, and figure out which way you want to jump. And yes, you are perfectly entitled to consider this an ultimatum. Your still loving wife,
Lisa

He's Sick And Tired Of It All

From: Pierre Testart

Date: 10 May 2019 at 9:11 pm

To: Lisa Testart

Dear Lisa,

I love you. I would like to be able to work all this out. To rebuild your trust in me. To have communications that you can accept as honest. To be able to set limits (no phone number for me at work until I get a work phone; not a cent spent personally by me that could be considered a work expense), and to ask for things without shame or embarrassment (a work credit card; a new phone pronto; a fair go from you).

I would like to be able to see that considering you should be my absolute first priority, and that consideration of you includes me being answerable for my every action and reaction in every day (WWJD becomes WWLD). Included in that consideration would be doing everything you would like me to do as a priority behind every other commitment, task, or activity that I have as a 'to do'.

I would like to be able to have all of my inner life — my past rotten behaviours, my sexual preferences, my vulnerabilities, my desires, my thoughts and feelings, my attempts at recovery — to be open to anybody, because I have no shame, or anxiety about how others might see me, or how that knowledge may affect my relationships, be they personal, professional, family, or social.

I would like to be able to accept that, even when others behave in damaging ways towards my friends and loved ones, and me, because they think they have a right to do so, it still falls to me to take at least some of the responsibility for the repair of the very relationships the damage to which was the basis of the betrayal of me by that other.

I would like to be able to park my own resentments, feelings of having been betrayed, and that that betrayal is being minimised (even as I am accused of minimising my own betrayal), as part of an acceptance that another's recovery is much more important to address than any other issue.

I would like to be able to accept that my recovery should be mandated to the most minute detail by the person who feels the very real trauma of the damage that I caused, and the professionals that treat me be vetted against heretical theories about what's best for me in recovery.

When I say all of the things I've just said, I don't for a moment wish to reopen the hurt that I caused you over many years, and that you have every right to be angry about. But, I suspect, the mere fact that I appear to maintain that there is something outside that treatment that I subjected you to will mean to you that I am again trying to avoid responsibility, blame shift, gaslight, defend my position, and so on.

I very much regret to say that I am unable to do any of the things I've listed, with any consistency, or skill, or thoroughness, owing to the many defects in my character, and the challenges to my development as a mature human being — those defects that I know are perceived clearly by others, but seldom, if ever taken into account in the application of mercy to me in respect of my transgressions.

I am sicker, and more tired than you can begin to imagine, at the constant recurrence, in your eyes, of my 'deception', my 'dishonesty', and my behaviour that 'breaks trust between us' (by putting those words in quotation marks, I am only repeating verbatim what you have written to me; I am not going to argue with you about whether or not I deceived, or lied or was otherwise dishonest, or broke trust. It's much too late for that. The jury is back, with a verdict of guilty, and there has been no explanation that could be offered, no benefit of the doubt given to me, in any of the instances that you remember, and re-remember, and remember again, and again, and then again, until there is no room for anything but the enormity of my wrongdoing. I give up. If I am as guilty of those things as you tell me I am (and when I say 'if', I don't mean to deny that I have in fact been deceitful, and dishonest, and broken your trust in me — your attitude towards me tells me that I am, and forever will be guilty) then in view of the fact that I am clearly unable to manage my life and actions in a way that will provide any meaningful restitution to you for the things that I have done, there appears to me to be no way forward that I can bring about.

Because I am now, and have been, doing my best. And clearly, my best is not good enough. I am not equal to the task of being the person you need or want me to be. I can't avoid the shame and embarrassment that are involved in your picture of my 'recovery', or yours. I really do wish that I could.

I don't want to hurt you any more. I acknowledge that I get angry and lose my shit reliably, almost on demand, when certain topics and situations arise. I wouldn't do that if I could control myself. Because, I see how I behave. And I don't like me when I behave that way. I don't like the person I have become — more dour, more weary, with a sickle-like upside down mouth like a genuine old fucker who can't see

anything good in life. I don't like feeling the way I do when we have the kind of conversations like last night.

I am not going to criticise you for being damaged by me, and angry as a result, or for wanting to manage my attitudes and behaviours to be able to avoid being hurt by me ever again. I would want the same if I had been damaged by someone as deeply as I have damaged you.

Thing is, I am more and more realising that I can't live up to the boundaries. When I agree to something, expecting a third party to enable me to carry out that agreement (this is the phone example), and the third party doesn't enable me to carry out my part of the agreement (this is the phone example), then I think that someone should cut me a break. Clearly, that's incorrect — my liability is absolute. The requirement for me to make my agreement with you so sacred that I will suffer any consequence rather than break our agreement, is beyond my present capacity to carry out, I'm afraid to say. And so there will be a constant state of me falling short, and feeling shame and inadequacy for that, and I can't face it, Lisa, no matter how much you're worth it to me.

Because, to regain what I lost requires me to be a different person, not through a process of change and recovery over time, but in an endless succession of 'nows', in each of which I lack the resources — courage, commitment, foresight, consideration, planning, etc., etc. to be the person who behaves, thinks, acts and speaks completely differently from the way I do now.

If I had a point of view — a perspective, a narrative of my own that was valid and worthy of consideration, then there is much that I would put forward. But it's very clear to me that you view my every word with suspicion, and an attitude that so discounts my perception of reality that it's futile to even make yet another attempt. That's my fault, of course, in your world; I damaged you, lost your trust, lied repeatedly, manipulated you (and I did all of those things and more; not trying to escape responsibility for what I did, it was vile) to such an extent that I'm gone

before I even open my trap. When I say this, I am not seeking to criticise you; I'm just seeing the reality.

My very real difficulty is that I just don't have the resources to refrain from believing that I actually do have a valid point of view.

Just as a 'for instance', I've been complaining that you broke my trust, in your turn, by going on social media, and saying whatever you said, and calling members of my family, and saying what you said. I don't know what you said, and I will never know the detail. You say you are making/have made amends. And I am sure you believe (as I did, in respect of my betrayal of you) that your efforts have been all you could and should do to remedy the situation that arose as a result of you doing that. And I am certain that you do truly believe that it is for me to join with you in remedying that damage.

You already know that I don't accept that, at least nowhere near as wholeheartedly as you would want me to. But I can tell you that, in respect of my son and daughter in law, at least, that for you to involve me in any way, particularly by me 'accepting responsibility for my part' in you contacting them, will irreparably harm any chance that exists of mending your relationship with them.

And as to the friends you have unfriended, because they 'took sides' with me, because I 'led them to believe you are my abuser', you want to dictate to me what I should say to them, and how I should interact with them, and you want me to cut off contact with a number of them, because of what you think I told them about you, as a result of what you told them. And then there are the people that I actually spoke to, 'behind your back', as a betrayal of you, because I lied to them about the true nature of our relationship (I am the true abuser; it's not possible for there to be a two-person relationship where there are two abusers), and because I did that — with the two, or three, or four, or five (I could keep counting, but wherever I ended up, it would not be anywhere near as big a number of people that you trashed me to), then I am 'no better than you', and my doing that takes the sting out of what you did.

I mention all of this, not to criticise you, but to underline the difficulties that I face in going forward. Knowing that it's anathema to me to have our private interactions spoken about in public, you nonetheless send today's email to my work addresses, and to my private email. What am I to think? Your references to my cock inside you, to you being my fuck toy, able to be seen and read by my son, or, God forbid, the new girl — that's just the price I have to pay, because I refuse/d to tell the truth? You couldn't — didn't— send that very private email to me at only the gmail address? You had to send it publicly?

But, I am prepared to resign myself to the proposition that you will never accept that any remedying of the exquisitely difficult relationship issues is mostly up to you; it will only be of worth if I stand beside you, cap in hand, and say to one and all, 'she did it because I am a cunt'.

Anyway.

I don't want to criticise you. But I strongly suspect that you will think I am doing just that. Maybe I could ask you to contemplate an answer to these questions:

Does Pierre really want to be foisted with a choice between me and his son?

Did he ever want to have to make that choice?

He appears to want to mend or relationship. Why would he not want the best opportunity to exist to allow me to mend my relationship with my son and daughter in law? Or is there a chance that he knows things about his son and daughter in law that mean that the course of action that I want to take with them might not be the one most likely to succeed?

Do I, Lisa, really care if Pierre's relationship with his son and daughter in law is harmed by us getting back together?

But maybe you won't, or don't want to.

I don't really know anymore.

What I do know is that unless things change, I can't go on under the weight of this. It's killing me, Lisa.

I am so grateful that you can say you are no longer scared of me. And I am also very grateful that you have regained/developed a capacity for enjoyment of your sexuality, thank God. The weight of guilt and shame for being responsible for depriving you, so open, so trusting, so vulnerable, of your joy in sexual expression has been crushing me for so long.

Maybe that's the best I deserve to get out of all this: a reprieve from the absolute worst of the consequences of my mistreatment of you for so long. If that's right, then so be it, and thank God again.

I don't know what to do. I know I can't do as you expect — not anywhere near satisfactorily to you, anyway; not now, and probably not soon.

If you continue to need to ask questions that appear to me to be suspicious, and openly mistrusting; if you continue to need to put me on the spot whenever you think it appropriate; if you continue to need to dictate my health care, my friendships, my associations with others, my demands of an employer — then I don't think I can live up to the standards you seem to have of me. I will doubtless fail time and time again.

Not because I want to sabotage you, or me, but because I just don't think I got the goods to do it.

I'd like you to cut me a break. Maybe you just can't. Maybe your boundaries have been breached one/two/19/20 times too many. I don't know.

I love you. I would like to make this work. But I haven't been able to make it work so far, and every failure sets me back, and saps my resolve, and shames me. And it's you who sets the exams, and grades my efforts. From the tone of today's email, you're sick of me.

I'm sure sick and tired. I don't know how long I can go on like this, Lisa, I really don't.

I know I have given you years of misery. I'm not asking for your pity, or your sympathy. I know I don't deserve it.

But I'm just letting you know that I am very tired and miserable all the time. Despite the release of sex. Which I now feel guilty about, because it looks to me like I am again being painted as the user, if not abuser.

Maybe we started back too soon; it appears to have confused things/me/you. I think we should stop, unless or until something lastingly positive happens for both of us.

Freezing, now.

Driving home soon.

If you feel that it's necessary, just leave me a note, and I'll stay in the doghouse/bungalow.

Letter To Our Sex Addiction Couples Counsellor

13 May 2019

Hi Andrea,

I took the Partner Sexuality Survey last week, and answered based on how it has been in our relationship on a sexual level, not as it is right now, although right now it feels as if it has imploded again with allegations being thrown at me now that I am a perpetrator of domestic violence against my husband - he used the 'You're my abuse perpetrator' all through this period, but now it's evolved, thanks to his son, into full blown 'Lisa is a "***bona fide psycho here***" and a **text book DV perpetrator**. Now I find out, thanks to Marc, that they hold the view, no doubt thanks to Pierre, that I've been a full blown alienator. I quote from an email Pierre forwarded to me from his son:

"This is over and above the harm she has caused me and my family by alienating you from us over the years with her jealous crusade to possess and dominate you."

The language he uses is straight from the lips of Pierre, because this is how he's always portrayed me through all the years of his abuse as I suffered in silence, and bore the brunt of his gaslighting and blame shifting tactics.

His son now puts this on Pierre in the same email:

"If I had have thought that you were going to remain: a) in a relationship with Lisa and b) in Yallourn North, then I would certainly have thought longer and harder about our alliance, and, truth be told, I am not 100% sure I would have taken you on."

I'm being subjected to the most horrendous emotional blackmail, gaslighting and manipulation, falsely accused of being a perpetrator of domestic violence by a man I've protected from his own actions our entire marriage, and now I'm being attacked for actions I have never done, never contemplated, and in actual fact was the one who tried to encourage Pierre to invite his son and fiancé to our wedding when they were estranged in 2009-2010.

Pierre is away in Shepparton all week for court, and already he has breached my phone boundaries by having his mobile phone given to every client via his email signature, which he knows is something he agreed not to do. The fact that I didn't spell out the terms 'email signature' is just a weasel way of getting around his unwillingness to tackle his son over this. And now I know why, because he risks his son telling him to leave.

I had a chat to Cara Crossman last night who is organising an urgent connection with one of her colleagues and I am awaiting his call today.

I'm at the point where I want to tell Pierre to leave, because he keeps lying and making this all my fault. To his credit, he has, in a very unwilling state, decided to go to a SLAA meeting on Sunday, and he has a session with Steve Stokes (that I booked for him) on Saturday.

I'm at my wits end with this man, whom I love dearly, and don't want to lose, but I feel like I'm caught between two vicious men who have decided I'm a fair and easy target, and Pierre has created such a web of lies about me that he can't backtrack without a great deal of shame and humiliation in the eyes of his deeply judgemental and hostile son, plus all the friends and colleagues who have also been given the same story about me. In fact, last Thursday he created a horrendously violent and ugly scene in our car so that he didn't have to go to his meeting on Thursday night, because I'd sprung it on him that I was going to accompany him. Couldn't possibly be seen with his wife who he's cast in the role of his abuser. Scared the shit out of me with what he did as he was driving, although I didn't show it.

If I was the psycho they describe, I'd have long ago hung Pierre out to dry and strung him up by his balls with the police and the ethics committee at the Victorian Bar, but I haven't. I've protected him to the best of my abilities.

But I'm sick and tired of all of this.

My life is becoming a toxic nightmare and I am beginning to wonder if I am indeed crazy waiting for this man to come to his senses. Do I have it in me to keep waiting, and trying, and exposing myself to more and more abuse, or am I better off cutting my losses and letting him sink in his own shit?

As you can tell, I'm not having a good time, and I've had barely any sleep because as happened last time, I'm having to gather every single piece of evidence I have and put it into a brief of evidence so complete there is no way to refute it. That Testart timeline has grown much larger.

None of this will be any secret to Pierre, although he doesn't know how close I am to calling it quits. I want to give him every opportunity, I really do, but this clusterfuck

he has enabled with his son, who actually admits that I called for support, is becoming an intolerable situation for me. I'm at the point where I weighing my options very seriously. My cowardly abusive husband is playing us both, and trying to fend both of us off with lies and dishonesty, while trying to please both of us in his own way.

Arghhghghghgh

Lisa Has Finally Had Enough

From: Lisa Testart

Subject: This is you

Date: 13 May 2019 at 1:22:10 pm AEST

To: My Husband

Pierre, my love, I am tired of hiding behind your manipulations and gaslighting behaviours.

You are the exemplar perpetrator of the CSARD formula as laid out here, and more extensively in the document attached.

<https://theinstituteforsexualhealth.com/sex-addiction-induced-trauma-a-description/>

I am no longer prepared to accept your narrative of me. I never was accepting it, but my eyes have been opened with your most recent conduct, and that of your son, who I see has been aligned by you with your narrative of me, regardless of whatever feelings he may have had beforehand. You, rather than me, are directly responsible for what you have unleashed, and I will not allow you to continue to malign and abuse me any more. If you doubt my resoluteness, don't. Don't even think of pushing back. You are in no position to intimidate or threaten me any more.

In this relationship you are the abuser, not me. I am your victim. I am the person suffering the **SEX ADDICTION INDUCED TRAUMA (SAIT)**.

You no longer get to tell me I'm crazy, or abusive, or your perpetrator of domestic violence. I'm done with your games and manipulations.

You will tell your son and our daughter in law, and their mother, that you are the perpetrator of this abuse, and we will do it together, in consultation with Andrea and Steve, or I will do it and that won't be pretty.

You will make them understand the nature of just what you've done, and why I am the victim in all of this, or I will shout it from the rooftops instead of keeping it quiet, and amongst us.

I have put up with this for far too long because I didn't understand what you were doing to me. But your son's email crystallised a number of things for me that didn't make sense.

I will give you an opportunity to discuss this with Steve on Saturday, and that's it.

You and I are going to be united in making this work, or it will implode around you like you can't even begin to imagine.

I've protected you from yourself for far too long and never let you experience the full extent of the consequences that I kept from you all these years. You now have an absolutely enraged wife here who is batshit crazy with rage at the level of shit you've heaped on her, and she has had a gutful.

I may have shared my personal pain on facebook, amongst my private friends, but you, well you went beyond that and made it your mission to cover your own shame and guilt by making me out to be your perpetrator all these years.

Well, that's going to stop right here and now. You will make it right with EVERYONE, and we will do it together, or I'll do it on my own, and you can reap what you sow.

For all that I've just written, I'm stiff fucking fighting for you, still here, and still waiting for you to step out of the darkness.

I love you, but I'm done being your emotional punching bag any more.

You have to step up and be an adult in this, and not a snivelling coward who abuses women, who then goes behind their back and makes her the abuser to cover your own shameful and cowardly behaviour.

God help me, but I want you well, and I want you in my life, and I want you in my heart and my body, but I cannot continue to allow you to live a lie and keep me wrapped in it.

You are a compulsive liar, absolutely dishonest, and wouldn't know how to tell me the truth if it jumped up and bit you on the arse.

I have reached the end of my limit and tolerance for this bullshit.

Do not make the mistake of thinking you can assuage me, or spin more of your bullshit understanding.

I am made of steel the like of which you've only seen glimpses of. Do not think you can go behind my back and create new stories, or finagle your way out of this by pretending I'm an oppressive cunt who controls your life and makes life a misery.

That will no longer work, and you'll wish you hadn't gone down that track.

I really want you in my life, I want to grow old with you (well I want to get older in a dreadfully disgraceful way with you), I want us to continue exploring that amazing space we have developed, and I want to make you cry with pleasure, and some intense pain, as you live a life with me that is rich and satisfying in the ways you've been experiencing with me. I want you, I desire you, I yearn for you...but I want all of you, as a whole unit, with an active recovery plan in place, strong boundaries, and a commitment to doing whatever it takes to rebuild you into the you that is in there, just waiting to burst out. I know you can do this, I know you love me, and I know you never ever in your life wanted to hurt me, but you did, and continue to do so. This is

the dilemma we face, and I'm here to support you in whatever it takes, but you've got to want it more than I do. You've got to decide which way you are going to jump - are you jumping my way; recovery, truth, honesty, love and the rebuilding of trust, or are you going to jump to your son, and the ongoing lies and dishonesty that you've spawned there.

You have choices in all of this, and I can't force you to do anything.

You can either come home to me, via Geelong, and we will work together, or you won't, and I'll go home by train on the Saturday without you.

I'm done dancing around this. I'm done fighting you, and I'm done trying to convince you that there is more to this than your simple narrative would have you believe.

I really hope you choose me, because I want you in my life despite what has gone on. I see you, I know you, I understand you. Please choose me.

Your loving but fed up wife.

Lisa

And Voila He Runs Away

Text Messages

15/5/19, 11524 am

Pierre: G'day! I'm in Shep, on Circuit. I may need some accommodation, starting this weekend. Would that be OK?

MP*: Yes of coarse . I'm sad that it has to be but if that is how it is that is how it is. Hope you're okay and I'll chat to you over the weekend.

Pierre: Might need to make arrangements to pick up a key, as well. Maybe we could meet Friday arvo, somewhere? I have some money for you, too.

MP*: There is a key safe on my front porch. I will give you the code and you can let yourself in.

16/5/19, 8554 am

MP*: Good morning mate, I am sorry things seem to have escalated between yourself and Lisa. The policeman was very vague but did ask me if I knew what was going on. I just told him that it seemed to me that Lisa was very vindictive and trying to destroy your reputation. He had my phone number and my address etc and I do not know why she didn't have your phone number. I hope I haven't caused you any grief and if you need to talk to anybody I'm here for you if needed.

Pierre: Thanks! It's no worries, really. Makes my decision easier. Talk to you this evening.

Questions

When Lisa stands up for herself, does that really mean she isn't afraid?

Why would someone who was afraid of her husband tell him she wasn't afraid?

What patterns do you see in the emails between Lisa and Pierre?

What stands out for you in these exchanges?

Financial Manipulation

His Tax Problems

From: Pierre Testart

Subject: Fwd: Taxation

Date: 19 March 2019 at 3:29:07 pm AEDT

To: Lisa Testart

Just FYI.

I'm minded to allow them to ask CBA, as I know what they will say.

I'm wondering what I should say about my 2009 will, which sets out a declaration of trust well before there has been any (further) chase b the ATO for money.

I am aware that there are potential problems with my own tax position (claiming tax deductions for mortgage interest, and rental expenses) and Gilles' CentreLink position. You may think, in the circumstances, that this is my problem, and I shouldn't be troubling you for your input.

However, I know that your and my interests are aligned, at least in the short- to medium-term, because of the need to provide continuing support for you, and to complete Kelso.

So, what do you think?

Pierre H. Testart

Barrister

ATO Response

Sent: Monday, 25 March 2019 1:39 PM

To: Tony

Subject: RE: Pierre Testart

Hi Tony,

Thank you for your email and your time this morning to discuss this client's matter.

As discussed, unfortunately, based on the information provided, there is not enough equity in the property stated to be able to offer Mr Testart a secured payment arrangement. Also, we are not able to offer him a standard payment arrangement due to the number of defaulted arrangements he has had in the past¹².

Could you please ask Mr Testart to confirm there is no other property he can use for security.

I will hold this case till Friday 29 March, 2019. If Mr Testart has no other property he can offer as security or secure a loan to pay his ATO debt I will close this case and refer it back to the Debt recovery team.

Regards,

Debt Securities Team

Australian Taxation Office

¹² The ATO made Pierre bankrupt in 1998 for unpaid tax debt, then it was extended, and he entered into a subsequent bankruptcy on 19 July 2005 which ended in 2008. Garnishee orders were issued in 2017 and 2018 against Pierre.

\$30,000 Per Year To Lisa

From: Pierre Testart

Sent: Monday, 25 March 2019 2:11 PM

To: Tony

Subject: Re: Pierre Testart

Dear Tony,

I can confirm there is no other property I can offer as security.

I have spoken to my son, who is prepared to employ me as a solicitor in his firm, at a starting salary of \$120,000.

If that occurs, I anticipate that (based on estimates I have made from the ATO website) that I would have about \$90,000 in disposable income.

I have obligations to Lisa, and a need to set myself up somewhere. I estimate that I can channel \$30,000 per annum to the ATO, and \$30,000 to Lisa, leaving me \$30,000 -- \$575/week, approximately -- to live on.

If I am allowed to do this, I could pay the debt to the ATO in approximately 6 years¹³, and pay my ongoing tax obligations on a PAYE basis.

I would suggest that this proposal would be better than simply sending me bankrupt again, which would result in a significant shortfall for the ATO.

My son is the only person I can think of who would employ a 66 year old person for an indefinite time into the future.

Are you able to put a proposal along those lines to the ATO for me, please?

Kind regards,

Pierre H. Testart

¹³ The '6 years' came about because I was studying full time and it would take me at least 6 years to complete my studies in psychology and he was going to provide financial support to me for all of this period.

Lisa Would Very Likely Be Awarded Spousal Maintenance

From: Pierre Testart

Subject: Re: Pierre Testart

Date: 27 March 2019 at 8:51:09 am AEDT

To: Tony

Dear Tony,

I can confirm that I'll be starting with my son on 1 May.

My starting salary, dependent on my meeting budget commitments, will be \$120,000 per annum.

My son will, of course, pay my PAYE tax, which as I said I have estimated to be about \$30,000 per annum.

I would offer \$30,000 per annum — 1/3 of my disposable income — to retire debt, and accordingly would anticipate repayment of the principal of the outstanding tax by 2025.

I understand this is well outside the 'standard' arrangements usually entered into by the ATO.

However, it ensures that 100% of the debt will be paid. This is not possible to achieve by either bankrupting me, or garnisheeing payments due and realizing my modest equity in Cracknell Road in Cairns.

Either of the ATO's options above would likely result in cancellation of my practising certificate, which, at the age of 66, would mean the end of my employability, and leave me with no option but the age pension.

The further advantage of being employed by my son is the fact that he does not care if I work well past the usual retirement age.

I wish I could offer more to the ATO, but my current circumstances will mean that my estranged wife will be getting about \$30,000 from me to live on (she is a full-time student, and would very likely be awarded spousal maintenance in that range by a family court), leaving me \$30,000 per annum to re-establish myself, and pay day-to-day expenses.

I'm in the process of preparing a detailed budget, which I'll provide to you as soon as possible.

Meanwhile, I'll follow your advice, and continue to pay the \$2,000 per month.

I'd be grateful if you could communicate this information as a specific offer at the time you consider to be the most appropriate.

I will need to get your advice about how to structure my salary package most effectively.

I expect to be able to make direct payments to the ATO on a weekly or monthly basis, from my employer, thereby obviating the necessity for the ATO to be concerned about the prospect of having to collect from me.

Please keep me posted, and thank you again for your efforts on my behalf.

Kind regards,

Pierre Testart

Barrister

ATO Serves Writ

From: Pierre Testart
Sent: Wednesday, 1 May 2019 5:31 PM
To: Tony
Subject: Pierre Testart Taxation Matters

Dear Tony,

I have today been contacted by a process server, who informs me that he has process from the ATO to serve on me. He confirmed it was a Writ¹⁴, but was not willing to say any more. Coincidentally, today is my first official day as an employee solicitor, at my son's firm, as I foreshadowed to you.

I have asked him to provide me with a formal letter of employment, and also asked him to make the necessary arrangements to deposit 30% of my income after deduction of PAYE income tax into the ATO account, to address the current, and forthcoming tax debt¹⁵.

Would you be able to contact the ATO and see if the course they are undertaking can be altered, and an agreement reached? If not, there is a real likelihood that I will be formally insolvent.

In that event, I would not be able to practise as a solicitor, and the prospects of having the debt paid off at a level in the region of 100 cents in the dollar will disappear. I have copied my son into this email, so that he is aware of the difficulties I am currently facing.

Kind regards,

Pierre H. Testart

¹⁴The Writ was issued by the ATO for tax debt, which resulted in an undefended judgement debt (case number CI-19-01598 dated 8/7/2019) against Pierre - Total sum \$122,433.75.

¹⁵Another way Pierre manipulated those around him into believing he would do the right thing. This '30% of my income after deduction of PAYE' to be paid to the ATO never happened.

Someone Goes Quiet On Their Wages

From: Lisa Testart

Date: 14 May 2019 at 10:55:28 am AEST

To: My Husband

Subject: Your pay details, and employment contract

Hi Pierre,

As of today there hasn't been any sign of a payment from your employer, and it's now been 14 days since you started officially working with him.

Would you be so kind as to:

- provide a copy of your employment contract to me, and
- provide a copy of any pay slips, and
- provide details of what your actual weekly gross and nett remuneration is, and what your pay period is i.e. is it weekly, fortnightly, monthly.

Thanks,

Lisa

1st Reminder Of His Spousal Maintenance Promise

14 May 2019

Hello Pierre,

I haven't heard anything from you yet about this issue, or in fact any communication from you at all, and there has been no money deposited from your employer, and I am beginning to wonder what it is you are hiding from me. Perhaps you're already getting paid, in cash, and thus you feel you don't have to provide me with any of this information. After all, I'm sure Ashlee would be handing over a big wad of cash as she does every time she briefs you regarding family - But that'd be a big mistake to make.

Do I need to go to Marc directly, or ask Tony Boscia, for the information you are refusing to provide, or the ATO to see if Marc has been making those regular payments you told Tony would be made? You'll note I am sending this to your vicbar address. I do this out of respect.

You understand that I operate from a position of:

Mean what you say, say what you mean, and don't say it meanly.

You understand that I am no longer afraid or intimidated by you, or Marc.

I am asking you again to provide me with the information I have requested, and to comport yourself within the boundaries of the phone and communication contract you entered into willingly with me, and have now obdurately, and deliberately, breached in two areas now. Do I need to send the same text to others, as I sent to Nicole? Do I really need to do that to force you into a position where you actually keep your word? Perhaps I do. Perhaps you actually want someone to take this out of your hands, just like you blame your employer for not being able to take your mobile number out of your email signature.

Your lack of integrity is simply part of what you've got to come to terms with pretty quickly, as I'm fast losing patience with all of this.

Lisa

2nd Reminder Of His Spousal Maintenance Promise

19 May 2019

Hello Pierre,

I must ask you, respectfully, to honour your spousal maintenance agreement with me; an agreement you used as part of your formal negotiations with the ATO in regard to your significant tax debt, put to them through our accountant. I note that you are being formally sued by the ATO now, and that you will likely use our spousal maintenance agreement in your defence against the writ issued recently.

You agreed to a spousal maintenance arrangement that included, but is not limited to, the following:

- One third of your net income payable to me for six years, or until I qualified as a clinical psychologist (this term of six years was based on our joint discussion in late March as to the amount of time we estimated it would take to pay off the anticipated ATO debt, allowing for me also as a full time student financially dependent on you).

You also agreed that all residual income from outstanding fees due to you as a barrister would be used to:

- pay the office lease for the remainder of 2019 and other business expenses,
and

- be used to finish the renovations to bring the house to a habitable standard, and
- that you would not divert funds or remove access to any bank account currently accessible by both of us.

It has now been three weeks since you started working with your son, and to date there has been no sign of any compliance with our agreement, entered into willingly by you, as are all of our agreements. No money has been forthcoming from you or your employer.

I can only conclude, since you have decided to enact a 'no contact or communication' protocol against me, that you are going to dishonour our agreement and attempt to leave me financially destitute.

I write to you personally, so you can rectify this situation and act towards me as the person you want to be seen as: the one who acts nobly and according to your codes.

You have my bank account details.

A screenshot will suffice as proof of compliance. I will require proof of compliance by close of business Tuesday, 21 May 2019.

This will be the last time I ask you personally, and respectfully, to honour your word.

I also give XX* full permission to use and disclose any correspondence between us to any treating practitioner or professional.

Regards,

Lisa Testart

Follow Up With Accountant

From: Lisa Testart

Sent: Monday, 20 May 2019 8:00 PM

To: Tony

Subject: Pierre's ATO payments

Hi Tony,

As you know, Pierre is being sued by the ATO.

I'm wondering if there have been any payments into the integrated account as per the proposal put forward by Pierre, of 1/3 of his net income going to pay down the debt.

Would it be possible to get the details?

Also, I don't seem to have any BAS statements for Pierre here, and wondered if you'd be able to send us copies for our records, particularly the last 3-4 years.

Many thanks,

Lisa Testart

On 21 May 2019, at 11:20 am, Tony wrote:

Hi Pierre

See email below from Lisa. How should I respond?

The last payment I can see that was made to the ATO was for \$1,000 on 26 April 2019. Also are you happy for me to send Lisa the BAS's for the last 3-4 years as requested?

Kind Regards

Tony

From: Pierre Testart

Subject: Re: Pierre's ATO payments

Date: 21 May 2019 at 12:03 pm

To: Tony

Tony, I very much regret to say that Lisa seems to be intent on harming me in any way she can.

Last week, while I was in Shepparton, on Circuit, I had a call from a Policeman in Moe, who informed me that Lisa had been complaining about my 'controlling' behaviour. When I explained to him that Lisa had signing and viewing authority over all my accounts, and was able to spend, direct money, and come and go as she pleased, and that I was in Shepparton and nowhere near her, the situation was temporarily resolved.

She has also been going to solicitors who owe money, and asked for payments direct to her.

Would you kindly send me the documents she has requested, please, and I'll deal with her through more formal avenues.

On another note, I have had discussions with my brother, who has told me he would be please for me to sell the Cairns property, and pay the net proceeds to the ATO, in reduction of the outstanding tax.

Would this help? Are we able to negotiate a fixed payment from the proceeds of sale, say half the total of all my current and prospective tax debt, and pay the rest off at a lower yearly rate, say \$20,000?

Perhaps you could let me know what you think.

Pierre H. Testart

Barrister

Nationally Accredited Mediator

The Kitchen Ultimatum & Fake IVO

On 23 May 2019 Pierre had attempted unsuccessfully to get an IVO against me at the Melbourne Magistrates Court because he was 'sick of it'.

He was successful in getting an Interim order the following Tuesday, which he later withdraw in 2020.

This email about the kitchen came two days before his booked appointment at the Werribee Magistrates Court. He sent this email to me, knowing he was seeking an IVO, because he wanted to get me out of my house, and ransack it. He knew that if he got me out, he'd be able to use his IVO to force me out earlier than he eventually did.

With an interim IVO he would have been able to call the police and refuse me entry back into my home.

On 26 May 2019, at 11:27 am, Pierre Testart wrote:

I have spoken to Paul.

He says as follows:

He has a busy week next week, but will put the legs on all the cabinets, with my help, next weekend.

The week after that, he will order the drawers, and other fittings, at a cost of \$2,000, which I will pay him cash for, if I can get it.

We (he) will do all the preliminary work for proposed installation on the weekend of 15/6, with me helping. We (I, in particular) will require you to be absent when the installation proceeds, and it may be that Paul can get Friday 14/6 off as well as me. I

will let you know by the Tuesday before the weekend, to allow you to be absent. We may require to 'camp' there overnight, in order to have the time to finish the job.

Paul promises that you will have a properly constructed, well-installed kitchen, but he is not prepared to spend more than one weekend at Yallourn North for the installation. Except, of course, in the unlikely event he has fucked something up.

In the circumstances, since I am not there in the weeks beforehand, you will need to prepare the house for installation.

This will include:

- clearing and cleaning the entire area where the kitchen is to be installed;
- attend to fixing the space between the plasterboard and the floor, in all areas where the kitchen is to go;
- ensuring that the nailed-up doorway next to the TV is clear, so the cabinets can be brought in in one go, and be protected from the weather.

Paul has emphasized that the installation won't include the stone benchtops, but he will put you in touch with his stone supplier/installer, as previously discussed.

If you are able to keep your side of the above arrangements, and confirm that before the next weekend, Paul and I will start the necessary work.

Pierre H. Testart

Barrister

Nationally Accredited Mediator

Lisa's Response To Kitchen Ultimatum

From: Lisa Testart

Subject: Re: Kitchen - Pierre Testart - you do not have permission to come to the house or office.

Date: 26 May 2019 at 4:00 pm

To: Pierre Testart

Cc: paul, Andrea, Steve

Hello Pierre,

Thank you for your response regarding the kitchen.

I won't be allowing you to come to the property with Paul.

I won't be allowing you to be here and I vacate.

I won't be allowing you to stay here overnight while making me source other accommodations.

In any event, there will be no ability for anyone to 'camp' over, as the bungalow is no longer available for that purpose.

Paul agreed to provide a full kitchen, including all things necessary to enable the kitchen to be ready to use, once plumbing and electrical works were completed. It was never going to be the case that we, or now I, were going to be required to finish the kitchen ourselves - the stone bench top was always to be included, along with the timber return Paul was to make, or supply. He proposed to make the timber return to reduce costs, and because he said it was easy for him to make. I expect Paul to honour this.

I agree that you can finance the finishing of the kitchen since *you are an employee solicitor getting a net weekly wage of at least \$1600* which I calculate based on the

spousal maintenance agreement you made with me, and submitted to the ATO via our accountant, Tony Boscia, as a way of dealing with the ATO debt, prior to the writ being issued, while I have no income, and am, and always have been, financially dependent on you.

I don't have any doubt that you've got cash on you, right now. I know you, and I know how it works. You've rarely come back from a circuit without cash, and you had plenty of cash from the last circuit in February this year, so I don't think you're telling the truth when you say 'if I can get it'...so I think you are lying when you say this:

*The week after that, he will order the drawers, and other fittings, at a cost of \$2,000, **which I will pay him cash for, if I can get it.***

I expect Paul to uphold his agreement, and to also finish the wardrobes, which have the drawers and shelving still to be completed.

I find this to be another example of how you acted during the period when you told me on Australia Day that the only way you'd work at the house in Yallourn North was if I vacated the premises every day. That was threatening then, and I find this list of demands equally threatening and alarming.

I find it alarming, and threatening, that you've now got Paul colluding with you to use the kitchen as a way of dominating and controlling me. I won't be accepting this, and I will be sending Paul a copy of this email rather than relying on you to act honestly towards me and tell him the truth.

I won't be accepting your demands, and I refuse to be intimidated by you into another act of submission because you think I am somehow vulnerable because Paul has had all the money, has the kitchen, and has all of the new appliances in his possession, and seeks to now impose conditions upon me based on your false narrative of the situation you have forced upon me.

You don't have the right to force yourself into the house, or to force me out of it to suit you. Nor do you have the right to force me to find somewhere else to live so you

and Paul can stay here overnight, while you indulge yourself in the luxury of again having forced a woman to bend to your will and demands, just as you have every other time when I have had to submit to you in order to prevent one of your atrocious sulky moods, and passive aggressive episodes against me.

I have told you in writing that you are not to come to the house or office under any circumstances without my explicit consent.

You are again trying to control and dominate me, by attempting to use the kitchen as a weapon - you know I am living in a non-habitable house with no running water, no laundry, no bathroom, and it's clear you think you hold this over me - but this is not a tactic that will work on me any longer.

You may make as many demands of me as you like, but they will fall on deaf ears.

Paul has been able to provide assistance in the past, and I can find someone locally to assist on the day, but the kitchen will be complete, including the bench tops that were always to be a part of the works done. That isn't going to be negotiated. The kitchen comes complete, as agreed, or I will consider my legal, and other options.

Do not threaten me with coming to the house, or the office. You have been told by me that you are not to come here.

To tell me, and make demands that I must leave my home, is a calculated, and deliberately threatening act towards me designed to create tension, fear, insecurity and anxiety, and emotionally abuse me into a further state of potential self-harm that the thought of you being here in my home, alone, would induce, which you well know and understand perfectly. I have told you how your behaviours have triggered me into those states, and now you use that tactic here by trying to force me out of my home and make these demands of me.

I call you out again as the abuser in our relationship.

I call you out again as the person I had to sexually submit to in order to help keep your emotional state calm.

I remind you that you told me before I left for Vietnam, that the only way to have a husband who was calm and amenable, and able to manage his inner anger and aggression, was for me to step back into my sexuality and create an environment where you were able to feel loved, safe, and wanted.

I remind you that you gave me the following analogy: if you want to have a calm husband, one who can manage the day to day frustrations he has with you, you've got to tame the raging, rearing, stallion with sex, because that's how I manage my emotions - 'I manage my emotions through the act of intimacy and sex because it grounds my anger and aggression.'

I did this, for you, because I wanted our marriage to recover. I came back from Vietnam with my sexuality resolved, because I spent every day working on my own, working on my trauma, and sharing it with you.

I created a safe space for us within [Fetlife.com](https://www.fetlife.com) so that you didn't have to use pornhub as an anger outlet whenever you were sexually frustrated with me, or as usually would happen, when you were really angry at me and doing your silent and withdrawn episodes of passive aggression.

I created a safe space in Fetlife for us, where we could talk about sexual things, learn about each other in a way we'd never done before. I DID THIS FOR YOU because I saw you and saw your own inner trauma. IT WAS MY COMPASSION AND WILLINGNESS TO HOLD YOU SAFE WHILE YOU WERE DOING RECOVERY WORK.

I wanted you to have a space where you didn't have to be ashamed of your sexuality, your needs, desires and fantasies. I wanted you to be heard and valued. I nurtured you, I held you safe, I kept you grounded whenever you wanted to throw emotional bombs my way, *even as I was shunted into self-harming suicidal states by you.*

I HAD to keep you safe, and I had to carry both of us, because you can't, couldn't, and wouldn't manage your own emotions unless you had sex, and the kind of sex that I had to find a way back to, in a congruent and genuine way.

It was my ability to understand that your behaviours were from a trauma state, created from the horrendous abuse and daily torture you endured at the hands of the Christian Brothers, that enabled me to wait so long for you. I waited 9 years for you to step into the light and change, or begin the work of change, but you didn't want to.

I brought your porn use into the light so that you could let go of the shame and step into your own sexuality. This lasted only as long as you weren't confronted or challenged by your dishonesty. The moment that happened that night we were going to your AA meeting, was the night my eyes were opened to you and who you were.

You became so afraid of being seen with me by anyone at the AA meeting that you created a scene that resulted in another violent episode in a vehicle towards me.

It was that night, and the way you behaved, the things you did, and the things you said, that were the final catalyst for the email I sent afterwards, and then on the Monday, 14 May 2019.

I saw for the first time how afraid you were of being seen with me, the woman you'd cast in the role of violent perpetrator of domestic violence against you, and how badly your false narrative would be damaged if you were seen with me in a loving, gentle, supportive and normal way.

It was always you who cast the shadow over our relationship, and it was you who made it impossible for us to ever genuinely reconcile, no matter how perfect or amazing our sex life was.

Your ability to compartmentalise me, and everything in our relationship, has made it impossible for you to walk back from the shameful lies you've told everyone about me, and allowed others to promulgate at your urging.

I am grateful that through the work I did, on my own, while in Vietnam, that I was able to come home with my sexuality resolved, after having almost 9 years of non-consensual sex with you.

I love who I am now, and I love that my sexuality is now within me and is so much stronger and better than it's ever been. When I came home from Vietnam on 27 April 2019, and we had the most amazing weekend of sex, that you wrote about on Fetlife and called 'Gilligan's Fuck' or something like that, you saw my changed state.

You acknowledged it, and acknowledged the hurt, trauma and abuse you'd subjected me to. And on the Saturday night I came home, while we were having the kind of closeness and sexual experience I'd not been able to have before with you, I burst into heaving sobs at the healing I'd felt when you told me much you loved me, how I'd always be safe with you, and you'd never ever leave me.

But that was all a lie, and I was still only a vessel, useful only as long as I maintained myself in a calm demeanour, and comported myself in a way that never challenged or questioned you, and gave you complete and utter trust immediately, and was able to hold you safe in my emotional landscape as a priority because you couldn't do it for yourself.

How could I ever do that? You made it impossible for you to do any recovery work under those conditions.

I call you out again for your gaslighting and ongoing emotional abuse of me as a deliberate tactic to keep me from seeing the real you, the lying, dishonest, aggressive man who had not one intention of ever doing anything other than what he wanted to do, regardless of the consequences.

I remind you, and call you out for your dishonesty; it was not me who lied to friends, colleagues, Vicbar, family, et al, and the police.

That was all your doing.

I had to sit by, and submit myself to your gross dishonesty towards me, and others, on a regular basis, and I hold you accountable for your actions towards me and the many deliberate acts of dishonesty you exposed me to.

I see you very clearly now.

I see that my only value in our relationship was as a vessel to ensure that you kept a reign on your anger, aggression, and inner rage, by having, at first, a woman who thought you were the most amazing man she'd ever met, and who loved you with all of her heart, body, and soul.

So long as you had an adoring wife, who was beside you every day, it didn't matter if the sex was non-consensual, because you didn't give a damn so long as you were getting your daily fix of sexual outlet via ejaculation into me.

When I stopped going into Melbourne every day, when we moved from Melbourne chambers to Morwell, that was when you started to feel the first flush of the emotional difficulties you have.

Without me around all the time, being the one who'd make the coffee, check in with you, give you the daily attentions and ministrations that enabled you to feel soothed and calm, your emotional equilibrium began to suffer, and how could I have even known it was happening?

You never ever talked to me. You never told me a thing about how you were feeling unless it was done in anger, and emotionally abusive.

For three years you subtly, and eventually noticeably, began to treat me with disdain, contempt, and dislike.

You became more silent, more withdrawn, and angrier. I see the picture clearer now. At the time all I knew was the daily contempt and disdain, and I had nothing to hold onto, and no way to make sense of it. How could I know that this was about how you were dependent on me for your own emotional stability, and your fix wasn't working anymore.

How could I, the woman who was daily experiencing the overt and covert gaslighting, dishonesty and manipulations, have any way of working through the reality fragmentation her life had become, and see you, the man who had become so many different people that she couldn't figure out which way was up or down?

And even Dr H* didn't see you. But he sure prescribed you Lamotrogine for the rage you told him you struggled with on a daily basis...but you told him it was directed at the world, not at me, no, that had to wait for your loathsome letter of 1 Feb 2019; the one you sent to Paul to read - yeah, you remember telling me that, don't you.

Eventually you used that against me as well to make it clear that Paul had hated me for a long time and that everything was my fault, and despite how Paul acted with me, he secretly loathed me just as much as you did.

Thanks for giving me that information; just like you've done with everyone else you wanted to poison against me.

I call you out and remind you that you saw the damage done to me by your affair. You've been telling me you saw it since 2012.

You knew that our sexual relationship changed after 22 June 2010 and that I was no longer the willing participant you'd had before that date.

You knew that the emotional torture and abuse you inflicted on me as a consequence of your inability to tell the truth pushed me into a deep, trauma state every time we had sex.

You knew that, and you recklessly continued to expect the honouring of our 'collar agreement'; an agreement entered into willingly and consensually, when I had no reason to expect that we were not in a monogamous, committed relationship during 2009. If I had known that you were in a sexual relationship with your client, Xxxx Xxxx, from 29 May 2009 to 30 October 2009, I would never have accepted or continued with our collar commitment and what it represented to the both of us.

You knew that the collar and what it signified became void on 22 June 2010. You knew that what it meant was no longer valid, and yet you continued to enforce it with me.

You continued to expect me to have sex with you on demand, whenever you wanted it, and I submitted. God help me, I submitted; I submitted because I was afraid you'd abandon me, and I thought I was obligated, and I thought it was my job to be the

good wife who always understood her husband and never punished him. I made a conscious decision that I wouldn't take intimacy from you because by then I already knew, but didn't understand the ramifications, that intimacy was how you got love.

So I submitted.

Again, and again, and again, for the rest of our time together, until you made it clear to me, as I mentioned earlier, that you needed me to change if I wanted a husband who was calmer, and better able to manage his daily feelings.

So I submitted, again, and this time I did the hard work and began to find a way to create a space where we could park any angry or heated discussions, and I would bring us back to an emotionally safe space.

I started this process after I'd gone to the suicide workshop in Warragul, and I came home and told you that I'd realised that we had to find a way to create a safe space, one where we could engage on an intimate level.

I didn't realise I was creating a grounding tool at the time, but that's what it turned out to be. It's how I managed to bring you back from a highly aggressive, angry, rage filled emotional state whenever you would use your ongoing detonation tactics of 'I can just leave' or 'I'll choose my kids over you, don't force me to make that choice'.

It was never you who came back from the brink; it was always me who brought you back.

It was me who brought you back in June 2018, and it was me who brought you back to a semi-rational state in March this year.

It was always me bringing you back from your own self-sabotaging behaviours that I called your bombs/detonations.

It was always me soothing you, telling you you had worth, that I was still here and present, still fighting for you, still wanting you and not quitting.

It was always me initiating these soothing, calming, and grounding conversations. It was me who fought for us, not you. You just mouthed the words, read a book, and thought that was all you needed to do. I did the hard work, the mapping, the self reflection, the trauma recovery, the looking inwards and asking questions.

You just kept telling everyone I was your abuser.

While I was always telling people that your darkness was only ever a part of you, and that the other 3/4 of you were the man I loved

But you were never honest with me.

You weren't prepared to do the hard work of recovery because you wanted me to be held accountable for my absolutely normal trauma responses this year, the responses and actions that you, and your son, and everyone else you told, were so quick to label as domestic violence.

Does he know the level of dishonesty you are capable of?

Does he know you lied to the police, and to Vicbar, and to everyone around you?

Does he know the level of abuse you inflicted on me all these years?

Does he know that you refused to tell me, for well over a year, that you apparently didn't have bi-polar, even as I'm telling professionals in front of you, and reminding you to tell them?

What kind of man does that to a woman he loves?

What kind of man lets his wife believe he has bi-plolar, and then when she reaches out to the only other person she knows with it for support - his son - that this is then used as an example of her supposed abuse of you?

And what kind of man tries to rewrite his wife's history when she finds out for the first time the exact nature of the physical and sexual abuse he inflicted on other women?

Being told it was a mutually abusive relationship, and you left, is not the same as telling me you'd beaten a woman when she was pregnant, physically and sexually abused her, and that you didn't leave, but were thrown out when you started physically abusing your son; the son who is now revering you as a model of the perfect recovery. Turned out everyone in your family knew about it except me; the woman who had believed everything you'd told her and never thought to disbelieve you, until 22 June 2010.

You knew I submitted, because gone was the loving, carefree 'queenie' you'd had, and then lost.

You knew I submitted, without ever being an active participant, except to 'pinch my nipples' as you instructed.

You knew I submitted and was in a trauma state all these years, because you threatened to leave me at one stage if I didn't change, because you were sexually frustrated with me and my lack of enthusiasm and willingness.

You threatened to leave me because I refused to initiate any sexual activity with you.

You threatened to leave me because you were sick of the way there was no variety, no spice, no enthusiasm.

You wanted me to change, and I told you that how I was might be as good as I ever was.

I told you then I was damaged and unable to be the sexual person you wanted me to be, and I made it clear that it was as a result of trauma. But you never ever talked to me about what you saw and knew, and you kept on having sex with me even though it became more and more obvious that I was simply submitting to enable you to keep from entering your frequent moody episodes whenever you went for more than a few days without sex.

Life with you when you thought you weren't getting either enough sex, or I was 'refusing', or my medications had an impact on your accessibility to my body, made you unpleasant to be around.

You would get sulky, moody, withdrawn, and it would only end when I submitted.

You knew what you had lost because you wrote about it in that letter you sent to me in December 2012, about the possibility of reconsecrating the collar...but that never eventuated because you never sought consent from me to have sex, and never raised the issue with me.

It was always me talking to you, writing to you and unpacking my feelings and thoughts, always me having to so carefully craft my words so as not to anger you, or have you again fly into a rage at me because I dared to trigger something within you.

You knew our sexual relationship had been non-consensual because you apologised to me, while we were sitting downstairs in the Watermark Hotel on the Gold Coast, over the Queens Birthday long weekend in 2018 - we were there because I was running the Witness Preparation workshop there - you apologised and told me, using your own words: **'I'm sorry for raping you all those years.'**

I remember that.

It is burned into my brain, because you got to meet the parts of me you'd abused all those years, who also listened, and who thought you were being sincere with your apology.

I never forced you to say those words.

You volunteered them.

They were your words.

It was your apology to me.

Just like you've written me acknowledging the years of abuse; the gaslighting, the manipulations, the emotional abuse, the dishonesty, lying and lack of integrity.

You wrote those words.

You called yourself the cowardly abuser and poisonous snake.

Your words.

You.

Not made up by me.

Not a misremembering.

Not me manipulating you.

Not me controlling you.

But you, willingly conceding and acknowledging the nine years of abuse, and the resultant trauma inflicted that I suffered, and am still impacted by today.

And then there is the fear. Oh how you used that against me too.

You made me afraid of you through your rages, and you'd use every effort to gaslight me into believing that you weren't in a rage, you were simply expressing appropriate anger, and it was always me who was trying to shut you down, or manipulate and control you into a position where you'd always tell me after a rage that I was the one at fault for not seeing that you were simply just being appropriately angry.

You made every rage episode my problem.

You made it always my fault because if I dared to say you were having a rage attack at me, it'd become about me trying to make it impossible for you to express 'appropriate anger'.

I know the difference between anger and your irrational rages. Your normal anger never bothered me, and never triggered me.

Your incendiary rage, however, was always frightening and threatening to me, and always left me in a deep trauma induced dissociative state so severe that it sometimes took weeks for me to reground myself.

You never even noticed because as far as you were concerned these rages never happened, and you never remembered anything that happened in them.

But I do.

I remember running away from you in fear and hiding in Melbourne because I was too afraid to come home.

I remember all of them.

Your 'appropriate anger', Pierre, was anger so irrational and intense, that it went beyond anger and into a rage so severe that you never ever remembered a single thing you'd say to me.

Not ever.

And you had the gall to keep telling me that I couldn't be scared of you because you never hit me, or intended to scare you, therefore I couldn't be scared.

You always made everything you did about me.

Your dishonesty became about me; you used my trauma induced symptoms to create a false narrative of you as the victim.

Your lack of trustworthiness also became about me; you used it against me to create your false narrative of me, putting you in the role of victim.

Your willingness to say and do anything to avoid telling the truth is now also about me; but you couldn't, and wouldn't, do anything that required you to work on anything within you.

You told me in writing.

Your willingness to use my trauma in a deliberate, methodical, fully conscious, and calculated way to create your false narrative of me as your perpetrator of domestic violence is cowardly, shameful, and another example of who you are as a person; a person who lacks any honour or integrity.

Your reckless regard for my mental health, and the risk you posed to me, after I explained it to you privately at home, and in front of our sex addiction specialist couples counsellor, because I wanted you to stop doing it to me, is another clear example of how you will use anything you can against me, without regard for my safety.

Your email today is, to me, just another example of your complete disregard of the nature of the risk you pose to me - you continue to try and emotionally control me, manipulate me, and force your will on me, in the ways you've done throughout our marriage, but which you have escalated since Australia Day 2019 to such a high degree that I cannot now be around you, or exposed to you anymore.

I told you in writing, on 14 May 2019 by email, that I would no longer allow you do this to me, and that you had to make a choice.

I told you that I would no longer keep your dirty secrets, and that I would no longer be bound by any need to keep those secrets if you chose to walk away.

You made a choice.

Your choice includes never ever being in a position to threaten me ever again.

So go back to Paul, and tell him that you are not allowed to set foot in this house again, unless and until I give you explicit permission.

And chew on the attachments below so that you and I are both clear who is the compulsive liar and abuser in this relationship, and who has the facts standing behind everything.

You are the perpetrator of Sex Addiction-induced trauma within me, and it's about time you started facing the reality of what you've done to me, and continue to do with your abhorrent and threatening tone in today's email to me.

You know full well the level and depth of trauma I've experienced, and have to work through, as a result of your behaviours during all of our marriage.

You've acknowledged it all, and I hold you accountable for every single action, and I won't let you continue to paint me in the role of your perpetrator any more.

You'll find me an implacable woman who will hold her truth in this, because she knows her truth, and you cannot ever invalidate her again.

I loved you, I always told you I was here, and that you were worth waiting and fighting for.

But you've made it very clear I hold no worth, and that you'd rather slink away in the night than do anything to work on yourself. And I'm ok with that because it's made me see you clearly now, without the veneer or mask you wear.

You may be smooth, charming, charismatic and witty, but that simply hides a man who is hollow, shallow, abusive, and a dry drunk who won't get a sponsor, doesn't do anything other than not drink, and who talks a good game but can't do the real walking.

You even used me with the ATO, to make it look like you were actually going to be a man of your word, and honour your spousal maintenance agreement with me. But like everything else, that was just more words, coming out of the mouth of a dishonest man. You are a user and abuser of women, and I won't be silent, or dutiful, or protective of you any more.

Pierre, your willingness to insert yourself into the kitchen installation is just another example of how you expect women to submit to you and your alpha aggressiveness.

You think that because you tell me, that somehow it is going to happen. And you'll try to use this against me to demonstrate just how unreasonable I am in all of this.

I hope I've made it explicitly clear that it won't work and that I see through it as just another abusive game playing tactic from you.

You will not be coming to the house.

I will keep repeating it.

You do not have my permission to come to house, or office, without my explicit consent.

I do understand the motive behind your demands.

You wanted to use the kitchen installation as a way of getting access to the house so you could use the van or truck that Paul would no doubt bring, to collect whatever it was you thought you could take while I wasn't here, because as you demanded:

'We (he) will do all the preliminary work for proposed installation on the weekend of 15/6, with me helping. We (I, in particular) will require you to be absent when the installation proceeds, and it may be that Paul can get Friday 14/6 off as well as me. I will let you know by the Tuesday before the weekend, to allow you to be absent. We may require to 'camp' there overnight, in order to have the time to finish the job.'

I suggest Paul think long and hard about how he has been sucked into the whirlpool of your stupidly false narrative of me, and looks at how he has allowed himself to be duped by you.

He is always welcome here, and while we might have to have a hard conversation, I understand how easy it is to be sucked in by you, and I won't hold it against him.

But I won't be held hostage by him because he is aligned with you, and you want to sit in your false narrative of who I am.

Go try this on someone who has the 50 cents to spare, because I see through your ruse, and I consider your behaviour to be threatening, menacing, and intimidating.

You are put on notice that if you continue to threaten me, or try in any way to come to the house, or office, or threaten to come to the house or office, or do anything in any way to try and bolster your false narrative of me, that I will do whatever is necessary to protect myself, without notice or regard to you.

Lisa

Police Follow Up 2019

26 May 2019 at 1:16 pm

Greetings Ms Testart,

I have reviewed the material you provided and some police material relating to the report of 'Blackmail' circa June, 2010.

I extend to you sympathy for the situation you are currently in and see that you are engaged with CASA and Police.

The scope of this email is to provide you with some information concerning the "Blackmail" / False Report to Police issue only as I am not aware of the full circumstances of your situation.

The Blackmail investigation (as you say) asserts to police that XX, a former client, made unwarranted demands concerning fees owed alleging inappropriate behaviour.

The demand to waive fees owed was accompanied by a threat to report him to the Legal Services Board (or similar).

As part of his report to police, he denied any sexual relationship or inappropriate behaviour which gave substance to his complaint.

At the time, police had great suspicion as to his denial of a sexual relationship with Ms XX. Several weeks later he withdrew his complaint and it was not investigated further, no doubt prompted by his realisation that we had doubts.

XX was never spoken to by investigators from this office and no further inquiries were made. With the passage of time, it has become apparent to you and affirmed to us that he was lying about the relationship with Ms XX and likely prompted to make the report to police to shore up the 'house of cards' he had created for himself.

I have no doubts that what you have asserted is the truth.

She's no oil painting, but she's extremely obedient...

On 16 Jun 2019, at 5:35 pm, Pierre Testart wrote:



From: Virgin Australia Itinerary

Date: 16 June 2019 at 7:30:29 pm AEST

To: Pierre Testart

Subject: Virgin Australia e-Ticket June 20 MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA for MR
PIERRE H TESTART

From: BE*

Subject: Re: Virgin Australia e-Ticket June 20 MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA for MR
PIERRE H TESTART UGEKBI

Date: 16 June 2019 at 8:09:42 pm AEST

To: Pierre Testart

OMG flying Virgin to visit an adult virgin in a virgin villa

On 16 June 2019 at 9:13:22 pm AEST Pierre Testart wrote:

To: BE*

Ewes wooden credit it, woodgez?

Pierre H. Testart

Barrister

From: BE*

Subject: Good Morning

Date: 17 June 2019 at 5:45:54 am AEST

To: Pierre Testart

Hi darling. Up too early but doing some things. You are in my heart and thoughts.

From: BE*

Sent: Monday, 17 June 2019 6:33 AM

To: Pierre Testart

Subject: Feelings

Just wondering how you are feeling and how your cold is. Why not a flu shot???? I have to take care of you My small world here is totally silent. Not a bird yet nor a rustling of creatures. Deafening silence . I want you. To lie beside me and whisper in the silence or sleep entwined.

Take care honey child.

From: Pierre Testart

Subject: RE: Good Morning

Date: 17 June 2019 at 10:53:05 am AEST

To: **BE***

Aww.

That is lovely.

May I ask you use the Gmail account, though, as I am concerned about the security of this one...

Pierre Testart

Special Counsel

From: Pierre Testart Subject: RE: Feelings

Date: 17 June 2019 at 10:54:44 am AEST

To: BE*

Maybe a flu shot when I get back. Too damn crazy here before I leave. I'll see if I can do it in Sydney (or Steak &, as a friend of mine calls it), if I get a window of time...

Pierre Testart

Special Counsel

From: Pierre Testart (Bali) Date: 28 June 2019 at 12:44 pm

To: Various Male Mates...

I'm having a whale of a time!

Days with family, doing things that will give these kids some pretty good memories, getting to know HE's old man on a much deeper level, cementing relationships, etc., etc.*

Nights are a different story, that I will keep for an in person conversation, but which have so far been highly eventful...

I can't say I'm looking forward to coming home.

My days have been filled with family stuff — some of it fun , and some not so much, but all good. Nights have been extremely interesting as well, but I'll save all of that for when I get home...

*Hope you're not working too hard. I am having a whale of a time – family all day; this woman all night. **She's no oil painting, but she's extremely obedient...***

Three Thugs & A Furniture Truck

The Furniture Truck and Three Thugs Arrive...

19 October 2019.

Today Pierre turned up, with Paul, and Derek, in tow, in a huge truck large enough to move an entire house lot.

This wasn't the 'get my possessions and paperwork' he'd pushed at court, but a grab at everything to strip my house so he could get it. He would have stripped everything and left me with nothing.

I have no doubt that if he'd been able to get me out that I'd have come home with not a single thing left in my home.

The three of them tried to break down my back door, which as luck would have it had been secured with a strong lock only the day before due to the shift in the building which stopped the back door from locking.

Paul tried using his body to force the door open, lunging at it repeatedly.

Pierre told them all that he was entitled to do whatever he wanted to get access as he had 'orders' allowing him to be here.

They'd already been through my locked car because Pierre had my car keys still, and refused to hand them over when the police asked him to.

They'd been talking about cutting the padlock on my garage to gain entry, and wandered around my back yard taking photos and so on.

I was terrified and felt so afraid and unsafe as I was alone at the house. I called a friend as soon as I saw Pierre turn up, but they didn't arrive until after the three of

them had given up on trying to break the back door and had retreated to call the police themselves.

I was shaken and so fucking scared. I've never been in this kind of situation before; a situation where a loved one has turned so bad and delusional.

He'd convinced a former client to help him out...that is so bizarre, but fits with his lack of insight and lack of boundaries. If he could fuck a former client then getting a former client to help him roll his wife wouldn't be a problem at all.

It was distressing to see Derek there. I'd done so much to help them both in their family law case, and while I knew they were still friendly with Pierre, I didn't expect them to be so enmeshed with him.

But I shouldn't be surprised given the way he's gotten everyone on his side.

He's the one who is believed, while I'm the hysterical woman out to ruin such an honourable and noble soul who is so hard done by.

I was very lucky to get two police officers who understood the situation, even if the complexity was beyond them in the immediate moment.

The fact that I was able to give them the details of the various police officers I was working with, who were managing my case, was enough to give them all they needed to get Pierre to go away and leave me alone.

It was heartening to hear them talk about wanting to charge him, and that they would do what they could to do that, so long as they could get a reasonable prospect of a conviction. They want to make shit stick, and they were going back to connect with my liaison officer, and others.

I'm still reeling as I reflect back on what happened today.

Here is my former husband, the man who told me I'd always be safe and loved, who adored me, acting like an entitled thug with no consequences.

I felt truly afraid for the first time today. Physically afraid of what they'd do to me if they got into my house. They were so determined, and the look on Paul's face was so scary. It was as if he was looking at something disgusting. He'd bought Pierre's narrative so strongly that I was nothing but a cunt ex-wife to him that was a vindictive, spiteful woman out to get his friend and make his life a misery. How little they all know this man who thinks it's ok to abuse me, and do the most shameful things.

10 Months of Hell Dec 2019

6 December 2019

Is it any wonder so many clients find themselves at their wits end when it takes me, someone in the industry, 10 months to have someone at CASA casually recommend a specialist family violence counselling service I should connect with at a local community health service.

Ten Fucking Months.

I find out today.

Not the Orange Door, the police, or any other service I've approached has told me about this. It took a new person I'm working with at CASA to finally see the big picture of what I'm dealing with and tell me I need specialist help in addition to their support.

Let that sink in for a moment.

10 months of absolute hell dealing with everything and this service has been inaccessible to me because it's not advertised.

We think we know what's out there but we don't.

I'm flabbergasted that not a single agency or org thought to refer me earlier.

Another learning moment in this woman's overwhelmed heart today.

That Warning 9 Dec 2019

Way back in August when Pierre agreed to my FVIO, the court also ordered that I be given a grant of legal aid so that I had representation at the contested hearing for his FVIO application against me that was scheduled for 9 January 2020.

Today I had a conference with my legal aid lawyer, XY*...the same lawyer who had altered my affidavit in my family law proceedings.

Pierre had been ordered to file his summary of allegations by 15 November 2019, with my response to be filed by 13 December 2019. XY* told me that if he didn't file his material, then they'd be seeking his application be dismissed.

I talked to XY* about applying for the special circumstances funding available through VLA, and to my surprise she informally warned me that people higher up in legal aid knew Pierre.

My application would have had to refer to the SOCIT sexual assault matter, because I wasn't able to disclose it in the family law proceedings. XY's warning scared the shit out of me and left me with nowhere to go to seek help.

Trapped in a system that allows abuse to continue while they protect their colleagues.

The Toothless Tiger Responds - 1

April 2020

Responses from the Legal Services Board to my original complaint made May 2019:

Complaint about Pierre Testart - Our ref: COM-2019-0723

Affair with Client and False Police Statement

You have raised a number of concerns about Mr Testart's conduct. I will consider whether this office is able to assist further in relation to the concerns you have raised in turn below.

Mr Testart had an affair with his client in 2009

You allege that Mr Testart had an affair with his client, XX, in 2009 in Shepparton.

I accept that this alleged conduct, would have likely caused distress and disharmony in your marriage. However, this office is only able to investigate conduct that may amount to a disciplinary breach. For example, if it was the case that Ms XX and Mr Testart's relationship was non-consensual or amounted to sexual harassment. Accordingly, it would only be Ms XX who could raise this concern with our office. On this basis, we are unlikely to take any further action with respect to this issue.

Mr Testart made a false statement to Police in 2009

You allege that Mr Testart made a false statement to Victoria Police in 2009 about his affair with XX.

I have carefully considered the statement made by Mr Testart to Victoria Police. In the statement, he says that he denies "the allegations made by XX that [he] had an improper sexual relationship with her, as she alleges in that e-mail".

It appears from the above statement that Mr Testart is denying an *improper* sexual relationship with Ms XX rather than a sexual relationship with her altogether.

Accordingly, it is unlikely that this office would be able to prove that Mr Testart misled Victoria Police in this regard.

Is there any other aspect of the statement that you say is false or untrue? If so, please provide documentary evidence in support of same.

Mr Testart misled this office in relation to the 2008 VCAT proceeding

You refer to charges brought by this office against Mr Testart in the Victorian Civil and Administrative Tribunal (VCAT) in 2008. You allege Mr Testart misled this office in regards to these proceedings because while he pleaded guilty to giving his partner \$50,000 while bankrupt he did not tell this office that he gave his partner up to \$106,350.

Please provide any documentary evidence to show that Mr Testart gave his partner the amount of \$106,350 while bankrupt.

The Push Back to Force the Toothless Tiger to Act 2020

Letters sent to the Legal Services Board June 2020:

Complaint about Pierre Testart - Our ref: COM-2019-0723

Affair with Client and False Police Statement

Response by Lisa Testart

On 28 May 2009 Pierre Testart began a relationship with a family law client whilst on the May 2009 Shepparton Circuit. He was instructed by FC*, then an employee solicitor of Slater and Gordon in Melbourne.

On 22 June 2010 the client emailed Pierre to tell him she would not be paying his fees because he had had an improper sexual relationship with her.

I was at the Children's Court observing a trial on 22 June 2010 when Pierre came and asked me to come back to the office with him. At the office he showed me the email, which I forwarded to my email account, to investigate. My investigations could not prove the affair had not taken place.

Between 22 June 2010 and 30 June 2010 Pierre took me to the Warragul Police Station where he made a complaint of blackmail against the client. Pierre ensured I was in the interview room with him and the police officers.

Pierre made sure I attended all of the meetings with MD* in her flat in Toorak, where they worked out what to do and say in a police statement. Pierre sent the statement to the police by email on 30 June 2010 as we were sitting in the plane at Melbourne Airport waiting to take off for our connecting international flight at Sydney Airport.

When we were at the Sydney Airport waiting for our international flight Pierre sent a copy of the email he had sent to the police to me.

Pierre sent me copies of email correspondence prior to the 'blackmail' email being sent to create a 'defence' if the client did make a complaint.

I spent nearly two years building up a brief of evidence so that I could confront Pierre with what he had done.

After I confronted him about the affair in 2012, he then wrote to the Ethics Committee of the Victorian Bar in 2013 seeking a ruling to 'talk about marital infidelity'. At no time did the Victorian Bar Ethics Committee ask the most basic question of 'tell us more about the affair / who was the affair with? / was the affair with a client?'

If Pierre had been required to disclose further information his house of cards would have collapsed and he would have either had to disclose that the affair was with a client, or withdrawn his request for a ruling.

The power imbalance between a client and their practitioner, be it a therapist, psychologist, lawyer, barrister, doctor, dentist or counsellor, is one made very clear in all ethical standards and codes of conduct. It is improper under any circumstances to have a sexual relationship with a client.

Pierre Testart knows this full well. He experienced the trauma and devastation of this with his own daughter who was groomed at age 16 by her high school music teacher, who used the defence of 'I wasn't her teacher when I fucked her during the long summer holidays', and I am of course paraphrasing what was a successful defence in this instance.

So too, the Legal Services Board must look at this matter from the point of view of the power imbalance, the vulnerability and distressed state of any family law client regardless of how cogent or 'with it' they present. There is no circumstance where a sexual relationship can be appropriate between a barrister acting for a client, and continuing to provide legal advice for most of the 2009 year to the client.

The client rightly refused to pay their bill. They should have made a complaint, but they didn't. The instructing firm, Slater and Gordon paid the account without telling the client.

In effect, Slater and Gordon paid off Pierre to make it all go away; hush money is how I characterise it.

I have known barristers to have their practicing certificates suspended just for propositioning a female client.

This was a sexual relationship over many months, involving high profile members of the legal and now parliamentary community as unknown and unwitting alibis in a false police statement.

At every stage Pierre sent me copies of the emails he sent, the stories he wove with colleagues and friends to try and make me accept his version of the truth – a version where he is always the believable, honourable, his word is his bond, man.

Does this sound familiar? Does it sound like the man who also actively deceived the Legal Services Board and Commissioner in its investigation and ultimate prosecution between 2005 and 2008 for professional misconduct?

Leopards don't change their spot's, they just get dirtier and grubbier.

It takes effort to see the pattern emerge, the lies, the dishonesty, the lack of empathy, the lack of any kind of moral compass that guides and regulates the average person in how they deal with those around them.

Not so Pierre Testart. In his world there are no consequences, no retribution or penalties, because he never gets caught, and if he does, he has his latin school white male private school boy privilege, along with his officer of the court professional cloak of Harry Potter invisibility to draw upon.

Make no mistake, Pierre Testart is a predator, and a man for whom the normal rules of society do not apply. He is pathologically incapable of understanding what he is doing, except that it suits him in the moment to do it.

Writing the police statement was something he did in the moment because it was a satisfying way of bringing authenticity and authority to his denials of an affair.

When you, the Legal Services Board, tell me that:

*“...It appears from the above statement that Mr Testart is denying an **improper** sexual relationship with Ms XX rather than a sexual relationship with her altogether. Accordingly, it is unlikely that this office would be able to prove that Mr Testart misled Victoria Police in this regard.”*

Then you are allowing this man, this predator and pathological liar and covert narcissist to again leverage his intellect, and use of the English language, to again

weasel out of the accountability that ought be shot home to him by the very agency that has authority and disciplinary oversight of legal practitioners in this state.

Apparently it's ok to have a proper sexual relationship with a client, but not an improper one?

You force me to do the work for you in all of these points you raise, from all of the complaints I have been raising with your office since May 2019.

You make me prove every point, and prove my right to the documents I provide, knowing that you can use material, evidence, and documents ***FROM ANY SOURCE*** as you see fit. Making me prove my right to have the documents I present to your office makes a mockery of the powers you hold, and have every right to exercise, in the investigative and disciplinary powers you hold and should wield.

You force me to prove the very case that your office should be actively investigating.

You force me to provide the prosecution matrix for each complaint I raise with your office, and I find that an appalling indictment on your office and the way it goes about dealing with complaints about legal practitioners, especially Pierre Testart and the way he has actively deceived your office, his colleagues, the wider legal profession, and those who have had the misfortune to fall into his charismatic and oh so charming façade.

So I will prove my case to you that Pierre Testart perjured himself in his statement to the police, even though I know that perjury is not the right term for this matter as it was not investigated, did not proceed to court, and so does not fall into the correct purview of perjury as a prosecutorial offence; but nevertheless perjury fits what he does and says, and so I shall leave the descriptor to stand.

For ease of reference, I have hand numbered each paragraph. Where I know the facts, I will state the facts from my own knowledge. Where I do not know, or cannot know the facts, I will refrain from commenting.

Page one of his statement is true.

Paragraph 8 of page 2 rings alarm bells – Pierre describes the client as being:

“under an enormous amount of personal, emotional pressure and tension over the proceedings...On many occasions, she broke down, and became by turns angry, sad, tearful, irrational, reckless, and resigned. She required a great deal of advice, reality checking, and patient support in order to think through the many issues she had to deal with.”

This ought to be sufficient for the nature of the power imbalance to be seen, and noted.

Pierre certainly makes no attempt to paint her as rational, someone who was able to make informed, consensual sexual decisions in circumstances where she was being groomed by a very powerful, charming, charismatic man who oozes confidence, is highly intelligent, funny, witty, and makes women know that he is always ready and willing to be a ‘confidante and shoulder to cry on’, someone who welcomes and invites women, particularly young female solicitors, to ‘call him at inconvenient times’.

Paragraph 10 refers to the regular Thursday night dinners on Circuit with the Judicial Officer, their associates, and the legal practitioners. It was a regular event and I have attended them when I have accompanied Pierre on Circuit. Sometimes there is a dinner on the Sunday night before Circuit, depending on the Judge. I know this routine from first-hand experience.

I cannot say if a text message was received, or if it was shown to anyone at the dinner as he asserts in Paragraph 11 on page 3.

Paragraph 12 again speaks to the power imbalance between the client and the barrister, and ought be enough to create the awareness that whatever occurred between them arose out of the clients distress, and the possibility of transference as raised in the article sourced from Austlii ‘Sex with Clients and the Ethical Lawyer’.

Under Section 8 of the **Legal Profession Uniform Conduct (Barristers) Rules 2015**

A barrister must not engage in conduct which is:

- (a) dishonest or otherwise discreditable to a barrister,
- (b) prejudicial to the administration of justice, or
- (c) likely to diminish public confidence in the legal profession or the administration of justice or otherwise bring the legal profession into disrepute.

It would appear that barristers do not have any prohibition on sleeping with a client unless it falls into the catchall of section 8.

Why is it that dentists, psychologists, counsellors, therapists and the like have explicit prohibitions stated in writing in various codes of conduct, yet the legal profession does not, relying instead on the Section 8 catchall.

As to Paragraph 15 of the statement it is difficult to reconcile his comment of ‘XX kept contacting, me, both on a personal and a professional level, by SMS, telephone, and email’ with the telephone records for the period which indicate that in one billing cycle alone Pierre sent 74 SMS / text messages to a woman he asserts was effectively harassing him.

To be clear, the phone records for the period between 4 June 2009 and 29 October 2009 show that Pierre Testart sent 173 text messages, made 6 voluntary calls, one lasting 13.53 minutes, to a woman he asserts was irrational, angry, kept contacting him, and was becoming vindictive and disparaging in her communications with him.

At no stage did Pierre make any attempt to stop this woman from contacting him.

I was present during some of the phone calls he received from her when we would be visiting his ex-partner, so that Pierre could visit with his step-son.

As Pierre states in Paragraph 16, he used the story that Julie knew the founder of Boost Juice as the reason for her calls to him when he was in my company.

With XX no longer a client, having returned the brief to Slater and Gordon in the May of 2009, there is no rationale or reason for continuing to engage with a client that had acted as badly as Pierre states she did. He was under no obligation to maintain communication with her of any kind.

The characterisation of XX as a vindictive, nasty woman, is part of the repertoire of words he uses about any woman who doesn't fall into line with what he wants. When she sent her email to him on 22 June 2010 he had to fall back on tried and tested language to describe a woman who had been badly abused by him and was vulnerable and emotionally damaged by her family law proceedings and the outcome it forced on her.

As to Paragraph 19 of his statement, Pierre did indeed have an exchange with FC* about the client:

From: Pierre Testart

Sent: Thursday, 26 November 2009 06:31 PM

To: FC*

Subject: Re: XX

Dear FC*,

Of course she understood the orders, and all their implications: I not only explained them in detail, but she argued with me over them over many hours, spanning a number of days

Furthermore, XX has written to me on a number of occasions, as you know, and her grasp of the orders, and their import, can't seriously be in doubt, in my view.

The last I heard of XX, she had, so it was reported to me by SS*, threatened her personally over some disputed aspect of the orders.

In the circumstances of my friendship of over 30 years with SS*, I don't feel I can be of any further assistance to XX. I'm sure you understand, and that I can trust you to keep the detail of this e-mail confidential between us as practitioners.

Kind regards,

Pierre Testart

On 26/11/2009, at 18:20, FC* wrote:

Hi Pierre,

I'd be grateful if you would please give me a quick call when you get this message.

XX is asserting that she did not have an understanding of the orders that she signed where they require her to "procure the discharge of the husband from all liability in respect of ..." liabilities relating to the XX XX business. She claims that she was not advised that such order required her to either refinance or pay out the liabilities and that if she had been so advised then she would not have agreed to the settlement proposal.

Your comments would be appreciated. I can be contacted directly on the number below, or xxx.

Regards,

FC*

Practice Group Manager - Family Law
Slater & Gordon Lawyers

As to Paragraph 24, while the Legal Services Board wants to not have to investigate because the weasel words of 'an improper relationship' appear in his statement, the facts of the matter in this paragraph are more serious.

On the 2 August 2009 Pierre left our flat in South Melbourne to attend Circuit in Shepparton. He sent the first tranche of text messages to XX, at 1.46pm, and 5.09pm as he travelled from Melbourne, to Shepparton, and then on to X town, where XX lived, some distance from Shepparton.

The phone records show Pierre sending me a text message from X town at 8.35pm on the Sunday evening of 2 August 2009, when he was having dinner with XX and her two children.

After dinner, the phone records again show a tranche of text messages to XX on 2 August 2009. One is while he is driving on the way back to Shepparton to SS*'s house at 10.56pm.

A further six text messages are sent to XX when he arrives at Shepparton. This is not a man who is being harassed by an angry former client.

On 5 August 2009 Pierre was again in X town, sending text messages to MD*, a barrister on Circuit with Pierre. The text messages were sent at 10.32pm and 10.39pm.

I spent considerable time exploring the mobile network coverage of Shepparton and X town with a Telstra technician. At the time of the communications between Pierre Testart and Wendy Scott there was no possible way for his phone signal to be picked up by the mobile tower in X town unless his phone was in range, in the area covered by the towers for that area. He could not have his phone signal picked up by a tower in X town if he was in Shepparton. I did my research very thoroughly. If the origin of the call is X town, then Pierre and his phone were in X town.

When Pierre also states that he was having dinner at Cellar 47 on 6 August 2009 with Federal Magistrate WJ* QC, his two associates, and Mr MD*, and then returned to the home of Ms SS*, that is a lie; the lie being that he returned to the home of SS* and stayed the night there.

SS*, was away that night with her husband, EP*, in Melbourne I recollect, for an RACV event at a time when she was on the RACV Board. Either way, whatever event it was, both of them were not home that night.

Pierre told everyone at the dinner at Cellar 47 that he was going home early to Melbourne, leaving that night, as he had no cases listed for the Friday being 7 August 2009.

With no one at the SS* residence, and no one to see him leave Shepparton, Pierre found it easy to deceive everyone and make his way to X town, again, where he stayed the night with XX, leaving early the next morning for Melbourne.

The text messages sent to Pierre in her email of 22 June 2010 accord with the phone records provided here. Indeed, many of the text messages were exactly the same as had been sent to me during 2009.

Pierre certainly pushed the blackmail line with everyone as a cover for what he had done with a client who was now telling him explicitly that his conduct was unacceptable and unprofessional.

On 23 June 2010 as Pierre states in Paragraph 26, he and I attended Warragul Police Station where he used the police as props to bolster his false denials about having any kind of sexual relationship with XX. We both went into the police station, and I was there when he was later told that they would try to use a phone record session when we returned from our honeymoon at the end of July 2010.

And when Pierre states in Paragraph 28 that ‘the contents of this Statement are true, and I am aware that there are penalties for making false statements to the Police,’ then you, the Legal Services Board, should act and make him accountable for the deliberate falsehoods he has told within this statement, that he later withdrew.

It is of interest to note that the people Pierre used as alibis for his overnight stay with XX on 6 August 2009 are the very same people who vouched for his character at the sentencing hearing in 2008, and at various other times in his professional life. This is a man who does not have a conscience or considers consequences when he comes up with his lies.

Federal Magistrate WJ* QC used as an alibi – provided a written character reference on 21 April 2008 to VCAT.

Ms SS, a solicitor at the time, was used as an alibi – provided a written character reference for the VCAT sentencing hearing.

All of the many written and oral character references provided claim that Pierre Testart is ‘an ethical member of counsel and one on whose word the Court can rely’ as stated by the Honourable Justice BS* who also provided a written character reference.

This does not accord with the man who is prepared to write, and lodge, a statement to the police that is full of dishonest and deliberately false statements.

To not investigate this matter because he writes ‘I did not have an improper sexual relationship’ is to make a clear and unambiguous statement that this type of conduct *is condoned* by the legal profession as just another dirty little secret that gets swept under the rug.

* Shhhhhh we don’t do on colleagues because it might be us next up there.

* It’s too difficult to prove so we won’t bother.

* If we can’t get a conviction we won’t investigate.

If the person making the complaint, with all the evidence, can’t get an investigation going, then what hope is there for the legal profession to be viewed with anything other than the contempt it justly deserves.

Complaint about Pierre Testart - Our ref: COM-2019-0723
VCAT Proceedings 2008
Response by Lisa Testart

Pierre Testart notified the Victorian Bar Ethics Committee on 28 July 2005 that he had entered a second bankruptcy.

At the time of lodging the Debtors Petition on 19 July 2005, Pierre had provided his then partner, Julie, with approximately \$200,000 between April 2003 – April 2005.

\$90,000 was given to Julie during the 2003-2004 period, of which \$50,000 was the sum settled upon in the VCAT prosecution.

I provide copies of the Westpac bank statements for the period covering 2004-2005, and the Legal Services Board should have the statements for the period of time they prosecuted at VCAT.

The VCAT prosecution of Pierre Testart by the Legal Services Commissioner was predicated on the purchase of the land at Blackwarry, of which a sum of money had been given to his partner instead of being put towards his debt to the Australian Tax Office, and payments to his trustee.

The investigation by the Legal Services Board, and its prior iteration of the Ethics Committee of the Victorian Bar, failed to fully investigate the matter, relying on the documents provided by Pierre Testart. At no time did it seek of its volition, the documents it ought to have sought. The trustee in bankruptcy certainly did its due diligence and discovered the two property purchases by Julie.

Without the bank statements from 2004-2005, the Legal Services Board was relying on the honesty of a highly skilled and pathological liar.

Without a title search, the Legal Services Board were again relying on the supposed honesty of a legal practitioner who at every stage did not disclose the purchase of the property at Chelsea, unless forced to by his trustee in bankruptcy.

Questions arise: Why did the LSB not seek information direct from the bankruptcy trustee? Why did no one do a title search once it was discovered that Pierre Testart had given substantial sums of his income to Julie at a time when he was bankrupt, and not paying tax or any of his bankruptcy obligations? Why did the LSB not force Pierre to provide bank statements for more than the land purchase period of 2003-2004? How did everyone miss the huge amount of money directed to Julie in 2004-2005?

Knowing that Pierre Testart had mislead the Legal Services Board about the Blackwarry land purchase, it would seem, from the case against Pierre at VCAT, that the Legal Services Board did nothing to seriously investigate his financial affairs.

1. See Westpac bank statements numbered 25 to 32 (number 30 is missing);

- Between 8 April 2004 and 22 April 2005 Pierre Testart transferred out of his Westpac account the sum of \$102,350 directly into the bank account of his then partner, Julie;

- A rough calculation of significant cash withdrawals add \$5,650 approximately to this figure, bringing the total to \$108,000 for the 2004-2005 period of the bank statements;
- An old Filofax of Pierre's was found when I was forced to leave my home in November 2019. The Filofax is for the year 2005 and shows Friday 17 June 2005 as '2:00pm Settlement', written in Pierre's handwriting. Copies of the pages are attached for your reference. The original will be provided if required, if a prosecution proceeds;
- Julie had no independent income during the period of 2003-2005 despite being a teacher;
- From personal discussions with Pierre Testart about how Janet purchased the house with no income, he indicated it was a 'low doc loan'. He gave Julie money to make her 'business' look profitable for the purposes of finance;
- While Julie was ostensibly the 'owner' of the house at Chelsea (the 'Chelsea property'), it was Pierre who wrote all the correspondence to the real estate agents, and the trustee in bankruptcy;
- On Sunday 5 June 2005 Julie and Pierre held a garage sale prior to moving to the new Chelsea property.
- On 19 July 2005 Pierre Testart went bankrupt for the second time.
- On 28 July Pierre wrote to the Legal Services Board to notify of the disclosable event, making the statement 'I did not acquire any real property or any other assets of significance; my only significant asset is the book debts constituted by my outstanding fees';

- You asked Pierre to provide bank statements and he only gave you the 2003-2004 statements that covered the timeframe for the land purchase. He gave you his clerks weekly fee reports for the 2004-2005 period to throw you off the track. He deceived you spectacularly, as he does everyone. No one followed up on this lack of bank statements, allowing Pierre to continue the deception that he was living in poverty in 2004-2005 due to a broken leg that left him penniless and dependent on the financial goodwill of Julie;
- Pierre gave considerable support to Robert Patterson when the old owner of List W (Duncan's List as it was then called) decided to retire;
- Robert expressed his gratitude to Pierre by providing him with 'cash advances' whenever Pierre needed money. This continued until 2016 when their relationship soured;
- A cash advance from Robert Patterson (Patterson's List / List W) would always appear as an ATM Deposit at the William Street Branch of either Westpac or the Commonwealth, depending on which account Pierre would be using at the time;
- A Garnishee notice was issued by Jones Condon Scott to Robert Patterson on 17 November 2004 directing the Clerk to pay the trustee 30 cents in the dollar from fees and money due to Pierre from his work as a barrister, beginning on 30 November 2004;
- On 7 April 2005 the trustee in bankruptcy wrote to Robert Patterson to seek an explanation as to why next to no money had been paid to him as per the Notice issued under Section

139ZL of the Bankruptcy Act 1966 as issued by the Official Receiver;

- When Pierre received a cash advance from his clerk it would be 'repaid' from income that came in afterwards. This would often result in quite small amounts being paid into his bank account. If a cash advance was for \$2000 and the next payment was \$2200 received into trust by the clerk, then the \$2000 cash advance would be returned to the clerks funds first, then the clerks 4% commission would be taken, with the resulting residual going into Pierre's bank account;
- Cash Advances from his Clerk would mean that there was not the available income to take the required 30 cents in every dollar to the trustee. This was a way of avoiding having to pay the trustee, as it would legitimately look like there was little income coming in because cash advances did not show on any weekly fee report;
- When Pierre went bankrupt on 19 July 2005 he had two creditors: the ATO and Robert Patterson. It could be inferred that there was an intention to thwart the order on Robert Patterson to pay 30 cents in every dollar to the bankruptcy trustee given the cash advances and the period of time they cover, which easily adds up to the \$31,000 claimed as being owed to him by Pierre Testart in his list of creditors on 19 July 2005;
- In a letter to Julie dated 3 November 2006, the trustee – Wayne Lamb at Jones Condon, stated that the Blackwarry property was purchased (or settled) on 17 April 2004, according to a title search conducted by the trustee, and that;

- Pierre Testart and Julie were examined before a Deputy Registrar on 16 June 2005 where Julie gave evidence that she had entered into a contract to purchase the Chelsea property. She gave evidence that Pierre had given her funds to effect the purchase of the property;
- The trustee sought repayment of the funds amounting to \$60,000 that was what Pierre and Julie disclosed during the examination.

Why Lawyers Don't Report Bad Apples

Blame The Victim January 2020

“I would request that Mr. Testart not try to discuss family law or federal circuit court matters with me and not criticise me for doing so and not overtly threaten my career.” Latrobe Valley Magistrates Court, 9 January 2020.

From: YB*

Sent: Saturday, February 20, 2021 11:43:37 AM

To: Lisa Testart

Subject: Re: Intervention Order Hearing

The barrister who went to Morwell did not ring me or discuss with me. I offered.

I was not responsible for your suicide attempt nor the behaviours of others. The request for my complaint came after that. I also did not want to be part of the story that could result in suicide. I have had clients who have been shot dead, who overdosed and I do not need the drama any more.

I am not paid to become engaged in my client's personal vendettas.

LSB never said it was your complaint. They said it was my complaint. If they had the tape, that should have sufficed.

You must feel guilty for working in collaboration with a bully all those years. I hear stories about your behaviour but always tell people you were under his influence¹⁶.

It's about time you take responsibility for getting sucked in by him¹⁷. The Chinese say, if you seek revenge, dig two graves.

I guess we both have our different views but I am not going to jeopardise my welfare for cases that I lose money on.

I am not here to be your saviour. I have my own bull shit to deal with.

Do you know he is back at the Bar? That makes me mad but his time will come.

It's stupid to attack someone who is on your side.

From: YB*

Sent: Saturday, February 20, 2021 11:45:13 AM

To: Lisa Testart

Subject: Re: Intervention Order Hearing

¹⁶ Well this came out of left field...when you have no defence as Pierre always used to say, go on the attack.

¹⁷ Great victim blaming going on there. Of course it's my fault I got caught by him, and of course it's my fault I stayed so long. Of course it's the victim's responsibility for all the abuse she lived with.

By the way, I never said to LSB I did not want to make the complaint. I did not outright refuse. As with you, I just did not respond. I don't have to.

From: YB*

Sent: Saturday, February 20, 2021 11:53:46 AM

To: Lisa Testart

Subject: Re: Intervention Order Hearing

PS Your personal and legal difficulties, as you said, are not part of my life or responsibilities, either. Only the part I was briefed for and underpaid for.

From: YB*

Subject: Re: Intervention Order Hearing

Date: 20 February 2021 at 12:01:04 pm AEDT

To: Lisa Testart

I said I was sorry in my second e - mail and I explained why I did not come back-money.

I'm not scared of him at all. I am scared I am going to say something about him in public and be sued for defamation.

I take on board what you say about victims being crushed. I have lived that and survived.

On 19 Feb 2021, at 10:48 pm, YB* wrote:

What I had to complain about Pierre I said in open court. The court hearing is taped. You did not discuss with me before ringing the LSB and I did not appreciate being "dobbed in" to make a complaint. For a practitioner to make a complaint

against another practitioner is a very serious decision that could seriously complicate my life. I know that is not fair to you but I have to survive too.

I thought long and hard before deciding not to do your case. I had to drive from xxx to Morwell and stay at a Motel and then deal with a suitcase full of your stuff, and Pierre's BS. VLA would not reimburse me for overnight-only petrol from Melbourne. I continued to discuss your case and was very concerned about it, providing all material and offering to discuss with the new barrister in plenty of time before the next date. As I kind of guessed, PT turned up unrepresented again (another reason it seemed pointless to go) and at that point his application should have been thrown out.

I understand (correct me if I am wrong), that you did ok in the FC and got the XYZ property such that it is/was. So, I am not sure why you are homeless but I accept what you say.

I cannot engage with clients in as fraught a case as yours, outside of the approx. 400 dollars I was paid for that appearance. No overnight. I came out of it at a loss and at the end of the day, I am running a business.

I understand you feel abandoned. VLA should pay properly for these complex cases, which I take on because they are so interesting. You can surely see how much work is involved.

I did a similarly complex case like yours - the ex a lawyer- and won convincingly, establishing economic abuse. I know it doesn't help but, I thought about you the whole time.

My main concern with both you and this more recent case, is the risk of PT and the ex in the other case, chasing for defamation.

I have had stuff sent to me that you posted. I am concerned that "technically" you run the risk of being accused of defamation. (A hassle you may not need even if truth.)

I too am cautious about anything to do with PT. I did not respond because I did not want to be in the vortex.

I cannot think of anything I said I would do that I did not do¹⁸. Rest assured, although I tread carefully, I defend you to all.

When Victims Aren't Seen

Suicide is the uncounted toll of domestic abuse, compounded by the family law system victims have had to navigate.

A no fault family law system is fine in principle, back in the 1970's when men were the ostensible law makers, and women were battered and unseen.

Violence was a thing done in plain sight, behind closed doors.

Police didn't get involved in 'domestic disturbances', preferring to give the bloke, who'd obviously snapped under the dreadful nagging, a stern word to be a better man, and then they'd be off, leaving the victim to collect herself and figure out what to do next.

With family law a no fault jurisdiction, the potential for harm to victims increases.

If there is no fault, no blame, then what do we do with domestic abuse and its impact on the victims?

¹⁸ That would be the 'yes, your honour, I'm coming back for the next trial date you set' you promised me.

What do we do with the multitude of victims, primarily women, who face destitution, long term poverty, homelessness, and life as single parents with the kinds of exes who won't play by the nice rules of society.

What about the women like me, with smooth talking, charming, charismatic, personable psychopathic types willing to do and say anything regardless of the consequences?

I'll tell you what happens to women like me; we die.

We kill ourselves.

We certainly try to.

Our lives are bleak; there's overwhelming hopelessness, fear, anxiety, depression, and the knowledge that we're the unseen, unheard majority.

We lack the broken bones and hospital records to prove our harm.

Our mental health is compromised because of the abuse we've endured.

We are angry, frightened, aggressive, demanding, childlike, high-functioning, intelligent, and more often than not living with extensive PTSD that doesn't present in a neat package for diagnosis.

We live in fear but others see it as overreactions.

We can't be in contact, or even hear the voice of our ex without spiralling into a flashback so severe we can't function.

We're labelled with borderline personality disorder instead of being treated for PTSD. Our very normal reactions and reactivity is seen as disordered, something to label and judge.

We are pigeon-holed into the world of the hysterical women who inhabit the asylums of our past, because it's easier for professionals to see us that way, than having to actually deal with the fact we are abuse victims, hostages to criminals who tortured us until our reality became theirs.

We are the modern version of the prisoner of war. Yet we are not seen when we rock up to the very services designed and funded to be there for us.

Try going to one of the Orange Door hubs in Victoria. Buckets of money thrown at them for what?

- They tell women if they haven't had an incident of abuse in the past four weeks that they can't help them.
- Or they don't do risk assessments.
- Or they see you as not needing help because you talk well, don't have your ass hanging out of your pants, and you aren't that distressed.
- If you aren't hysterical then you aren't a real victim.
- If you aren't breaking down every 30 seconds you aren't a real victim.
- If your abuser is a highly respected person you can't be a real victim.
- If you don't know what you need then you aren't a real victim.
- If you don't think you need an Intervention Order then you aren't a real victim.
- If you suck up your tears too quickly and start to seem calm again, well fuck me you must not be a real victim.
- And if you talk about suicide, then you're trying to manipulate those around you instead of trying to keep your head above water.

If you're a victim of abuse you do not want to be:

- High-functioning
- Intelligent
- Self-aware
- Self-reflective
- Calm
- Dressing well
- Wearing good jewellery
- Able to hold yourself together
- Angry
- Upset
- Frustrated
- Raising your voice / tone / whatever
- Disagreeing
- Not following the instructions of the practitioners
- Speaking out
- Silent
- Not being a good girl
- Not being an agreeable, likeable victim
- A bitch
- Sarcastic
- Cynical
- Tired
- Fed up
- Too quiet
- Too noisy
- Too loud
- Obnoxious
- A people pleaser
- Too pleasant
- Too unpleasant
- Driving a fancy car
- Attention seeking

Cats have way more empathy than some of the assholes I've known 2020



Master Pud won't leave me alone.

He knows I'm sad, reeling from the words I have to read again, immersed in the dreadful abuse I endured, with all of the good girl words I used to pacify the monster I finally fully saw after a decade of marriage.

He mugs me, interrupting me, forcing himself onto my lap to comfort me, his only mum since before his eyes were open. He comes to me for his own comfort too, needing me as much as I need him.

And Miss Machiatto, with her ritual head bumps, tummy twirls, and need for attention also joining in to say howdy to a sad mum.

Miss Machiatto smooching her mum...her kink is rolling over to have her tummy rubbed while she makes air biscuits 🍪

I started the work I need to do for court, but fuck me the tears came, the shame I feel for how long I spent being responsible for fixing it all, when it wasn't my problem to fix.



The humiliation doesn't get easier, the pain doesn't lessen as I have to keep going back into this nightmare time and time again.

I can't even withdraw from the case because then it just becomes an undefended hearing and I lose whatever I had left to an asshole who'd gleefully see me reduced to living under a bridge while he danced merrily on with his \$10,000 a month job.

I have to do this in stages or I'll go crazy. I have to take the time to cry, and scream, lose myself in the sheer torment of it all, because there's no one else who'll do it, no legal team, not a goddamn thing, because of who I'm fighting.

I'm the one who has to prepare the evidence, write the submissions, parse the exhibits for the cross examination, and then do the cross examination.

It's all up to me.

And it's a fucking good thing I'm an expert at cross examination, having been taught it by one of the best. But that doesn't make all of this any easier.

Truly, I just want to go have a drink or two, hide from all of this, pretend it doesn't exist, that I'm not living in hiding, terrified he'll find me, that I'll come home to something unexpected.

I hate this.

I hate being drawn back into the well of despair and darkness, where the monsters live, and the tears flow like salty rivers silently, heaving sobs, indescribable and unbearable.

And this is just the civil case...the worst hasn't even started yet in a much scarier jurisdiction where I'll be torn apart.

Tonight I'm just full of tears for the woman who got trapped, and I have to read every fucking word she wrote to the monster that took away her consent, and turned her into a silent, frozen, screaming inside fuck toy that he used.

Do you have any idea how much I wish I'd kept running all those years ago when I first met the monster...but I came back. Because I thought I was the problem. Not the monster.

I should have kept running.

I'm going to go hug my cats, cry, weep away some of the godawful shit with tears and tissues.

Because tomorrow I have to keep going.