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US V **0**S THEM =ANTI- AUTHORITARIAN WAYS.

WHEN AND WHERE DID IT ALL BEGIN.

**A BRIEF SUMMARY AND HISTORY OF INMATE 43517.**

I was made a ward of the state

11 August 1986. Graduate to the Big House **0**Pentridge**0** A fresh 17yr old kid **0**

28th DECEMBER 1986 TRANSFERRED TO H- DIVISION.

RELEASED 9 APRIL 1988: **I WAS RELEASED FULL OF HATE AND RAGE.**

**IT **0**S YOUR TURN F\*CKER YOUR DOSE NOW!** GAME ON.

ARRESTED 8 JULY 1988.

**0**EGGSCCELL-LENT, SPLAT!**0**

ROCKED!

Hate all those who hate you. To Hate them even more and become their f\*cking nightmare!

**You gotta be lucky every day. I only gotta be lucky ONCE!**

CONTRARY TO WHAT MATHEW THOMPSON CLAIMS IN HIS FALSIFIED CRIME FICTION NOVEL **0**MAYHEM**0**, I HAVE NEVER EVER APPLIED SEMEN IN ANY OF MY BRONZE UP MIXS PERIOD!

RELEASED FULL OF HATE AND RAGE. ARRESTED 27 OCTOBER 1989:

CAB RIDE!

I still kept going. No surrender

Eat Shit and Die.

Us V **0**s Them. Green/ Blue at its best in full on warfare.

**0**YOU GOTTA BE LUCKY EVERY DAY, I ONLY GOTTA BE LUCKY ONCE!**0**

The chief was now on sick leave popping sara packs as if they were tic- tacs!

(ADVERSARIAL) the Me V **0**s The System.

Who cares a f\*ck! I don't, nor the others.

A **0**LOW**0** P.O.

**SOLJA **0**S ROLL CALL!**

10 JANUARY 199. RELEASED FROM H- DIVISION: CRAZY MAD AND REAL F\*CKING BAD!

ME V **0**S THEM.) YES! COME CATCH ME COPPER!

20 MAY 1991. ARRESTED BY ARMED HOLD UP SQUAD/ BASHED.

RELEASED ON BAIL 5<sup>TH</sup> SEPTEMBER 1992.

THAT I HAD THE REGO NUMBER. I WILL CATCH THEM AT HOME NOW!

N.S.W. **0**PARRAMATTA JAIL **0** 20th SEPTEMBER-24th OCTOBER 1992. **0**

**COLGATE SPECIAL!**

ARRESTED/ BASHED BY VIC. SOG. ALL F\*CKED UP! 5/12/1992.

CLICK, CLICK, CLICK!

CHAINED!

It was now confirmed!

ACACIA/MELLELEUCA/OLEARIA UNIT PRISONERS COMPELLED TO WEAR RED

SHHHHHHHH. MIDNIGHT MOVE!

X-MAS TREE!

STATE PROTECTION GROUP **0**FLIGHT HOSTEES!**0** NO CAKE NO COFFEE!

RE- ROUTED **0**GOULBURN A.S.U!**0**

SEGRO FRONT YARDS FAMILY CONTACT VISIT!

**First bronze up in N.S.W. and Goulburn A.S.U.**

I LITERALLY **0**LEFT MY MARK**0** IN THAT STATE. **0**SHIT MARKS. **0**THE SPOT!

Hunger strikes!

BAR TABLE, BOUND AND SHACKLED!

SOLJA ME

UNION RALLY WALK FEDERATION SQUARE TO SPRING STREET NOV 2005.

**0**TOUCH ONE TOUCH ALL **0** **0**UNION**0** PERSONALISED PLATES ON.

I AM RED HOT.

**DRESSED IN SUPPORT OF THEM AND THEIR CAUSE.**

WITHOUT HAZZARD LIGHTS GOING. JAIL BAIT!

LITERALLY SEPERATING POLICE ON HORSE BACK FROM ALL IN MARCH.

**0**MY LIBERTY ON THE LINE SUPPORTING FELLOW COMRADES.**0**

**0**FULL OF LEAD**0** **0**BULLET HOLE STICKERS LITTERD THE VEHICLE.**0**

HONDA REPSOL REPLICIA ROAD RACE BIKE 666 WAS MY TAG!

**0**COMBATANT MODE **0** LA PORCHETTA INCIDENT 20TH MAY 2012.

Cocking it back all ready to play!

His eyes bulging at the sight, hammer jacked back!

**0**FUUUUUCCCCCKKKKK OOOOOOFFFFFFFFFFFF!**0**

Gorilla walk.

I don't run from danger

I'd like to go all day. really. I love roasting them.

"So if you wanna play, let's play"? **0**

THIS IS HOW CRAZY THINGS GET & **0**DO BECOME**0** YOU READ TRUE CRIME

**BIBLIOGRAPHY.**

US V **0**S THEM =ANTI- AUTHORITARIAN WAYS.

**EXPOSURE TO. WILL AND DOES MANIFEST!!!!!!**

I AM CURRENTLY CHARGED WITH THE ARMED ROBBERY OF (2) MALE SECURITY GUARDS.

**EYES OF AUTHORITY TO SOME, THESE GUARDS WEARING UNIFORMS ARMED WITH GUNS.**

THEN THE FACT. I WAS INVOLVED IN A CONFRONTATION WITH (3) PLAIN CLOTHES POLICE.

**PULLING A HANDGUN ON THEM AFTER A PHYSICAL EXCHANGE.**

**PRIMED I WAS. BY M.O.U. **0**ISOLATION**0** BREEDS, SPAWNS THE **0**US VS THEM**0** CONDITION.**

IMAGINE THE OUTCOME (IF) THEY HAD PULLED THEIR GUNS, A GUNFIGHT IN A LOCAL FAMILY DINNER. **THIS IS SO REAL, THIS IN NOT PRETEND AND A MAKE BELIEVE STORY.**

**AND IS EXACTLY WHAT **0**M.O.U**0** KNOW. **0**THEY FEED AND COMPOUND THIS STATE!**0****

**THAT I HAD ISSUES IN **0**CONFRONTATIONAL **0**BEHAVIOUR AND CONDUCT. **THEY FOSTERED****

**0**US V **0**S THEM**0** IS WHAT M.O.U. CREATE, FUEL AND **0**MAKE NO ATTEMPTS TO NEGATE!**0**

THEN THE OTHER MATTER OF SHOOTING AT **THE SPECIAL OPERATIONS POLICE! YES.**

Human beings are social creature. We are social not just in the trivial sense that we like company, and not just in the obvious sense that we each depend on others. We are social in a more elemental way: simply to exist as a normal human being requires interaction with other people.

Children provide the clearest demonstration of this fact, although it was slow to be accepted. Well into the nineteen- fifties, psychologists were encouraging parents to give children *less* attention and affection, in order

to encourage independence. Then Harry Harlow, a professor of psychology at the University of Wisconsin at Madison, produced a series of influential studies involving baby rhesus monkeys. He happened upon the findings in the mid-fifties, when he decided to save money for his primate-research laboratory by breeding his own lab monkeys instead of importing them from India. Because he didn't know how to raise infant monkeys, he cared for them the way hospitals of the era cared for human infants- in nurseries, with plenty of food, warm blankets, some toys and in isolation from other infants to prevent the spread of infection.

The monkeys grew up sturdy, disease free, and larger than those of the wild. Yet were also profoundly disturbed, given to staring blankly and rocking in place for long periods,

Circling their cages repetitively, and mutilating themselves.

In a later study on the effect of total isolation from birth, the researchers found that the test monkeys, upon being released into a group of ordinary monkeys, **usually go into a state of emotional shock,**

characterized by . . . autistic self-clutching and rocking. Harlow noted, **One of six monkeys isolated for three months refused to eat after release and died five days later.** After several weeks in the company of the other monkeys, most of them adjusted- but those who had been isolated for longer periods.

**Twelve months of isolation almost obliterated the animals socially. They became permanently withdrawn, and they lived as outcasts.**

The research made Harlow famous. Other psychologists produced evidence of similarly deep and sustained damage in neglected and orphaned children. And it became widely accepted that children require nurturing human beings not just for food and protection but also for the normal functioning of their brains.

John McCain who had spent five and a half years as a prisoner of war in Vietnam- more than two years of it spent in isolation in a fifteen-by-fifteen foot cell, unable to communicate with other P.O.W.s except by tap code, secreted notes, or by speaking into an enamel cup pressed against the wall. **It crushes your spirit and weakens your resistance more effectively than any other form of mistreatment.** The common view held by many P.O.W.s reported that they found isolation to be torturous and agonizing as any physical abuse they had suffered. An inmate in the U.S.A. named Bobby Dellelo, had spent five years in a disciplinary Unit of the Walpole prison, in its hundred-and twenty four super-max segregation unit. A thirteen-by-eight foot off whits cell. A thick four inch-thick concrete bed slatted from the wall.

**One of the paradoxes of solitary confinement is that, as starved as people became for companionship, the experience typically leaves them unfit for social interaction.**

Once, Dellelo was allowed to have an in-person meeting with his lawyer, **he simply couldn't handle it.**

After so many months in which his primary human contact had been an occasional phone call or brief conversations with an inmate down the tier, shouted through steel doors at the top of their lungs, **he found himself unable to carry on a face-to-face conversation.**

He had trouble following both words and hand gestures and couldn't generate them himself.

When he realized this, he had a full blown panic attack.

Craig Haney, a psychology professor at the University of California at Santa Cruz, received rare permission to study a hundred selected inmates at California's Pelican Bay supermax, and noted a number of phenomena. First, after months or years of completes isolation, many prisoners begin to lose the ability to initiate behaviour of any kind to organize their own lives around activity and purpose. He writes.

**Chronic apathy, lethargy, depression, and despair often result. In extreme cases, prisoners may literally stop behaving, becoming essentially catatonic.**

**Almost ninety per cent of these prisoners had difficulties with irrational anger,** compared with just three per cent of the general population. Haney attributed this to the extreme restriction, the totality of control, and the extended absence of any opportunity for happiness or joy. **Many prisoners in solitary become consumed with revenge fantasies.**

Everyone's identity is socially created: it's through your relationships that you understand yourself as a mother or a father, a teacher or accountant, a hero or a villain. **But, after years of isolation, many prisoners change in another way that Haney observed. They begin to see themselves primarily as combatants in the world,** people whose identity is rooted in thwarting prison control.

**As a matter of self-preservation, this may not be a bad thing.** According to the Navy P.O.W. researchers, **the instinct to fight back against the enemy constituted the most important coping mechanism for the prisoners they studied. Resistance was often their sole means of maintaining a sense of purpose, and so their sanity.**

Yet the resistance is precisely what we wish to destroy in our supermax prisoners. As Haney observed in a review of research findings, prisoners in solitary confinement must be able to withstand the experience in order to be allowed to return to the highly social world of mainline prison or free society. Perversely, then the prisoners who can't handle profound isolation are the ones who are forced to remain in it. And those who have adapted, Haney writes, **are prime candidates for release to a social world to which they may be incapable of ever fully readjusting.** For the record Bobby Dellelo was released on 19<sup>th</sup>

November 2003 free. He was at the time living on social security at sixty seven years old, he still seems to be adjusting to the outside world, he lives alone, **in a large measure, as a combatant.** He works for prisoner's rights at the American Friends Service Committee. He also does occasional work assisting prisoners with their legal cases.

**My name is Christopher Dean Pecotic A.K.A. Binse A.K.A. SOLJA 043517.**

**WHEN AND WHERE DID IT ALL BEGIN. I AM NOT POSITIVE BUT.**

**LET THOSE SCIENTIFICALLY/ MEDICALLY PROVEN MARKERS TELL.**

**I HAVE CHOSEN TO LEAVE OUT ESCAPES, EVEN THO THEY EMBODY AND ENCAPSULATE A DIRECT CHALLENGE TO AUTHORITY. THIS IS IN ESCAPES/ATTEMPS CHAPTER ISOLATED. INSTEAD OF BREAKING OUT AND BEATING THE SYSTEM, I NOW TYPE TO REACH THE NET**

**A BRIEF SUMMARY AND HISTORY OF INMATE 43517.**

That my mother and father had separated when I was 4 (or) 5 years old and I lived with my mother. **I don't recall ever seeing my dad hit my mother, but was exposed to a lot of yelling abuse by my dad, my brother Barry was just on 2 years.**

My mother left my dad, and was living in a bungalow at the rear of a house.

My mother had then soon after formed a relationship with a man whom lived in the front house. He was to later marry my mum, becoming my step father, his surname was Binse.

I was dad's boy, and loved being with my dad, even tho he was very hard on us.

My brother was mums boy. I would look forward to seeing my dad on his access week ends.

When I returned back to my mother's from the week end visits, I would rebel.

I believe now from the attachment to my dad severed, replaced with a substitute step- father who tried his best, but could not be my dad ever.

I would run away from home, because I felt I did not fit in at mums place.

I would break into cars to sleep in and steal coins from them to buy food to survive, coming to the attention of Police, arrested returned to my mother who would complain I was bringing the Police to her place and talk of her neighbours.

The Courts had sought I be assessed by psychiatrists, this was a 6-8 week wait, and by the time my file had arrived on the desk, I had run away again. My mother had abandoned me.

**I was made a ward of the state, she had deemed me uncontrollable. Nobody really ever got to find out what the cause and reason why I was running away. I got locked up at the age of 12. This juvenile location was called Baltara, for the minors at Turana all kids under 14's of age. I was interned at the tender age of 12 years old. Because of my mother's sole choice. I would then be subjected to repeated**

**bashings from staff in the Warrawong punishment block.**

Which I was so lucky to land in, the staff tried to reason with us KIDS. **That it was to deter us young minors from coming back to that section. The main kid basher at this location was brutal. This Custodial officer's name was Dave. Mc Culloch,** whom was later to spend many years in jail for major drug trafficking(s). Threat's to kill Police and possession of handguns. I become a Pot user at the age of 14 yrs. old (alcohol /drug abuse.)

By 15 years. I had now experimented in all types of drugs abuse from pot to speed /Heroin.

I still to this day refuse to forgive my mother for this abandonment of me, and **all the violence. I was subject to as a minor from the tender age of 12 as a result.**

**This bullying was so prevalent,** Within Justice Juvenile.

I had spent long periods alone in the barren austere cell.

**Held in the Maximum Security section POPULAR HOUSE for a number of years.**

I was. Exposed too much fear and intimidation and bullying and assaults by custodial staff.

I was to escape from Malmsbury Y.T.C. Upon my arrest a month later. I arrive at Pentridge.

**11 August 1986. Graduate to the Big House Pentridge A fresh 17yr old kid.**

**28th DECEMBER 1986 TRANSFERRED TO H- DIVISION.**

**I just turned 18 and in H division with hard core inmates another older kid who shared the same name Chris. Y et HE was 19 committed suicide there at the time.**

**(OR) THE OTHER POSSIBLE EXTREME EXPOSURE OF HATE INFLICTED UPON US ALL.**

**DID HE DIE AT THEIR HANDS, WHETHER HE PUT NOSE ON OR NOT?**

**BY SOLJA'S IN BLUE UNIFORM AGENTS OF THE HATE/STATE=THEM!**

**PRISON STAFF WORKING THERE AT THE TIME WERE STERN, BRUTAL AND MERCILESS!**

**ALL PRISONERS WERE SUBJECT TO A HARSH AND CRUEL MILITARY REGIME.**

**ALL PRISONERS AND KIDS, ME INCLUDED BASTARDISED A FACT. SOME WORE K.K.K.**

**MARK READ, CHOPPER THE COPPER'S BOOK PROVE AND SHOWS THIS PHOTO DEPICTED.**

**K.K.K. THESE ARE H- DIVISION PRISON STAFF IN THE PHOTO'S AND PROVE THIS FACT.**

**THE STAFF WERE EXTREMELY VIOLENT IN THOSE DAYS, RUN AS A MILITARY CAMP, MARCH ORDERS, SALUTE, BED ROLLS, ABOUT TURNS CORRECT MANNER IN ESCORT FROM CELL TO THE YARD TO REMAIN ON**

**THE WHITE PAINTED X SPOT IN YARD.**

**BEFORE THE PRISONER COULD SALUTE TO THE TOWER GUARD, TO BREAK OFF.**

**ON SOME DAYS THE INMATE WAS LEFT STANDING FOR HOURS IN THE EXPOSED HEAT, EXPECTED TO REMAIN ON THE WHITE SPOT. TO SALUTE TO TOWER GUARD BEFORE INMATE WAS ALLOWED TO THEN BREAK OFF. BASHED OFTEN, FOR FAILURE TO COMPLY AND CONFORM TO THIS HEAVILY ENFORCED PRISON UNIT POLICY AND PROCEDURE. THIS WAS DELIBERATELY DONE TO TEST THE PRISONER'S WILL.**

**BASTARDISATION AT ITS WORSE AND EXTREME, KIDS INCLUDED. NO EXCEPTIONS TO THE RULE NO T.V. KEPT IN A TOTAL STATE OF FEAR AND HATE TOWARDS STAFF.**

**EXPOSED TO EXTREME FEAR AND THREAT (PRISON STAFF BULLYING AND ASSAULTS).**

**(ADVERSARIAL) Fostering the Me V's Blue/ Green condition I feel. As a result of this such exposure. I was deeply affected by this. Even now typing this, going back in time is triggering real bad memories. I have actually avoided doing this section for some time.**

**But a need to force myself in confronting this horrible Period.** Within months I was now actively on a violent campaign totally disturbed, engaged in violent conduct and behaviours in jail never before witnessed. When I was released. I too went on to commit serious violent crimes. **Nor would I pull over in my car for police, figures in blue uniform. Lack of fear and concern for consequences. Let alone respect towards state Government authority.**

**RELEASED 9 APRIL 1988; I WAS RELEASED FULL OF HATE AND RAGE.**

**WHILST HAVING LUNCH WITH MY GIRLFRIEND AT AN ASIAN DINNER IN FOOTSCRAY, I WAS LITERALLY SAT DOWN WITH MY GIRL SITTING ACROSS FROM ME. MY BACK TO THE WALL OF DINNER LOOKING OUT TO ALL THE CROWD PASSING BY THIS SECLUDED SPOT IN THE ARCADE.**

**I SPOTTED A PRISON OFFICER THE RED SETTER, A REAL NASTY SPITEFULL INDIVIDUAL THAT WORKED AT D.D. DIVISION PENTRIDGE. HE HAD US ALL TERRIFIED OF. AND WAS A BAD BASHER I COULDN'T BELIEVE IT. INSTANTLY ROSE TO MY FEET, THE CHAIR SCRAPPING THE FLOOR, MAKING A LOUD GRATING NOISE IN THE PROCESS. DRAWING ATTENTION FROM THOSE NEARBY. I THEN BEGAN TO LAUNCH INTO A TIRADE OF PROFANITIES. HURLED AND DIRECTED AT HIM. YELLING OUT YOU F\*CKEN SCREW DOG ETC ETC. HE WAS NOW WITH HIS WIFE AT THE TIME, BOTH WERE OUT SHOPPING.**

**THAT WAS NO BARRIER TO ME AT ALL, MY ONLY THOUGHTS RUNNING THROUGH MY HEAD. WAS THE THERAPY AND UNBRIDLED GRIEF WHICH HE EXACTED ON THE MANY INMATES.**

**IT'S YOUR TURN F\*CKER YOUR DOSE NOW! GAME ON.**

HE HEARD AND KNEW THAT IT WAS HIM THE TARGET OF THE HOSTILE ABUSE, AND GRABBED HIS WIFE'S ARM TO GET HER TO MOVE FASTER **TO GET OUT OF HERE!** LEADING THE WAY OUT, WITH HER FOLLOWING IN HIS WAKE AT A FAST PACE NOW. THE RED SETTER WOULD EVERY SO OFTEN LOOK BACK OVER HIS SHOULDER TO GAUGE JUST WHERE AND HOW CLOSE I WAS. AS BY NOW I WAS IN HOT PURSUIT OF HIM.

MY GIRLFRIEND AT THE TIME, WAS TAKEN COMPLETELY BY SURPRISE AND IN SHOCK LEFT SPEECHLESS BY MY SUDDEN OUTBURSTS AND HOT PURSUIT OF THE RED SETTER AND WIFE. DUE TO A LARGE GROUP OF SHOPPERS AND MY DISTANCE BEHIND HIM, I HAD LOST SIGHT OF HIM, SO I CONTINUED ON IN THE DIRECTION OF K-MART. IN COLD HOT PURSUIT.

UNSURE WHETHER HE HAD GONE IN THAT DIRECTION AT ALL.

HE WOULD HAVE KNOWN HE HAD LOST ME BY NOW.

AND RESUMED AS NORMAL. **WHEN THINGS APPEAR ALL GOOD, THEY AINT!**

**HE HAD DROPPED HIS GUARD.** NO LONGER WARY NOR FULL OF APPREHENSION AND CONCERN BY THE HOSTILE AGGRESSIVE VILE VERBAL OUTBURSTS DIRECTED AT HIM. WHICH ALL THE SHOPPERS HAD HEARD. AND WERE DOING THEIR BEST TO AVOID ME, DISTANCING THEMSELVES IN PROCESS.

I SOON AFTER HAD LOCATED HIM AT THE NEARBY K-MART MUCH TO THE HORROR OF HIS WIFE. AS I HAD SEEN HIM FIRST, BECAUSE I HAD BEEN AT K-MART ONLY DAYS BEFORE LOOKING AT CARPET CUTTING KNIVES. I DECIDED TO GO TO THIS AISLE.

WHICH WAS ONLY TWO AISLE DOWN, I NOW SELECT A CARPET CUTTING KNIFE FROM THE RACK. WITH NO INTENTIONS TO ACTUALLY DRAW BLOOD, BUT SUGGEST I WOULD CUT HIM **TO HEAD F\*CK HIM, AS HE HEAD F\*CKED ALL OF US!**

I HAD ADVANCED TOWARDS HIM, GETTING TO SOME FIFTEEN FEET FROM HIM, BEFORE HE LOOKED OVER HIS LEFT SHOULDER TO SEE ME WALKING TOWARDS HIM WITH THE KNIFE CLEARLY VISIBLE WHILST TELLING HIM I WAS TO CUT HIM TO SHREDS.

HE TOOK OFF, I WAS IN HOT PURSUIT, MAKING OUT I WAS INTENT ON INFLECTING SERIOUS HARM TO HIM, WHICH I HAD NO PLANS AT ALL, TO JUST **HEAD F\*CK HIM!**

AS HE WAS LEADING ME TO THE FRONT SECTION WHERE THE CHECK OUTS WERE, I DITCHED THE WEAPON **PLAY TIME WAS NOW OVER,** IN THE PROCESS IT HAD KNOCKED SOME OTHER ITEMS OVER ON THE SHELF, YET I HAD MADE OUT I STILL HAD POSSESSION OF IT, RUNNING AND LUNGING TOWARDS HIM AT TIMES, WHICH HE WOULD LEG IT. IN SHARP BURSTS FROM ME. HE DID NOT SPEND TIME WATCHING ME TO SEE WHETHER I HAD POSSESSION OF KNIFE.

OR NOT. I REALISED HE WAS TAKING ME TO THE FRONT CHECK OUT AREA, WHICH HAD FAR MORE PEOPLE THERE, NOT TO MENTION STORE SECURITY PRESENT AT THE CHECK OUTS.

**THE RED SETTER** HAD NOW ARRIVED AT THE CHECK OUT AREA, I WAS SOME TWENTY FEET BEHIND HIM AT THIS STAGE. THIS AREA WAS SURROUNDED BY SECURITY, HE THEN ALL OF A SUDDEN SPINS AROUND, STARKS AND HUTCH STYLE. REACHING FOR HIS WALLET, **AND IN A SMOOTH FLUID MOTION FLICKS OPEN HIS WALLET TO REVEAL HIS PRISON BADGE.**

WHICH IS SIMILAR IN APPEARANCE TO A POLICE OFFICERS. BY DOING THIS TRYING TO WIN OVER THE SUPPORT OF THE BEEFY STORE SECURITY GUARDS POSTED AT THE FRONT SOME THREE BURLY FELLOWS IN PRESENCE. **HE NOW ATTEMPTS TO MAKE A CITIZENS ARREST.**

STATES I HAD A CONCEALED KNIFE FOR SECURITY TO ARREST ME, I CALMLY UNBUTTONED MY CARDIGAN TOP, OPENED IT UP, FOR ALL TO SEE **THAT I HAD NO WEAPON.** I THEN PROCEEDED TO WALK PAST EVERYBODY TELLING THEM I HAVE NO IDEA WHO HE IS.

THEY WERE NOT SURE JUST WHAT TO DO AND WERE IN FACT LOST FOR WORDS. UP THE ESCALATOR I NOW WENT, WATCHING ALL THE COMMOTION UNFOLD BELOW ME.

AS I NOW ASCENDED OUT OF THE COMPLEX, I WAS NOT WAITING AROUND FOR ONE MINUTE.

THE RED SETTER THEN DECIDES TO RETRACE OUR STEPS AND PATH TAKEN, LOCATES THE CARPET CUTTING KNIFE, AND SEIZES IT. HAS THE POLICE NOW CALLED IN, HE THEN PROVIDES THEM WITH THE WEAPON **ANIMY NAME, UNBEKNOWN TO ME AT THE TIME.**

THE VERY NEXT DAY. THE POLICE ATTEND MY MOTHERS PLACE, AND TELL HER FOR ME TO ATTEND FOOTSCRAY POLICE STATION. I ATTEND AND AM THEN QUESTIONED OVER THE K-MART INCIDENT AT FOOTSCRAY POLICE STATION.

I WAS TO THEN LEARN THAT WITHIN DAYS OF THIS, THE RED SETTERS STREET WAS TARGETTED. A HOUSE **DIRECTLY ACROSS FROM HIS WAS PETROL BOMBED AND SHOT UP.**

YET IT WASN'T HIS HOUSE BUT HIS NEIGHBOURS, THE LONE FIGURE DRESSED IN A BLACK OVERCOAT AND BALCLAVA HAD GOT IT WRONG.

**IT WAS 15, NOT 13!**

**WRONG HOUSE SORRY!**

NEEDLESS TO SAY WITHIN A SHORT TIME **I HAD POLICE ARRIVE AT MY HOUSE OVER IT.**

HIS WIFE I AM TOLD HAD A NERVOUS BREAK DOWN OVER THIS INCIDENT, LANDING IN A MENTAL FACILITY FOR 4 WEEKS. POPPING VALIUMS LIKE TIC-TACS, CRAZY, AND WAS NEVER TO RECOVER FROM IT. HIS MARRIAGE HAD BROKEN DOWN AS A RESULT. **EVERYTHING THEN TURNED TO SHIT FROM THAT MOMENT ON FOR HIM.**

HE HAS SINCE MELLOWED OUT A GREAT DEAL, I FEEL REALISING **THAT NOTHING GOOD EVER CAME OUT OF HIS CONDUCT,** WHICH HIS MARRIAGE SUFFERED AS A CONSEQUENCE OF HIS **PERSONAL VENDETTA TAKEN ATTITUDE TO US, AND WAS FAR FROM PROFESSIONAL.**

I ENDED UP GETTING CHARGED OVER THE K-MART MATTER, **NOT 3 MONTHS JAIL FOR THIS, ASSAULT WITH A WEAPON, AT WILLIAMSTOWN MAGISTRATES COURT 19/SEPT 1988.**

**81**

DECADES LATER IN 2008, HE HAD MELLOWED CONSIDERABLY. WHILST AT BARWON PRISON. WE SHARED JOKES OVER HOW **WE WERE BOTH F\*CK WITS THEN, AND WHAT CAN HAPPEN.**

This a constant theme **repeated with Nasty staff I experienced, I have ignored MANY others.**

**Yes the hostile ones. I have chased and spat at, at times, Regrettable I say in truth he told.**

**I have had them go through red traffic lights, them nearly getting hit by oncoming traffic in the process. Thrown faeces at them, hot water, thrown eggs, rocks at them in towers on file.**

**ARRESTED 8 JULY 1988.** For the theft of a Car, the owner was a Police officer from Moonee Ponds. I was bashed as a result and charged. When I get to D- Division I had big dramas with the Prison staff, over the **Red Setter. Payback now had awaited me.**

**12/07/1988; RECEPTION D-WING PENTRIDGE. I AM ROUGHED UP BY D-DIVISION STAFF.**

Due to issues with the **RED SETTER** the Prison Officer in K-mart. I was assaulted by his co-workers at D- Division wing as was where he worked, a lot of hate was within me now. I WOULD AFTER BASHING BY PRISON STAFF BE TRANSFERRED TO A- DIVISION PENTRIDGE.

**12/07/1988; TRANSFER TO A-DIVISION PENTRIDGE.**

**24<sup>TH</sup> APRIL 1989 TRANSFERRED TO B-DIVISION PENTRIDGE.**

**EGGSCELL-LENT, SPLAT!**

In B-Division. I had lived on the bottom landing, this being four tier. At the end of this landing, would meet at the officers station a little box cubicle designed to sit two staff at a time. With a bench running along underneath the heavy duty wire encrusted window and two chairs, an entry point at each end of cubicle, a sliding encrusted window installed in its doors.

This was about, fifty feet from my cell. I would hide in my cell, take one step out into the landing. Pause then lob eggs at the screws box normally (4) in quick succession before quickly stepping back into cell.

Holding those next to be thrown in my left hand. **This was done when a certain prison officer who would ride inmates was rostered in the wing in box.**

He would later be stabbed by an inmate. You could hear the impact of eggs hitting screws box splat splat- splat- splat much to their horror the echo inside of box and the smell of the bad eggs would linger in the wing for days later. **These eggs were all rotten out of date!**

On one occasion. I had tried for a P.B. **personal best** exceeding this figure. As I had it timed perfect with just the 4, any more than this had left me exposed in the tier, as the first Salvo by then had hit the Staff cubicle window. **This ran the risk of being seen and identified and caught, I said f\*ck it. I'd test my luck,** I had felt confident. I could manage it.

**I went for (5) got pinched and went to H-Division as a result doing Loss of Privileges.**

Let's just say. I was now identified as the egg thrower and told in no uncertain terms (if) this was ever repeated, then I would be transferred to H- Division as a result innocent or not.

**ROCKED!**

At times in the B-Division exercise compound. **I would throw rocks at the nasty guards in the towers,** this was done from a tin shed used as compound gym. I would tentatively peer out from the side of the gym, all good. **I'd hurl a good sized rock the size of a tennis ball.** Then step back into the gym. **The impact would smash the tower window.** It was at **selected prison officers with bad attitudes I would only focus on, with repairs to smashed windows needed.**

**29 MARCH 1989 TRANSFERRED TO H DIVISION PENTRIDGE.**

**Hate all those who hate you. To Hate them even more and become their f\*cking nightmare!**

This had become my mantra. This was scrawled into every yard door, and yard walls.

This was my signature left for all to read. At this point in time. **This was my resistance!**

I was serving Loss of Privileges. L.O.P's. As a result of Governors disciplinary hearings for miss-conduct and bad behaviour, breaching prison regulations, with no T.V. access, and **only reading materials allowed.**

I was reading a novel based upon the life of Jimmy Doyle, on his resistance to British prison authority. He would engage in dirty protests **bronze up** this for the UN aware. **Is covering yourself in your own faeces, using it as a last means and resort in guerrilla warfare I'd call it.** I then applied this **universally accepted conduct,** in my own protests with prison authorities in custody, **it's really ugly and awful.** But when there is nothing more at your disposal, they remove all your personal items from your cell, nothing else to rely upon. Left in a cold barren cell, with nothing. You can **daily produce body wastes to arm yourself fighting your foes!** They must feed you, and in turn you shit. That is when things have reached extreme and at an all-time low. **I'd tell staff.**

**You gotta be lucky every day. I only gotta be lucky ONCE!**

**That was my favourite quote taken from the I.R.A.**

CONTRARY TO WHAT MATHEW THOMPSON CLAIMS IN HIS FALSIFIED CRIME FICTION NOVEL **MAYHEM,** I HAVE NEVER EVER APPLIED SEMEN IN ANY OF MY BRONZE UP

**MIXS PERIOD!**

**Why he would distort truth and facts on this matter and many others in question, is beyond me. Maybe he felt adding my most recent spoof, would draw more interest. It was offensive!**

**And for the record, NEVER have I ever heard of spoof being used in any bronze ups EVER!**

I would place some newspapers on the floor and literally squat over top of them and shit on the papers spread out, then transfer this into an empty milk carton, this would be done days before the intended date set, giving the shit a few days to. **FERMENT, get it going real good.**

Due to the real bad smell emanating from this developing turd, I would normally have to hide it anywhere but my cell, either in the communal shower block yard, up under the old concrete sink. And squash the milk carton lid down in a lame feeble attempt to seal the smell inside it.

**That would be the grenades, ammo used to throw at the prison staff.** It would then be watered down with piss, to then mix through, giving it a mud paste composition, too much piss. It turned into a dark brown smelling watery matter, it would not stick upon impact, just coat. **You had to balance the consistency for what was needed at the time.**

For example I still have a round stuck to the tower cat walk outer Perspex window of (9) yard in the Goulburn A.S.U. it had maggots crawling through it at time. **When it hit it fused on.**

**Like brown molten, this incident. I refer to later on in this chapter. That was a perfect mix.**

**This ammo, was real nasty stuff!** Smell of shit would linger for days, gets stuck in ya paws.

**I'd often think to myself, how when at times you get a little bit of shit on ya fingers when wiping ya arse, the automatic horror and reaction to clean it off instantly, and that's yours.**

Imagine it when it's someone else's, and has been sitting there for days getting well and truly ripe! **This matter I'd NEVER apply upon myself at all.** I would have fresh stuff that was hours old. Again the same process, shit on newspapers, left out for a bit, to allow myself to **adjust to the wretched smell,** once my senses had acclimatized, I would then strip down to my jocks, runners and sunglasses.

**I had to be looking good for the cameras and video TOO!**

The sunglasses also helped with preventing squirts of chemical agents entering ya eyes.

They would be put on last, after copious stripes of **camouflage War paint was applied.** In stripe patterns across my whole torso, as if I was in the army. Yet now in a **guerrilla militia.**

Once you get into that mode, regardless of the smell, you come to thrive on it. I did anyway.

When bored at times, I would say f\*ck it, and bronze up for the fun of it, keeping the screws on their toes. They were literally walking on egg shells at times.

This was their nightmare!

As those hit by my ammo, would be the talk of the whole prison, and travel outside too. Especially places like Goulburn, the staff would all be talking of it down the pub for months.

My other resistance leaders who, I'd look for inspiration were Gerry Adams and the late Martin Mc Guinness. R. I. P.

Who were legends even back then in the late 80's to me, fighting the system, who went on to become leaders of state in their own right governing their people. Another inspirational person whom I looked up to was Nelson Mandela, injustice fought!

I felt a connection to and with, they gave me the inner strength to take on the sinister keepers.

During this tumultuous period of the late 80's. A British movie came out, based on a true story of an armed robber/ escapee. His name was Mc Vicar, played by Roger Daltrey from the band the WHO. This was inspirational for me, and fighting the system. This movie was actually banned in Pentridge by Governor Williams, he felt sent the wrong message to us.

RELEASED FROM CUSTODY, 22 AUGUST 1989.

RELEASED FULL OF HATE AND RAGE. ARRESTED 27 OCTOBER 1989.

CAB RIDE!

I returned to custody for refusing to pull over in. My own car. No fear or concern at all for consequence of disobeying Police, in a 24 minute Helicopter /18 Police car chase.

This was the craziest car chase. I have ever been in, and it was not a stolen vehicle, but my very own. It was in an X- taxi, a ford XD, with over a million K's on the speedo. A clapped out six cylinder running on L.P.G. I had changed from an auto. To a four speed gearbox, within the First five minutes of the chase, the linkages of three and four had separated, which left me with only first and second gear, revving out, giving me a max top speed of 80K's.

A snail crawl, up against the Police V8 interceptors. I knew I could not outrun, the scene reminiscent from the O.J. Simpson police car chase, with a trail of police cars in his wake, was exactly the same. As what I was involved in. Yet mine was, back in 1989.

This dirty old X- Taxi, with a new 85 Ford fair lane front end in under coat grey, with all the electric windows down, me in a singlet wearing shades, hair blowing in cool wind.

Cop bait. Listening to Def

Leopard c.d. the Hysteria sound track. Rocket playing full boar at the time. I had just smoked a joint earlier on, now just cruising to the music blaring.

When I go through a yellow traffic light. Police are stopped at the traffic lights on the other side of the road.

I see them but don't care a f\*ck! Should have stopped. But never. I went straight through.

Needless to say, they take up pursuit of me, put their lights and sirens on for me to pull over.

YEAH RIGHT! That aint happening. You want me f\*cken catch me I am saying to myself. They were soon on my tail, wasn't hard in a V8 they had. But that mattered not to me at all.

I just kept on going, then my gear box stuffed up, ramming home the gears, as Brocky would in his Souped up V8. Leaving me with just first and second, a top speed of 80 K's.

I still kept going. No surrender, till Police rammed me of the road and into a cyclone fence.

Coming to an abrupt halt. A horde of pursuing police vehicles then had surrounded me, now wedged in, Prison medical reports will establish assaults by Police.

is,

TRANSFERRED TO H DIVISION.

H DIVISION STAFF AND CLASSIFICATION WERE BULLY'S BRENDAN MONEY INCLUDED.

I would attend in Classification reviews wearing white t-shirt with black pen inscribed.

Eat Shit and Die.

Scrawled on the front of my chest, concealed by zip up top being worn.

I would walk into the H- division chief's office, where the weekly classification hearing would take place. Hand cuffed, with my hands in front of me and sit across the desk from Kelvin Anderson and the rest of the board members. Money included.

I would then adjust the top, so it would open and now reveal the Eat Shit and Die message.

Kelvin Anderson on the first occasion was directly across from me, when the top parted open. I could see his eyes reading the words. His face reacting to the message going red, enraged by it. Yelling demands and orders to the prison staff. Taking it personal, demanding that the

T-shirt be removed, bit hard with cuffs on. Done forcibly, torn off by the Division Staff.

The next time I fronted classo, I attended with a normal t-shirt worn, my zip up top still in place, as was expecting a search done. They never. So the Next time I repeated the stunt.

Wearing Eat Shit and Die emblazoned across my chest. Kelvin Anderson went ballistic!

Let's just say, the zip up top never made it, was left in pieces.

I was inspected in my future classo hearings ensuring no penned t-shirts were worn again.

It did have an impact on them. More me for that matter. Both Anderson, and Money who would become my Nemesis in Head Office of Corrections Victoria.

For decades sadly!

Years later Brendan would be given the role of Managing the Major Offender Unit.

Directing every move of me, with ongoing documented personality conflicts emerging for decades. (ADVERSARIAL) Fostering the Us V's / Blue condition further I feel.

Much of my time spent in H- division was doing L.O.P's = Loss of Privileges.

No. T. V. no canteen. No contact visits. I actually lost remissions in the process.

Which you could earn every month for good behaviour. Extending my stay.

Missing Christmas and getting out in the first week of January 1991.

I just did not care, lack of any and all fear and concern for consequence at all.

And respect towards authority did not exist period!

Also during this Period in my life, bronzing up engaging Prison Staff with Human Faeces.

This being thrown at them, on a regular basis, depending on the month. It would occur twice a week. Once at times, then a hiatus for a week. Then come back strong littered with incidents. This causing a mass exodus of transfer requests being made by H- division staff.

Never before seen and witnessed in the history of H-division, to the point where the Prison Governor Mr Clive Williams. Had me called up to the Chiefs office intervening, raising his utmost concerns with me. Of the alarming state of H-division staff seeking transfers to other parts of the prison, in which it had descended to and became. This was just me, and J.W!

Us V's Them. Green/ Blue at its best in full on warfare.

I would tell Prison staff, you want to start ya shit with us. You will get our shit, it's rancid!

It had got to the point where. H- Division staff got a slight scent of anything remote to shit.

Would refuse to open my cell, on one occasion. I was bronzed up and whole wing could smell it, as all had to pass my cell on the bottom landing, on their way out to the yards.

Some were dry wrenching, Saying. What the f\*ck is that smell? You couldn't not smell it.

Talk about trying to keep it covert, they were flagging and red lighting the obvious to all.

Staff then completed the run out, then foolishly opened my trap in the cell door.

Thinking that they could talk and negotiate with me. I was covered in shit, milk cartons full!

Yeah right. I did not go to such extremes to then abandon the mission. They would get more than just a whiff of my shit today. I saw an opening and took it instantly darting my shit covered hands through the trap.

Now they couldn't close it, and had taken off, the moment my hand came through, as I had a cup full of brown watery shit, in my right hand. Which I began to throw in their direction. Landing all over the place

within the wing. It was a scatter method, thrown in a semi- arc, which would get whatever was in that compass and radius.

This mixture was a rancid brown watery blend. It was PUTRID!

My right hand out now, the trap covered in shit, making it slippery for the staff to try in vain to lock and secure, all the while. I was launching missiles from the cell, trapped within it.

I managed to get a couple blind direct hits. Not bad for not being able to see just where they were. Flinging shit in all directions of wing watered down in a cup as mud, a couple had to go home and change their

uniforms return clean, from then on they never opened my trap again. And all of them now kept a spare uniform handy at work ha ha.

They would now even sniff the opening cracks of cell door, every time. Before I was let out.

I could hear the sniff. I had them stepping on eggshells, bailing out wanting to go elsewhere.

I would be constantly drilling them with my favoured saying. Which drove home the case.

YOU GOTTA BE LUCKY EVERY DAY, I ONLY GOTTA BE LUCKY ONCE!

The Situation had then progressed even further now. If good old Governor Williams thought he had problems before. How do you reckon he felt when The Chief of H- Division. Abandoned his post! YES he legged it. Bailed out during his day shift fled the scene true.

H- Division Chief Mr. Hiljavic actually abandoned his Post and fled work during his shift. To then later go on leave. Due to the conduct of me bronzing up, in his face telling him he has to be lucky every day I only gotta be lucky once f\*ck head. He would send in his troops to try and break my will and spirit. Yet whatever they tried. **I would bounce back stronger!**

The chief was now on sick leave popping sara packs as if they were tic- tacs!

He burnt out, he succumbed to all the pressure. **Not me. I survived and grew stronger by this!** He couldn't handle the heat. **Which they had fed a diet and breed. Not just in me but all in H.** Yet it was only me and my comrade J.W who were prepared to rise up and engage in warfare.

(ADVERSARIAL) the Me vs The System.

The H- Division staff would allow us to mix (2) out in yards, yards (3) and (4) which they gave us. Had a grill fixed into the wall between yards. ♦Termed communication yards.♦

Bored. We had decided to have a game, which of the two yards. **Could be trashed the best!**

Toilet paper was used as streamers woven in the top cage wire, empty milk cartons were then used to cut out.

favoured hated staff names inscribed on these figures. ♦Stick men, with

We would be peering into the other's yard through the wire mess, to then do their display.

This, had horrified the staff by this display. As these milk carton cut out stick figures were positioned strategically. Dangling by a twined toilet paper noose fashioned around their necks. So when the staff opened the yard trap.

They would be exposed to these figures **dangling right there in their face by their necks!**

With the favoured screws names inscribed in pen clearly visible to all.

Visibly hanging for them, a spectacle they could not conceal their utmost horror at.

**(ADVERSARIAL) the US vs THEM. I feel.**

This is a true proper gauge of the deep seated enmity fostered between Screws. **Us & Them.**

**Alive and active during ♦HATE FACTOR♦ era. That it was.**

**(THEIR TREATMENT OF US WAS THE SOLE CAUSE OF THIS ALL.)**

That due to the two sets of inmates. It was actually benefitting the staff with us paired off as it reduced the number of yards they needed. So we would get the yards we wanted at times. When they weren't being f\*ck heads. But because all of us were on a punishment designed regime. We were getting half day run-outs. Either coming out at 8.00am till 11.30 (or) from 12. to 3pm. with the other group on the other side of the caged hole in the wall to talk through.

We were now. Told by Staff to ♦clean up the mess.♦ As the H- Division yard billet was Frank Waghome was refusing to clean up our mess made. So did we too, the H- Division staff.

Needless to say, reports were made, **failure to comply with a direct order.**

The main charge **we would without fail always receive from them.** Telling them f\*ck off!

**Refused to obey these rules.** We were now written up with Prison disciplinary charges.

Again we all just ignored and had all laughed this off, in their face, they tried to dictate to us.

They would return us to the trashed yards, until we cleaned them up. These (2) yards were now shut down. Not being used by other prisoners until were cleaned, we didn't mind at all.

As most yards were not Communication yards, so it was good to catch up and chat each day.

Which at times they would split us up. Letting one pair out in the morning, and the other out in the afternoon. The yards got worse and worse with us still trying to outdo the other Team.

This went for (4) days before the Gov Mr Williams received the incident reports on his desk. He now arrives to H- Division and has us all called up into the chiefs office to plead with us to. **Just clean the yard.** And there would be no further action taken. No disciplinary charges.

He had called us up one at a time, with me being the first to be spoken to. Him saying that he would rip up the pinkie's charge sheets. I told him.

Who cares a f\*ck! I don't, nor the others.

**I just laughed in his face.** I then spot the X-mas card sitting on the chief's desk, it was open.

I was able to read the inside contents, which I will go into further detail in **Snitches chapter.**

The staff realised that neither of our group would clean up the trashed yards, so stopped us from accessing this yard. Separating us all. All on isolation regimes now. All of us losing remissions over this incident. Me missing X-mas over it. And all doing loss of privileges too.

**(ADVERSARIAL) the US vs THEM. I feel.**

During this period of time ♦H- Division was the very first unit to trial and introduce the visit overalls into the Victorian Prison system.

There were a number of US loyal true crims that refused to wear them in protest.

Victor Peirce amongst a few, yet Chopper, with the silent H. And his motley gang would do.

Copper actually demonstrated to Prison staff during a visit that he could secrete an item easily whilst in this garment. Which was said and introduced to curb contraband coming in internally. His demonstration proved it failed, yet was still brought in and now a mainstay of all Maximum jail Prisons in Victoria now.

My father was coming in to visit me during this time he hated box visits, yet understood our position and had reluctantly accepted box visits till I was released from jail. He was spewing. But we were resolute in the stand taken **US vs THEM.** ♦Sacrificing personal contact with all our loved ones, family and friends, fighting and challenging the system.

By sheer chance and luck, the replacement Chief called in to replace poor old Mr Hiljavic. Was a stern fellow, with a history of bashing inmates. Was sitting in his office, which was directly where all the visitors would come in and sign the visitor register book. My dad looks in and spots the Chief, who actually lived at the end of our street. My dad immediately recognised him, as did the chief. Who now knew he had an issue. I had his home details now.

I couldn't believe it, if it weren't for refusing the contact visits due to protesting the overalls.

My dad would never have made the connection, after the visit I could not contain myself, and started to yell out to the boys in the wing from my cell after the muster was completed.

The favoured ruse would start off with I ♦d call out to one of my close mates J.W for example.

And open up with. You wouldn't believe what happened today. And he ♦d reply What?

By this stage the whole wing would be tuned in to our ♦Private conversation♦ it was silent, you could hear a pin drop. Everybody listening with eager anticipation of what was to come.

He ♦d say. Again. What wouldn't I believe? I ♦d say. Mate you wouldn't f\*cking believe what happened today. Both of us playing up for the entire wing now **as the audience.** Not just us.

I ♦d then say whatever it was. And he ♦d say bullshit. I ♦d then repeat it again for all to hear.

So on this occasion. I had revealed to him/ the entire H- Division of the chiefs home details.

Let ♦s just say, the very next day. Prison intel come and see me. Warning me that if anything was to occur to the chief's home address, that I would be deemed responsible I was on notice.

That there is another story on just how small St Albans is, within days of my release. I had literally bumped into the chief in the local news agency. As soon as he saw me he legged it.

Then the very next day, I was catching a bus home from the shops at St Albans, and I start up a conversation with a young bloke a few years my junior, when we get to our stops. I begin to get up, he does at the same time. He then freezes and goes all white, completed alarm and fear written across his face he could not conceal. **I knew by this he was spooked by me.**

He now knew who I was, and got off before me, I hang back a little, sitting off him. Sure enough he keeps looking over his shoulder back at me, to see what direction I was going.

His pace faster now. Low and behold. He walks straight into the Chief's house. His son!

He would have been warned of me by his dad, be on the lookout for, **not chat with on bus!**

Back to H- Division now. During this period, we would be issued little radios to listen to music. As had no TV. And Bon Jovis current hit was **♦WANTED DEAD (OR) ALIVE!♦**

This would and could be heard into the next division no doubts along with Seals current hit **♦ALL GET A LITTLE BIT CRAZY.♦**

Those serving L.O.P. ♦s were issued (1) little radio. I had (2) radio ♦s, so it was like a stereo in my cell. As when these two songs were played on the radio. I would PUMP it up to the max.

As they were my songs. The prison staff would be forever coming to my cell to tell me to turn it down, I would just ignore. They were acting on complaints being made from other inmates. I would be told.

This I go into further in **Snitches Chapter.** They would then turn my power off as a result.

By the time they ♦d turn the power back on, the song would be over. So I ♦d leave it on normal.

The bottom landing was so much better, then the top landing, easier access to everything.

And they would begin the morning requests on the bottom first, not end up last at the top.

This was important in many areas, phone time bookings, communication yard requests. Etc.

The Unit staff would try to keep me held on the top, they knew it was an inferior placement.

I did not mind being put up there, as I could then flood up real good!

Flood up being, blocking the gaps in the door with toilet paper, move all your stuff on the bed

Have everything removed from the floor. **Then turn the tap on full boil!**

It would then fill the whole cell, till it reached the gaps under the cell door or its sides.

Some inmates wouldn't bother plugging the cell door gaps, so the water would flow straight out under the cell door. Yet once the staff realised what was happening, they would **turn off the water and it would**

**cease.** But by plugging it up. **You then have a dam full of reserves!**

This was the perfected method and approach, which I would apply when flooding up.

Being on the top landing, it would cascade over the top railing down below, the **staff cubicle would then become flooded,** and water would be an inch thick in some areas. They barred me from living on the top landing. Realising it was more problematic, then it was worth.

**(ADVERSARIAL) Fostering the Us vs / Blue condition further I feel.**

The last (6) weeks of my term. I would give my T.V. away to another prisoner.

It mattered not to me. But was a symbol to me, that I would be focused on my release now.

**I was in H-factor mode. I was the second last of this group of four to be released from**

**H- Division. With J.W to follow me months later (ADVERSARIAL) Me vs The System I feel.**

A LOW P.O.

I was then later released from H- Division, the day I was being released. A prison officer that used to work in B- Division was working on the front gate. He knew me well. He had me charged over prison incidents in the past. I had by this stage already signed my release forms.

This done by the Governor, witnessing this act. So was now technically clear and identified as being approved and the right prisoner in question being released from custody.

Now I am greeted by my mother, father brother and girlfriend at the front gate.

This nasty spiteful prison officer Mr Lowe was a coward, and despised me no ends.

He then sticks his head in. Wanting me to reveal my name. I told him. You know who the f\*ck I am. You have had me charged before. He then told me to again identify myself.

Again I told him, you f\*cken know f\*ck wit. I have been cleared by the Governor already.

He then stated in a firm voice, that if I fail to state who I was, then he would order me back to the wing, and that I would be released at 11.30 that night. Just before midnight.

By this stage my family had heard all what was going on. And plead with me to just tell him your name Chris. I did. Only because of their intervention, it would have spoiled the day.

Months later. Whilst parked at traffic lights in the city, a motorbike rider pulls up alongside of me, I begin to chat with him, as I like bikes. How did his bike go etc etc. He had a full face helmet on, and I really wasn't paying attention to the rider, but admiring the bike.

I had Kevin Miles in the front passenger seat of the car. Kevin knew this officer also.

And did not like him either, nobody did. He was a nasty f\*ck!

Kevin then leans over to inspect the bike, looks up at the rider and somehow recognises him as Prison officer Lowe. All of a sudden yells out to me. Chris that f\*cking screw Lowe!

I said bullshit, now looking at his face, all I could see. Where his eyes bulging now in fear.

Up until then he would have recognised me instantly, yet talking as he never knew who I was. I exploded at the recognition of him, instantly going back to the day of my release.

**YOU F\*CKING RAT. I SCREAMED OUT AT HIM! Let's see how f\*cking smart you are now f\*ckwit.** Slamming the automatic into park. Reaching for the car door now.

He was out of there. He took off like lightning running a red light, nearly getting hit by oncoming cars in the process. Just illustrating what I already knew. **He was a coward rat!**

Within weeks of my release. I had gone to the Victorian Market to shop and browse.

I spot a male Prison officer hand-in-hand with his wife/girlfriend. He spots me too.

We literally lock eyes on each other at the same time, recognising the other. I never got a chance to say a word. He was out of there. Legged it, running in the opposite direction now.

**January 1991; I would be robbing a bank two weeks to the day of my release from jail.**

Again engaged in conduct and behaviour against elements of the state. **Anti-authoritarian!**

This is covered in **Stick-ups/ armed robberies chapter.**

**SOLJA'S ROLL CALL!**

\*Foot note; All of those in our group of four were. **Released from H-Division.**

The roll call of those four all deceased now Steve Jackson Kevin Miles. Who would later become my alleged Co-accused in Robberies. And the Kid. JW Jamie Whelan who was the last of the 4 of us released. Who was later to be charged with a shooting Murder. Protecting a friend I was told.

Steve Jackson shooting at a car he thought were Police! opened up on this innocent car with an assault rifle true. ALL to re-offend. Murder shooting /armed robbery/ acts of extreme violence by us. (All dead now) **Me the last of the group.** What's that tell you about isolation.

10 JANUARY 199, RELEASED FROM H- DIVISION: CRAZY MAD AND REAL F\*CKING BAD!

AFTER THE ROBBERY. I NOW BUY A CAR. THIS TIME I WAS TO BUY AN XF FORD WITH A 351 WORKED MOTOR. A FOUR SPEED HEAVY DUTY GEAR BOX A 9 INCH DIFF. SINGLE 3 INCH EXHAUST SYSTEM. THIS THING LAUNCHED SPUN IN 3RD GEAR TOO. LOWERED WITH MAGS.

I THEN HAD A FULL ROLL CAGE FITTED TO IT, TOTALLY ILLEGAL AS HAD NO SUN VISERS /REAR MIRROR CONNECTED AS DID NOT FIT DUE TO THE ROLL CAGE, WHO CARED A F\*CK!

I WASN'T PULLING OVER IN THIS BEAST PERIOD! DID I OVERLOOK THE 5 POINT RACING HARNESS. AND THE RECARO RACING SEATS FITTED LET THEM TRY THIS TIME I SAID.

ME VS THEM. YES! COME CATCH ME COPPER!

**I was only out of Jail for about 3 months. I was running Hectic to say the least.**

**I would be involved in a high speed Police Pursuit on the Geelong Fwy.**

To start with. I was doing some 120ks in the right hand lane of the freeway. Cruising past all those hovering on the 100Ks speed limit. I draw alongside an unmarked Highway patrol car.

Spotting them instantly in their blue uniforms. I consider to either pull up or slowdown.

And merge into their lane in front of them (or.) **Bring it on. F\*ck them!**

I rammed the gears down a cog, revving the motor now. Then changing it back up a notch.

I was out of there. **In ya face see ya later!** The freeway was heavy with all traffic headed towards the city. This being congested worked in my favour, as I could slip in and out of traffic no problems. Where the cops couldn't. I am now gunning it, they are in my wake.

Before they could even hit the sirens, I was over taking a line of police cars, some six in total.

They were literally spread out about 100 yards from tip to toe. So I would be overtaking them as their sirens and lights were going on. This made no difference, as were stuck in the traffic.

Thing is the sheer number of them. **I said what the f\*ck!** As I'd pass another. Thinking **when is it to end.** Then I saw the Point Cook turn off, a 45K exit ramp into a back local side street. I had by this stage already lost them, they had Buckley and none to catch me.

Other than for me to crash. As I am entering the exit ramp, **doing at least 180K!**

Coming to the bend leading onto the side street. Never been on this race track before.

**Did that sign just say 45K as I am now into the deep 90% left turn.**

Going too fast to take the inside corner, running wide in the bend now, gearing down compression lock ups, back down to second from forth. Still going too fast **Mick Doohan.**

**I wasn't.** I end up veering over across the single lane road onto nature strip via a driveway.

The driveway now allowing me to merge on the grass without any difficulties with the gutter.

All good. For the exception of a stationary old Ford Cortina station wagon parked right there!

Smashed into this parked car on nature strip **head on doing 140k as Speedo stopped dead in tracks upon impact!** The bike is now in pieces, the front end of the car was a wreck too.

I was shattered I loved that bike I used to **Mr Sheen it before and after each ride.**

I still have this bike to this day albeit in two pieces from a recent car crash. I would then now crawl to the next house, my head all dizzy. Lay under the carport my knee wobbly, could not move. A lady of house saw me there injured. I told her to ring an ambulance she did, by this stage a crowd had gathered out front upon hearing the big smash yet no rider to be seen at all.

(10) Mins pass and Police attend, find me holed up under the carport. I can't walk at all. **Arrested I was.** Now ask me for I.D. Refuse, give them a fake name. They suspect this too. They were refusing to let me go until I gave them true name. **I never.** I was then taken by the arriving ambulance called by the lady who saw me lying under her carport. Arriving at the Footscray Hospital, in the emergency department. The police were not letting up.

Sending in cops from all around the region to look at me, see if they knew me at all.

The Doctors realising my left knee was gone, I had to be admitted for a knee reconstruction.

Police had called in cops from all surrounding Police stations in hope one would recognise me, they did in end but by mistake, got me mixed up with.

**My brother until.** He realised he never had tats, bingo its **CHRIS not BARRY BINSE.**

**20 MAY 1991. ARRESTED BY ARMED HOLD UP SQUAD/ BASHED.**

**STRUCK AROUND HEAD /FACE REGIONS & TWISTING RECONSTRUCTED KNEE ON CRUTCHES AND A KNEE BRACE, KNEE SWOLLEN AND SORE DUE TO IT. (ON FILE)**

**RELEASED ON BAIL 5TH SEPTEMBER 1992.**

WITHIN DAYS OF MY RELEASE ON BAIL. WHILST SITTING IN THE FRONT PASSENGER SEAT OF A STATIONARY VEHICLE STOPPED AT TRAFFIC LIGHTS ON BALLARAT ROAD.

A VEHICLE HAD DRAWN ALONGSIDE ME, WITH ITS WINDOWS DOWN JUST BEHIND ME.

THE CHICK I WAS SEEING AT THE TIME. CANDY. WAS DRIVING THE CAR. LOOKS OVER AT THE VEHICLE AND SPOTS THE DRIVER AND PASSENGER IN BLUE UNIFORMS WITH BADGES ON THE SHOULDERS. THINKING THAT THEY WERE COPS. WARNS ME OF THEIR PRESENCE. AS I WAS SMOKING A JOINT AT THE TIME. PUFFING PLUMES OUT MY WINDOW INTO THEIR DIRECTION.

I PUT THE JOINT DOWN AND CASUALLY LOOK OVER MY LEFT SHOULDER, TO SEE THE TWO MALES IN BLUE UNIFORM NOW STARING AT EACH OTHER ONLY FEET SEPERATING US.

I INSTANTLY RECOGNISE THE TWO, AS BEING SCREWS FROM THE OLD MELBOURNE REMAND CENTRE, WHICH I HAD ONLY JUST BEEN RELEASED FROM IN SPENCER STREET.

THEY NOW SEE ME TOO, I THINK F\*CK THEM. I TOLD CANDY TO LET THEM PASS US.

AS THEY DID. I THEN YELLED OUT LOUD ENOUGH TO CANDY AND MORE IMPORTANTLY FOR THEM TO HEAR.

**THAT I HAD THE REGO NUMBER. I WILL CATCH THEM AT HOME NOW!**

**THESE TWO SCREWS SHIT THEMSELVES, KNOWING MY PAST.** AND WENT TO ST ALBANS POLICE STATION TO REPORT THE MATTER. IN EVENT SOMETHING UNTOWARD OCCURRED.

THE NEXT DAY. I ATTEND ST ALBANS POLICE STATION AS PART OF MY BAIL REPORTING CONDITIONS. AND AM TAKEN OUT THE BACK OF THE POLICE STATION. THINKING WHATS GOING ON. TO THEN BE CONFRONTED AND TOLD. THAT I AM LUCKY MY BAIL IS NOT BREACHED. IF SOMETHING WAS TO UNFOLD. **I WOULD BE NAILED FOR WHAT OCCURRED.**

**16 SEPTEMBER 1992 ARRESTED N.S.W.**

**N.S.W. PARRAMATTA JAIL 20th SEPTEMBER-24th OCTOBER 1992.**

**COLGATE SPECIAL!**

I was told of an old trick. Something which I had not done before. The method was unique and I wanted to try out for myself first hand. This act used to be common practice in the day. I am reliably told, becoming nearly extinct in the Prison system of N.S.W. in the 90's.

I was up for anything, to engage in guerrilla warfare on the screws, using human faeces. This was not a not a bronze up, but a method and approach I had never heard of before.

And I was keen to test it out, in a nutshell a hit and run tactic, where you could sit off.

And watch the targets, get got from a distance, with a remote chance of arrest and getting away with such acts. This would only fuel my desire and interest even further!

Something like this. I just could not let pass by, without giving it a shot!

To make this happen and work, you needed an aluminium toothpaste tube, unroll the end.

Removing all the toothpaste contents from the now opened up end, than use a spoon object. To then fill the inner contents with a shit/ piss mixture, not thick, not watery.

Same texture as toothpaste. Seal the end up, by rolling it up using nail clippers.

This unconventional weapon, is now all ready to go, making sure it has a flip opening.

This is essential. Not the old screw on cap. Walk around the compound, with this in your pocket, spot an un-attended gate, with the old Jackson style lock, which has a key hole opening in the centre of lock, place toothpaste opening inside lock orifice, give it a good squeeze, and walk away, so easy. All done in 2 seconds!

The only problem being, is the toothpaste load is only good for about (6) uses, then you have to refill, which is a messy exercise. Yet is good for a strike rate of 6, you then sit back and watch the screw grab his keys, place his hand behind the lock, then use the other to apply keys inside hole in lock, turn the key, the lock now opened and removed to open bolt in gate.

The officer then does the same in reverse, counter clockwise to secure the padlock back in place. The padlock and gate secured to then place his keys either inside his pants pocket, or left to dangle by key ring chain on his side. Either way transferring shit now all over his uniform. It's only good for 3 or 4 locks before they realise the smell or notice shit present on keys. As they go to reach for them now.

To watch this unfold from a safe distance, when they uncover either the shit on their hands or pants, some trying to keep it all cool, knowing they are being watched.

Trying their best to not make it obvious, to others losing all composure.

With a high pitched yell abhhhhhhhh. Once they smell or saw the shit.

Now going into a cleanliness mode, purifying themselves. It was so funny, they then went and got the hose out and sprayed ALL the locks. All the screws are now wearing gloves.

They were now on a heightened level of awareness. Paranoid as they approached all locks, with extreme trepidation, assuming each was loaded up with shit.

I was in stitches for days, watching the reaction of those Prison staff.

Those were the good old days. NO MORE!

ARRESTED/ BASHED BY VIC. SOG.ALL F\*CKED UP! 5/12/1992.

18

CLICK, CLICK, CLICK!

I was actually Hospitalised as a result of the extent of serious injuries needing micro plastic surgery, broken nose black eyes multiple head wounds from the butts & barrels of shotguns, broken ribs severe bruising to much of upper body un armed naked at the time. Injuries I sustained by the S. O.G. empty handguns pointed to the back of my head and clicked, click click click click I was not aware gun used not loaded at the time!

A bedside hearing took place before Magistrate Ms Linda Dessau who noted the obvious injuries to me on the 07/12/92 and had indeed referred to at a later Court Hearing \* EO2691300, which she presided over. This trauma I have never been able to extinguish from at all and have repeated flash backs of some 20 odd years later and continues to haunt me I kid you not. Deeply etched and ingrained in my mind sadly.

Within 18 months. Victorian Armed robbery Squad Police officer would begin a sexual relationship with Candy. This is detailed further in Snitches Chapter. Turned her against me.

Back in H-Division and with old time company. Hard to think time had passed on at all. My good mate and comrade the Kid J-W is now pinched on a murder, on remand held in H. He was not happy about this abuse of placement, nor was I.

We lock into OH-factor mode!

Reminiscing of the good old days, not even 18 months before. Initially we both had considered the good old bronze up attack. Yet I wanted to try a tacit new way to make our voices heard. This was not deemed a violent confrontational behaviour, not used against.

We both then decide, along with another 9 odd inmates in the group to begin with. Which was about a 1/3<sup>rd</sup> of the Division at the time. Who had decided to get on board. With US, another being held on Remand. Was Santo. So this large group was now all pledged.

To go on a hunger strike. I knew many would peel off after a day or so, some after lunch!

Thing is, this mattered not to me, as I knew we had a good core group of 5 amongst us.

We all had our own personal issues with head office and their abuse of classification of us.

There was Jeff Thomas, John Lindrea, Jamie Wheelan, Santo Mecuri and I.

This group now become and formed the (H.S.U. 5) High Security Unit 5.

As that was US.

We would feed of each other, give each other support, camaraderie amongst us was strong.

This had helped those who at times were tempted to fold, we stuck together as a tight unit.

Soon the days become weeks, before we knew it we were into 3 weeks and no signs of abandoning the cause, it had now become a collective issue, but all separate too. We had outside support from the Prisoners action group at the time. Covering our position on the local community radio and the newspapers had got hold of it, and the news ran it too.

This position started to get mileage, questions were begging to be asked why? More so those two on remand being J.W and Santo, they were approached by classo on the 25<sup>th</sup> day of the hunger strike. Told they both would be moved from H- Division to better normalised remand locations if they ended their actions. They told the rest of US. The offer made to them,

We were happy of this. This is what it was about for them, we told them to take the deal.

They did.

By this, head office had felt by dividing us, the rest would collapse, we never we stuck firm.

Then head office approached the others, not me, promising them to improve their conditions.

If they too, abandoned their actions, conquer and dived the group. Me they did not care about at all. I was deemed a ring leader, and they were still reeling from an escape plot uncovered.

Now entering the 30<sup>th</sup> day, no food, just water and cups of black tea. The other two succumbing to health issues, for the record Jeff Thomas and J.W eye sight never recovered.

They would both go on to need and wear prescription glasses as a result of the hunger strike.

Thing is the 30<sup>th</sup> day, we had people outside supporting us, rallying out front the Jail with placards, this was to be covered by the news that evening. After John and Jeff ended it.

I said to myself, head office had no interest in my issues alone, in numbers we had power.

So I then too ended the protest, I was the last of the H.S.U. 5 to end the hunger strike.

I considered that I would get strong and have my health return to then engage in WARFARE!

The coverage fizzled out. It wasn't a feature on the news bulletin, it was old news now.

Yet at the time Gavin Preston wasn't to know, nor all the others rallying out front.

Gavin lost his liberty in the process of protesting for something that had ended hours earlier.

I was now ruminating within me. And was placed back up on the top landing, in the end cell.

This placement on top landing, didn't have to trigger me off. I was now stronger and primed.

It had been sometime since. I had engaged in a bronze up, and this was the protest below a hunger strike. Which I read so much about taking place in British Prisons and those inmates.

That course of action was deemed a soft protest a pacifist method, with no real violence distributed towards the opposing forces. It was slow and gruelling. Not hard and fast.

In my younger days. I had ignored this approach to Prison authorities. I went for the bronze up, making sure they wore my shit too in the process. That made me feel better.

Fighting and challenging Prison authorities. The Hunger strike got me nowhere, others yes.

I was now literally going mad, from isolation conditions and environment. Seeing psyches.

This is covered more in lengths in Isolation Chapter. What isolation does and produces.

Back to the moment, I had been venting for some time, letting my health restore, put back the weight which I had lost from starving myself for 30 days. Now I felt I was in good enough shape to take the screws on. Things do get violent. Once they get covered in shit, the screws go berserk, as I would too. So I have planned this and had begun storing my ammo in the shower yard under the concrete sink in milk cartons. I go out for my shower and recover the carton, by this stage it was more than ripe. It was full blown putrid!

Returning to my cell now, armed with the most wrenching shit, this was the Ammo to be used on the screws, and it was deadest rotten! I then go through the process of spreading the newspaper out on the floor, squat and shit. This left out for a bit for my own senses to absorb and acclimatise to before I start applying stripes across my whole torso.

This was my WAR paint. Now all said and done, timed so that the next time they open my cell door trap, was to feed me for lunch. My jug was going in the back ground

The screw comes along opens my trap. BANG. Is hit with a flying turd missile, he takes off.

The trap is still open. And I have a perfect line of vision from this height and High ground.

All the staff had to ascend up the stairs to get to the top landing, could not avoid my sight.

They weren't in a hurry to attend either for that matter, as had been through this drill countless occasions before with me. So called in the cavalry. The security squad. Who undertook all cell extractions, they would deal with this issue. They were more experienced in this sort of thing. They would practice this shit all the time, amongst themselves.

So now I realise this being the case. I then start a flood up, not the dam process option with toilet paper filling all the gaps in the cell door. But just having all the water that was gushing out from the tap turned on full bore flooding my cell. Going straight under my cell door and flooding the screws cubicle box now. As my cell was directly above yet across from this site. Now they were vacating their safe cubicle, all the whilst. I am raring **you f\*cken dogs this that and the other**. Some of the other inmates are now joining in the chorus, but that was as far as they were going in supporting my actions. Telling them to come up to my cell see how tuff they are etc ect. **They now turn the water off, but still the water would be flowing for some time, the whole bottom landing was inches deep.**

That's the reason they never placed me up there. For that reason alone. I'd done this before.

Next thing I know, the squad arrives. The other inmates on the bottom landing saw them arrive before I did. And had yelled out their presence to me. **They are now all kitted up.**

In riot gear, full face helmets, overalls gloves and shields. I watch from my open trap in the cell door as they are now ascending up the stairs single file some six of them.

I knew the leader and senior officer of this cell extraction team. **He was a nasty sour prick.**

I am goading him to enter to take the point lead by example, don't be a weak c\*nt and have the others do all the action, then lay the boots in when I was secured, bagged and tagged.

He is trying to persuade me to remove my hand from the trap opening, as. **I am throwing nuggets their way. By now they have worn a few and are covered in this putrid matter.**

**Take about unconventional war fare. This stuff would be banned, if able to mass produce it.**

They then creep up, using their shields as cover, begin to wrestle with my exposed arm. **Trying to pull my free hand tight through the trap. To secure me to the cell door.**

That aint happening at all. I break loose, by twisting it around, given. I was covered in shit.

It was real slippery and damn near impossible to keep a firm hold off.

Now by doing this they had secured the trap, it was then desperately shut closed.

The whole cell was wet, the next thing the cell door cracks open. **I grab the jug, it had just clicked over from a boil, this in one hand the carton of faeces in the other. I am just feet away from the cell door.**

**Throwing the contents of the carton in their direction, the whole cell Extraction team all coming through the cell door. Were hit by the splatter and sprat pattern.**

Before I was tackled to my cell bed. The jug now coming loose from my grip, all the team wrestling with me on the bed some rolled on the jug and **got boiling water burns from this.**

I would later be charged over this incident. I beat the hot jug water been thrown on them, but I went down on the shit thrown at them. Mr Phillips the nasty old c\*nt, went for a claim on this. **got 5 grand for his burns.**

He told me at when I went to Melbourne Magistrates Court.

I was then all trussed up, and taken to the shower yard to have a shower and clean up.

Needless to say, I was moved from the top landing cell and given new lodging on the bottom.

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**Having arrived at Acacia Unit Barwon Prison in Victoria.**

And following the unsuccessful tunnel escape. There was a back up plan. **Plan B.**

This involved getting to Acacia unit 4. Being loss of privileges area. The punishment block.

No problem, I would return to my old ways. Rack up prison incidents to be moved was simple, and they would not even see this coming at all. I spat at a particular officer which I did not like, **he was a nasty pr\*ck.**

And would not just ride me but everyone in unit 1.

This did not go down well with the staff, nor would I like it myself for that matter.

This incident now an outside charge. This I had not anticipated, but I did not expect to be around to be facing it anyway. With escape first and foremost on my mind and agenda.

Let's just say, it wasn't meant to be. And had come undone.

This is better explained in Escapes and attempts chapter.

Thing is, the point I seek to illustrate is. **Even when the gig was up.**

**I still had refused to capitulate. Till the very dying last moments, not one moment sooner!** Pinned down inside the industries inner fence by a roving vehicle and human patrols.

We both knew **were off**, once helicopter with spotlights beaming jail, not to mention sighting the huge contingent of Prison Squad security crew and dogs begin to enter the jail from the gatehouse. I refused to declare our position.

Held out till the very last moment not one minute sooner, not comfortable in surrendering at all even if it took them (3) hours to find us. The surrender only taking place as they were about to release a German Sheppard into the yard which we both were in. The gig was up!

81

CHAINED!

Head office in Corrections Victoria. As a consequence of both me and the other inmate trying to escape were placed in leg irons, hand cuffed to body belts during (1) hour exercise periods.

**His restraints ceased after (14) days. He had agreed to no further bad behaviour of him.**

**I refused to enter in to any agreements. Gov Clive Williams an Old Foe from H-Division,** Had stated he'd end the leg irons being applied upon me. If I cease Legal action against him.

**I told him fuck off put me in Chains. I will see you in Court!**

I would go on to have the extreme application of restraints on me for three months.

That when they were applied during my (1) hour exercise periods in the exercise yard.

**I would literally be hobbling from the Prison made shackles not designed for comfort at all. Were in fact a chain about 12 inches long, with hinged clasps welded to. Then would be secured with big padlocks a medi-evil look. This archaic cruel items of torture would chafe the inside of your ankles. Wearing the away skin in process.**

Fully aware of this position. I would struggle moving the exercise bike in the yard.

As I was hand cuffed to a body belt secured to my waste climb on bike the chains were tight.

I wanted to move the exercise bike right in front of the screws box. Where they would be.

I had wanted FACE OFF the staff looking at them, whilst they were hidden behind a (2) way Perspex. Whilst I was peddling like mad. **My gaze fixed square at them!**

**The feeling of the warm wet blood generated by this now visible from the leg chains.**

**The chaffing and raw peeling of skin obvious to all, once the clasps were removed.**

**I still have the scars of this today around my ankles to attest to this FACT.**

(H-Factor still inside me). Passionate I was yes (ADVERSARIAL) the Me V's them.

Following the second escape attempt from the Acacia unit. It is now decided from head office that they would follow the American Supa- Max highly flawed ideals.

Red man walking!

To introduce a new prison uniform policy for us. We would now be made to wear red.

**To strip us all of our private white t-shirts, shorts and thermals too, the only thing we were allowed to own that was not in red were, sox and jox (remove our identity) and make us feel weakened. A lesser being, now dressed up as fools in these cheap ill fitted garments.**

So the Policy in Acacia now was **RED uniforms to wear.** These new ridiculous ill-fitting garments were nothing short of clown outfits.

I refused to wear the

new wardrobe.

I would rather wear (2x) prison towels on my exercise periods, in the freezing cold winter.

And in rain too. (1) Towel was fashioned and draped over my shoulders covering my upper torso, the other towel was then wrapped around my waist. **This was my uniform. Not theirs.**

This went on for some weeks, I and John Lindrea were the only other inmates for the entire Acacia unit who had refused to wear their cheap crappy clown outfits.

We would go out in the rain and brace the cold and wet conditions in towels.

We had asked the Governor of the Jail if we could we purchase our own REDS.

The same, as we had with done like rest of jail in the white t-shirts, now seized from us.

To conform with the new colour code red policy but in our own gear. This was denied.

**I had then complained that I had an allergic reaction to synthetic material.**

Which all the cheap new reds were made from, that my skin was too sensitive to this fabric.

And only natural fibres agreed with me. Which were either leather, cotton & silk.

**That I would break out in a rash otherwise. To then supply me now in this instead.**

To break our resistance, the Acacia unit staff told us. That we would be charged for disobeying a direct order and face a Governors disciplinary hearing if we failed to comply.

**Yeah realllllllly. Haven't you read my file f\*ckwit I told them!**

Thing is this mattered not to me at all, but made me more determined now to beat them.

With **NOT wearing the new RED** Prison issue clothing, the only way out of this was through a Medical certificate.

Now to accept my medical problem Mr Norman the Senior Prison officer at the time, wanted to personally witness the rash. As he didn't believe my claims. I told him if I wore the reds and went for a jog. Opening up my pores. I would be covered in a rash, he balked at this.

I told him I will show you then.

I had just the thing, a tube of deep heat type balm, yet far more concentrated and it had no odour and was clear once a good coat applied to the inner of the red t-shirt. **PERFECT!**

The following day, I walk out in my white towels for my exercise period, carrying a red t-shirt. I had already coated the insides with the night before, into the yard. I now called out to Mr Norman who was watching me from behind the mirrored Perspex. To now have a look on my body for any signs of rashes, inspected none present visible.

I then put on the red top and went for a 10 minute run. Within minutes I could feel the heat being generated from the balm, running only compounded it further. I let it go, as I wanted it to be seen without any doubts or questions at all, finished my jog, him attentively watching me for the entire period from behind the mirror.

**I call him over to witness my Rash, pull off t-shirt and I was as red as a lobster.**

I then said to him, **look are you fucking blind or what, do you see this now.**

**He could not argue with me, as was obvious to all. I told him I want it reported by him.**

It was now confirmed!

Leaving the red t-shirt on the ground, where it lay after I had removed it. I returned back to my cell following my yard time ending. I walked back to my cell still covered in a red rash.

I then told Johnny Lindrea, it worked and Norman had to report it, as witnessed he couldn't deny it. I now gave John a good dollop of the balm to use too, spreading it inside all his reds.

He refused the next day to wear his reds and was told would be charged if refused the order.

Then told Norman he had the same sensitive skin condition as I had, he too would break out in a rash from the synthetic material also, Norman said bullshit, the chances of both of you having the same thing would be (1) in a million, sure enough John returns to his cell.

Asked which top he should wear to prove this, John selected one. It didn't matter which one was picked as all were lined with the balm. Now puts on the red t-shirt and goes to the yard.

Went for a run, all the time being watched like a hawk by Norman, finish his run and calls Norman over to inspect his condition, removed the red top and low and behold he too was covered in a huge red rash. Norman started carrying on about it, in disbelief.

He knew we both had got him. Yet was unable to work out just how.

Now he has to report confirmation of John's rash and condition. **He was spewing big time!**

Due to this **medical.** They had to get new stock in for us, after just spending a stack on the other cheap shit, we both would be issued with decent cotton Tops/ t-shirts/ shorts.

**Not the Warwick Capper type up there arse, the others were being made to wear.**

I would strut about in the yard showing off to the others, who could see me from the other yard, telling them gee these feel heaps better. Not up my crack, rubbing it in their faces now.

For not holding out with us, they too could be wearing this decent style wardrobe.

All the inmates complained to staff, said it wasn't fair that both I and John had good shorts that never went up their arse all the time. And they did. The Acacia staff ended up giving them a set, to shut them up. Yet they were still made to wear the rest of the Clown shit.

ACACIA/MELLELEUCA/OLEARIA UNIT PRISONERS COMPELLED TO WEAR RED

YET HIDDEN FROM THE OUTSIDE COMMUNITY, WHEN ON VIDEO LINK ALL PRISONERS

ARE MADE TO WEAR WHITE GARMENTS OVER TOP, NO PHOTO'S IN RED ALLOWED WHY?

RED, MEDICALLY PROVEN TO RENDER ONE IN STATE OF HATE/AGGITATED/AGGRESSION

WHY IS RED WORN THEN, MANY IN SUPA MAX HAVE A VIOLENT PAST, IS CRAZY INDEED!

I had instituted extradition proceedings to deal with the outstanding charges in N.S.W.

I now face warrants for my arrest in N.S.W. Additional to those which I had when I escaped.

My case had now become so political with Victoria Office of Corrections sticking their **f\*cking heads in now. Making it personal.** Not happy in thoughts that I was now leaving their punitive regimes behind.

Finding greener pastures. Not to languish in barren concrete sterile environments, not happy and content to see tail end of me. To just hand me over to another state. It became personal with some in head office due to my legal action over them.

The transfer accepted and signed off by the Courts now had written **DEMANDS** signed into it. That the transfer agreement. NOW had included, before they would release me into the

Custody of N.S.W. That I would remain under the same regime and sanctions and conditions which I was currently at the time subjected to. Yes I was leaving behind in his state.

But I would not escape the punishment of Victoria. Being housed in isolation/ lockdown and on a punitive orientated designed regime.

This unheard of and never ever a part of any other Prisoner transfer agreement I would learn.

SHHHHHHHH. MIDNIGHT MOVE!

On the day after my birthday. That night at 11.45pm. The Barwon security Squad arrive at my cell. I had been told some weeks before to have all my bags packed and to be ready at any time to move. **Yet a midnight move was not expected of at all. Now rustled from a sleep,** saying my good byes to those in the unit. And then placed into leg irons and the body belt cuffed to the security hand cuffs now. Lead away and taken in a (4) car. High security escort convoy. Transported to Essendon Airport arriving at the Police hanger, under darkness.

**Shackled up.** In the rear of the Prison security van for some (4) hours. Till the privately chartered twin engine 10 seater Cessna arrived with the State protection Squad as my flight company. And as my host's not

hostess's to secure and accompany me back to Sydney.

After sometime. I told the Prison officers that I needed to have a piss, to either let me out or I would piss in the rear of van simple. I did not care, as they would have to clean it up not me.

They had waited till the Cessna taxied in from the run way. About ten minutes after I had made the request to be able to relieve myself. The State Protection were all on board.

X-MAS TREE!

They then step down the potable bridge ladder from the Aircraft. And secure the area, the Barwon security officers and the dog squad now remove me from the rear of the Prison van and walk me to the grass edge of runway. I was still in shackles, the body belt secured to my hands cuffs. I then pull my tracky pants down to do have a squirt. As I am looking down I can see that I am covered in red dots. Light up like a X-mas tree from all the State protections laser's, they were not taking any chances with me at all. Let's just say that was a quick piss.

**I had to be real careful not to shake too hard, otherwise they may take a shot!**

After the piss. I was then taken on board. And I was now surrounded by heavily armed Police no flight attendants or movies for me.

STATE PROTECTION GROUP FLIGHT HOSTEES! NO CAKE NO COFFEE!

Arriving at Mascot airport, the security was now greater as more State Protection would attend to secure the area. This was witnessed by the accepting N.S.W. Prison security.

They had even agreed, that they have never seen the sight and lengths they witnessed.

This spectacle now alarming them. Causing them to exercise extreme caution from little me.

The President of America would have been envious of it all. Leaving the airport in a (6) car security convoy. Arriving at Long Bay, as was where the transfer was agreed to. They had left me in the prison van. Whilst they process my travel docs and re-route me to Goulburn.

RE-ROUTED GOULBURN A.S.U.!

It was a drive through classification. Now destined for the High Security Unit (H.S.U)

It would later experience a name change to somehow make it more appealing (A.S.U.)

This was short for the **Assessment Security Unit.** Did nothing to cover what. **It really was!**

That as I was being transported in rear of squad escort van. Still wearing the RED Acacia track suit outfit. Which I had hated with a passion. I actually had requested to wear my own civilian court clothes on transfer. For which I was entitled to do so. The Governor Spuddano Refused this request, knowing it would get me upset, I would be wearing their shit in transit.

**No longer in the company of the State Protection Squad.** I began to tear off my RED garments, the screws all in the van were watching me from the rear Perspex. They all must have thought **what the F\*ck.** As I had struggled in cuffs secured to body belt in doing this.

The remnants of the top now all shredded on the van floor it was. The pants still in one piece.

Arriving to much fanfare at Goulburn. A section of the Prison locked down in the process.

9<sup>th</sup> OCTOBER 1996. TRANSFERED TO N.S.W. NOW ARRIVING AT GOULBURN JAIL.

I was transferred to N.S.W. on Legal grounds to face the charges I was facing at the time.

I had escaped from Parramatta Jail on 24/10/1992. **Was now placed straight into segro.**

**My N.S.W. Prisoner number was**

(219666) = 0219 LUCIFER. I would tell them.

I even had one senior Prison officer later to become a Governor of Goulburn.

Try to have this number changed as it offended him, I was made aware of it. **I played on it.**

I was placed on the (TOP 100) High Risk Inmate category List. No. 1 out of some many thousands of New South Wales Prisoners at the time, that were being held in N.S.W. Prison system **(my ranking was no.1, for some time.)**

Only later was it supplanted by infamous **IVAN MILAT.**

Following an escape allegation, which he was supposed to have been involved in.

NOVEMBER /DECEMBER 1996.

SEGRO FRONT YARDS FAMILY CONTACT VISIT!

**MY FIRST CONTACT VISIT WITH MY BROTHER WAS HELD IN THE FRONT SEGREGATION YARDS OF THE JAIL, NOT IN THE NORMALLY PRACTISED AREA FOR THE REST OF ENTIRE PRISON. AT ALL. THESE FRONT YARDS HAVE SINCE BEEN DEMOLISHED AND ARE NO LONGER.**

**I WAS THE ONLY INMATE EVER, WHICH I AM AWARE OF, TO EXPERIENCE THIS AND AN EXCEPTION TO THE RULE OF LAW AT GOULBURN JAIL!**

**THIS CONTACT VISIT WAS IN LEG SHACKLES A BODYBELT SECURED TO HAND CUFFS!**

**IN A CAGED YARD SEPERATED BY A GRILL BARS, WITH A DIRTY STAGNATING BOWL OF GREEN SHIT LITTERED IN THE AREA. PROVING THAT THIS YARD WAS NOT IN USE BY OTHERS.**

**DID I OVERLOOK THE FACT THAT I WAS IN OVERALLS, UNDERNEATH ALL THE F\*CKING HARDWARE APPLIED. NOT TO MENTION THE (4x) PRISON OFFICERS THAT WERE PRESENT HOVERING WITHIN EARSHOT OF OUR CONVERSATION. THIS WAS F\*CKING CRAZY!**

**VERY IN HUMANE INDEED, MY BROTHER WAS AGHAST BY THE SIGHT HE HAS NEVER EXPERIENCED NOTHING LIKE THAT EVER IN HIS LIFE. HE WAS HORRIFIED BY THIS**

HE DID NOT WANT ANOTHER VISIT. TO SEE ME IN SUCH CONDITIONS. THEN THE FACT HE HAD JUST DRIVEN (8) HOURS ONE WAY TO SEE ME LIKE THAT DEEPLY DISTURBED HIM TRUE.

**MAX SHARMAN WHO RAN THE A.S.U. HE HAD A HISTORY OF PRODUCING A HANDGUN ON OTHERS IN THE JAIL. HE WAS A REDNECK BULLY WHO WOULD COME IN ON HIS DAY'S OFF. TO APPEAR AT MY YARD CELL TRAP OPEN IT AND TAUNT ME WITH MY LATE MAIL ISSUE.**

THE MAIL I HAD BEEN WAITING FOR 2-4 WEEKS WOULD NOW BE ISSUED IN ONE BIG BUNDLE. LEGAL MAIL INCLUDED. HE WAS A RULE UNTO HIMSELF, MAKING IT PERSONAL VS THEM.

**HE WAS THE OFFICER WHO ORDERED MY CONTACT VISIT TO BE HELD IN A CAGE YARD:**

DURING MY TIME HELD IN THE GOULBURN A.S.U. I HAD REFUSED TO BUY AT T.V.

I WENT WITHOUT WATCHING A T.V. FOR (22) MONTHS THIS IS A PROVEN FACT.

**(TO DEMONSTRATE TO SHARMAN I DIDN'T NEED A T.V.) IN MODE I WAS. OTHER'S DID!**

A FELLOW INMATE A KOORI BY NAME OF LAURIE SHEPPARD HAD NOTHING. ALWAYS WINGING FOR SMOKES AND FOOD HUNGRY ALL THE TIME. HE HAD NO T.V. EITHER.

SO I ASKED HIM IF HE WANTED ONE TO WATCH. HE THOUGH I WAS BEING TRICKY. HE DID NOT BELIEVE ME AT ALL. AS I NEVER KNEW HIM FROM A BAR OF SOAP AT ALL.

**NOT EVEN HIS OWN WOULD HELP HIM OUT.**

THERE WERE (2X) CHOICES OF T.V.'S AT THE TIME. IN N.S.W PRISONS YOU HAVE TO BUY THEM YOURSELF. THEY ARE NOT ISSUED AS IS THE CASE IN VICTORIA. YOU COULD BUY A CHEAPER (OR) MORE EXPENSIVE WHICH WAS \$350, I THINK BY MEMORY.

I HAD \$400 SENT TO HIM. SO HE BUY THE TOP MODEL OF THE TWO AND HAVE \$50 LEFT OVER FOR CANTEEN ON TOP. HE COULDN'T BELIEVE IT, YEARS LATER HE WOULD TURN ON ME AT LITHGOW. AN INMATE WHO I HAD SPENT TIME WITH IN THE A1 PROGRAMME. WHO HATED THE FACT I WOULD NOT GIVE HIM POT. AS HE EXPECTED IT FREE OF CHARGE. IF HE WANTED IT HE HAD TO PAY FOR IT. LIKE I DID AND OTHERS HAD TOO. HAD HIM TRY TO SCARE ME.

WANG WOULDN'T DO IT HIMSELF. AND HE WAS ON A DOUBLE MURDER. **THAT'S THE THANKS I GOT FOR MY ACTS OF KINDNESS SHOWN. THE KOORIS GOT LAURIE!**

First bronze up in N.S.W. and Goulburn A.S.U.

I had been subject to a harsh oppressive regime. This I had challenged on many a time. **Why was it being implemented? And just what I done wrong?** Max Sharman just dismissed my protests with complete scorn. This only made me more determined to step up to the plate, telling him you have no f\*cking idea how I played prisoner back in Victoria. Now you will get a taste and learn a bit of history. I had built up a few days stock of my finest blend, place them into milk cartons stored in the big yard being (9) that never had a full roof over it, it was caged right across it.

Now the dynamics of the cells in the A.S.U were that all the cells of this unit were specifically on the bottom landing, within a general prison population unit at the time. Those inmates would be housed on the top landing, which held about 30 odd inmates.

The cells were two doors, the outer being a heavy steel thick normal cell door, which would open out, to arrive at an inner gated security heavy duty steel door. Which would open inside.

Meaning it would actually open in towards cell, there was no cell trap features on this door.

The bars were present but, you could not pass the meals through unless the caged grill door was opened up at least 12 inches to then slide the plate in. This method was only used in emergencies. The normal procedure was. That they would swing open the inner gated door, and hand deliver the food to you, it being passed and you would receive it, then door secured.

Anyway, that said, I was allowed to go to have a shower in the yard. Whilst I was there I recovered my hidden milk cartons, stoked behind the toilet which was situated in a corner.

Now returning to my cell, I could get ready for the next phase of my mission. **Have a shit!**

Going through the process, newspapers spread out on the cell floor, squat then shit.

**Allow it to remain there for a little bit, needing my body to adjust to the smell.**

This done. Strip down to my boxers, runners and shades, the shades are the last to go on.

Start to cover myself in my **WAR PAINT**. With my cammo streaks of faeces wiped right across my face, head and rest of torso. This done, I then bang up the screws to attend my cell.

The staff prison officer's box, was situated at the rear of our cells. This area had a dart board, which they would be for ever playing. I could now hear them with the darts hitting the board.

They heard me, as we could hear them too, the acoustics were great in unit. Sound amplified.

Now telling me, that they would be in soon. When they did some ten minutes later, after their game was over. They did not expect to be faced with what I had prepared for them to witness.

Thing is, they never used to look into the cell beforehand via the peep hole in the outer main cell door, as most inmates just blocked them over with toilet paper, so didn't bother checking to see that all was good inside. They had the grilled caged inner cell to deal with ambushes.

They open up the cell door, then come into my vision, they see me covered in shit, couldn't work it out at first, looking puzzled and unable to comprehend the odd sight before them.

**Maybe it was the shades that threw them off!**

Let's just say, **they soon got what was happening when I threw an opened carton of shit/piss at them, this was a runny blend for splatter purposes, thrown in a semi- arc fling of the arm. And it was real f\*cking putrid! Stunk to high heaven.** They reeled back on impact, automatically slamming the outer cell door back towards me, now sliding the bolt across shut. **I could hear them all cursing at the stench, what is it they are asking each other? Not sure. One then says its f\*cking shit! I am yelling and screaming at them by now.**

**You want to start ya shit. F\*cking cop mine now f\*ckheads! Now laughing at them,** the image vivid in my mind. The rest of the inmates along the bottom landing, could hear all the commotion, realise **the screws just got. Got!** Start banging up on their cell doors in support.

I can hear the screws cursing badly at the rear of my cell, the dart board area they had.

I am now up at the cell window looking out at them. Telling them that they must open my cell door three times per day for meals, plus another three for my medication to be issued.

As. **I was on medication for head-aches and migraines that I'd suffer from.**

This. **I would learn years later be a key Symptoms of Post Incarceration Syndrome.**

**This is. P.T.S.D born from isolation!**

See ya then **F\*ckheads!** They then now call in Max Sharman, the chief who ran the unit.

He tried now to placate and reason with me. **I told him bad luck, we now play my way!**

I have had enough of your shit for months, now it's time you tasted my stuff. **Mine stinks!**

The meals are due to arrive soon, so I tell them, make sure my meal is given to me too.

Laughing at this situation, they would, attend the cell all kitted up in white space suits overalls, with face shields and Perspex. Hiding behind riot shields now to open my outer cell door, once this was done. They were literally exposed to me, whilst desperately trying to unlock the Jackson padlock, then slide the bolt across, holding a firm grip on the gate.

Whilst another then slides the meal across the cell floor, in doing this they were right there.

I'd just splash them with the contents of the milk carton, did not have to try hard at all.

**Laughing at them as this was done. How easy was that!** As they'd be pulling the inner grill gate back into them to now secure and slide and padlock, before they could shut.

Then close the outer cell door. The cell door dynamics did not go in their favour at all!

This went on all day, Sharman trying to talk to me to cease the operations underway at them.

I was now telling him.

**You want to headf\*ck me, I am now going to headf\*ck you!**

**I was now demanding my medications! He had a real f\*cking dilemma.** To open my door at least (6) times per day, and he knew it. The nursing staff, refused to come near me. That was fine. I never had an issue with them at all. **But the screws. Who now had to issue me this.** I told him. **You have to be lucky every day. I only gotta be lucky Once!**

**My I.R.A favoured quote**

Sharman then decides to just keep me locked up in my cell. This way I am all contained.

Hoping that. I would fizzle out and want a wash. **I was in mode. I thrived on this Us Vs them.** They continued to be compelled to open my cell, for meal issues and medication. The meals. **I was not game enough to consume at all, as would have been tampered with.** **Plus all the shit too covering the cell floor would have transferred onto the plate.** **I lived off boiled eggs.**

Which would only produce a mean smelling shit to use as ammo too. As I had to replenish my ammo stock piles. As they were being used every time cell door was opened up for meals.

I had never been covered in shit for this long, normally it would only be a few hours tops.

Then taken for a shower to clean up. So this outcome was new to me. I was trapped in the cell now, and made to sleep in my own faeces, it was literally peeling off me, and leaving rashes.

And the warm sensation. It now gave me, a slight burning. This I had never suffered before.

To be made to sleep in this, was not nice at all, but that was how it was,

**fighting injustice!**

The next morning the screws are out the back of the cell, asking if I want to come out and have a shower. I told them I want my breakfast! They knew by this I didn't. But I had only wanted to have another crack at them. **Telling them I shit every day sometimes twice.**

**I got heaps left! All whilst laughing. With all the other inmates yelling abuse at them.**

Most of which never seen a bronze up before. It was rarely practised at that time.

But in 80's and early 90's it was **yes. It had been big.** In dealing with resistance to **THEM!**

By the end of the day. They realised that they were sitting ducks every time they had opened my cell. **They were left. Covered in shit!** I was not budging one iota. **Fuelled by this I was.**

So decide to mount a cell extraction team. To bring about a close to them being targets of shit. They arrive at my cell ten deep, all in the white space suit overalls, helmets with a flick up clear Perspex flick up visor attached. And riot Perspex Shields. Now giving me orders to go to the back of my cell and turn around to face the rear wall. **YEAH RIGHT!!!**

**They now crack the cell door, shields in front of them, as they begin to try and unlock the Jackson padlock, which I had covered in shit along with the sliding bolt, all slippery.**

I then rush towards the inner gridded gate. So I could then outstretch my arms through this, the carton of milk and its putrid contents in hand now. Somehow wrestling this with an officer. Trying their damn best to dis-arm the threat posed. And to this very day. I could not replicate that moment even if I had tried too. **It was by sheer pure luck and desperation on my part.** I had somehow flicked up the visor and in a smooth flowing momentum thrown the contents of the carton of milk at the officer's face. I don't know how. But I did. The AHHHHHHH!

**Told me it was a direct hit, to the point of entering into their mouth.** They stepped back. To be replaced with others. **Dry wrenching. It was not nice. But we were in a war.** **Us Vs Them. They got what they gave me. Only mine had substance to the shit!**

I got a clean head shot of target **by sheer determination. Shit happens. I say to them.**

I had actually got it in officer's mouth. The **spectacle them dry reaching running from the scene of my cell. Had left me happy. How that feel and taste f\*cker. I had to sleep in mine too.** The officer had to go home to clean up. I was holed up in cell covered in own shit for (3) days, it was flaking off in my bedding. Which later caused me a raw rash from the irritation, from no shower, as none were in the cell. **Shit was in my paws for a good week!**

I ended up ceasing the operation, as I wanted a shower. And they had **promised me change.**

This becoming another legendary incident becoming the talk of not only the Prison inmates inside. But down at the Local Pub by fellow co-workers, which was what hurt them the most.

**THEM BEING THE STORY. NOT ME.** ha ha. I was never charged. **(DONE DUE TO THERE TREATMENT. HELD ON SOLITARY CONFINEMENT.)**

**FUELLING THE HATE WITHIN. US V'S THEM.**  
**DRIVING THE INMATES MAD THEY DID A FACT.**

**THERE WERE SUICIDES IN THE A.S.U AT THE TIME TOO.**

**THIS IS WHAT OCCURS AND TAKES PLACE IN BOTH VICTORIA AND N.S.W.**  
**DOES THIS TREATMENT OF INMATE HELP THEM?**

**NO. BUT ACTUALLY SENDS THEM INTO A. HEIGHTENED STATE OF HATE!**

**Within weeks. The agreement to end the bronze up. Had turned to shit literally!**  
**Max Sharman was proven a liar. Not holding up to his end of the agreement at all.**  
**Which was nothing outrageous either. But simple improvements to the injustice regime.**

So I would now mount another bronze up operation. **This time not trapped in my cell.**

I would years later learn this incident. Which I knew to be recorded on video at time. Is now used as a training video in the Goulburn Prison Academy for recruits. Learn. **Not what to do!**

**This incident took place in the big yard (9). Real life footage me in Urban Guerrilla Mode. In N.S.W. Prison. Me against the Emergency response squad.** **US V'S THEM at its best!**

The build-up of utter complete frustration and turmoil. Being subject to the most **oppressive punitive regime possible for no apparent reason.** Other than being persecuted. A personal vendetta. Far from Professional for that matter. To keep me down and deprive me of self-esteem and driving me to bouts of extreme melancholy. Other inmate's **suiciding around me.**

The previous bronze up had culminated in a sudden explosion within me from fragrant abuse. This action had been resolved on the reached **agreement of improving my punitive regime.** That nobody would explain was being implemented. Effecting all aspects of **my mental state.**

**I had ended the last bronze up. On the basis things would improve.** I would give.

**THEM** two weeks in good faith to respond to the much improved position I was found in.

**All piss and wind it turned out to be.** Which I had anticipated anyway, yet gave **THEM.**

The benefit of the doubt. And **I had factored this in to my long term game plan.**

By taking measures to build up a ammo dump. The big (9) yard would be the location held.

They could and would remain there for a good week, baking in the sun and heat of summer.

**The milk cartons were full, and even. I would gag and dry wretch coming close to them.** Hidden up behind the toilet bend. **They f\*cking stunk. Putrid was a mild description of this. I would have to literally hold my breath when handling them,** topping them up every day. **Accumulating the finest rotten unconventional war fare ammo.**

**Within the first two days maggots had appeared crawling around the shit.** **It was f\*cken rank. And I mean RANK!**

I had set a day aside. To fall after the time which was agreed to improve my conditions.

This was now closing, with NO shift in conditions. That's ok. This time round. I will make a better show of things. **I will control where it goes down. The big yard was perfect for this.**

The open air, would not hold the expected tear gas used. **I had plenty of room to play in.**

Thing is. I never really had an issue with the Unit screws. They were just mere foot soljas.

Following orders and implementing what leadership had chosen to run with. **Not them.**

They were caught up as the meat in the sandwich. I was conscious of this fact. Those I had wanted would not come near me. When the shit literally went down, as you'll read on further.

**The day arrived.** I went out to the big yard (9). Within minutes I had recovered the milk cartons, now taken to the centre of the yard. Striped down squatting no newspaper this time.

The fresh turd still f\*cking hot. Now being applied in striped fashion. **My signature mark.**

**WAR PAINT.** Now this done. The sunglasses now put in place. It would not take long

Before the screw in the top cat walk would do his round to inspect all inmates in yards.

I wanted to be ready. And now was. He casually strolls up. The big yard being the last on the right hand side of yards. He peers in looking at me through the Perspex. Stops dead in his tracks. The sight of me. In

boxers, runners and shades covered in shit, holding a milk carton with the top open in each hand now. **Would have disturbed him for sure. What the f\*ck!**

Our eyes now fixed on each other. I now hurl a tirade of obscenities at him. Not really at him. But directed at **Ya@s want to f\*cking play. Let@s f\*cking play!**

**I have had enough of ya shit. Now yas are going to get a good dose and serve of mine!**

He is straight on the radio. Calling in the scene to the unit staff below. Not to open the yard.

That I am bronzed up. Yelling and screaming at him. The unit screws arrive. Try to talk reason to me now. I told them. I gave ya two weeks to sort things out. Ya lied. You had ya chance ya cant be trusted. Now we

will play my way simple. **Now f\*cken kit up** and come through. Tough cunts. The screws tried to talk. I wasn't interested in this. It had now passed

The next stage. **Now in combat formation now. Guerrilla war fare at its best. Us V's Them.**

Nothing else mattered to me now. I was locked in this mode. And was alive and thriving!

I was always at my best. When up against adversity and against great challenges I rose to it.

I would meet it head on. Now The Goulburn Security prison guards arrive, on the other side of the gate. All kitted up, ready for action. I will call Marlborough Man. He was a funny c\*nt.

Who you could have a joke and laugh with. Most of them were like this. I had come to know well from the High Security escorts they would run. None of them wanted to get involved.

Doing their best to talk me out of it now. I told them. Bad luck. Shit happens and nothing personal. But this is a message to Sharman. Get him here to talk. **Its him I want not you!**

He would arrive soon after, coming in from his day off. **Now attending the top cat walk.**

I spot him. I instantly launch into a tirade of expletives and profanities. Going ballistic now.

Daring him to kit up. Come and get me. I am giving him the chance. **He wants to f\*ck with me. Play bullshit head games. Wants a piece of me. Show leadership and take the Point!**

This said. As I am calling him a maggot, running my hands through a shit filled milk carton. The maggots now clearly visible crawling around the shit. This done with one carton placed on the ground at my feet.

**Literally pouring the maggot riddled turds into the other hand.**

All the while he is videoing the scene from safety of the top catwalk tower behind Perspex.

I then hurl a thick mud consistency of shit right at Sharman. **SPLAT!** If it were not for the Perspex. It would have made contact. It would have hit him in the head. He stepped back as the shit hit and stuck there. **It is now fused to that window till the day I was released in 2005.**

I am given orders to comply with their directions. **Are you f\*cken serious! F\*ck off come and get me. Bring it on f\*ckheads!** The first tear gas canisters comes through the yard door trap. Landing on the floor some few feet in the yard all hissing now. Gas plumes heavy and thick. Thing is. **I just laughed at this feeble attempt.** I was right down the other end of the yard. Some 30 feet away. And that tear gas wasn't coming nowhere near me at all. I had picked the right terrain to fight this battle. Within minutes another tear gas canister is lobbed through the yard door trap. This time it lands about half way in the yard. Still a good 15 feet from me. The hissing and gas fumes being released was now **causing an eerie mist rising in the air. I still laugh at Sharman as this is having. No effect on me.**

**Telling him to come into the yard.**

He then orders another tear gas canister to be lobbed through the yard door trap. It again lands short, half way in the yard. By this stage the three gas canisters collectively cause the yard now to be filled with a thick mist of tear gas. I was situated in the far corner of the yard.

I had an improvised breathing apparatus on over my mouth. Used as a filter inhaling the air.

Yet this was not perfect and the gas in time would have a serious impact on me. **Why wait!**

Seizing up the situation. Assess, Improvise and Overcome. Taking in the position I was in.

I then consider **f\*ck it. I will feign that I am succumbing to the gas.** By doing so. Will expedite the contact far sooner than linger about for another five minutes. By that time I would have been truly exposed to the effects of the gas. **So by taking the initiative now.**

I would be in a better position to repel my foes. **Us V's Them.** It was a foregone conclusion when they hit the yard. It was all over. But to make sure. **I had unloaded my shit, was the only thing that mattered to me. I did not care one bit for what followed.** A stock standard bashing.

I then look up at Max Sharman. Make eye contact with him. **Then inhale and invite a breath deep, deep, deep into my lungs. I fill my lungs with it. Letting out a sigh, to then expel it.** This would have freaked him out, repeated a few times. **Showing it had no effect on me.** Then a few moments later. I bend over. My face looking down at my feet now. **Pretending to be overcome by the gas** just inhaled deep into my lungs he'd just witnessed occur take place. He then calls Squad stationed outside yard gate on his portable radio. **Gas Masks on Ready to roll!**

**To storm the yard now!** That I was immobilised, they slide open the gate, this you could hear.

The rollers under sheer weight would squeak loudly, you can't miss. **Their vision is limited.**

To know that they were now entering the yard. One Two Three Four. I now awaken from the feigned rendered state. **Lured in my midst now,** about ten feet away. Both the milk cartons open. One in each hand. **Are now held and emptied in an arc spray, towards incoming squad.**

**I could not miss. The entire group are now covered in this maggot infested shit!**

Within moments the entire team rugby tackle me to the ground, with one Particular officer giving me rabbit punches. Was he serious! I laughed at this f\*cking feeble attempt made.

He was spewing he was now covered in this putrid shit, taking it out on me. Bantam weight.

His hits were like flies buzzing around me, no impact at all, it was like being swatted.

The others, well they made contact and those I could feel. But the Bantam weights NO!

Needless to say. I was then secured, taken to another yard to be washed. Hosed down!

The video speaks volumes. It truly depicts an out of control crazed rambling Prisoner.

This spectacle would horrify many I am sure. But that's what happens when you push inmates to the limits of their own tolerance. When they're tormented daily that what happens.

**THIS IS NOW USED AS A TRAINING VIDEO ON NOT WHAT TO DO!**

THIS WAS THE ULTIMATE US V THEM CONTEST EVER. BETWEEN THEM.

I LITERALLY LEFT MY MARK IN THAT STATE. SHIT MARKS. THE SPOT!

MAX SHARMAN WAS MY NEMESIS. HE HAD TRIED HIS BEST TO CRUSH ME IN US V THEM.

SHARMAN HAD EVEN INTERFERRED WITH A RELATIONSHIP I WAS IN WITH A FEMALE. HER NAME BEING HELENA CROFT. SHOWED HER TRANSCRIPTS OF A PRISON PHONE CALL. WHERE I HAD QUESTIONED HER. TO OTHER PLATONIC FEMALES FRIENDS. IN CONFIDENCE TO THEM. HE KNEW THAT THIS WOULD FRACTURE THE RELATIONSHIP. IT DID. SHE STOPPED SEEING ME AS A DIRECT RESULT OF HIS ACTIONS OF REVEALING PRIVATE CONVERSATIONS.

Hunger strikes!

I was to go on hunger strikes in protest of my gruelling punitive conditions and regime.

The longest period was four weeks no food. Just water. No milk.

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LITERALLY GOING MAD TO SUCH INDEFINATE PLACEMENT IN EXTREME CONDITIONS!

THIS IS WHAT I WAS EXPOSED TO FOR YEARS. BRONZING UP. FIGHTING US V THEM!

18

BAR TABLE, BOUND AND SHACKLED!

I had even Chose to conduct my own Committal and later Trial in the N.S.W.

MY DISTRICT COURT JUDGE. KEN CARRUTHERS SAID. I MISSED MY VOCATION AT BAR.

AGAINST SUCH ADVERSITY. NOT LEGALLY MINDED. YET FOUGHT AND COMMEDED.

DID I OVERLOOK THE FACT. THIS WAS DONE. WHILST I WAS IN LEG RESTRAINTS TOO!

NOT TO MENTION SURROUNDED BY A SWARM OF PRISON SECURITY SQUAD.

ADVERSARIAL. THE ME V THEM. ME V THEM THE STATE!

FEBRUARY 2005; RELEASED FROM NEW SOUTH WALES CUSTODY FINALL AFTER 13 YRS.

I AM TO WEAR ALL BLACK. DRESSED IN A BLACK SILK SHIRT /BLACK MILITIA ARMY PANTS.

TUCKED IN AT BOTTOM INTO BLACK LACE UP LEATHER ARMY BOOTS /BERET. WAS MY UNIFORM ON THE DAY OF RELEASE. THERE IS A PHOTO TAKEN OF THIS FOR NEWSPAPER ARTICLE. IN CAMPAIGNING FOR PRISONERS.

(ORGANISED BY JUSTICE ACTION.)

THAT IS ME.

SOLJA ME. IS HOW I WAS RELEASED FROM CUSTODY PICTURE PROVES IT!

THERE ARE ALSO NUMBER OF PHOTO'S OF ME GIVING THE BIRD. IN BOTH VIC AND N.S.W.

That I had also successfully promoted in N.S.W. State parliament. Causing a radical review and long overdue overhaul into Prison conditions. Which had produced a host of many other significant improvements

since. Best serving both communities in and out of N.S.W.

THE INMATES HAD THEIR VOICES HEARD TOO.

(ADVERSARIAL) the Me V the State /System right to the top.

I was to go on and further promote and highlight the in- adequate needs. And short falls of N.S.W. inmates found in this situation with the support of Prisoner advocate Group Justice Action led by Brett Collins

his girlfriend Kat. And Staunch loyal Kilty O'Gorman / Green Federal M.P. Lee Rhiannan. Victim of crime groups /Community body's with a number of Academics and Professors. THIS PHOTO TAKEN IN

N.S.W. PARLIAMENT FEB 2005.

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NOVEMBER 2005 SPEARMINT RHINO INCIDENT!

I WAS ON A DEBT COLLECTION JOB. TO CHASE UP JAY MALCOUN!

HE WAS NOT THE VICTORIAN PRESIDENT OF COMMANCHEROS THEN I MIGHT ADD.

THE JOB WENT AWRY. TURNING PEAR SHAPE. WHEN A MALE BOUNCER HAD ENGAGED ME.

HE HAD SHOWN THREATENING CONDUCT TOWARDS ME. HALF MY AGE AND SIX FOOT PLUS.

I TOOK CONTROL OF SITUATION. WITH AIDE OF A 32 PISTOL. BAD IDEA. COPS ARE CALLED.

WARRANTS NOW OUT FOR MY ARREST. I AM WANTED. I AM RED HOT!

UNION RALLY WALK FEDERATION SQUARE TO SPRING STREET NOV 2005.

There was a Union Rally. A walk from Federation Square to march to Spring Street Parliament. This was around November 2005. This was only a week or so later!

I knew a lot of Union Members who were to attend the walk rally.

Me not a Union member at all. Yet had the entire roof of my car emblazed with its logo!

TOUCH ONE TOUCH ALL! UNION PERSONALISED PLATES ON.

The EUREKA SOUTHERN CROSS flag hoisted on my C.B. aerial centred on car boot.

If that don't say anything about my identity. Who I am. Then nothing will. Us V THEM!

I AM RED HOT.

POLICE

OUT LOOKING FOR ME WARRANTS ARE NOW ISSUED FOR MY ARREST. THIS MATTERED NOT TO ME AT ALL. I WOULD IGNORE THIS THREAT TO MY LIBERTY. AND ATTEND IN PERSON THE RALLY ORGANISED BY A COLLECTIVE BODY OF UNION MEMBERS. AND ME. NOT EVEN A SIGNED UP. REGISTERED MEMBER AT ALL. YET DRESSED IN ALL THEIR OFFICIAL UNION CLOTHING. WHICH THEY WOULD SELL WITH THEIR LOGOS AND SAYINGS.

DRESSED IN SUPPORT OF THEM AND THEIR CAUSE.

NOT MINE. NOW IN A HALF LENGTH DRY AS A BONE OVER COAT. WITH MY BROTHER BY MY SIDE HE WAS FULL OF TREPIDATION. KNOWING. THAT I WAS F\*CKEN CRAZY TO BE HERE. HE HAD TRIED TO TALK ME OUT

FROM ATTENDING. I WOULD HAVE NO BAR OF THIS. WE ARE NOW STATIONED OUT SIDE THE OLD.

RUSSELL STREET POLICE HEAD QUARTERS. THIS IT SELF WAS A HUGE STATEMENT MADE!

MY FAIRLANE PARKED TO THE SIDE KERB. HAZZARD LIGHTS ON. FLASHING. BOTH STANDING BY THE CAR. WITH THE OLD MELBOURNE MAGISTRATES COURT ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE ROAD. AS WE SEE THE LARGE

CONTINGMENT AND GROUP WALK PAST OUR POSITION.

ALL WHO WERE IN THE WALK. WOULD NOTICE OUR PRESENCE. POSITIONED THERE.

WOULD HAVE BEEN HARD TO MISS, EVEN

WITHOUT HAZZARD LIGHTS GOING. JAIL BAIT!

I WOULD SPOT A FEW FRIENDS IN THE WALK. THEY'D YELL AND WAVE TO ME AND MOVE ON.

I HAD THE HAZZARD LIGHTS ON FLASHING. BEING THERE WAS NOT GOOD ENOUGH FOR ME.

I HAD TO BE A PART OF THIS RALLY. GET INVOLVED IN YA FACE. NO CONCERN FOR MY ARREST AT ALL. LACK OF FEAR AND CONSEQUENCE PERIOD!

NOW WAITING FOR THE STRAGGLERS OF RALLY TO PASS BY. TO ALLOW ME TO SLIP IN. BETWEEN THE LAST REMNANTS OF RALLY. AND THE MOUNTED POLICE ON HORSE BACK.

WHICH WERE HOLDING UP REAR OF THE MARCH. MY BROTHER IN THE FRONT PASSENGER SEAT OF THE CAR WAS PEAKING REAL BAD. TERRIFIED OF GETTING ARRESTED FOR THIS.

ISAW AN OPENING. MADE MY MOVE. SLOWLY CRAWLED INTO FORMATION NOW.

I WAS A PART OF THE DEMONSTRATION. ONCE I HAD CREPT IN AMONGST THE TAIL END OF THE GROUP OF WALKERS THE POLICE ON HORSE BACK BEHIND ME.

I WAS A BUFFER NOW BETWEEN US V THEM. I THEN STARTED SLOWING RIGHT DOWN

LITERALLY SEPERATING POLICE ON HORSE BACK FROM ALL IN MARCH.

AS THERE WERE A FEW POLICE WALKING BY THEIR SIDE. NOW REACHING MY SLOW CRAWLING FAIRLANE EMBODYING ALL THE UNION REPRESENTED. AT MY DRIVERS DOOR BEING TOLD. I SHOULD NOT BE HERE. THIS

WAS A PUBLIC RALLY. NO CARS WERE TO BE PRESENT. I JUST RESPONDED BY STATING. THEY KNOW I AM HERE. I KNOW WERE THEY ARE.

I AM NOT CAUSING THEM ANY PROBLEMS. I CAN SEE THEM. THEY SEE ME. I AM NOT IN THE MIDDLE OF GROUP. BUT TAKING UP THE REAR RIGHT DOWN THE BACK. LEAVE ME ALONE!

THE POLICE OFFICER WOULD THEN WALK BACK TO THE OTHER COPS WALKING ALONGSIDE THE MOUNTED HORSES THEN SAID F\*CK IT. I AM GOING TO SLOW THEM RIGHT DOWN.

THE COPS ON THE HORSES ARE NOW RIGHT ON MY TAIL LIGHTS. WITH ME LITERALLY COMING TO A HALT. THEM NOT WANTING TO OVERTAKE ME. THE COP NOW COMES BACK TO MY OPEN DRIVERS SIDE WINDOW AND

TOLD ON (2) OCCASIONS.

TO MOVE ON. THEM NOW. ARE PISSED OFF BY MY DELIBERATE ACTIONS.

BEING STERNER IN TELLING ME THAT. I WAS NOT SUPPOSED TO BE HERE!

AS THE RALLY WAS A WALK MARCH. NO VEHICLES ALLOWED, I TOLD THEM I CAN SEE THEM.

**NO WALKER NEAR ME BY THIS POINT. I WAS HOLDING UP THE REAR! JUST ME VS THEM! USING MY CAR NOW AS A BUFFER TO THE FIGURES OF AUTHORITY SITUATED THERE. THE (3<sup>RD</sup>) TIME I WAS ORDERED TO LEAVE. AS MY CAR WAS SCARING THE HORSES. AND AN OBSTACLE TO THEM FACT. HOLDING THE POLICE BACK AND I WAS NOT EVEN A UNION MEMBER VS THEM. AT ITS BEST TRUE. MY LIBERTY ON THE LINE SUPPORTING FELLOW COMRADES.**

**MY BROTHER IN THE CAR SHITTING HIMSELF. AND IT WAS POLICE HOT FOR ME WITH WARRANTS OUT AT THE TIME FOR MY ARREST NOT HIM. CAR REGISTERED IN MY NAME. NOVELTY BULLET HOLES STICKERS PLASTERED ALL OVER THE CAR. LITTERING FRONT AND REAR WINDSCREEN WINDOWS. THIS WAS ILLEGAL. MATTERED NOT TO ME AT ALL, THE DRIVERS SIDE DOOR WAS FULL OF LEAD. BULLET HOLE STICKERS LITTERED THE VEHICLE.**

**MY CHARIOT. A SYMBOL OF RESISTANCE TO AUTHORITY. STILL ON THE ROAD. STILL GOING STRONG REGARDLESS OF ITS HITS! TO WHERE? IT WOULD BE MONTHS LATER. BE STOPPED BY THE S.O.G. I WOULD THEN BE ARRESTED BEHIND THE WHEEL IN JANUARY 2006. RUNTY A PUP. MY SOLJA IN THE FRONT PASSENGER SEAT. MY EUREKA STOCKADE FLAG. WAS HOISTED FULL MAST ON REAR C.B. AERIAL. THIS WAS THE IMPROVISED FLAG POLE. THAT WAS CENTRED IN MIDDLE OF MY BOOT. POLICE HAD THEN TOWED THIS VEHICLE BACK TO ST KILDA ARMED ROB SQUAD OFFICES, MY MUM WAS TO COLLECT IT., REFUSED TO DRIVE IT. TILL SHE HAD REMOVED STICKERS. SHE WOULD LATER TELL ME THE BULET RIDDLED STATE. WAS TOO LOUD FOR HER!**

The following evidence is already featured in **Police Born P.T.S.D. Chapter. Yet I feel is important. That it is also represented in this specific chapter US VS THEM.**

It is impossible to isolate some events. As they actually overlap each other in certain areas.

<SOG OPERATOR 55, sworn and examined: MS WILLIAMS: Now for the purposes of you giving evidence, are you Operator 55? ---Yes. Are you from the Special Operations Group at Flinders Street? ---Yes.

<CROSS-EXAMINED BY ACCUSED:

Your statement was made in January - only days after the incident? ---That's correct.

OK, so it's fresh in your mind? ---Yes.

Do you refer to notes or straight off the memory? --I refer to a - analyst log for times but most of it from my memory. How long have you been a police officer for? ---Seventeen years.

Seventeen years? SOG, how many tours in the SOG? ---Ten years. We've got a veteran.

Leadership. Right. You team leader? ---Yes. You arrived at what time? ---7 p.m. on the

Monday, 21st. OK, so you were one of the first to arrive, of that group. First to arrive? ---No.

No, there was people there. You were in the second wave? --I don't know what wave I was in but

I was called to attend and I was at the office at seven o'clock on the Monday night. All right.

You were directed by Operator 6? ---Yes. Where was Operator 6? He's the command leader,

was he, or something like that? He's the chief? --He's a Senior Sergeant. A general? ---One of,

yes.

Yeah. Did you know - did you know about my history? Did you know who you were handling

or dealing with or who I was at the time?---Yes. Have you dealt with me in the past? ---Yep.

He has. 92? ---I don't know the years. It wasn't 92 though. It would've been 92, man. Actually,

maybe 95. Sorry, sorry? ---I was in (indistinct) 92. 2005? ---Yes, round that time. 2005 - 2006?

--Yep. Intercepted the Fairlane at the service station? ---Yes. Touch one, touch all on the roof?

Remember that? ---No. You don't remember? You couldn't miss it, man. Touch one, touch all.

The whole roof was emblazed by it? ---Nah. Do you remember the --- MS WILLIAMS: Your

Honour, what's the relevance of this? ACCUSED: I'm just trying to work out which vehicle he

remembers, you know. Like if it was the same vehicle. MS WILLIAMS: Well it's not relevant.

HER HONOUR: That's fine Detective --- ACCUSED: No I'm just trying to work out ---

HER HONOUR: --- this particular (indistinct) --- ACCUSED: --- yeah, it's (indistinct) it's

us and them conditioning. I don't realise how deep and profound it is. Do you remember there

was a CB aerial on the boot with the Eureka flag hoisted, fluttering.

ACCUSED: Yeah, I'm just trying to work out something that he - it's pretty - I'm trying want

to demonstrate through the witness here, it's a perfect opportunity. When he's - when he arrested

me in 2006 at the service station, there was a - do you recall the bullet - bullet stickers littered all

over the vehicle at the time? --I've arrested thousands of people since then. I don't remember

every job. OK. But the vehicle was white and had - was littered with bullet holes ---

MS WILLIAMS: Your Honour, this is not relevant. HER HONOUR: (Indistinct).

ACCUSED: Well it was. State of mind. HER HONOUR: Can you have - can you have a look-

ACCUSED: Us and them, conditioning.

ACCUSED: OK. All right. Was that the 2006, actually is it January 2006 that arrest. Was that

the only other previous arrest you have been involved with me?---No, I think there were others. **11.**

**Arrested 19<sup>th</sup> January 2005.**

**8 NOVEMBER 2007 TRANSFER TO MARNGONEET PRISON. A PROGRAMMES PRISON.**

**The following period is already covered in Isolation Chapter, again it is impossible to separate and isolate some subjects from others. As they overlap.**

I was sent there to address my offending behaviour. One of the very few occasions which I was allowed such opportunity's to do so. Other than to languish and warehoused in isolation.

I was then **said to be anti-social. TO LAUGH.** During drug course, which.

I was **not there for** to begin with. **But a (6) month INTENSIVE VIOLENCE COURSE.**

**Not a Mickey Mouse 3 day seminar.** This location is a Medium/minimum Category jail.

**30 NOVEMBER 2007 TRANSFER TO MELLELEUCA UNIT;**

I would be transferred to Barwon Prison. Sent to the **High Security Supa-Max. Melleleuca Unit (Charged and later have this incident dismissed at Gov hearing.)**

I got transferred for negative conduct **laughing during a Drug Course. NO JOKES!**

I was moved to **SUPER-MAX Melaleuca.** The Governors charges that saw me transferred **were dismissed and thrown out. (YET I REMAINED BURIED!)**

**YES. I was to be realised from SUPA-MAX. I HAD FOUGHT THIS DECISION!**



passed La Porchetta, which is on my parallel to my right.

Now I am completely opposite from where it had all begun. I no way they would be doing a grid search looking for me on this side of Keilor road. I am still tuned in to the Police radio monitoring what's going down, so far they haven't realised it is missing.

I am well clear of area, in another suburb before they recognise it's lost and shut it down. I by now call Loretta, on her mobile phone and have her come to pick me up, we both return back to her place and I reveal her what had just happened.

I Ring the other blokes I had meet there, to see if they got away o.k. and not arrested out front, as were seen leaving the venue with me. There are phone call intercepts of these calls, make interesting listening to indeed. Both ends having a laugh over events.

<TRISTAN KASSIS. sworn and examined.

Your Honour, my name is Tristan Kassis. I'm a First Constable of Police stationed at Sunbury

Police Station. HER HONOUR: Yes, very good. HER HONOUR: Do you want any - do you

want to ask him anything about that or what - - - ACCUSED: I do, I do, I do.

HER HONOUR: - - - what cross-examination is from me or are you happy to just go on?

ACCUSED: No, I'm happy to conduct it myself. HER HONOUR: All right. You understand

that my job is in relation to your cross examination is to - and you probably understand this

from other cases but that my job is to make sure that the questions you ask him - - -

ACCUSED: Yes. HER HONOUR: - - - are relevant - - - ACCUSED: They are.

HER HONOUR: - - - to the case. ACCUSED: They are. Relevant to his statement. Or if it's

true and accurate. HER HONOUR: Yes. OK, I'm reflect - we do our scenario, you know, a

repeat. You know what I mean? Like, I get a little bit enthusiastic, passionate and try to replay

events, OK, as accurate as I can, OK. I spin around, produce a silver hanger?---Sorry?

I produce a silver handgun? ---Correct. You could see the silver handgun---Yes.

A glint off any lights? ---I was looking straight down the barrel. You were looking straight - you

say you would have been - - ?---It was right on my mouth. So you're right under my arse?

Sorry, I'm sorry. You're right on my tail? ---Correct. Looking straight down the barrel.

I was just looking straight down the barrel. I don't know (indistinct). OK, so if I said to you that I was

holding it with both hands ACCUSED: All right, the gun, couple inches away. The words were,

I said to you? ---You can read it out, I'm not going to say it. So nothing beyond that? ---No, not

that I can recall. And I was two feet away from you, (indistinct) barrel of the gun? ---You were

only a couple of inches away from me. A couple - actually, the gun was a couple of inches away<sup>11</sup>.

MS WILLIAMS: No just a minute Your Honour, please, can he be taken out because I don't want him here making comments to everybody. HER HONOUR: I think he will be taken out. ACCUSED: Yeah, MS

WILLIAMS: But he's not taken out quickly, he stands here making derogatory comments to everybody as soon as you've left the Bench, it's happened every single day at every single - - -HER HONOUR: All right so

perhaps - - -

ACCUSED: Come on please, please, derogatory, let's clarify, what was the words,

derogatory, I asked the informant when she was due for a witness - as a witness. How is that

derogatory? (Short adjournment.) HER HONOUR: You're getting a bit angry.

ACCUSED: Who? HER HONOUR: You. ACCUSED: Not really, I'm - when she engages

me I feel I've got a right to establish things, I can't help it - - -HER HONOUR: I know.

ACCUSED: It's conditioned. HER HONOUR: But both with the witness and Ms Williams,

so I don't want you to talk directly to her, will you talk to me. ACCUSED: All right.

HER HONOUR: All right. And - - -

ACCUSED: I just like to look when I look at someone, I look to look them straight in the

eyes, you know, that's - - -HER HONOUR: Yes, look at me. ACCUSED: Yes, OK.

HER HONOUR: Hold on. I want you to have a look at 27, 30, 31, 32 and 33. So all he's talking about are what containers you used. ACCUSED: Yeah.

HER HONOUR: So I need you to concentrate on that and if you get angry - - -

ACCUSED: No I'm not going to, it's just it's passionate this, I mean it really is. They push

me buttons, listen, they push me buttons - - -HER HONOUR: I know, I know.

ACCUSED: - - - and engage me, that's what it is. HER HONOUR: I know but you don't - - -

ACCUSED: That's why I'm - - -HER HONOUR: But you don't want me to say - - -

ACCUSED: No I don't - I don't want that, we're working together.

HER HONOUR: You don't want me to say that you can't cross-examine him anymore.

ACCUSED: No, OK, no, I'll compose myself. HER HONOUR: All right thank you.

ACCUSED: That's the thing, o need to show and demonstrate you know what I mean, like

Conditioning, that's me and them that's what I was released in that state, that's what I've been

subjected to, I don't know any better. HER HONOUR: Yes, well you do - - -

ACCUSED: I'm not conscious of it - - - HER HONOUR: You do, because for the past few

days you've done well. ACCUSED: Yeah but the - - -HER HONOUR: So you should try

and repeat what you've done in the past few days. ACCUSED: When people - I know, that's

what I'm trying to do but when people engage me, when they lie, you know what I mean and

I'm trying to establish the facts, OK, that's engaging me, you know what I mean, I'm getting

passionate about trying to - - -HER HONOUR: Well calm down and continue to ask

Questions. ACCUSED: OK.HER HONOUR: But in relation to those issues.

ACCUSED: OK. HER HONOUR: Yes, so are you ready to proceed? ---Yes.

Do you feel that it's all right for you to proceed? ---Yes. Do you have any issues? ---No.

Yes. ACCUSED: Could I just refer you to that letter for a moment just to put everything in its proper context, the letter of 15th 11th. HER HONOUR: Which letter?

ACCUSED: The one I sent him, you know, that he knows - they should know me better, I say as it is, I'm brutally blunt, is that me, do you know me as that?

HER HONOUR: Well let's not - - -ACCUSED: Is that how you know me Wally?

HER HONOUR: No, no, hold on, no, it doesn't really matter how he knows you, go to - - -

ACCUSED: His dealings with me, he should know. HER HONOUR: Go to 27.

ACCUSED: I'm direct, I'm in your face, I go straight for the jugular.

HER HONOUR: Go to 27 please.

<SARAH LOUISE CRACKNELL, sworn and examined:

Your Honour, my full name is Sarah Louise Cracknell. I'm a Detective Senior Constable of Police currently attached to the Armed Crime Task Force.

<CROSS-EXAMINED BY ACCUSED:

Did you yourself like a history check, profile of me during the course of these investigations?---I have read intelligence in relation to Mr Binse, yes.

OK. The day after my arrest was this article from the Herald Sun, I'll read it to you. It's the front page, "Gunman Was a Ticking Time Bomb, Bad to the Bone", and there's a picture of a SOG on one side and me with a bird, is that front page, do you know if that was accurate? --- That appears to be - - -Can you see that? ---That appears to be the newspaper, yes.

Doesn't look to be fabricated at all? ---No. Do you know if that's the only footage of me giving the bird in Victoria or New South Wales, do you know if there's another one similar to that, a bird in New South Wales? MS WARREN: Your Honour, does he need to actually

give the bird? I think we all know what it is. ACCUSED: Sorry? --I do know, Your Honour.

Do you know if there's any in New South Wales go on that, do you know?---As I just said, I don't know. I'm not aware of any other photographs of you giving the bird.

OK. But would it be truthful to say that I snuck in a few sneaky ones while the Magistrate wasn't looking?---During the course of these proceedings?

HER HONOUR: These proceedings? ACCUSED: Yeah? ---Yes, you have.

OK, all right. And that's - what would you describe that as, an act of defiance maybe? --I have no idea what your - the reason for doing that is. It's like opposition sort of thing. It's like

HER HONOUR: No. ACCUSED: All right. I've been truthful.

Do you know if my prison number in New South Wales is 219666, 666 for short? ---I don't know your prison number for New South Wales. I'm just curious, maybe done investigations. Do you know the number plate of the unregistered novelty plate that used to support my motorbike, was that 666? ---Are you referring to the Repsol?

Yes? ---Yes, it is, Your Honour. Was that a legitimate number plate at all? ---I believe it's a novelty plate, Your Honour. A novelty plate, didn't even make any attempts to appear legitimate at all? There's no Vic or anything added to it at all, is there? ---That's right.

If you seen that number plate on the road would you say that's a look a bit odd, it's a bit shifty, would you try and pull that over?---It's been some time since I have pulled over motorbikes or done any sort of road or traffic policing. But if something looks suspicious I would endeavour to pull it over, Your Honour. It doesn't look like a legitimate plate, I might pull this over, us and them, you know, maybe teasing the police or something like that.

Come on, pull me over. **11**.

NOW WHEN THEM BEING POLICE SUGGEST THINGS I WILL AUTOMATICALLY CHALLENGE. EVEN THO I AM TO PLEAD GUILTY TO THE ARMED ROBBERY. HER LIES. I WILL FIGHT THEM. I CAN NOT, NOR WILL SIT BACK IN SILENCE AT OUTRAGEOUS CLAIMS MADE REGARDLESS:

I NEVER SAID I NEVER ROBBED SECURITY GUARDS EVER. ♠ WAS GORILLA ♠ NONE OTHERS. THE GORILLA WALK WAS ACTUALLY PSYCHING MYSELF UP TO DO THE ROBBERY IN MODE!

Did you recognise me at all in the footage of Laverton market? ---I think - - -

Did you recognise me at all? Can you say it's me? ---Your Honour, I think the build and the movement is - - - The movement, the movement?---Is in line with Mr Binse, yeah.

OK. So what's that (Accused demonstrates), the gorilla walk is it or something like that? ---

Yeah, I would agree that it's a gorilla walk.

Gorilla walk, you've seen me doing the gorilla walk. You've seen me do the gorilla walk.

OK. Maybe we can have a look at footage of La Porchetta, if we can see that. A bit like that is it? Can we have a look, please? HER HONOUR: La Porchetta?

ACCUSED: Yeah, have a look at La Porchetta and the CCTV footage of Laverton market.

HER HONOUR: I don't recall you doing that sort of walk into La Porchetta.

ACCUSED: It's not (indistinct). That's me. You can see me clear as day. You see my face, you know. And that's the gorilla walk at the - - -

HER HONOUR: That's the extent of the identification she can give, is that right? ---Yes,

Your Honour.

HER HONOUR: Or did you want to continue with the informant? How long, I suppose you don't know? ACCUSED: I've just warming up, you know.

HER HONOUR: So about another half an hour? ACCUSED: I've got heaps more to go. All right. Just on the safe side, maybe an hour at least I reckon. I would - - -

HER HONOUR: All right. I'm just wondering if the informant should go first just for continuity sake. How long do you - - - ACCUSED: Probably - - - HER HONOUR: An hour? ACCUSED: Yeah, I'd say so.

HER HONOUR: So if we do the informant for an hour and Ms Bate after is that suitable to you? ACCUSED: I'm easy. I don't really care, Your Honour, just as long as I deal with them today. HER HONOUR: Yes. ACCUSED: What order I don't really care.

MS WARREN: So I'll recall the informant, Your Honour. HER HONOUR: Yes.

ACCUSED: We'll get back to - - - HER HONOUR: Are you ready?

ACCUSED: Yeah. HER HONOUR: I've just go to swear her in again, that's all.

ACCUSED: Yeah, no worries.

<SARAH LOUISE CRACKNELL, recalled:

You say you commenced investigation code name Calamide or Calamity in relation to an Armaguard robbery, of an Armaguard crew outside the Westside Hotel, Laverton North on 19 March, is that correct? ---That's correct, it's Operation Calamite, Your Honour.

you've done your research on me, you know, you've checked, you've done a little bit of history check on me or something, have you?---As I said numerous yesterday, yes, I've read intelligence holdings of the accused, Your Honour.

Released on the last two occasions from Port Phillip Prison, do you know if that's the case? ♦

-As I said yesterday, I was aware that you were last released on 25 September 2011.

And the last occasions, are you aware that I actually wore a T-shirt, white T-shirt with black texta, Eat Shit and Die on the front there and I walked out, you know, if I was escorted to the gate wearing that type of garment?---I wasn't aware of that garment, Your Honour.

ACCUSED: OK, all right. Masks, you say masks were found in the container. There's a number of them I believe?---That's correct, yes, Your Honour. From a distance, you know, would you be able to say if they looked real life or can you tell what they looked like from a distance, if they were true or not, you know, like - I won't say hypothetically? You know the camera position at Laverton market, the van it's probably how long in distance? Would you speculate or it would be safe to say a guesstimate?---I would say approximately 50 metres,

Your Honour, perhaps longer. ACCUSED: Come on. Look, come on, please. 50 metres. I see ducks probably about 30 metres away, you know, I mean walking across and it's probably another three times that amount. You know what I mean, like in the background there you can just see the - you can't even see the registration. You can't even see shit.

HER HONOUR: Your estimate about 100 metres?

ACCUSED: Well, I'm picking, I'm picking. From maybe - - -? ---

It is on far view, Your Honour.

Far view? ---Having said that though, Your Honour, I did review the video again, the compilation video again last night and you can clearly see a bald head, as we discussed yesterday. That's what I'm getting to in a sec. Now can you tell me if that person's wearing these rubber masks at all? ---I would say that the person is not wearing a rubber mask, Your Honour. But you would say that, you'd say anything, OK. Can you positively say it's not a rubber mask? ---Yes, I can, Your Honour. I can say that from my point of view. Yeah, yeah, point of view. I know how your point of view is going to be. We'll watch it a little bit later and we'll try and determine if that's a rubber mask or whatever, if it's a bald head. Can you see my scar? ---Not from that distance, Your Honour, but as I just said, you can distinctly see a bald head because the sun is shining lots off it. So the sun is shining off - - -? ---That's correct, yes, Your Honour. OK. Can you tell if he had a horseshoe? Can you see his bald head if he's got a horseshoe or if it's just a bald, do you know what I mean? If you can say maybe one, you know, the cut on the shaver, you know, is it a one, is it a two, is it a three, is it a four, do you know what I mean? You say four? ---I would say four, yes, Your Honour. OK. From over 100 metres. The footage clear, is it? ---The footage is from a far view, as we've discussed. And it's black and white? ---It's black and white, yes, Your Honour.

We'll watch that and see, all right. Number of ducks there, could you tell which one (indistinct) the ducks, you know what I mean? Yeah, you hear ducks? ---There were ducks there, yes, Your Honour. Can you tell? How can you distinguish one duck from the other, do they all look the same? We'll have a look at that in a sec.

HER HONOUR: One have a mask on?

ACCUSED: Well, you can't work it out, Your Honour. Quack, quack, quack.

HER HONOUR: All right. Well, you've done very well and you've kept your cool

ACCUSED: Yeah. I've still got a few other things.

HER HONOUR: Yes. After your few last things.

Am I protection inmate? ---Again I don't know the status or the management of Mr Binse.

I don't run from danger, do I? I actually face it, confront it, engage it, true? Was

that your information, your Intel, he doesn't run from it, he engages it?---You could say that

from your behaviour during the course of the siege, yes, Your Honour. OK. It's consistent

right through, Your Honour

HER HONOUR: So we'll have a look at the --- ACCUSED: Yeah, the videos, yeah.

HER HONOUR: Have you had a chance to have a look at her statement?

ACCUSED: Whose? Yes, I have. I think it's Laverton market, the first one, side of camera.

Laverton market (indistinct) something. Now, you don't mind if I use this person as some

sort of guidance (indistinct), using him as a reference point because he's a bit tall. I mean ---

HER HONOUR: He might mind. ACCUSED: Does he like him, you know.

HER HONOUR: He might mind. ACCUSED: Where were you on the day?

HER HONOUR: OK. ACCUSED: Just out of curiosity.

HER HONOUR: Here it is. Sorry, yes, yes. Here it is. **11**

**THIS WAS A BARWON S.E.S.G PRISON GUARD IN THE DOCK WITH ME. MR T.**

ACCUSED: Dean Stevens, he's tall, bald, is he, solid build? Was he raided, was he, looking

for weapons, robbery stuff? HER HONOUR: Do you know him? ---I do know Dean Stevens,

yes, Your Honour. ACCUSED: OK. Actually he was the only house raided other than mine.

We'll get to the ducks, where's the ducks? (Video tape played to the court.)

HER HONOUR: There they are. I can see them.

ACCUSED: Good. Possums in the background. **Your Honour, when you identify me please**

**tell me**. Can we get that enhanced a little bit maybe? HER HONOUR: I don't we can. No.

ACCUSED: Blow it up? HER HONOUR: Not on the TV.

ACCUSED: OK. So it goes back further now. Is that the closest you get to see the

person?---That is, Your Honour. OK. That's the closest

HER HONOUR: Is that the end of it? Does he get out? ---It goes - it goes for quite some

time, Your Honour, while he's ---

**ACCUSED: No, we want to do the strut. We want to watch the gorilla walk.**

HER HONOUR: Hold on.

ACCUSED: Goes back further and then right down the back there that's where you can see

the bald head further down. So that's my distance, I don't know.

HER HONOUR: That's it, right, OK.

ACCUSED: OK, all right. Do you see that, it looks like ---

HER HONOUR: So that's the image you're talking about? ---No, Your Honour, it goes - the

car moves again back to where the willow --- **ACCUSED: The walk, (indistinct) the walk.**

**HER HONOUR: You identify that as Mr Binse? ---Yes, Your Honour.**

**ACCUSED: Through the walk. Can we replay that and watch it a few times? I just want to**

**make sure you've got it clear in the mind so we don't get confused.**

HER HONOUR: The informant, she's watched it anyway last night, is that right?

**ACCUSED: Yes, but maybe Your Honour? ---The part that I was referring to last - of the**

**bald head, Your Honour, is once the van moved to underneath the willows then you can see**

**the bald head from there, the cap was removed. HER HONOUR: OK.**

**ACCUSED: So I can't see any bald head, OK. I don't know if he's got a hair or not, OK.**

**That's a close image, OK, you have. He's got a cap on. At least, I don't know, it should be a**

**beanie, I don't know what it is.** Can we take it further down. How many seconds is that? A

bit of distance I see right down the back there. HER HONOUR: All right. Is that it?

ACCUSED: I think he does a U turn or something now and turns back? ---Your Honour, the

video goes for about 20 minutes in the time that he gets changed, prepares, straps the shotgun

onto the side motorbike and rides off. **And you can tell me you can see a bald head or a**

**(indistinct) at that distance, Your Honour, please.**

**HER HONOUR: So that's him getting out of the car, that's what you're talking about? ---No,**

**that's still to come, Your Honour. The bald head that I'm referring to is still to come.**

**It's still to come. ACCUSED: It's still to come. Like I can't see him from here.**

HER HONOUR: No, we'll just forward because I don't want to sit for 20 minutes.

**ACCUSED: Do you notice the (indistinct) walk and the gorilla walk? Do you see that, the**

**arms out or was that ---** HER HONOUR: I think that's what the informant was talking about

yesterday and today. **ACCUSED: Can you do a (indistinct) maybe, please, how do you**

**walk? Do you walk with that strut too maybe? ---There's still quite some more (indistinct)**

Your Honour, HER HONOUR: OK. We might leave it there because that's the walk that you identify, is that right?---That's correct, yes, Your Honour. All right, Ms Bate.

ACCUSED: Just one sec. Can we just go to La Porchetta now, please?

HER HONOUR: Sure, the last thing. Accused:

I'd like to go all day, really, I love roasting them.

HER HONOUR: I know, I know. ACCUSED: Roasting them.

HER HONOUR: But I think you've had a fair go. ACCUSED: I appreciate it.

ACCUSED: OK, all right, all right. So the laptops, what's happening with the laptops, are we getting the laptops today? ---Your Honour, I've told the accused numerous times and Ms Collier that the laptops form part of the evidence of this and they will not be returned until the case has been finalised. OK, investigated. Were you looking for anything on there, you find interesting on the laptops? ---Yes, Your Honour, there is evidence. Is that the explicit footage between me and my partner that you watch? ---That doesn't relate there is material on there but that doesn't relate to this case but it is on there with other things, Your Honour.

Is it good stuff? MS WARREN: Your Honour - -

ACCUSED: Watching (indistinct) husband, do you use it as a sex aid?

MS WARREN: Your Honour - -HER HONOUR: Mr Binse, come on. ACCUSED: Do you

HER HONOUR: That's enough, that's enough, that's enough. You've done all right up till

now so don't go off with a bang. ACCUSED: OK, yeah. HER HONOUR: Thank you, you

can step down. Thank you. Yes<sup>11</sup>.

#### POLICE NEGOTIATOR EVIDENCE JOHN HOLLIS.

Did I seem to be aggressive towards you at all?---He did Your Honour. OK, and what did I - and what

was - in what - in what fashion? ---Well to the best of my knowledge, and these would be the

negotiator notes, they're not my notes. Yeah, yeah, yeah? ---Shortly after the female was taken

out, my first conversation with you, with the defendant Your Honour, was in relation to. "If you

blokes wanna play tough, I've got more explosives in here than you guys have and I'll blow a

radius a kilometre wide". similar to that. And I sort of said, "Calm down" and started negotiating

and started talking and then hung up and then there was further conversations throughout the

time, but my first conversation yes you were very erratic and very aggressive. Yep, so I

suggested if youse wanna play hardball, you know, I'll play hardball too?---Similar to that Your

Honour yes. OK, yeah and - basically on that - on that level you know words to the effect that

you know, "Youse wanna fuck" oh sorry, all right - it's hard for me not to - I'm just - what you

see is what you get Your Honour, and I wanna - this is raw.

"So if you wanna play, let's play"?

--That is correct Your Honour. "You wanna engage, let's engage", is that correct? ---That's

correct Your Honour. OK, all right. And I'm prepared to blow the whole place to smithereens?

--That is correct. OK and by this stage had they cleared the area for the civilians, or was just

police still - only just police in the area?---Ah no, I'm pretty sure there was an evacuation in

place, what distance that was back, I'm not aware of as far as the options from command, but I

know there was a further evacuation conduction throughout - - - <sup>11</sup>

#### REPEAT OF LORETTA COLLIERS POLICE INTERVIEW OF 23<sup>RD</sup> MAY 2012.

23

24.

THIS IS HOW CRAZY THINGS GET & DO BECOME YOU READ TRUE CRIME

US V THEM IS FROM HATRED BORN BY AUTHORITY AND ISOLATION COMPODED

END THIS VICIOUS CYCLE OTHERWISE YOU WILL HAVE MANY MORE VICTIMS AHEAD

#### BIBLIOGRAPHY.

<sup>11</sup> Melbourne Magistrates Court Evidence March 2013.

<sup>18</sup> Prison medical reports.

<sup>23</sup> LORETTA COLLIER-CURAVIC POLICE INTERVIEW 22<sup>ND</sup> MAY 2012

<sup>24</sup> Siege. Police brief, photos taken May 2012.

<sup>81</sup> Victoria Police Leap print out of accused antecedent history.

<sup>61</sup> PHOTO N.W.S. PARLIAMENT FEB 2005.

<sup>6</sup> Atul Gawanbde and HIS ARTICLE of March 30, 2009. Titled Hellhole. Read more: <http://www.newyorker.com/reporting/2009/03/30/090330fa> fact gawande#ixzz 2 NY s U4IZd

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[24](#) Siege. Police brief, photos taken May 2012.

[11](#) Melbourne Magistrates Court Evidence March 2013.

[23](#) LORETTA COLLIER-CURCAVIC POLICE INTERVIEW 23<sup>rd</sup> MAY 2012

[24](#) Siege. Police brief, photos taken from 25<sup>th</sup> May 2012.