

## Arrest Information

by elastic band *Thursday, Dec 29 2005, 12:53pm*

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### **(dreams to live by and fictions to die for!)**

Right-wing nations are now utilising their new 'anti-terrorist' laws. Activists are being targeted and arrested in the US and Australia - who is next? The following information may prove useful in the event of arrest. A 'friend of mine' was recently detained for questioning by state police; his experiences were similar to those of others in the milieux. Familiarisation with the procedures and methodologies of our 'regulatory authorities' is invaluable in the event of arrest or detention.

It is extremely important to eradicate any notion of fair play or 'justice' you may harbour, it doesn't exist in these situations. The agencies will fabricate anything to detain you for questioning (or worse).

I cannot emphasise enough the importance of saying (or signing) absolutely NOTHING! Be mute until contact is made with the outside in the form of legal or other assistance (even if this takes years). You may think this is an obvious warning but it is repeated due to the fact that most people imagine they are able to deal with their captors by responding inaccurately to questions - forget it! SAY NOTHING! All information supplied will be used against you. It is common fare to utilise a respondent's tone, grammar and syntax to fabricate a statement, which 'naturally' sounds like the accused. These 'statements' are utilised to intimidate other members of the group who may be led to believe that the statement could be authentic, the 'snowball effect' of counter accusations follows at great cost to everyone involved. The second indispensable rule is BELIEVE NOTHING you are told, absolutely NOTHING - your interrogators are expert at juxtaposing knowns with conjecture in order to extract tiny amounts of information which form patterns or pictures for analysts.

Remember you are almost completely powerless in these situations - your power issues from non-compliance ONLY! Adhere to that principle in the face of friendly or aggressive tactics. Your interrogators regard you as the enemy, these people have only contempt for you, regardless of appearances.

The following is a typical example:

'Fred' was confronted by five agents in a busy shopping centre, three of whom thrust pistols into his ribs while another handcuffed him; a van pulled along side and Fred was thrown into the van as it sped off - time of engagement to apprehension 120 seconds! Did you get that? Two minutes and Fred was fucked!

Now think of the effect of this 'legal arrest' under the new laws. It is designed to shock, disorient and psychologically disarm. Before Fred could say, "fuck you", he was having his face rubbed into the floor of the van while the others kicked him in the ribs. All this was accompanied with the well practised, "we've finally got you cunt/arsehole/criminal/murderer!" etc, the more extreme the accusation the greater the shock value. Regardless of anything you may say it will be met with laughter or other disdainful responses. You will usually be beaten until you're bundled out of the van into a centre of interrogation. That is where the 'fun' really starts.

Whether you have been plucked off the streets or your place of residence has been invaded, the procedure is fast, brutal and shocking. If the arrest is the result of a home invasion expect to have your precious and sentimental valuables trashed and jumped upon during the 'search' (for God knows what?) At these times relax, NEVER react, aggression or protest from you is expected and is dealt with easily. What tilts the situation slightly is relaxation. The morons have not been trained to deal with autism in such shocking circumstances. In order to re-orient themselves they will brutalise you in an effort to elicit a response - DO NOT RESPOND, it's veggie time!

Before I proceed I would inform you that these characters 'play for keeps', they are trained to kill and have been transformed into sadists. I only inform those who have regard for their lives - we are good Christians and consider our temporal existence to be extremely transient. If you have any regard for your life then it's time to leave that pimply-faced anarchist group or redundant leftist organisation. The new laws have altered the tenure of certain categories.

But to return to the story:

I warned you not to speak but you reacted with a (TV) legal threat and a boast of the influential people you number as close friends. Idiot, you have no idea how amusing these typical responses are to your captors.

You will now be dragged out of the van and introduced as subversive, criminal, terrorist, murderer etc to the others in the centre of interrogation. Numerous purpose-built/modified rooms have been set aside just for you. Treatment differs only slightly according to where you are placed on the most wanted lists. Notwithstanding public enemy status, you will usually be restrained in a chair; your footwear and other possible 'weapons' will be removed prior to the next stage of interrogation.

Picture this, you are now seated with arms woven through the back of a chair and wrists handcuffed; your ankles have been tied to the back legs of the chair and of course you are unable to close your knees/thighs (trussed pig is an accurate description). Without so much as a question, guess what happens next? Kick, straight to the crotch/twat/balls or whatever else you may have down there. A couple more kicks just for openers and the chair, with you still tied to it, is rammed against a table with a serious looking official seated opposite.

At this stage it is pointless pretending that you're hurt or unconscious, these maniacs have performed this ritual countless times and have it perfected to a fine art. Toying with thresholds of pain and toleration is second nature to these upstanding patriots. They have numerous despicable methods to force you to consciousness, so be advised; eyes open at all times.

You will be ecstatic to hear that it's now question time! The official seated opposite has a, 'you're in very deep shit' expression on his face; you will be accused of killing JFK, peddling various drugs, snorting bicycle seats, bombing embassies, cross-dressing and other dastardly deeds. The lesson here is accusation overload in the hope that you will be happy to confess to only planting a stink-bomb in a pet shop. Point is not lost I hope! Whether you comply or not you will be beaten, it's integral to statement validation. Do you now understand why it is absolutely self-defeating to answer any questions whatsoever?

You will be beaten about the head with telephone directories; sand-filled socks will be 'gently' applied to your kidney area and numerous other favourite methods of 'questioning' will leave you extremely pissed off and in horrid pain. It is worth mentioning that during these sessions, your tormentors will usually discuss the most inane and trivial matters among themselves. All these tactics are designed to reduce psychological resistance and make you compliant. So don't fall for the

(in house) inane conversation revolving around who screwed the commissioner's wife.

When they feel you have been amply 'softened' (jargon for torture) you will be offered cigarettes or coffee by new friendly faces who will condemn the practices of those who mistreated you. I kid you not - they still play 'good cop bad cop'! Do not be deceived maintain your integrity as an autistic turnip if you wish to survive; I say this as one who 'blew it' (the first time) and swore 'blue murder' on everyone in the room, I included relatives to pet goldfish. The consequence of my threats exposed me to an interesting corrective measure. One of the goon squad left the room and returned with a beach towel and bucket of water. These 'tools of the trade' intrigued me but before I could guess how they would be applied and to what end, I was confronted with my threatening statements - which obviously had the desired effect.

"So your gonna kill us all no matter what, ay!" While that was put to me for clarification the other genius plunged the towel into the bucket of water until it was sufficiently soaked; he then approached me from behind and tied the wet towel around my entire face, twisting it tightly at the back of my head - perfect! I discovered that wet towels do not allow the passage of air; I began to choke and splutter on the water I was involuntarily sucking into my lungs.

Like most people I fall somewhere between hero and coward, but the wet towel was refined torture; each time I passed out I was revived and the towel applied again. On the last occasion I was revived, I swore blue murder again (silly me) this invited a few good kicks to the balls; I was a mess but managed to swear I would rip their throats out with my bare hands. After twelve hours of this type of 'interrogation' could you blame me for being a trifle miffed!

These people know how to contact the 'inner caveman' in us all; I could scarcely believe what I was saying myself! The point is again emphasised, SAY NOTHING!

In my semi-comatose state I noticed that things were slowing down - it seemed that I had finally tired them out! Not quite, the chief sadist who had taken great relish in inflicting pain was perfectly pissed off that I hadn't delivered, he began his tirade of abuse; "who do you think you are? Everybody talks, how do you think we got you, all your friends sold you out to save their own skin", etc, etc, etc. Real life in these circumstances is like a 'B grade' movie. The Neanderthal in me that had previously been contacted took over. I recall, in a strange detached sort of way, mustering the last vestiges of strength still available to me and said, with eyes firmly fixed on his, "you, you cocksucker, I will make you eat your balls before you go like the others!" I look back on this encounter and now realise that in these circumstances a kill or be killed instinct prevails, unconsciously, I had asked for it!

I had taken control of the situation, goon sadist sprang around with pistol drawn, whipped me with it a few times (they are trained not to leave marks or bruises!) then pressed the barrel behind my ear (the favourite location of professional killers). "If you don't tell us 'such and such' I will blow your fuckin' head off ", he screamed while he cocked the trigger. I glanced at the others and saw that this wasn't in the script, they looked genuinely worried. Time simultaneously slowed down and sped up. I was to realise later that this would be one of the crystallising moments of my life. It is true what they say, my whole life was before me in an instant, my next move was to be my last or my first (I later discovered). I was assured; "pull the fuckin' trigger", I snarled! I was totally committed at that moment, regardless of the outcome my life had earned its own validity and meaning. I waited in frozen time for the inevitable.

At that moment the official from behind the desk said, "can't you see he's mad; if he knew anything he would have told us by now!" At that, as if robbed of his pleasure, chief sadist began kicking and

punching me in rage; the others were forced to drag him off I think - I had lost consciousness after the first few blows.

Endnote:

I apologise for slipping into first person narrative and changing tense at times - but the story made me do it!

Postscript:

Circumventing new sedition laws. The above story maintained its personal integrity throughout; the promised message was delivered using a fictional genre. New sedition laws do not apply to fiction and entertainment. Another interpretation is that the story is documentary fact and that no message was intended, or was the piece only intended to entertain? Is it some of the above, all of the above, none of the above or a fruit salad for fuckwit lawyers? Who knows?

The sedition laws were originally formulated to protect monarchs - today, the success of these laws is clearly evident! Right-wing governments will follow a similar course. Brutality has never been able to contend with dexterity nor has cretinism been able to contend with intelligence. There is no contest; they have nothing to answer with. Bombs only destroy but the pen weaves realities; dreams to live by and fictions to die for!

Why do people believe what they read, any of it? Answer: because they have no choice, they are formulated by text whether they accept or reject it, everything is a form of text.

Offer your ideologies, religions, nations, flags, symbols and I will burn them on the altar of fabricated fictions. Keep your destructive weapons, we will not exchange our pens for anything. Most of us work against despots, tyrants and murderers, it comes with the territory.

Peace.

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Cleaves Alternative News. <http://cleaves.lingama.net/news/story-149.html>