

Witness Name: Alison Jean Thornton Pascoe

Statement No.: WITN0682001

Dated: 29.04.2022

ROYAL COMMISSION OF INQUIRY INTO ABUSE IN CARE

WITNESS STATEMENT OF ALISON JEAN THORNTON PASCOE

I, Alison Jean Thornton Pascoe, will say as follows:

1. Introduction

- 1.1. My name is Alison Jean Thornton Pascoe. I was born on [GRO-C] 1942. I am 79 years old, and I currently live in [GRO-C], Auckland. I live in my own home, within a supported living community. I am European/Pākehā.
- 1.2. When I was eight years old, I was sent to Kingseat Mental Hospital (**Kingseat**). When I was 12, which was in 1955, I moved to Carrington which was called Auckland Mental Hospital. I left Carrington on 23 August 1990. During that time, I sometimes had shorter stays in boarding homes and rest homes. It was horrible what we had to put up with. I nearly lost my mind.
- 1.3. I have never had a mental illness.
- 1.4. I feel that I have been punished and treated like a criminal for a crime I never committed.
- 1.5. Two documentaries have been made about me. In one of them, I re-visited Kingseat, and it brought back awful memories. I have also done a scrapbook project that I donated to the Auckland Public Library in Wellesley Street with all my research about people being abused in institutions, rest homes, boarding houses and by GPs. It took me 17 years.

Early life

- 1.6. My family was made up of my two parents, myself, [GRO-B] and my siblings [GRO-B]. I never lived with my [GRO-B] youngest sibling, who was [GRO-B] born after I went to Kingseat. [GRO-B]

GRO-B

- 1.7. My parents have passed away, and my older brother took his own life in 2006. **GRO-B**

GRO-B

- 1.8.

GRO-B

- 1.9. I come from a wealthy family. **GRO-C-1**
and my father worked for him for over 40 years. My mum stayed at home, and she would go grocery shopping once a week. She was domineering and very particular especially about the house. She was a difficult person to live with.
- 1.10. My family life was violent, and I suffered abuse from both my parents. Dad was the worst. He was violent towards me and my mum. The violence from my dad started when I was about five or younger.
- 1.11. In 1945 when I was three years old, I came down with a very rare form of chicken pox and got extremely ill. It led to encephalitis which is inflammation on my brain. Mum said I nearly died, going in and out of consciousness and having epileptic seizures and convulsions. Dad said it was touch and go. I ran a very high fever. Mum said it gave me a brain injury.
- 1.12. Apparently once, when I was four or five, I asked for an ice cream and my mum wouldn't buy me one. My dad said I attacked her, right in public, but I don't have any memories of this. I was a very strong girl. Dad said I gave my mum such a terrible hiding I could've killed her, but I've never tried to kill anybody. Dad had a habit of making things up. I remember one time having a go at my mum and letting her have it, pulling her hair because she was pushing me around and hitting me with branches and wooden spoons. She was really hurting me. But I never tried to kill her. My dad just said I did this so he could keep me locked up in a mental hospital.
- 1.13. My **GRO-B** once had to step in and protect me from my dad or he would have killed me. Dad was hitting me with a piece of wood and had cut my head open. My dad would also hit me with the buckle end of his belt and boot me up the bottom, until I was black and blue all over. He would say it was to teach me not to be so cheeky, and that he was glad he had hurt me.
- 1.14. My **GRO-B** told me I got the worst beatings of anyone in the family. I would run next door to the neighbour, who was nice to me. She knew what was happening at home. My mum didn't like it when my dad would knock us around. She'd scream, she was so scared.
- 1.15. I think it is my parents who should have been taken away. They should have been charged for the violence. I think I should have lived with my grandparents – they weren't

like that, they were nice. They were friendly and kind. They were never abusive, that's for sure. They didn't treat me like dad treated me. My grandmother's name was GRO-B. We called her nanny. They were lovely. She was involved with the Red Cross. They would take the shirt of their back for you. My mother's parents were lovely too. All my grandparents were in Auckland, but I never saw any of them when I went to Kingseat.

- 1.16. My mother was actually put into psychiatric care later in her life. In the 1980s she went to Auckland Hospital for a mental and physical breakdown. In the 1990s she went to Kingseat. I spoke to the District Inspector myself when I found out and I said I didn't want my mother on a geriatric ward. My brother, GRO-B also went to Carrington in the 1970s when I was there, before he took his life. I never saw him at Carrington but he was in a ward close to me. Dad told me he was there. They didn't treat my brother properly. He killed himself in August 2006. I went to the funeral.

Events leading up to admission in care

- 1.17. After the brain inflammation I started playing up a lot at home. When I was five, I was going to Mt Albert Primary but got thrown out because I couldn't learn. I also got thrown out of Milford Primary School.
- 1.18. When I was about four or five, my parents took me to a private psychologist named Dr GRO-B-1, who was a fraud. He gave me violet ray treatment all over my body. They put me on a table with no clothes on and he used a violet ray all over me. They gave me an injection in one arm then another in the other arm the next day. It didn't do me any good. His treatment made me worse. Later, in the 1980s, Dr GRO-B-1 was exposed for practicing medicine under false pretences. He ripped people off for thousands of pounds. Nurse Berry from Carrington told me that Dr GRO-B-1 was prosecuted.

2. Abuse

Lillian Smith's Sunshine Health Farm, Takapuna

- 2.1. I went to stay at Lillian Smith's Sunshine Health Farm (Lillian's) a number of times in my life. It was run by a woman called Lillian Smith and her sister Marjorie worked for her. They were horrible and barbaric.
- 2.2. In February 2022, I was actually contacted for the first time by a fellow child who was also at Lillian's. Her name is GRO-B-2 and she is around 82 years old. She told me that she remembers that I had a massive epileptic seizure at Lillian's. GRO-B-2 thought that Lillian and Marjorie were not normal people.
- 2.3. I went twice when I was a small child and still living with my parents in the 1940s – the first time, I was about three years old.
- 2.4. I never went back to Lillian's while I was at Kingseat, but then later while I was at Carrington, I went a few times. This was in the late 1950s and early 1960s, when I was a teenager. On some of those occasions I asked to go to Lillian's because I needed a break from the big wards at Carrington.

- 2.5. I can't remember a lot of my time at Lillian's, but I think I was doing strange things there. I found out years later that Lillian had said to my parents, and in a report, that "the child is psychological". She said this about me. Marjorie once said to me, "have you ever heard of a lunatic asylum? Because that's where you're going because you're mad". I said I didn't know what she was talking about, and that she was mad for saying it to me. It was a horrible thing to say to me.

Day to day life

- 2.6. There were about two to three hundred children who stayed at the health farm. The oldest kids on the farm were about 12. There was no separation between the ages, and we slept in the same area, either in a huge army tent or in the dorms.
- 2.7. Sleeping with the other kids didn't worry me. They were decent kids who I think were victims of abuse. We all slept on square beds. We just had a mattress, a sheet and a blanket – no pillows or top sheets. We slept with no clothes on. It was cold in the winter and hot in the summer. I found out later that I was exposed to asbestos when I was at Lillian's because the buildings there contained it.
- 2.8. Every morning Lillian made us eat a big bowl of peaches and drink six mugs of water. Aside from that, meals were not scheduled. It made us feel sick.
- 2.9. We were kept busy all day. Only Lillian and her sister ran the farm, so they had no staff. She was a slave driver, who would make us work in the boiling hot sun on her 12.5-acre farm. She'd threaten me if I said I didn't want to work. I said to her one day that I would rather listen to the noises of the animals, than listen to her.
- 2.10. We had to lift heavy metal milk cans along the heavy road. We usually wore no clothes and were made to work naked in the hot burning sun. Lillian did not believe in doctors. I had blisters on my hands, and I injured my back because of all this. She also put me in charge of looking after the cats and birds. There were around 3,000 chickens and 3,000 pigeons. She had a variety of different animals. I had to move the metal pipe the goats were attached to. I had to use a metal thing to bang it in.
- 2.11. I remember running away one night, but I can't remember what happened or how I got back. I think the door handles were then tied with rope to stop me getting out again.

Neglect

- 2.12. I went to Milford Primary School for a while when I was at Lillian's (during my early stays there), but I struggled. No one recognised I had a brain injury, and just thought it was bad behaviour. I didn't get any support to learn.
- 2.13. If we weren't at school, there wasn't any education at Lillian's. There was no radio or anything to read, so I didn't learn to read while I was there. I did go to a speech therapist, which my mum paid for.

- 2.14. Once, the first time I was at Lillian's, Lillian put a shutter over the bathroom window and told me it was because I was a lunatic who needed locking up. I smashed the bathroom window trying to get out and cut my hand on the broken glass. Instead of getting me medical treatment, I was pushed back into the bathroom, tied to the switchboard and locked in. I pulled the door so hard towards me the switchboard came out of the wall and all the live wires came out and the electricity was flashing. I was lucky I was not electrocuted.
- 2.15. During one of my stays at Lillian's as a teenager, when I was living at Carrington, I arrived with an envelope of Largactil tablets. Lillian threw them out, saying I didn't need them. The hospital had me on these three times a day to calm me down. These pills made me sick. You cannot go out in the sun when you are taking these. I went back to the hospital, and I told them that Lillian threw them in the fire. The hospital staff said they were going to have a word with her for tampering with my medication.
- 2.16. The last time I was at Lillian's in about 1961, I told my parents they were physically and psychologically abusing me. My parents had never visited me at Lillian's and were shocked to hear this. They rang the social worker, and I never went back again.

Physical abuse

- 2.17. The Smith family treated us badly. Lillian would fill an outside bath with boiling water and disinfectant for us to bathe in, which burnt our skin. One time she put me and two five year old boys in the bath, then held our heads under water. I had to pull the plug to stop us from drowning. I physically lashed out at her and Lillian never did it again. I think this was during the second time I was there, when I was already at Carrington.
- 2.18. Another time, when I was already at Carrington, Lillian tried to hit me with a broom because I wanted to wear clothes, which she wouldn't let me do. I snatched the broom off her and smacked her with it myself.
- 2.19. The second time I went to Lillian's, when I was already at Carrington, her stepdaughter, GRO-B-3 tried to drown me. GRO-B-3 was 19 years old. She pushed me down the bank into a ditch by the road. It was filled with cow dung and dirty water. She kicked me in the back. She tried to force my head into the water. I don't know why she did it. Mr McRobbie owned a dairy farm close by and he witnessed this and threatened to call the Police. He told her to get her hands off me or he would call the Police. Lillian later told me to say thank you to GRO-B-3 for giving me a hiding. I said to Lillian, it was attempted murder. I said she didn't know what GRO-B-3 was capable of.
- 2.20. During one of the later times I was at Lillian's, when I was a teenager living at Carrington, I called my mum. I was calling because Marjorie was calling me awful names, and Marjorie tried to get the phone off me. My mother overheard Marjorie calling me a lunatic and my mum called the social worker. They decided to take me back to Carrington.
- 2.21. The third time I was at Lillian's, when I had already been committed to Carrington, I made friends with another boy named GRO-B-4. Marjorie, Lillian's sister, called him names like

GRO-B-4 and she punched me when I tried to stand up for him. I called her a 'f'ing old bitch' and gave her a beauty, and she backed away.

Kingseat Mental Hospital (1950 – 1955)

- 2.22. I was living at home until I was eight years old, having these holiday spells at Lillian's. One day my parents picked me up from Lillian's and told me they missed me and took me home for the night. My parents packed my things up and then told me I was going to boarding school to further my education, but the following day they took me to Kingseat instead. They lied to me.
- 2.23. I remember feeling anxious all night because I knew something wasn't right. They didn't tell me the mean secret they had up their sleeve. I'll never forgive them for putting me into Kingseat.
- 2.24. At the time, I didn't know why I was sent to Kingseat. Later, my dad said it was my rotten behaviour that led to my hospitalisation. But it was the lies him and mum told about me that got me committed. My mum said I could never come home because I would kill them all, but I'm not a murderer. My mum told my dad if he ever brought me home for good, she would leave the family. That would have been good riddance to bad rubbish if she did. My **GRO-B** also told me my mum had me committed because there was something wrong with me.
- 2.25. My **GRO-B** told me in a greeting card that my parents were told to put me in care. I don't know who told them to do that. My great uncle, **GRO-B** **GRO-C-1** knew a Magistrate. My dad asked his uncle for help, and he got the Magistrate to put me into care. They arranged this all behind my back. I was committed to Kingseat under the Lunatics Act, and I was there for five years.

Arrival at Kingseat

- 2.26. I remember the day I was taken to Kingseat. It was 11 November 1950, and I was eight years old. It was a Friday afternoon.
- 2.27. My father took me into the Medical Superintendent's office. His name was Dr Crawshaw, I think that's how you spell it. My father had to hold me in between his legs to stop me from running away. My father signed the documents to have me committed. My father said he had me committed to get better as they believed I had an intellectual disability and a mental illness, but I never did.
- 2.28. I wasn't the only child at the hospital, but they sent me straight to F27, which was a ward for adult women. They gave me a bed with dirty sheets and told me if I behaved, I could go home after two weeks. They gave me a bath and put me in bed for four days. I don't know why I was in bed. I didn't have anything to do. I hated it and I wanted to run away (and I did later try running away). The adult patients in that ward talked to me. They were all nice. I was in F27 for six months.

- 2.29. Then in 1951, when I was about nine years old, I was moved to Villa 21, a secure ward for violent female patients. I was moved there because I was playing up so badly. I only found out I was moving to villa 21 when I saw the nurse carrying the suitcase. Patients in Villa 21 were in strait jackets and seclusion rooms and slept on dirty blankets on the floor. The floorboards were rotten with urine. I was in Villa 21 for about a year and a half.
- 2.30. After Villa 21, I was moved up to Villa 14 where I spent the next three years, until I was transferred to Carrington. I don't know why I was moved to Villa 14, and I never asked.
- 2.31. When I was younger, some staff would say that I would never get out. You can't fill people with false hope.

Day to day life and neglect at Kingseat

- 2.32. There were about 40 women in the ward I was first admitted to F27 which was a locked dormitory. The nurses were horrible, threatening me with seclusion if I didn't behave. There was another little boy at Kingseat, about eight years old, but I never saw him on the ward. His name was GRO-B.
- 2.33. There were some nurses at Kingseat that I liked, but the rest were straight up evil. They were sadists. The uniform used to scare me. Some student nurses hardened when they became charge nurses, because the training taught them that.
- 2.34. We woke up at any time. During the day I would go to occupational therapy with other people, making soft toys like teddy bears. I liked it. I didn't get an education, but other kids went to school in Papakura. Villa 12 was a children's ward, but I always got mixed with the adults. I don't know why.
- 2.35. I think my parents wanted me to go to school because they gave me jigsaw puzzles. But there were no support services because we were out in the country. I didn't even have someone to play dominoes with me. There was nobody for me to talk to. Other children at Kingseat did go to school, but I was deprived of an education. I was entitled to an education, and I was eligible for it, but they wouldn't let me go.
- 2.36. My parents initially visited once a week. But after a while, the Superintendent and doctors told them they should only come once a fortnight. They said the visits were too much for me, which was a load of rubbish – I think it's good for people to see their families. I didn't have any outside contact apart from seeing my parents, and I didn't see my siblings or my grandparents when I was at Kingseat. This made me feel upset. I didn't see my siblings for many years. I asked my parents to bring them on visits, but they wouldn't.
- 2.37. The staff wouldn't do anything about my medical issues. I had broken bones from the physical abuse that I suffered at Kingseat, which I have described below. I didn't get any medical treatment for my broken bones. They let patients die because they didn't believe them when they needed treatment.

Medical abuse

- 2.38. In the early 1950s they were forcing me to take tranquilisers three times a day at Kingseat. On one occasion, they gave me an injection that knocked me out for two or three days. They gave me tranquilisers like Paraldehyde, injections, and Largactil tablets. They would force it into my mouth as punishment. I was never told why I was punished like this.

Theft

- 2.39. My parents brought me clothes, and the staff stole these from me. The staff would take my things and lock them up or give them away, because they were dishonest. They stole my underwear and stockings. I told my parents about it, and they complained to the Medical Superintendent, but their complaints never got anywhere. They should have called the Police and the staff should have been arrested and charged.

Lack of privacy

- 2.40. We weren't allowed to use the telephone or post letters – you had to give letters to the Matron, who would read them. If they didn't like what you wrote they'd throw the letters out. I didn't like calling my parents because I'd get into arguments with them and get upset.

Seclusion and restraint

- 2.41. There were seclusion rooms in each Villa I stayed in (F27, Villa 14 and Villa 21). The rooms were very claustrophobic.
- 2.42. In F27 the room was quite big. The walls were painted cream and there was a red skirting boarding the room. There was no bathroom – only a bed, and nothing else. There was a window except they would swing the shutter across. This was so you wouldn't smash the window and cut yourself or escape. They used a big metal service key to lock it.
- 2.43. After about six months at Kingseat when I would have been about nine years old, I tried to run away, and they put me in seclusion to punish me. I was in seclusion a lot at Kingseat for running away. One time, I ran away from Kingseat but came back after a few hours. I was locked up for two or three weeks after that.
- 2.44. In 1954, when I was about 12, I was locked in Villa 21 for nine months as punishment because I had been looking after stray kittens. The Head Matron was the one who locked me up.
- 2.45. When they moved me to Villa 14, they locked me in a room for a few days on arrival. Dad came to see me in Villa 14 and they locked him in the seclusion room with me. The shutters were thick, about eight or nine inches thick and they used the big service keys to unlock them.
- 2.46. When I was locked in solitary, I wouldn't be given any clothes. I just had some canvas to cover myself with, even in winter. When I banged on the door to be let out, they would

threaten to give me a Paraldehyde injection. They were painful and smelled terrible. They also gave me Largactil, which was like chemical straitjacket therapy. I would be screaming the place down in pain – excruciating pain.

- 2.47. Sometimes, Sister GRO-B-5 would come into the seclusion room and throw my food all over me. She would throw cups of tea in my face.

Physical abuse

- 2.48. I used to play up holy hell. The staff would pull me down the corridor by my hair and lock me up for trying to escape.
- 2.49. In 1952, when I was about 10 years old and living in Villa 21, I was badly beaten by two nurses. They were known as the "GRO-B-6 Sisters." I don't know their first names, but GRO-B-6 was their last name. I think they were twins. They beat me with their shoes and hands and bashed my head on the wall. They used the broken pieces of a chamber pot to cut my legs open as punishment. Sometime after that they moved to Villa 14 where they worked under Sister GRO-B-5.
- 2.50. They were later arrested for almost killing another patient, as I have talked about more below.
- 2.51. Sister GRO-B-5 physically abused me several times. She was a ward sister in charge of Villa 14, and all of the abuse from her happened in Villa 14. The GRO-B-6 Sisters worked under her. She would beat me, kick me and bash my head against a wall. She pulled my hair out by the roots. She made me sleep on a canvas. She treated me worse than an animal.
- 2.52. When I was nine or ten, she tried to suffocate me in bed by sitting on my face, all because I had gone on a walk when she had the day off. I pushed her off me and she fell backwards. She chased me, but I escaped naked down the fire escape. When she caught me, she manhandled me and locked me up again. This incident was witnessed by a carpenter who was working on the room, but he didn't do anything to help me. I hope he reported it.
- 2.53. While I was in the seclusion room, she tried to make me drink my own urine and eat my own faeces. She said: "if you act like an animal, I will treat you like an animal". I said to her "you are the animal for treating me like this". She used to force Paraldehyde down my throat, and I would feel a burning sensation in my insides.
- 2.54. I don't know if anyone else witnessed Sister GRO-B-5 abusing me. She always had two other staff nurses who covered up for her. She would also lock the doors of the bathroom to make sure no one could witness anything.
- 2.55. There was also a junior nurse in Villa 21 who beat me with a hairbrush and left me with bruising all over my body. Afterwards, another nurse was kind to me, and gave me a cigarette. I don't remember either of their names – I was only about nine years old.

- 2.56. In 1953 or 1954, when I was 11 or 12, I was moved to Villa 14. I don't know why they moved me. There were about 65 patients. I stayed there until I was transferred to Carrington in 1955. Sister [GRO-B-5] was in charge of Villa 14.
- 2.57. One time, she got the [GRO-B-6] Sisters to strip me naked and bash me with their shoes when I was in seclusion. Sister [GRO-B-5] also scrubbed my mouth with a dirty toilet brush for talking back, and my mouth went septic for weeks. The toilet brush had faeces and disinfectant in it.
- 2.58. There was no one who I felt I could talk to about the abuse. I would not have been believed even if I tried. I would have been locked up for complaining or knocked out with Paraldehyde. About half a dozen staff did try to talk to me or help me. They didn't agree with what was being dished out to me. They said they would stick up for me. I told them don't stick up to Sister [GRO-B-5] for me, she won't listen to you. I told them to go to the Superintendent, Dr Crawshaw. Dr Crawshaw got rid of some of the bad staff. I don't recall their names.
- 2.59. My parents happened to be visiting one day when they saw Sister [GRO-B-5] forcing my head under water in Villa 14. My father yelled at her and pushed her into the bath. He also physically attacked the [GRO-B-6] Sisters – they nearly pissed and shit themselves. I had been telling my parents about the abuse before this, but they didn't believe it until they saw it for themselves. My parents complained, and Sister [GRO-B-5] was fired along with another two nurses that afternoon.

Psychological abuse

- 2.60. I don't know what the staff thought about me coming from [GRO-C-1], but they did not like me. The nursing staff teased me about my [GRO-C-1]. They would tell me that I was a millionaire and that I was loaded. I told them to keep their noses out of my business. I smacked one nurse over the face over it because I couldn't take the teasing anymore. I got a handful of gravel and threw it at her.
- 2.61. I have always loved animals, and I had pet cats at Kingseat. I got given the pets by the old patients. They gave them to me because they knew I liked animals. Some cats wandered onto the property from neighbouring properties.
- 2.62. Sister [GRO-B-5] once threatened to personally kill my cats herself, so I attacked her. I beat her badly, and the other staff members never found out that it was me who beat her. She really deserved it.
- 2.63. About a week or fortnight later, Sister [GRO-B-5] took the cats off me and had two male staff tie them in sacks and drown them in front of me. It was in the stream, by the mortuary. I attacked her and the staff to try to save them. I threw rocks at them, but I was thrown into seclusion.
- 2.64. She did this just to be spiteful. None of the staff could help me because Sister [GRO-B-5] had complained about my cats, and the Matron had made the order. If I had had a knife or a

gun that day, I would have shot the lot of them. Would you blame me? Sixty years on and I will never be able to forgive them for what they did.

Witnessing abuse of other patients

- 2.65. Some of the staff were physically and verbally abusive towards some of the patients.
- 2.66. Staff members said racist things about people, like: "we don't want black people in our country or in our hospital." Some of the Māori and Pacific patients talked to me and said they didn't like the racist treatment. It really upset me hearing these racist remarks.
- 2.67. Once when I was about nine or ten, the GRO-B-6 Sisters belted up a patient in a seclusion room in Villa 21. They attacked her because she was a Pacific Islander. They were full of racism. I can't remember the patient's name. They jumped on her chest and caused internal bleeding. She nearly died. The ward sister caught them; I think it was Sister Clemment who was Māori. She called the Police and an ambulance. The GRO-B-6 Sisters were arrested for attempted murder of a patient. Dr Crawshaw had to come down with Assistant Head Matron Athy in the black hospital car. It had New Zealand Government printed on the side in white letters.
- 2.68. Sometime after that, one of the nurses said something disgusting, something racist, about the other patients in front of them. I can't remember what it was, but it was horrible and insulting, and it wasn't true. I said to her— you cannot say that. I went to the toilet and grabbed some faeces and pushed it in her mouth because of her racism. I smeared it all over her face and I said that's the dirty filthy payback you're getting for the way you talk to them. She got a hell of a shock. I told her I hated her.

Sexual abuse

- 2.69. I think it was 1954, when I was 12 years old, that I was sexually assaulted at Kingseat.
- 2.70. I was picking flowers outside and saw a male patient. What he did was hideous. He had a pair of overalls on. He pulled my knickers down and pulled out a pocketknife and threatened me. He pulled out his penis. He put all the mucous stuff on me.
- 2.71. I went back to Villa 14 in shock. I couldn't tell the nursing staff for fear I'd be locked up or not believed. It took me five hours to open up to another patient. Her name was GRO-B-7 and she encouraged me to tell someone. I then told a nurse I could trust, Matron Alison. She was the Head Matron for the female side. GRO-B-7 backed me up because I could hardly speak from the shock. Matron Alison was fine about it. She said it was not going to happen again because they were going to get the guy. She said it was understandable I was in shock. She was very nice and very supportive. She thought it was disgusting.
- 2.72. Matron Alison brought some male patients to the ward the next day with some male nurses. They lined some men up in the recreation room, and I pointed the guy out to them. I wasn't afraid. He owned up to it. He got locked up, in a men's ward at Kingseat, and had his privileges taken off him. I was scared I would see him again. I don't know what happened to him after that.

- 2.73. They should have called the Police. I don't know why they didn't. Patients had no rights, and we had no social workers. We were left to rot, and your family wasn't taken any notice of. They never examined me to see if he had done any damage, but I think he had. I didn't get any help for the sexual assault. The whole incident has left bad memories in my mind. It scarred me and it's something I can't forget. I can't forgive the guy. It was a horrible thing to do. I didn't ask for it. Nobody does.
- 2.74. Back in the day, you wouldn't be believed, you'd be punished for it. It's not like that now.
- 2.75. Kingseat didn't offer to contact my parents. I don't think that they told them anything. I told them myself a week later and they went berserk. They finally decided to take me out of Kingseat because they weren't looking after me.
- 2.76. It was Sister: GRO.B
5 who told me that I was going away. I think this would have been after the sexual assault.

Auckland Mental Hospital / Carrington Hospital/ Oakley (1955 to 1990)

- 2.77. My parents demanded that the Medical Superintendent shift me to Auckland Mental Hospital, which was closer to them. They wanted to be able to visit me and take me home sometimes, which they couldn't do at Kingseat. I think it was because of the sexual assault and the staff assaults.
- 2.78. I'd been put in Kingseat originally because my parents thought it was a better hospital than Auckland Mental Hospital, but to me they were all tarnished with the same brush. There was punishment, discrimination, neglect, seclusion, drugs, ECT, your privacy invaded, property stolen, and patients not believed in both places.
- 2.79. I felt I was left to rot, like I was never going to get out. I was in Carrington for more than 35 years. I was under the system for more than 50 years in total. I would ask my parents to take me home and my mum said they couldn't because I'd kill them all if I did and she couldn't handle my behaviour. I wouldn't have killed anybody – it was a load of rubbish. It wasn't true and it was discrimination.

Arrival

- 2.80. I was transferred to Carrington on 10 May 1955 which was just before I turned 13 years old. I remember that day. Two staff members drove me – they were a male and a female and it took more than three hours. They didn't talk to me about what was happening.
- 2.81. When we got to Auckland Mental Hospital my parents were not there. I knew I would make friends there, and I did. But I was worried. I was worried about my mum and dad and my friends. I was just worried. I felt I was being ignored and disowned by my family. I had been thrown out at eight years old and mum kept her word that she would never have me back.
- 2.82. They put me in Ward F2 for 24 hours which was the female schizophrenia ward. They seemed to label everyone in one box. Later, when I was in my late teenage years, they

started saying I had schizophrenia, even though I didn't. I spoke to my parents about it and they didn't agree with that diagnosis.

- 2.83. After the first 24 hours I was in Ward F8 for a year and a half. I don't know why I was there. It was the female geriatric ward. Carrington didn't have a children's ward, and it was strange that I was the only child. It was a locked ward, which I didn't like, but the patients weren't too bad.
- 2.84. After that I went to Ward F2 for four to five years, something like that. I was then transferred to wards F1, 4 and 5, which were three wards in one, up the staircase, where I stayed for over 20 years. It was a huge open ward of about 300 to 400 patients with about three staff. They were all female patients. They did their own thing – they were quite independent.

Day to day life and neglect at Carrington

- 2.85. In the early days at Carrington in Ward F8 I cleaned the false teeth of the old ladies at night. I was quite good at it and I didn't get them mixed up. I would take old history books out from the hospital library to teach myself to read. I hadn't really learned how to read at Kingseat.
- 2.86. In the ward I was in for twenty years, Ward F1, 4 and 5, I was in a dormitory at night with about 20 patients. I didn't mind sharing the dorm and it was nicely furnished. I had a private room at one point, but I gave it up because I wanted to be around other people. I liked the company of the other patients.
- 2.87. You had to make your own bed at Carrington. The older patients did the cooking, and the younger patients and staff did all the cleaning. Eventually though in the 1960s they got domestic staff to do the cleaning. They were provided by the Auckland Hospital Board.
- 2.88. I could leave Carrington with the staff's permission when I was a teenager. At first, I was scared to go by myself into the world. I was scared of motor cars. I was frightened men might try to do something to me. I was scared of people. I found the world very strange, after Kingseat.
- 2.89. But then I gained confidence and I would go out. I would buy bird seed and go to the jewellers. I didn't talk to people though; they didn't know where I was from. The place had such a bad name. I would just tell the shopkeepers what I wanted.
- 2.90. You had to have permission to leave Carrington. If you didn't get permission, they would notify the Police and say you had gone AWOL, and lock you up in Park House, because you were under committal. The committal was like when people go to jail – the same sort of policies.
- 2.91. The patients were great. They showed me how to make pullovers and socks and I used to go out shopping with them. I used to knit – I took knitting orders from staff, and I would get

paid to make beautiful jerseys. I knitted for the patients too. It was something to do. I used to clean the staff cars too and they thought I did a beautiful job.

- 2.92. The food was rubbish, and I had no choice about what I could eat. The meals were muck, fit to be tipped down the drain. You couldn't have food outside of mealtimes. You'd be chased out of the kitchen, or the door would be slammed in your face. You could only have tea when it was being served.
- 2.93. When I was about 15, in 1957, I started going to a special IHC school on Symonds Street called Edithville. I don't know why I started going - I hadn't received any education before that. I would take the bus to Symonds Street and my dad paid for the bus tickets and for the school fees too, which was a pound a week. I made lots of friends there and the teachers were lovely. That's where I learned to read.
- 2.94. We would watch educational films and play the piano. I'd be there for the whole school day. But then I stopped going to school in 1962 when I was 20 years old because the school moved to Ranfurly, and I couldn't get there. I did go to Ranfurly once, on the bus, but it was too expensive.
- 2.95. I also tried to do school by correspondence, but it was too complicated, so I just sent the schoolwork back. I had no one to help me.
- 2.96. I never got any education around getting my period. I learned about it myself, through reading about it. I didn't get my periods until I was 16, I think because of the man at Kingseat that interfered with me, and the drugs I was on. When I did get my period, the staff didn't talk to me about it. We never had sex education either, but I think we had learned about it at Edithville.
- 2.97. If I was able to have a career, I would have liked to work with animals – breeding cats or working for the SPCA.
- 2.98. Every fortnight, we would take a bus trip and go sightseeing. We'd have pictures twice a week, and a dance in the men's dining room and they would play the records on a big stereo. A patient band would play. I didn't like going to the pictures, but I liked doing housework. Some of the pictures were rubbish but I liked the ones about World War Two – you learnt a lot about how they treated the Jews. The hospitals were run on most of the same policies.
- 2.99. I made friends with the teenage girls who were at Carrington. Before that, I had never had friends my age. That hadn't worried me though because the adult patients were lovely. The teenage girls were nice girls. They listened to music, and they would tell me about why they were there. I used to like the pop music they would play on the weekends on the ward radios, like the Beatles.
- 2.100. We were allowed to write letters and make calls at Carrington, but my parents only received some of my letters. The staff must not have been sending them. Carrington wanted to send me to a rest home and if I wrote that in the letters then my parents

wouldn't get them. I didn't like calling my parents because I would get into arguments with them, and I would get upset. I never went on home leave while I was at Kingseat, but I did at Carrington. When I did go home, they treated me like I was fragile and wrapped me in cotton wool, not letting me leave the house. Dad also kept physically abusing me while I was on home visits.

Financial abuse

- 2.101. In the 1960s and the 1970s I got five shillings a week for doing housekeeping work at the hospital. I would vacuum out 22 dorms and polish the floors every day. I cleaned 200 windows a month. It was something to do. Some people didn't even get paid, it was slave labour. I also worked in the hospital laundry, and I would get paid in government tobacco. If you didn't smoke, you got a bag of boiled lollies. I think it's a disgusting way to pay people. I think they were taking advantage of people.
- 2.102. My wages were really pocket money. I think I was being paid by the Ministry of Health. I had birds at Carrington, and I used it to buy my birds' food. I also bought things to wear. My parents bought me things too, but they didn't give me money. I also got half a crown every fortnight from my grandfather. But if the staff caught you saving your money, they'd confiscate it and you didn't see the money again. Staff didn't like it – they would take both money and clothing off me.
- 2.103. When I turned 21, the staff at Carrington stole my 21st birthday jewellery and they broke my radio. It was Sister [GRO-B-8] Mrs [GRO-B-9] the property officer, and Matron [GRO-B-10]
- 2.104. Then in 1967 when I was about 25, myself and the other patients were put on the Sickness Benefit. In 1974 I was sent to do Industrial Therapy Work, then the Disabled People's workshop, for no pay. In the late 1970s I was put on the Invalids Benefit. Now I'm on National Super.
- 2.105. In 1994 Carrington was found to have stolen over \$4 million from 20,000 patients. The hospital was siphoning patient money for general hospital purposes. None of the money was returned.

Seclusion and restraint

- 2.106. From the moment I arrived at Carrington they started putting me in seclusion. They kept putting me in seclusion right up until I left.
- 2.107. At Carrington I'd be put in seclusion because I was sticking up for myself and they didn't like it. If you didn't watch your mouth, you'd find yourself locked up again. I couldn't count how many times I was in seclusion – hundreds, maybe thousands of times. I'd be in seclusion for about a week, sometimes less.
- 2.108. Seclusion could happen in different wards, and there were several seclusion rooms. People were sent to seclusion for stupid things like using the telephone or crossing the road to post letters. There were staff posted on the roads to monitor people using the public phone or posting letters. It was like the Gestapo during World War Two.

- 2.109. The seclusion room downstairs at Park House was the worst seclusion I had ever been in. There were bars on the window like a prison and great big shutters, so you couldn't see out. The shutters were locked every afternoon at 3:30pm and there was just a ventilation grill for fresh air to come in. There was heavy duty mesh wire on it. They'd put me in a straitjacket most of the time, but I used to get out of them. I'd tear them up and urinate all over them. They stopped using the straitjackets in the mid-1960s.
- 2.110. When I was about 13, they blamed me for an older patient slipping over and later dying from her injuries, even though I had nothing to do with it. Nurse [GRO-B-11] and Nurse [GRO-B-8] who were staff nurses blamed me for this, and I don't know why. I know who did it though. It was [GRO-B] she was a patient in her eighties, and she used to do the mopping. One day she tipped the bucket over deliberately. I don't know the name of the lady who died but I was told she died. I told my parents and they thought it was awful. We never got an apology for what they had blamed me for and my parents were absolutely furious. They were so angry. They knew I was innocent.
- 2.111. Since I was blamed for this, as punishment, I was put in a room in Ward 8 in a straitjacket. They also tied my feet up. They left me in the jacket for about four months. It affected my arms. They ended up getting a piece of rope which they put so tight around my waist that I could not pass urine. I was not able to feed myself and was being fed by staff. They only took me out of it to give me a bath, but I also slept in it.
- 2.112. I played up holy hell, ripping the sheets, pillows, blankets, bedspread and mattress up and smashing the bed frame. I was given an injection. However, I eventually figured how to get out of it by doing the Houdini stunt, and I urinated all over it. I said you must stop putting me in these things, I am not a lunatic. The ward sister Charge Nurse hit me with a rolled-up newspaper when I talked back to her. I told her she looked like a fat pig. She told me to shut my bloody mouth.
- 2.113. Some people were sent to Park House for five years or longer. If you didn't want to work in Ward 145, then they would send you to Park House. They would say you can get down to Park House with the lazy buggers. I told them we had a right to have a rest, I said they were the ones who enforce these stupid rules. That's when they would pounce to lock you up.
- 2.114. Park House was also where pregnant girls would be locked up. They would be sent to the National Women's Hospital then returned to Park House - they couldn't go back to the normal wards because they were considered too promiscuous. They said the only way to stop them from having babies was to give them Depo Provera injections. Their families kicked up a big stink about it.
- 2.115. When I was in seclusion I couldn't go out to shower, use the toilet, or clean my teeth. I'd go to the bathroom on the floor, and they wouldn't clean it up. They'd give me injections every half hour to keep me unconscious.
- 2.116. I was forcibly medicated with Largactil in seclusion, and Paraldehyde. I was given stitch blankets covered with other people's blood, and a woollen night dress. In the summer, no fresh air would come in, so it would be stuffy and airless.

- 2.117. On my file, staff were instructed to throw me into seclusion and strip the room if I brought up my physical health. They called me a schizophrenic and were told to ignore me. Once, Sister [GRO-B] locked me up for four months as punishment. She hit me in the face with a rotted-up newspaper, put me in a straitjacket, and tied my feet tightly to cause pain.
- 2.118. I would smash the rooms up and urinate under the doors, so the staff would slip over. There was no toilet, and I was assaulted by Nurse [GRO-B] for urinating on the floor when I had no other option.
- 2.119. People only spoke to me to threaten me. They threatened that I would be in seclusion forever and never get out. They'd throw the bedpan and toilet paper at me. I told my mum, who complained, but they denied it. My mum didn't believe me, so the staff got away with it.
- 2.120. One time, in 1964, I was in seclusion for three days, naked. They gave me Largactil and other drugs, which burned my throat and I coughed. It landed on Matron [GRO-B-10]'s shoes, so she sent me to Park House. Most of the Matrons were horrible and came from down the line – from Sunnyside, Tokanui and Porirua. They were hard, very strict and stern, and they never smiled. If you said one word wrong, you'd be punished.
- 2.121. In January 1984, while I was in Ward 2, I got locked up by Nurse Alison Steward for writing letters to the Ombudsman, Parliament, and government ministers. I was in seclusion for days or a week, with only a stitch blanket and no meals. She said that Dr [GRO-C-2] was getting lots of letters about my complaints and it was annoying him. He would reply to the letters saying I was lying. Later, I was not permitted writing paper, to stop me making complaints.
- 2.122. I think Dr [GRO-C-3] was a psychiatrist. He was no bloody good, that's for sure. In 1987 I tried to complain to Dr [GRO-C-3] about the assaults and threats, but staff nurses forcefully removed me from the room, and he did nothing to stop them. I was thrown into seclusion. I ripped my clothes off and tried to strangle myself with my ripped-up t-shirt. I wanted to die - I didn't want to keep suffering like that. They forced me to take Largactil.

Physical abuse

- 2.123. Carrington was a dangerous place. I was physically abused the whole time, on and off.
- 2.124. From 1963 to 1964, when I was in my early twenties, I was bullied by another patient, [GRO-B-12]. I tried to complain to Ward Charge Nurse [GRO-B-8] but Nurse [GRO-B-8] would hit me because she didn't want to hear my complaints. She often encouraged [GRO-B-12] to bully me and attack me.
- 2.125. I was physically abused by [GRO-B-11] who was a staff nurse, and the other staff abused the other patients, mentally and verbally. It was psychological as well.
- 2.126. In 1963 Sister [GRO-B-8] also smashed me in the chest with a board and said: "I'm going to do all the damage I can do to you physically." She was too fond of locking me up, and none of the patients liked her. She used to wind up the bigger patients and turn them on to

other patients. She would say she hoped they were dead. She was a bully. She should have been chucked out sooner and instantly fired. The Police should have been notified.

- 2.127. In 1964 I was moved to the Incontinence Dormitory in Park House as punishment for complaining about my property being stolen. This dorm was for people who wet their beds, and there were about 100 beds. It was a filthy place. Staff would lock the toilets at night, and in the morning, there would be big piles of faeces and urine everywhere. The staff would come in at 2am and beat the people who had wet their beds, using shoes and smacking them over. They would use their own shoes off their own feet. They used to bash them over the head with the heavy-duty service keys. There would be blood everywhere. They were doing this to the older ladies, who couldn't stick up for themselves. I intervened one night and kicked the bloody hell out of two nurses.
- 2.128. In 1967 another patient named [BRO-B-13] attacked me, unprovoked. I ended up with three fractured ribs. [GRO-B-13] was locked up in Park House for almost two years as punishment. Nurse Barbara Burnside, who was really nice and never assaulted patients, got the doctor for me.
- 2.129. Nurse Steward instructed other staff to assault and hurt me, and she would watch when they did. She was later fired by Dr [GRO-C-2] when he caught her abusing patients.
- 2.130. In 1969, I was assaulted by another female patient in Park House. I was thrown down the stairs backwards and my face smacked, because I was crying. I was left badly injured, and the staff didn't find me for an hour. The patient was locked up for six weeks and given ECT, then returned to Mt Eden Prison. I didn't get any treatment for my injuries.
- 2.131. In 1984, when I was in my early forties, one male patient punched me in the ear for no reason. In the same year, another female patient took a metal piece off the table tennis table and chased me around the room with it, trying to hit me over the head and cut my head open. The staff grabbed her and threw her into seclusion for a few days. She was a paranoid schizophrenic. Prior to this she had set her hair on fire and had been very badly burnt – when that happened another patient and I ran to get the staff to help.
- 2.132. In February 1987, I tried to escape Ward 10. I had asked to come off Largactil because it was making me sick, and Nurse [GRO-B-14] screamed at me. She began physically assaulting me and throwing me into the door, so I took off down the stairs. Roger Hay the church minister saw it and said I needed instant medical treatment – I told him I wouldn't be getting it and I was right.
- 2.133. Another time, Nurse [GRO-B-14] and I got into an argument. She got six orderlies to drag me to Ward 2. They dragged me downstairs and threw me so hard against a door frame it fractured my hip and broke a couple of toes. This also broke my ankle and foot. They threw me into a room and forcefully gave me an injection. This caused several epileptic seizures, and I lost consciousness from an overdose. Nurse [GRO-B-14] was removed from the ward because of this, and the Superintendent told staff that this was never to happen again. However, the Police weren't notified of the assault.

- 2.134. While I was in Ward 12 around the late 1970s, I was also physically abused under the guise of behaviour modification. For eight months, Sister [GRO.B.15] would smack me in the face, twist my wrists painfully, and throw me in my room. She threatened to smash my face in and said if I reported her, she would blame another patient.
- 2.135. Senior Nurse [GRO.B-16] was also violent. He would assault the female patients, including me. He once broke a patient's arm and caused other serious injuries. Nurse [GRO.B.16] was sacked in 1984 when he was caught assaulting a patient and threatening to kill them. He was caught red handed by the Principal Nurse.
- 2.136. When I was being assaulted at Carrington, I was going on home leave regularly on the weekends, and I was also being assaulted by my dad. During the first year at Carrington, I went on a home visit and my dad punched me in the chest and broke my ribs. I went home about once a fortnight or once every three weeks. It would usually be for a weekend, but I didn't like staying the whole weekend due to my dad's violence. He kicked me in the legs and hit me over the ears and the head. My legs would be bruised for over a month after. He would smack me so hard he'd leave handprints on me. He broke my bones. He said if I rang the Police that he would get them to take me back to hospital. He said if I ran away, he would give me a hiding and take me back to the hospital.
- 2.137. In the 1970s I showed a nurse the bruises and she said they were going to stop me going home because of what my dad was doing to me. They stopped them from taking me home for several months. They warned my parents that if they continued to hurt me, they would be liable under the Mental Health Act. My social worker told me that the staff spoke to my parents. Despite this, the violence continued. I told my parents that I didn't want to come home anymore and my father said he hurt me: "because of your behaviour". The social worker did check in on me again after that, but I just told the social worker that I did not want to go back to my parents again. I do not miss my parents for what they have done.
- 2.138. The doctors didn't ask if I wanted to talk to the Police, which is something I would've wanted to do. In those days there were no rights for people like me, we weren't believed. Staff on the wards would deny everything. They didn't abide by patients' rights; it was just lip service. Nothing ever got done.

Medical abuse

- 2.139. As punishment the staff would give you Paraldehyde injections and get you on the bone. You wouldn't be able to walk for a fortnight afterwards, that's how stiff it made your muscles.
- 2.140. They also used Mellaril and Largactil. Largactil made me feel like I was at death's door. I felt like a zombie. I couldn't be out in the sun. It caused nausea and severe constipation. I was given Largactil every day. I've had just about every drug on the pharmacy shelf, and I've never benefitted from any of the drugs. They used to inject me through my clothing, and I would have big haematomas on the muscles and blood would ooze out of them.

- 2.141. My medication was never reduced, but I'd spit and chuck them out at any chance I got. Once, I was fed drug-faced sandwiches, which just caused me to vomit. I was told the medication was to keep me nice and calm, but they didn't worry about my physical health.
- 2.142. I was also forced to have injections of Modecate at high doses for 14 years. Sister GRO-B-17 lied to Dr Taylor about my condition to get the injections approved. She said I was a malicious liar and a schizophrenic and a hypochondriac.
- 2.143. Nurse GRO-B-14 would threaten me, and I was especially scared of her when she administered my injections. She said that she could easily kill me, that she could draw up the lethal injections at any time and get the staff to hold me down to administer it. She threatened to kill me in a day room of about thirty other patients and they commented afterwards that she was a terrible person. They said she wouldn't get away with it.
- 2.144. While I was in Park House in 1970, I was injected with a double dose of Paraldehyde. They used a blunt needle, and I was held down by six nurses. It caused a haematoma on my pelvis, and I couldn't walk because I was so sore and stiff. A nurse GRO-B-18 also used to kick me in the private parts.
- 2.145. I didn't like Sister GRO-B-17, who took over Ward 145 in 1973. She was a bitch to me and put me on shock treatments and Perphenazine injections. The drugs ruined my body. They made me hallucinate and hurt myself and I couldn't move my bowels for seven weeks.
- 2.146. In 1973, in the autumn or winter, they gave me ECT because they said I was schizophrenic. I wasn't schizophrenic, it was the drugs that made me very depressed. I didn't consent to having ECT and they didn't inform my parents. They said that when you're under committal you have no say in your treatment.
- 2.147. There would be about three doctors in the ECT room. The ward had about 10 beds, and the bed would be made up on the wrong end because it was easier for the doctor to put the gel and metal clamps on your temples. Before the ECT they gave me an injection in the arm that knocked me out. When I woke up, I had some tea and a toastie. I said to them that I hadn't had ECT, but they showed me the plaster on my arm.
- 2.148. I would lose my memory and have pain all over my body. I felt sick, helpless and powerless. They asked my parents for permission to give me a lobotomy, but my parents wouldn't allow it. So, they just gave me lots of ECT instead.
- 2.149. My parents came to visit one Sunday, and I didn't realise they were there. My mum asked Sister Burnside what was wrong with me, and she said I'd had ECT. My dad was shocked and angry. He reported it, but nothing came of it. I kicked up a stink and said I didn't want any more of the treatment because it was making me sick. I was in my mid-thirties when they stopped giving me ECT – this was in the mid-1970s.
- 2.150. In 1974, sometime between April and July, they forced me to take medication and put me in seclusion because I had been talking back. They gave me injections to shut me up.

- 2.151. In October 1984, I know that resident [GRO-B] died from repeated ECT and medication. She was forced to get ECT and take the medicine.
- 2.152. Once, Sister [GRO-B-17] told me to get a job because I was bludging off the government and should be in jail. She dumped me at Park House for two months that day because I wouldn't get a job. She said to increase my medication, which they did. I wasn't even schizophrenic but that's how I was medicated – anti-psychotics and anti-depressants, which made me worse. They made me hallucinate and do stupid things to myself.
- 2.153. Mum would've kicked up a terrible stink if she knew what Sister [GRO-B-17] was doing to me. But my mum never bothered to investigate what was happening to me and even if she did, she'd just be fed a pack of lies. You never bothered reporting stuff because you never got anywhere.

Medical neglect

- 2.154. In the 1970s I was overmedicated and would self-harm because I was out of my mind. My parents would visit and see the bruises on me. When I told them what happened my mum would write letters to have me moved to a different ward. My parents also called the District Inspector, but they never got anywhere.
- 2.155. The nurses made me stay out in the rain and refused to let me get dry clothes, and I almost died from pleurisy. I was sent to the hospital for x-rays, but I didn't get any treatment or antibiotics in the ward. My parents complained, but nothing changed.
- 2.156. In 1979, Sister [GRO-B-17] stopped me from getting an operation at National Women's Hospital. I had inflicted severe internal damage on myself with a knitting needle while I was hallucinating on Fluphenazine, Tegretol and Phenobarbital injections, and anti-depressants. I had severe internal perforation, ruptures and bladder infections, and the doctors wanted to examine me.
- 2.157. When I returned from the Hospital, I was thrown into seclusion for telling lies. Dr [GRO-C-2] threatened to inject me with six-inch needles if I misbehaved and didn't give me any treatment. Specialists from the National Women's Hospital came to readmit me for an operation, but Matron [GRO-B], Nurse [GRO-B], Charge Nurse [GRO-B], and ward doctor Dr [GRO-C-2] sent them away. They didn't bother getting me fixed up. Sister [GRO-B-17] was involved too.
- 2.158. Another time, I fell and broke my foot bones and my ankle. Dr [GRO-C-2] didn't get me x-rayed, only medicated.
- 2.159. I would constantly rub my eyes and get in trouble for it. I found out that I had conjunctivitis for years, after Dr Purdie realised and gave me ointment to treat it.
- 2.160. The only medical treatment I ever received was for a hysterectomy in February 1979 when I was 37. I got a hysterectomy because of continual menstrual bleeding. I was barred from getting medical treatment from the public hospitals when I was on leave. The

Carrington staff had sent my files to National Women's Hospital because I was labelled a hypochondriac.

- 2.161. In 1963 or 1964, dysentery broke out in the ward in Park House. I was not allowed into my own ward until I was better. The Ministry of Health visited and were disgusted at the filthy conditions.
- 2.162. If I was in pain the staff would say it was just in my mind. I once cut my arm very badly in seclusion. When Sister [GRO-B-17] saw it, she said it was self-inflicted and they wouldn't do anything about it. It got all infected and swelled up.
- 2.163. In the 1980s a doctor said I needed to be sent to Auckland Hospital to remove painful lumps that I had. A few days later he said I didn't need to go, and the pain was in my head. The same thing happened to another patient, but she got another medical opinion and was sent to hospital by the other doctor straight away. It turned out to be cancer and her lumps were removed.
- 2.164. I've seen too many patients die from terminal illnesses because of this attitude. Staff would give them ECT or lock them up in their room. Many patients died of cancer while I was at Carrington. They weren't getting any treatment. I knew this because one of the good nurses told me on the quiet that they had cancer. Three staff in Ward 10 were fired in relation to these deaths and the ill-treatment of patients. Sometimes, I saw the Police come and spend the whole day in the ward, when people died. In different wards, I saw patients die from over-medication. I saw how many pills and injections they were giving them.
- 2.165. I once had an epileptic seizure in the dining room, and I had to be resuscitated by a weekend duty doctor and the nursing staff. The doctor looked at my medication chart and realised I was being overdosed – I could've died. Nurse [GRO-B-14] was biffed out of the ward because of this together with two other staff.
- 2.166. In June 1976, I was hit by a car and suffered severe shock and injuries to my leg, hip and arm. The driver offered to take me to the hospital, but I didn't know him, so I limped back to Carrington. When I arrived, the staff said I didn't need to go to the hospital and didn't give me any medical attention. They made me stay in bed for a few days. When the doctor came to see me the next day, he said I was very lucky that I wasn't killed.
- 2.167. On Christmas 1982, I didn't want to go to bed because I was in a lot of pain. Instead of getting me medical treatment, I was grabbed by the hair and thrown into a room. They stripped me naked. I ripped up all the bedding and my night dress and I tried to commit suicide. I swore at the staff, and I called them for everything and banged on the door, but they didn't respond. They gave me an injection at midnight for punishment. After that the night staff kept checking my blood pressure because they knew I had been overmedicated and knew I could die.

Theft

- 2.168. Staff stole patients' jewellery and valuables for many years. When I was moved to Park House, all my belongings were stolen. My jewellery was stolen, in 1964 a bangle I got for my 21st birthday was also stolen, which I never got back. Staff also stole my and other patients' benefit cheques from the office from 1967.
- 2.169. In 1964, I complained about staff stealing my clothes, birthday and Christmas presents. Charge Nurse Adriene Jarvis locked me in seclusion for complaining about the stolen property for a few hours in Park House, but I managed to escape.
- 2.170. One time, I complained about staff raiding my wardrobe. I think it was because of this that they locked me up in seclusion on a Sunday in 1964. I was placed in seclusion for four days but remained in Park House for one month. Whilst in seclusion, Matron [GRO-B-10] forced me to drink Largactil. I vomited it up, so the staff stripped me naked and injected me. For two days they made me sleep on a dirty mattress covered in blood, and I had to relieve myself on the floor. My father had arranged to collect me on New Year's Day, but he wasn't allowed to see me in seclusion. My parents went to Dr Grey who got me out and back to Ward 145, saying I shouldn't have been there. Back in Ward 145 they refused to get me clean clothes.
- 2.171. At Christmas time in 1974, Sister [GRO-B-17] Staff Nurse [GRO-B] and Property Officers [GRO-B] and Mrs [GRO-B] stole my Christmas presents and other possessions. They stole my property in front of me, and I witnessed other staff stealing from patients or destroying their property. I was put in seclusion at Park House for 24 hours and given injections as punishment for complaining. I told a doctor, who reprimanded the staff.
- 2.172. Some patients would also steal things. If you had valuables that went missing, Carrington wouldn't replace them. If patients stole from the staff, they would've called the Police and had the patients locked up. It was the same with hitting. If nurses hit the patients, they got away with it, but if patients hit the staff you'd be locked up in Park House for months, or even years.

Sexual abuse

- 2.173. While at Carrington, patients would expose themselves to me. The male patients would expose themselves to the female patients. I complained to the staff, but they didn't care. I was forced to take Fluphenazine to stop my complaints. If I refused, Nurse [GRO-B-14] and Sister [GRO-B-17] would beat and belt me.
- 2.174. On Christmas night 1982 a group of staff took photos of patients' private parts. Superintendent [GRO-C] found out and threatened to sack them.
- 2.175. In March 1987, Nurse [GRO-B-14] pulled my pants down and I was injected in front of all the patients. I had asked to get my physical health fixed up. She injected me with tranquilisers. The side effects were shocking, I felt I was going to die. I was then forced to sign a contract agreeing to be locked up with no clothes for any misbehaviour. I still suffer

from excruciating pain all over my whole body, to this day, because of what they did to me. I also have serious physical conditions, including Sjogren's Syndrome.

- 2.176. In winter 1987, Nurse [GRO-B-14]'s personal friend, Captain [GRO-B-19] came to visit the hospital. She told me to be a good girl and sit on his knee. Captain [GRO-B-19] rubbed my legs and told me he wanted to play around with me, but I ran away. I didn't complain to Nurse [GRO-B-14] because I knew she wouldn't believe me.
- 2.177. Nurse [GRO-B-14] was fired later that year because she was caught abusing patients. All the lockups and punishments stopped. I can't forgive Nurse [GRO-B-14] for what she did.
- 2.178. In the summer of 1988, I was sexually assaulted by another patient named [GRO-B]. He tried to rape me, but I fought back. I told two nurses, who reported him, but nothing was done.
- 2.179. In 1989, one of my doctors, Dr [GRO-C-4] was fined \$50,000 for sexually abusing female patients. He was struck off the register, but not jailed. He had been abusing male and female patients for many years, I was told.
- 2.180. A social worker named [GRO-C-5] was caught having sex with a female patient. He was arrested and convicted.

Advocacy by others on my behalf

- 2.181. I met Rod Davies, a patient advocate, in 1988. He was very interested in my case. I disclosed the abuse I had experienced to him. He also witnessed several instances of staff encouraging patients to bully me and refusing to give me medical treatment. He was disgusted and told them off. The nurses gave him dirty looks and stopped talking when they saw him around.
- 2.182. Doctors told Rod that I did not have a mental illness and that keeping me amounted to illegal detention, but the doctors didn't know what to do to me. They also admitted that they forcibly medicated me.
- 2.183. When Rod reported my abuse to the doctors, they were uninterested. Eventually I was taken off all my medication when District Inspector Paul Treadwell ordered it.
- 2.184. I wasn't allowed to access my own medical files, but Rod could. He said he was disgusted with what he saw. They said I had schizophrenia and I was a hypochondriac. But I have never been told by a doctor that I had schizophrenia, and it made me very angry because it was a load of rubbish. I am not a hypochondriac, and my solicitor Keith Reid said I am not anything like that. He said there was nothing mentally wrong with my brain and that I had always told the truth.
- 2.185. In 1988 or 1989, Mr Treadwell also represented a group of patients, including myself, and we won a court injunction over the closure of Carrington. It was to prevent dumping patients into unsafe boarding houses.

2.186. Mr Treadwell was lovely, he appeared on television when TV3 were filming a segment on Carrington. I wanted to be filmed in Carrington, but they didn't ask for my permission. They wanted to let the public know what was happening. This was in the early 1990s, a few weeks before the hospital was closed down. It was completely closed down by 1996.

Stays at rest homes and boarding homes while committed

2.187. Between 1955 and 1990 I spent most of my time at Carrington, but I was sometimes sent to live at different boarding houses for short term stays. I was still under committal whilst I was in the boarding houses.

2.188. I never asked why I was going to these boarding houses, and they didn't tell me. I kept drifting back to Carrington because the boarding houses weren't suitable. There was a lot of violence.

2.189. In 1968 I was sent to GRO-C-6 Boarding House for eight weeks. It was run by Mr and Mrs GRO-C – I think that is how it is spelt. I was threatened with violence, and the environment was filthy. They also had a German Shepherd dog who bit me on the left leg. It had dirty filthy teeth. They didn't look after it. I didn't get any medical treatment.

2.190. In 1971 I stayed at GRO-C-7 Boarding House for six months. It was owned by GRO-C GRO-C who are now deceased. I wasn't allowed out of the house unless I was escorted. They also stole my money and my mother complained about it to the social workers at Carrington. I don't know if anything was done.

2.191. From 1979 to 1981, I was at GRO-C-8 Rest Home in GRO-C. I was physically assaulted by the owner GRO-C and he wouldn't give me breakfast. He also stole \$600 from me. He, his wife, family members and another nurse collectively stole millions from residents. My family reported the thefts to the Police, and they were convicted.

2.192. While at GRO-C-8 Rest Home I had an accident where I broke my left ribs and injured my spine and hip. I couldn't walk for a month, but nothing was done to help me. I never got over this injury and was left to suffer in excruciating pain in silence, which I still live with today. There was also a staffer named GRO-B who was physically abusive. I made complaints to the authorities which resulted in an investigation. The home closed down three weeks later.

2.193. I lived at GRO-C-9 Rest Home for a year in 1982. They were paying me \$30 a week to do housework seven days a week – cleaning toilets and emptying chamber pots. I was overworked and abused by the Matron and the owners. The Matron punched me and took off her shoe to hit me, and I said no you don't. I told her she was a thief. When my social workers found out they were very angry, and I was returned to Carrington.

2.194. In 1983 I was sent to GRO-C-10 Boarding House in GRO-C. There were lots of fights and drug use there. It was run by GRO-B-20, who was renting from the landlord. I was raped and beaten by a resident named GRO-B-21, who was an ex-Oakley patient.

- 2.195. One night, he dragged me to his bedroom. He stripped me naked and rubbed me with this Vaseline hand lotion all over me. He raped me. Another resident intervened – his name was GRO-B.
- 2.196. Later, at about 5am, GRO-B-21 came back and gave me a black eye. He told me he was a beauty therapist and was going to patch my eye up. He threatened me with a knife, and told me if I said anything, he would say it was all in my head. I said no you won't, you filthy bastard. He tried to force me to take his Valium pills to shut me up. He had lots of pills, about 400 in the bottle.
- 2.197. He then told other residents he attacked me because I was pestering him for cigarettes.
- 2.198. I told GRO-B-20 about it and she didn't care. Nobody asks to be sexually assaulted. She refused to call the Police and she wouldn't let me use the telephone – she said it was staying locked in the office.
- 2.199. I asked for \$10 of my own money to go and see an eye specialist because I couldn't see out of my eyes for weeks. GRO-B-20 took me into the bathroom, and she had this cotton wool with Dettol. She picked up this filthy towel off the bathroom floor. It had red dye on it and filthy pus scabs from another resident. She put it on my eye. I could have got an infection.
- 2.200. Later in 1990 they found out that he had done serious physical damage – and that was on top of the knitting needle damage I had done to myself.
- 2.201. GRO-B-20 also ripped off the residents and stole my cheques. My valuables were stolen, but senior Principal Nurse GRO-C did nothing about it. Dr Thompson, a GP, visited once or twice weekly, as did Ponsonby Medical Care Centre Nurses.
- 2.202. When I was returned to Carrington my parents wanted to go to the media about what happened, but they didn't because I was threatened. Carrington tried to return me to GRO-C-10, but my parents and social workers stopped it.
- 2.203. My mother and I wrote complaints to the Director General of Health. The owner tried to run away but she was arrested. It turned out Mrs GRO-B-20 didn't have a Ministry of Health License. It was a disgusting place. I also wrote letters to the Director General of Health and the Director of Mental Health. I got a letter back saying everything I said about the private boarding house was true and GRO-B-20 had been closed down. Other people complained too.
- 2.204. On 23 August 1990 I was moved from Carrington ward 10 to GRO-C-11 Boarding House. I stayed there for three years. I also had pet cockatiels and two rosellas. If I was upset the staff would threaten to poison them. When I was in my forties a staff member gave Bonnie and Clyde away. I wrote a letter of complaint to GRO-C my welfare guardian appointed under Personal Rights and Property Act. She was useless. I also wrote to a Judge, but never heard back from him. My rights were abused and grossly and criminally neglected. I feel this was done to me deliberately.

Life after committal

- 2.205. I had been committed all of my life, since I was eight years old – under the Lunatics Act, then under the Mental Health Act.
- 2.206. While I was at GRO-C-11 Boarding House, my committal ended. A doctor named Chris Perkins said I was not mentally ill, and they were breaking the law by keeping me under committal. They had to let me go or they would be liable. Paul Treadwell told me that I was no longer under committal.
- 2.207. I was a medical case with physical conditions caused by abuse and neglect.
- 2.208. I moved around boarding and rest homes, because I often stood up for myself and called the Police when I thought it was necessary. I don't know who made the decisions to move me, but the social workers took me.
- 2.209. The people running the homes were ill-equipped to deal with someone from my background. I was verbally, physically and sexually assaulted in many of these homes. I was financially abused as well. I had bad falls but wasn't given any medical attention. I was also subjected to assaults, bullying and stealing from other residents, and nothing was done to keep people safe from this. Many of the staff and owners of these homes were ex-nurses, and some were ex-Carrington nurses. They were pure evil and nothing but dishonest, they were committing criminal offences against patients.
- 2.210. The owner at GRO-C-11 House, GRO-B was a psychiatric nurse who acted with spite and cruelty. She neglected my physical health, stole my birds and destroyed my personal property.
- 2.211. In January 1993, I was moved to GRO-C-11 even though I did not want to go there. I was no longer committed at this stage but was still under the Mental Health Services. Whilst at GRO-C-11 I was constantly assaulted by GRO-B-22 the owner. She smacked me, knocked me around, and kicked me. It took over a year for me to heal from one particular incident. This is because my leg broke out in ulcers, due to the kicking at GRO-C-11 House, whilst at GRO-C-12 Rest home. The ulcers were so bad that it nearly resulted in my left leg having to be amputated at Auckland Hospital.
- 2.212. GRO-B-22 was mucking Social Welfare around, so they would send me letters saying I owed money, when I didn't.
- 2.213. GRO-B-22 neglected patients and left them to die. There were lots of bad staff. They stole over \$10,000 from my bank account under false pretences, behind my back. I tried to get help from my lawyer GRO-C but she couldn't help me. She didn't want to know.
- 2.214. I also reported the assaults to the Police, who attempted to arrest me because I smacked GRO-B-22 in the face. She asked for it. Other patients tried to stick up for me, but I was charged with assault and wilful damage. The Police later made GRO-B-22 drop the assault charges because they knew she had provoked me, and she was telling lies about me too.

Connolly Unit, Auckland Hospital

- 2.215. I had hit [GRO-B-22]. I went to the Balmoral Police Station. They took videos of me. I said I had the right to a solicitor, and they said yes. They read my rights and said anything I said might be used against me. I thought that was awful.
- 2.216. I then went to the Auckland Central Police Station, and I ended up on bail, back at [GRO-B-22]'s. I told them that wouldn't work.
- 2.217. At some point, I went to court. I wasn't allowed to speak at the court hearing. [A member of my family] [GRO-B] was there, and a nurse called Kathy Wright. She was from mental health services. They were going to send me to [GRO-C-13]'s rest home, but I said told them that she had assaulted me in the past at Park House, Carrington.
- 2.218. The doctors said I was intellectually handicapped and suffered from neurosis. They said I had to be protected, but they only did this, so they could involuntarily medicate me. I had been refusing medication, because it gave me terrible side effects. Later, the District Inspector got me released because I was being illegally detained.
- 2.219. I was put in the Connolly Unit at Auckland Hospital by the District Court for assaulting [GRO-C-12]. I was in there for about two weeks.
- 2.220. I saw a psychiatrist, but they were no good. They wanted to overmedicate me. I told the forensic psychiatrist at the hospital that the homes steal money from the patients, but they didn't believe me. They just repeated the lies about me and criticised me. The staff were also physically and verbally abusive. They would forcibly inject me with blunt needles for refusing medication and swearing at staff. I often physically attacked staff and it took about five or six nurses to pull me off some of the staff, for abusing me.
- 2.221. On one admission to the Connolly Unit, I was drugged so heavily it caused loss of balance and hallucinations. I was taken off the drugs after I experienced epileptic seizures and hit my head so hard, I needed 25 stitches. I was on 40 tranquiliser tablets a day, but they realised I was getting rid of them, so they put me on tranquiliser injections.
- 2.222. At one point in the Connolly Unit, the tranquilisers knocked me unconscious, and I nearly died.
- [GRO-C-12] Rest Home, [GRO-C-15] Lodge and [GRO-C-15] Rest Home
- 2.223. In May 1993 I left the Connolly Unit and went to [GRO-C-12] Rest Home in [GRO-C].
- 2.224. I was told to kill myself by [GRO-B-23] who was a night nurse aide. The phone was taken away, so I wouldn't call the police, but I managed to find a phone and call them. The police heard [GRO-B-23] say she would kill me, so they arrived to take my statement. She was fired the next day.

- 2.225. I was also getting sexually assaulted by an old guy named [GRO-B-24] who was a known violent sex-offender. I told [GRO-C-15] the owner of the place, but she didn't care. I don't think she believed anything happened. They let [GRO-B-24] follow me into the kitchen, throw me into the cupboards and hurt my pelvis, and force my hand onto the front of his trousers. He told me to feel his cock.
- 2.226. I had an advocate report [GRO-B-24]'s behaviour to the Ministry of Health, but they refused to do anything about the incident because I was not then under committal. If I had been committed under the Mental Health Act they would have taken action, but since I wasn't they didn't want to know.
- 2.227. I was at [GRO-C-12] for several months and then I went back to the Connolly Unit because I didn't like the sexual offending from [GRO-B-24] and he was stealing things and hitting the staff. I can't remember how long I was in the Connolly Unit that time. After that I went to [GRO-C-14] for about five months. It was a rest home. I was treated badly there. I then went back to Connolly Unit because I got committed again for about eight months. I don't know why. There was a pack of lies told about me. I had to give my birds away to a staff member because I was going back to the Connolly Unit. I couldn't look after them.
- 2.228. In October 1996, I was moved to [GRO-C-15] Rest Home. It was owned by [GRO-B] an ex-psychiatric nurse, and he employed several ex-Carrington nurses. Staff were verbally abusive, and I was beaten up so badly by a dementia patient that I ended up in a wheelchair for a few days.
- 2.229. After [GRO-C-15] I went to [GRO-C-9] Rest Home for ten days and the Matron said they couldn't cater for me. Then I went to respite care and my family paid for it because there was no health funding. I went to [GRO-C-1] House as well, in 1998.

Spectrum Care

- 2.230. At some point my funding got withdrawn. I can't remember exactly when or where I was living. The government withdrew my funding on the basis that my family could afford to pay for my care.
- 2.231. I found out when a Charge Nurse told me one afternoon that the Waitemata Health Board had cut my funding. I didn't have the money that people thought I had, and it was none of their business. I don't know how they found out about mum and dad's money, but I hadn't told them. Various people advocated on my behalf and the government resumed my funding. I saw a neuropsychologist called Valerie McGinn who wrote a letter to the Ministry of Health explaining my situation.

2.232

GRO-C-18

2.233. After this I was placed in an independent living situation. I have been in my own flat for coming up 17 years now and I'm doing much better. Spectrum won't tolerate staff being rude to residents or doing anything they shouldn't.

GRO-C-18

3. Impact

- 3.1. I have fibromyalgia, caused by the injections. My muscles are damaged permanently, and I'm still in excruciating pain. I especially have ongoing pain in old injury sites, and the self-inflicted internal damage I caused with a knitting needle while I was hallucinating. I had a serious infection from the damage back in 1979 and nothing has ever been done.
- 3.2. I suffer the effects of Tardive Dyskinesia, and permanent brain and nerve damage from prolonged heavy medication. I also have Sjogren's Syndrome and double connective-

tissue disease. All of these conditions were caused or aggravated by heavy medication, abuse and neglect.

- 3.3. My lungs also have permanent damage. In February 2020 I was taken to Waitakere Hospital for a CT scan for painful and difficult breathing [GRO-C]. I was just prescribed morphine and anti-epileptic drugs which had awful side effects. It hasn't helped my breathlessness. I later found out it was asbestos on my lungs, from Lillian's Health Farm and Carrington Hospital. I also have multiple tuberculosis exposures through mixing with patients at Carrington with active tuberculosis.
- 3.4. I never got over the accident at [GRO-C-8] Rest Home when I slipped down concrete steps and broke four ribs. I was denied medical treatment in hospital. I have severe arthritis of the spine and I have spinal disc disease. This was diagnosed by an orthopaedic specialist through an MRI scan. I also have a very painful breast condition, inflammation of the bowel as well as osteoporosis. I also suffer from an ovarian cyst which has not yet been removed, which is causing a lot of problems. Furthermore, I am hearing appeared as a result of the abuse I suffered. I gave up smoking thirty years ago, after 36 years of heavy smoking and now have serious lung issues.
- 3.5. I am still being denied medical care because I have been in psychiatric institutions. I feel people like me are still not believed, and that our rights are still being abused and neglected. Doctors are still ignoring people like me.
- 3.6. I wanted to be free, to do things that normal people did, but they wouldn't let me. Auckland Mental Hospital took ownership of you. I live by myself now, with staff next door – I couldn't live without them.
- 3.7. I don't know if I could have lived alone in my twenties and thirties because I was never given the chance. I lived under supervision with people dishonest with my money. Places like rest homes and boarding houses had problems just like the hospitals. People were abusing their positions and telling lies.

4. Redress

Letters of complaint to political representatives

- 4.1. While I was in Carrington, I wrote numerous letters to the Ombudsman, MPs and the Queen. I wrote to Prime Ministers too. One doctor complained that he was having to write so many replies as a result of my complaints. But nothing ever came of my letters, even when I got responses from the people I was writing to.
- 4.2. Nurse [GRO-B-14] also confiscated my letters, taking them from my locked wardrobe. She had a duplicate key.
- 4.3. I wrote letters about the way staff were treating me, and how they were hitting patients. They were threatening to kill my birds and threatening me if I ever told on them. The staff tried to prevent me from sending letters by throwing the letters out or not giving me

stamps, and I couldn't afford to buy my own. I managed to get the letters out by taking my letters directly to the mailroom boss, Bernie. He posted them for me.

- 4.4. At Carrington they had a poster outlining patients' rights on the wall, with the name and contact details of the District Inspector, [GRO-C]. I wrote to him, but he never responded to me. I reckon the staff told him not to.
- 4.5. The Ombudsman's Office responded to me and would send representatives. The Hospital couldn't turn them away because it was against the law.
- 4.6. I also wrote letters when I was in the boarding houses and rest homes. In 1995, I once wrote to the Paul Holmes show to request that they do a segment, but the staff at the Connolly Unit never sent it. They were dishonest.

ACC

- 4.7. In 1993 I sent a letter to [GRO.C-19] about the physical and sexual assault I experienced at [GRO-C-10] Lodge, and he came to see me while I was at [GRO-C-20] House. He fixed up the paperwork for me to get a lump sum of \$27,000 from ACC. He sorted the forms and I signed them in front of him. Mr [GRO-C-19] also wrote a letter which I signed.
- 4.8. I never saw a cent of the money, it all fell through.

Civil claim – Sonja Cooper

- 4.9. I engaged Sonja Cooper in 2005 to file a civil claim against the Ministry of Health and the Crown. I had read in the paper that I could make a civil claim with her. I told Keith Reid what I had read and that I wanted to make a court case. He set everything up.
- 4.10. I signed a whole lot of papers and got legal aid. The case took seven years to resolve, but I was awarded \$18,000 in compensation by Crown Health, for the abuse and wrongful imprisonment in psychiatric hospitals.
- 4.11. I don't think it was enough compensation. A good amount would have been \$4 million. It would have let me move out of care and buy a small house, then pay for my own private care. But all the money in the world isn't going to make up for what happened to me.

5. Looking forward

- 5.1. There should be a legal bureau made up of legal professionals to protect and look after victims of psychiatric abuse and neglect. That's what I would like to see. It should be someone who can be trusted, is reliable, is kind, has empathy and has knowledge of the psychiatric system and the way bad governments work against the victims. I'd like Judge Carolyn Henwood, Coral Shaw and Sir Anand Satyanand on the Board.
- 5.2. Regular education sessions for the public also need to be run so everyone knows what happened. Survivors should be present to address these meetings and tell people what happened.

- 5.3. My family member wants to stick up for me, but my mother and father didn't stick up for me. My GRO-B wouldn't stick up for me either.
- 5.4. It's important to me that I be able to choose my own carers. I think everyone has a right to choose what they want and don't want. It's a basic human right. I also think the United Nations and Amnesty International should also have a say in protecting our rights.
- 5.5. I want my abusers charged and jailed for their crimes. I want there to be accountability and prosecution. I want the truth to come out. The real damage I suffered was in Carrington Hospital, Kingseat and in the mental health system. It punished me for my disability. Women were unsafe, placed with violent and sexual abusers in the wards.
- 5.6. The health and medical system need sweeping changes to uphold the rights and voices of disabled and vulnerable people. Doctors today still respond to upset and traumatised people with sedatives and tranquilizers. Sweeping changes are needed all the way to the top. We also need educational campaigns, so disabled people aren't discriminated against by doctors and specialists. This is important so that our lives are not put in danger and so that we are not at risk of serious health issues.
- 5.7. There needs to be punishment by law for any assault, injury, verbal abuse or threats made in care services. I'm not afraid to testify against my abusers in court, but the process is so long. It should only take about six months. Years and years is just not fair.
- 5.8. I hope the government comes to the party and abides by the recommendations for changes for the better, because this hell on earth that we went through all those years ago must never, ever happen again to me or anybody else. The Ministry of Health needs to be held fully responsible and accountable, and so do the District Health Boards. They were turning blind eyes to the abuse and didn't care – they had so many bad eggs working for them.

Statement of Truth

This statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief and was made by me knowing that it may be used as evidence by the Royal Commission of Inquiry into Abuse in Care.

Signed:

GRO-C

Dated:

29TH / 11 / 2022

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