

'It's not rape if it took place in NZ'

EXCLUSIVE

CYDONEE MARDON

AN Australian sailor drugged and violently raped while on exchange with the Royal New Zealand Navy is furious her complaint was never investigated because it was "outside the jurisdiction".

The woman, who can only be identified as Jennifer, reported the rape to a superior officer on the RNZN ship the day after it happened at Sembawang port in Singapore in 2007, only to be warned she would be sent home to Australia and known forever as "the girl who got raped".

Years later, when she found the courage to report the sexual assault, she was notified by the Commonwealth Ombudsman that the case was "outside its jurisdiction".

"What leaves me feeling the most betrayed is the one paragraph email back saying it was out of jurisdiction. I was so gutted," Jennifer told The Sunday Telegraph.

As a "dingo" on exchange to a Royal New Zealand Navy ship Jennifer was invited to drink with the seniors. Unwilling to offend, the 26-year-old agreed to 'a few beers'.

"I had only drunk two beers, I know, because I don't like beer," Jennifer recalled. "Events grew hazy from there which is why I know my drink was spiked."

"One of the seniors said I looked like I should go back to the ship and asked if I wanted a taxi back. I said yes, I knew something was wrong even if I couldn't pinpoint what."

Jennifer's next recollection

was being in a taxi and her attacker reaching up her skirt.

"I was having trouble speaking or controlling my limbs and was unable to make him stop," she said.

"I tried to ask the driver where we were going because the ship wasn't that far away and we should have reached it already but I couldn't make myself understood. At this point I believe I passed out."

Her recollection of events comes in flashes.

"I remember being naked on a bed and rolled onto my chest. The next memory I have is of him grabbing my hair and forcing my head down and saying: 'Choke on it white bitch'. That is my only other memory until I woke up naked, covered in vomit, semen and urine."

"I eventually managed to turn the shower on, remember burning myself and then using just cold water. I got dressed and left, asking the front desk if they could get me a taxi."

The next day Jennifer reported what had happened to her supervisor. "He said he had heard I went to a hotel with the senior sailor willingly and said he wouldn't tell my husband," she said.

"I explained that I had been drugged and that I thought I was getting a taxi back to the ship."

"He said that if I report it I would be sent home to Australia and known forever as the girl who got raped. He said this would be a very hard thing for my husband to live with because how would anyone know it was rape when I was shit-faced."

Jennifer didn't push further and for the next nine years kept the memory of the assault suppressed.

She wrote to the Commonwealth Ombudsman in 2018.

While it acknowledged her "courage" in reporting the abuse, it did not suggest any avenue for counselling, or further assistance for her mental



The former sailor drugged and raped while on exchange with the New Zealand Navy ship Te Mana (below).

health. Jennifer finally decided to report other instances of abuse suffered during her career in the Navy, including sexual discrimination, bastardisation and sexual harassment.

She believed the ADF had a duty of care to address the fact that her supervisor on the RNZN ship actively dissuaded her from reporting being raped.

Jennifer received a reply one year later, saying what she had experienced did not meet the threshold for "the most serious forms of abuse" and not addressing the supervisor's refusal to report her rape.

Former army officer turned lawyer, Glenn Kolomeitz, (pictured left with Kay Danes) said: "For Defence

and the Ombudsman to deny their duty of care to a woman veteran on jurisdictional grounds is disingenuous and serves to demonstrate exactly how ineffectual these internal systems really are."

Human rights law advocate Kay Danes said the endless bureaucratic

barriers that survivors like Jennifer encounter often makes the journey towards healing impossible, "hence the high incidences of suicide risk and self-harm, which are likely far higher than what's reported".

The Defence Minister was contacted for comment.



Prison assault

PARAMEDICS were called to the Mid North Coast Correctional Centre at Kempsey just before 9pm on Thursday to report a man had been assaulted.

Two NSW Ambulance road crews attended and assessed the prisoner.

A spokesman said he was suffering multiple lacerations to his head and face.

The patient was taken to Port Macquarie Base Hospital in a serious but stable condition. A Corrective Services NSW spokesman said staff responded to an assault of a 29-year-old man.

NSW Police were notified.

Amber had a secret romance with an AFL player



Amber Heard.

FIONA BYRNE

AN AFL player has been revealed as a secret confidant of Amber Heard during her time in Australia in 2017.

Former Gold Coast Suns and Hawthorn player Mitch Hallahan is believed to have forged a close friendship with the Hollywood bombshell after a chance encounter in The Garden Bar at The Star on the Gold Coast in 2017.

Heard was living on the Gold Coast for much of that year while filming the blockbuster superhero flick Aquaman alongside Jason Momoa.

Hallahan was at a private function at The Star venue in April or May 2017 with teammates while the cast and crew of the film Aquaman were at a separate function.

The two groups ended up mingling and, so the story goes, Hallahan was among

several players introduced to Heard.

The pair struck up a close friendship and are rumoured to have briefly dated after Heard's relationship with Elon Musk ended around August that year.

"It was purely organic and by chance over a glass of red wine," one source said of the connection the pair made.

Heard was "intelligent, charismatic and caring," the

source said, adding that several Gold Coast Suns players met her through Hallahan during her time on the Gold Coast and were dazzled by her easy charm and style.

Rumours swirled in the media at the time that Heard had a firm friendship with a Gold Coast based footballer.

Hallahan, however, was never named as the player and the rumoured romance was never confirmed.

The fact nothing came in my direction but gutter abuse tells more about the abuser's character than that of the abused. **PIERS AKERMAN**

Tiptoe tactic doesn't seem to be working

Time for all in uniform to get justice

DR KAY DANES

DAVID PENBERTHY

It seems inconceivable in 2022, but when I first started full-time work 30 years ago, my company, like many others, did not have a human resources department.

We got one a couple of years later and I still have fond memories of one of the first sessions we were instructed to attend – a seminar on workplace bullying and harassment.

In these pre-internet days, the presenter from the fledgling HR department subjected us to a series of slides on an overhead projector where she had drawn her bullet points on to a sheet of plastic with a felt pen.

"The following behaviours at work can constitute bullying and harassment," she began.

1. Shouting. 2. Swearing. 3. Calling people names."

My senior colleague, Malcolm Farr, put up his hand. "Sorry to interrupt but I'm just wondering if our beloved editor-in-chief has done this course?" he asked.

"I'm not sure, why?" she replied.

"Well, it's just that he screamed down the phone at me last night saying we were all a pack of useless f--king idiots."

The presenter told Farr this very important seminar wasn't a place for cracking jokes or making up stories. Farr rightly explained that he wasn't, but was merely recounting what passed for management feedback in the good old days of print journalism.

Plenty of other workplaces and industries would have been exactly the same.

Fast-forward 30 years and the cultural workplace change is now complete. We have this week been presented with the pitiable spectacle of an elite Aussie rules coach apologising publicly to his players for giving them the shellacking they undoubtedly deserved, after they'd been thumped by 108 points. I am



North Melbourne AFL coach David Noble this week apologised for giving his team a spray after a heavy loss. Picture: Getty

not sure what North Melbourne coach David Noble said to his team but I doubt it was any worse, or even close to as bad, as the pizzings handed out in the past.

Welcome to the modern world, where the spray is dead and any form of robust criticism can now be construed as abuse.

What has changed more is the mindset of the young and the people who seem to worry inordinately about their precious feelings.

We have lost the ability to understand that a dressing-down can serve a well-intended purpose.

Clearly, I am not advocating cruelty, but there must be a place for telling people in no uncertain terms that they are failing at something for the following two reasons. The first is because they simply aren't trying hard enough. The second is because maybe they just aren't any good at it and should focus on something else.

One of the defining moments of my life happened in Year 10 when my seriously unimpressed maths teacher called me in to tell me that for my

efforts that year I had received the mark of 33 per cent, which I think is a quarter. He said that based on my abilities and application there was little point me doing maths in Year 11. It was valid feedback and galvanised me to throw all of my efforts into English and history, which I was already enjoying.

And to return to the golden days of print, I have nothing but warm and respectful memories of all my old bosses, who would occasionally get stuck into you when they thought your work was sub-par.

One of my old chiefs of staff, Geoff Williams, once gave me a bit of trademark blunt advice, which I have carried ever since. During my cadetship I was seconded for three months to the travel liftout to write puff pieces about holidays. It was the kind of entry-level stuff you had to get right, a good training ground for an aspiring journo. I submitted a piece about a holiday park that I wrote was "widely regarded as one of the best campgrounds on the Fleurieu Peninsula". Geoff called me over and

thundered: "Who regards it as 'one of the best'? Who's your source? Are you saying it is? I don't care what you think. Have you even been there? Get a source and quote them!"

There are two reactions you can have to this kind of feedback. One is the modern one, which is to shrug your shoulders and say, "calm down, dude, it's only a travel article". Indeed these days you could probably go to the rebranded Department of People and Culture and say you'd been yelled at, your feelings had been hurt, and you needed the day off for some "me time". Or you could reflect on what an older, more experienced bloke had just said and admit he was right and that your piece was garbage. And then try to improve.

The weird conundrum of modern life is that at a time when we are more attuned to concepts of wellbeing, and loath to criticise anyone in a blunt or pointed way, levels of anxiety and depression are higher than at any time in history.

Perhaps we are mollicoddling ourselves into trouble.

buying his new polished election persona

"Some of it is sickening, nauseating even. Some of it is filthy, some sordid.

"I see Albanese's remark or, as he claimed, his misguided attempt at humour, as being a fairly true measure of the man.

"It beggars belief how such a person can rise within any political party to the levels that he has risen."

According to an editor's note added subsequently to the online edition of that column, Albanese later told the Telegraph: "If I'd known Piers would respond with this column perhaps I should have interfered with the water. Only joking..."

He was the only person present at the time to get the "joke" and for a

person who sprays apologies around like a Grand Prix winner splashes champagne, the fact nothing came in my direction but gutter abuse tells more about the abuser's character than that of the abused.

Most politicians (until recently) and most professional journalists (again, until recently) have been courteous to those whose views they may disagree with. Even a decade ago, that was the norm.

Since that incident, Albanese has adopted a new persona.

He claims he is no longer the Tory-hating individual he claimed to be in 2012 when he told a press conference:

"I like fighting Tories. That's what I do. That's what I do."

However, as members of the media pack travelling with him tell me, Albanese has revealed a less-than-impressive side of his new character off-camera and, as he said Friday, "a leopard doesn't change his spots".

Nor does Albanese.

I've met most prime ministers since Bob Menzies, hosted a number at my home (including Kevin Rudd) and feel privileged to call a few real friends. If I put my personal feelings aside, it would still be impossible to ignore Albanese's profound ignorance about the economy, foreign affairs, or the most basic government processes.

Labor's advertising reminds us that Scott Morrison has rightly defined what his job is not on numerous occasions – he's not a firefighter, he's not an SES worker etc.

But as PM, Morrison shouldn't be. That's his current job.

Of course, Albanese has never had a job outside the union movement and the ALP.

What is obvious is that he doesn't have the skills, let alone the intellectual capacity, to hold the top job and he is definitely the wrong person to restore the respect which should be due to those who hold high public office.

He's a grub. Just joking...



Anthony Albanese.