

# I was getting raped'

## And you were beaten up?

Yeah. To be honest, there were a lot of counts of being beaten. Most of them are just blows to me now. There were only a few memorable ones, but they were decent you know. I remember getting flipped onto my head, being uppercutted and doing half a flip. Onto my f...ing head. You know, that's a memorable fight. I remember getting bailed up in a recreation room they had set aside, and they had a Playstation in there. They'd break a Playstation disc, these two bailed me up in a corner and poked me with it and threatened to rape me. "If we knocked you and raped you, what would you do?", and that sort of crap. Gratefully, there was a change of shifts, and they had to lock everyone away. So they had to pull us out, but I remember that, because that was freaky because they were telling me they were going to rape me with this broken disc. I thought: "this is bad, and I'm not going to get out of this one. In a locked room with two guys and a sharp implement.

## Weren't you being supervised?

No. There was no supervision.

## Why not? Where were the carers?

They were wherever they were. I don't know where they were. I have no idea. I mean, irregardless of the fact that there are no carers there, they knew, I mean it was common knowledge that I was target number one to most of these guys, they loved beating the f... out of me, they loved terrorising me, so why would they allow two f...ing convicted murderers, mind you, into a recreation room with sharp implements, lock the door and then leave us unsupervised? Remove the fact that they weren't there. Somebody actually opened that door. I was in there on my own, a staff member with keys opened that door, let those two people in there, locked the door and then left us unsupervised. That's a scary thing to think about. That's calculating. In my opinion. As far as I'm concerned, there was no other way. They knew, and that's the only way to deduce it is that it was a calculated thought to let these two guys in there.

*He searched me and found massive, purple bruises on my legs and body from having been slapped constantly, to a point where my skin actually bled*

## You mentioned something about you having information about a crime? Was it connected to this?

No, that wasn't. I grew up in Cairns, and a guy the same age as me killed a Japanese girl up there. I was originally arrested for the crime, and then let go. Anyway, a couple of the staff members of Blaxland took it upon themselves to procure information from me about the crime, because there was a \$50,000 reward for information that led to a conviction. And that went on and on. And on. They ziptied me to an outdoor, internal exercise yard that was next to the office overnight one night and just f...ing spat on me, pissed on me, hit me.

## And these were carers?

Yeah.

## While you were in Blaxland?

Yeah. They just terrorised me. Like these guys, they scared me so much. I just remember being so terrified, and I had no information to give them, and I didn't want to give them any information, because any information I'd give them was turned on me anyway. And I got hurt again. And I was unable to distinguish, so I had nothing to say to them. I was just terrified, and I started telling them bullshit. Absolute bullshit. Whatever they wanted to hear, I told them.

And then they figured out pretty quick it was just ramblings, because I was too scared to put together a decent lie. To me that felt like an entire night. I'd suggest that it probably wasn't. I'd suggest it was probably, maybe three-four-five hours, but it was a very long time. A very long time in the middle of winter in an open air, exposed yard, with no shirt on and only a pair of stubby, short shorts. I can't remember which month it was, but it was cold.

After the first week, it just resonated. Same s... every week. The only thing that changed was my mental state and the fear factor.

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## Did worse things happen?

There were worse things. In my room one night, after I'd made a complaint to one of the guards that were searching me after a visit. He searched me and found massive, purple bruises on my legs and body from having been slapped constantly, to a point where my skin actually bled. Just horrific bruising all over, you know, skin grafts on my legs, and I had bruised all of those. [The guard] noticed this, and I guess it disturbed him, and he asked me over a fairly long period of time what happened, and I didn't tell him, but he finally got it out of me and I sort of made a semi-complaint I guess.

That night, I'd gone to sleep. I woke up and there's a group of young guys standing over me, in the middle of the night when I'm supposed to be in the cell on my own, with my door wide open. You can come to your own conclusion about that. Obviously, my door was opened at a time when we were all supposed to be locked in. Well, they continued to beat the f... out of me, and they digitally raped me in my anus, and poured, I think it was shampoo all over me, just did f...ed up s... to me. They threw a blanket over me, and for five minutes I didn't know what was going on. I was just getting hit. I tried to fight once I realised I was getting raped, it was pretty freaky, for a minute I didn't know what was going on. Once I realised I tried to fight, but that just made the pain worse, so I stopped fighting. That seemed to make it stop. I spent most of that night vomiting. I was just f...ing smashed.

I asked to see a nurse, and no nurse was called to the unit.

## What did the carers say in the morning?

Nothing.

## Did you ever ask them?

I didn't even question it. I knew what it was for. I knew exactly what it was for. I didn't even bother questioning it. I'd just set myself up for another go at it. Silence seemed to be the only thing that helped. And that didn't even work. I was so f...ed up that I injured my arm. I had it in a sling for three months after my arm healed, in the hope that people would take pity on me and not attack me. And they did. I just refused to accept that my arm was well and that was my excuse for not fighting back. I had given up fighting. I had given up. I had been beaten. The only thing I had left was bullshit... I'd ring up my friends and tell them how I'd beat on some guy that day. I was living in a fantasy world, isolating in my room. I wrote a shoebox of letters to my friends, just pouring out my heart, and I never sent them. I just wrote and wrote and wrote. I never sent those.

## That was your refuge?

Yeah. The only escape I had was pen and paper, but I never got to show anyone, and I never got to tell anyone. I just fantasised that I did.

## So what happened? How did you get transferred out of Blaxland?

I think it was a combination of them realising the situation was getting out of control, more than they could handle anyway. By "they", I mean the staff. I was self-harming on a pretty regular basis, and they were having to get me medical attention on a pretty regular basis. It came to a point where I had a meeting with the senior staff member one day, and she asked me why I kept doing these things. I told her I was in fear for my life, and that I was scared and that people were hurting me. And because I wouldn't lay a complaint, nothing happened. And they kept me there still, and I continued to self-harm. I cut myself up really badly one day, and when I was returned to the unit from medical treatment they told me that I was an idiot, and that they'd transferred me and that I was to pack my gear and move, you know? And that's I think maybe because I'd had a meeting with [a senior staff member], that she'd had personal contact with me and had become accountable. And they moved me down to [another section], and for the larger part, down there was much easier for me. I still had a few problems, minor problems.

*I tried to fight once I realised I was getting raped ... but that just made the pain worse, so I stopped fighting*

## With the staff?

Yeah, with the staff. By the time I had gotten down there, I was insane. I was a lunatic. I was a child, confused, defeated, scared, insane, compulsively lying, creating personas to live within, because I couldn't live with myself. So I was always in conflict. And I was still self-harming.

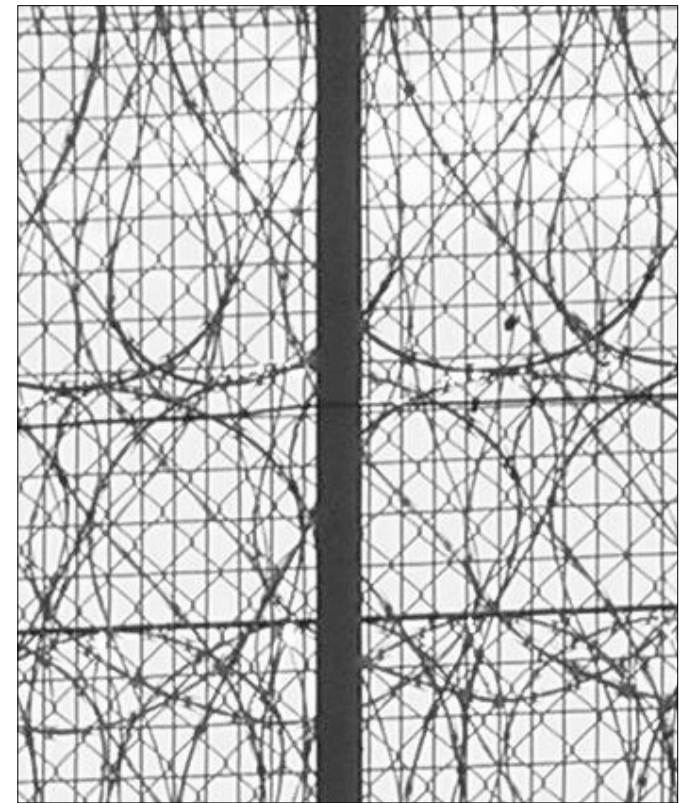
## How long did that last?

The entire time I was there. And for a period after I'd left too. For a fair period of time, probably up to two years after I'd left there. After I was released anyway, I didn't leave. It's not like it was a holiday.

## When you got out of John Oxley, you spent another five years living much the same way, in and out of prisons?

Yeah, I mean, it was a progressive descent. I progressively got worse, moved on to worse crimes, more serious drugs, more dangerous behaviour. It just escalated to a point that was pure insanity. I ended up being affiliated with motorcycle gangs and reasonable drug dealings. You know, violent crime. And in and out of prisons. So I just got progressively worse. I'm glad that it did end, to a degree. Unfortunately I still carry a lot of the attitudes and behaviours and thought processes that I developed during growing up, I still carry those things, it's just that I guess I have a degree of control over them, I don't have complete control. I'm a hyper-aggressive person, I take hormones to control myself, I suffer from mental illness, I've got bipolar with psychotic features, and for a long period I suffered from drug induced psychosis also.

And just living an entire life of violent, antisocial behaviour has left me with a whole heap of social issues to deal with. I have trouble interacting with people on a reasonable, comfortable level. I no longer drink or use drugs, so I find it hard to have normal interaction with people my age in particular, because most people



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my age want to go out and party and go to a nightclub and dance, have a couple of beers at a barbecue or whatever. When you're sober and other people are drinking it's very difficult to feel comfortable. And I react poorly to people that I don't know, I have a serious problem with people that I don't know, because I can't judge them. I can't gauge where they're coming from, and I sometimes react quite badly and deal with situations badly.

When I'm put in a stressful and aggressive situation I deal with it really badly. I hate myself for it, I literally hate that part of myself. I hate the thoughts that I have when I get angry. People get angry and they swear, you know, and I get angry and I try to figure out where they live and whether I can sneak into their apartment in the middle of the night and baseball bat them you know. My head immediately goes there when I end up in situations like that.

After John Oxley, and progressing through life, in and out of other prisons, I continued to harden. I reached a point where I simply refused to let anybody or anything tell me what to do or have any form of control over me whatsoever. Probably because I was scared of becoming that person again, of that fear that I'd felt for so long. I'd never let that sh.. happen to me after I walked out of that place, I'd changed.

## After John Oxley?

Yeah. I thought "never again mate". It never happened to me like that again. It's not really a good thing, because I did some f...ed up sh.. to people. Unnecessarily. I kind of lost my impulse control. Someone stole five dollars off me, I'd smash their face with a brick. I was just across the border, I was desensitised. I probably functioned socially for a time with very little emotion, because I shut down emotionally. Intellectually I knew that if I continued to be aggressive, abusive and nasty, that people left me alone.

## This is something you learnt at John Oxley? The process started there?

Yeah, definitely. The stronger, the greater, the better win, always.

## It's a hard lesson to learn if you're thirteen.

Yeah. One thing that's really important is that I don't lay much blame on them for who I am today, and for the things I did, because I did those things. I'm not saying I'm a brainwashed, mindless idiot. I did things knowing full well that they were wrong, and I did them. Happily. Through choice. But I'd say it was a contributing factor to the person that I grew up to be. But I definitely couldn't blame them for the things that I did. That's very important for me to say. I have to take responsibility for what I did. And I've been sentenced accordingly.