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New South Wales Police

STATEMENT in matter of:
Peter BAUMANN

Place: Missing Persons Unit

Date: 26 August 1993

Name: Sharmalie Natalie SENEVIRATNE

Address: [REDACTED], N.S.W.Tel No.: [REDACTED]

Occupation: Operations Assistant

States:-

1. This statement made by me accurately sets out the evidence which I would be prepared, if necessary, to give in court as a witness. The statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief and I make it knowing that, if it is tendered in evidence, I shall be liable to prosecution if I have wilfully stated in it anything which I know to be false or do not believe to be true.

2. My age is twenty nine years.

3. Around December 1981 I was working at the Colonnade Gift Shop at [REDACTED] in the City as a Manageress. It was at that time that I met Peter BAUMANN. He approached me one day when I was at work and asked me to go out with him. I initially refused but he was kept on approaching me at work until eventually I relented and invited him to my parents wedding anniversary at my home at Yagoona. This would have been around January 1982 and the relationship developed from there. I would describe him as being caucasian, with a very thick german accent which made him hard to understand on occasions, six foot tall, very slim, shoulder length blonde hair, clean shaven at all times, very fair complexion with green eyes. He told me he was a musician and was teaching at the Conservatorium of Music. At that time he was living at flat [REDACTED] Bennett Street, BONDI by himself. I had been to the flat a few times during our relationship. As far as I knew he had only been in the country about three months when I met him. He would see me almost on a daily basis when I was at work during lunchtime when he would leave the Conservatorium. We would generally socialise around where I lived, but on occasions we would also go to the King Georges Tavern in King

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Street in the City and also the restaurant at the entrance to the M.L.C. Centre. He seemed generally stable but could at times be aggressive and very demanding and possessive with me. I wasn't allowed to talk to friends or have a social life that was separate from him. I never met any of his friends and as far as I was concerned he didn't have any other friends or acquaintances apart from my self. He didn't use drugs to my knowledge, was a non smoker and only drank alcohol very moderately.

4. After about three months he asked me to marry ^{him S.S} ~~me~~, I refused as I was only seventeen or eighteen at the time. I was also a bit suspicious that he might be using the marriage to gain permanent residency in Australia. He had been to the Registry office and had obtained all the relevant forms and just needed to fill out my section. He was very upset. He kept on asking me to marry him but I continually refused until eventually I had to break off the relationship. This would have occurred in the early part of 1982 before July as I went to Wagga Wagga on a holiday. He was very upset but no more than would be expected under the circumstances. I told him to contact me in twelve months time and just leave me alone for a while. I didn't have any contact with him until he did contact me by telephone at my home one Friday around seven o'clock.

5. I was very shocked that he had rung. He sounded very relaxed on the telephone. He asked me how I was, told me that he had got a job at the A.B.C. and said that he wanted to meet. We arranged to meet at the take-away shop at the Compass Centre at Bankstown, the next day being Saturday morning. I recall that we talked for about half an hour to forty minutes. I asked him where he was living but he just didn't answer that question. He told me that he wanted to meet me again. I became suspicious because he just rang me

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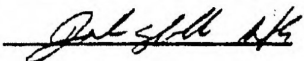
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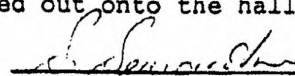
out of the blue and wouldn't tell me where he was living and I found that a bit strange. I then looked in the Telephone book and found his number and address under the name of Peter K.J. ANN. He had earlier given me a audio cassette with some of his music on it and it had that name written on it. I didn't know that he used that name until I saw it on the cassette. I then telephoned him on that number and when he answered the telephone. He said "Hello." and I said " Hi Peter, it's me Sharmalie " . He said " How did you get my number? " He was very angry and sounded almost scared. I said " I looked it up in the phone book ." He then went into a general argument about the past. He was very angry about the break up and went on and on about it. then the telephone went dead in his mid sentence. I tried to ring him back a number of times but the line was dead.

6. I began to get very worried that something was wrong with Peter. The reason I was worried was because he ~~was~~ seemed so scared when I had found his telephone number and rang him up. Also the call had ended in the middle of when he was talking and the telephone seemed dead all the times I was trying to ring him. I then rang my cousin Hamish PEARS and he picked me up and we drove over to ■ Cross Street, WAVERLEY. It would have now been around nine to nine thirty. It was a semi-detached house. I asked my cousin to wait in the car and I went inside. I saw a sliding door at the front of the house which opened onto the front yard. It was open, the light was on and there was a see through curtain hanging at the front door. I walked in through the door and I saw that it was a bedroom. It had a double bed, writing desk, cupboard, and his musical instruments. I recognised Peter's gear and clothes and assumed him to be his room. It was very untidy, clothes scattered around, full ashtrays and empty beer bottles just lying around the room and there was a marijuana plant growing in his cupboard and on his writing desk. I looked as though there had been a struggle in the room as his clothing and personal effects had been thrown around the room. I looked through the other door and it had opened out onto the hall

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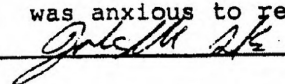
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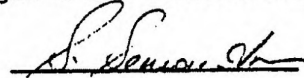
and saw a light coming from the bathroom and I walked along the hall to the bathroom. I noticed the smell of smoke and saw that a small cushion had been burnt in the shower recess. I was very scared and I walked straight from the bathroom along the hall and into Peter's room and left the house by that same sliding door. I shut the sliding door. As I walked out the front gate I noticed something sticking out the letterbox. I saw that it was a letter addressed to Peter and I just grabbed it. I don't know why I did it but I was very frightened and it was all so unusual. Peter had been very neat and clean and tidy at his flat at Bondi and this room was just a pigsty and was so totally out of character. The front door to his room was just open with all his musical instruments just left in there. There was a keyboard on a stand, and a flute and they were worth a fair bit of money and the way the call had ended worried me a bit. I saw that the address on the back of the letter was [redacted] Artlett Street, EDGECLIFFE, there was no name on the back. We then drove to that address, it was now around ten to ten thirty. It was a single story terraced house and the street is a cul-de-sac. I walked to the front gate and saw that it was locked and there was a rotweiller in the front yard. I rang the bell that was on the gate and the a male person came out from the front door. I would describe him as being caucasian, five feet eight inches tall, medium build, thirtyish, balding, dressed all in black. He spoke with a german accent. He asked me if he could help me. I told him I was looking for Peter BUAMANN could he help me. He asked how I got his address I told him it was on the back of a letter written to Peter that was in the letter box. He then became nervous and asked where the letter was. I told him it was in the letter box and he said " He should be at home. "

and told me he had no idea where he was. He then said " I think I might take a jog down to Peter's place. " I said "What for, I've just been there. " He said " Yes, I might still take jog down there anyway. " I got a bit worried and was anxious to read the letter.

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We then drove home to YAGOONA and I read the letter. The letter was addressed to Peter and was about a page long and said " Dear Peter,

I have finally told Oliver about us. I have told him how much I love you and that I want to be with you. I have also told him that I want to sell the house, but (this word was unreadable) was giving him a hard time about selling the house. " I don't recall the rest of the letter in the first person. It said that how much he cares for Peter and how much he wants to be with him. The signature just said either Dillian or William. I then began to ring all the hospitals and clubs in his area but, couldn't find him.

7. The next day which was Saturday I went back to the house with my sister Diliania SENEVIRATNE. We travelled by train and taxi to Peter's place. It was around ninish ten o'clock in the morning. I opened his sliding door and walked into his room and saw that it was exactly as I left it. I walked out through the same door and walked to the front entrance which was to the side of the house. I knocked on the door and it was opened by a japanese man whose name was Hyuma HOSHI and asked him where Peter was and he said " I don't know where he is, all I know is that I heard him arguing with a girl on the phone and he burnt a cushion. " ~~I asked him where Peter's~~

~~was~~
and he said he didn't know ^{is} and he went back into the house and shut the door. I then went back home and told my Mum that Peter had disappeared. I didn't do anything more about the matter as I was scared because after reading the letter I didn't know what Peter was involved in and that he had become involved with gays. Also I felt that the Police wouldn't take it seriously as it would just sound like a domestic argument.

8. After a few weeks and I hadn't heard anything I rang the landlady Ruth BAVAMDYIM at her home at [REDACTED] EPPING. I don't remember where I got it from, I think it may have come from the Japanese chap at the house.

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8. I asked her if she had seen Peter and she said no. She didn't know when he went missing. She had seen him about two weeks before he went missing when he paid his rent money. She told me that she had reported the matter to Waverley or Bondi Police Stations. She said that the Police had taken some of the property back to the Station. I believe that she said that the Police had taken his passport and his wallet and personal papers that the rest of his things were placed in storage at her house at EPPING. I later went to her house at EPPING but she didn't add anything further to the matter. I didn't see his property but I remember that there were quite a few packages which had been sent to him from his family and I don't know what happened to them. She said that the piano had been left at the house. I don't recall there being a piano, I only remember his keyboard.

9. I then got in contact with his employer, Bob GOVER at the A.B.C. They had been both working in the Music section at the Elizabeth Street Department. I told him that Peter had gone missing and showed him the letter. He knew nothing about the contents of the letter and just said that Peter had not come into work for a few weeks and hadn't picked up his pay. He then told me that he believed that Peter was married but couldn't give me any further details.

9. I would keep in contact with Ruth on an annual basis but she didn't tell me anything further except to tell me she thought that there had been a struggle in Peter's room and she believed he had been murdered and for me not to get involved. She seemed to be saying it to me for my own safety.

10. Last year when I was talking to Ruth about Peter's disappearance, she said she hadn't heard anything, and that she had gotten rid of his belongings. I asked ~~her~~ ^{if} she knew if his parents had ~~ever~~ ^{ever} been notified and she said no. I then got in contact with his family and reported the matter to Senior Constable EMERY of the Missing Persons Unit.

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John M. 2/16

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J. Seneviratne

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11. Last year just after I spoke to the Police I went back to [redacted] Artlett Street, EDGECLIFFE. That was the first time I had been to that house since that Friday night. I spoke to the new owner Peter SCHMIDT. He had bought the house about six years ago. I then spoke to another householder in the street and this enabled me to get the previous owners new home ^{PHONE S} number. I rang the number and ^{ASKED S.S} asked to Allan SMYTHE and I ^{ASKED S.S} asked him what he knew about Peter BAUMANN He said " No Sorry love I have'nt heard from him for years. " I then again rang that number and asked to speak to Dillian and the male voice said " Speaking." I said " Do you have any idea as to where Peter is? " and he said " No I don't know where he is, who's calling? " I told him " I know what was written in the letter. I know that you were going to leave Oliver for Peter." He began to get upset with me and said " I'm in the security business. I'll find out who you are." I then hung up. I then rang Directory assistance and there was no record of the number. I didn't make any further enquiries after that telephone call.

Witness:

John Gribble
 W.J.S. GRIBBLE
 Senior Constable
 26th August, 1993.

Signature:

S. Seneviratne