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28th DECEMBER 1986.

Frank Waghorn. A.K.A. Laghorn.

Frank, was a career criminal. Who was a man of extensive violence with a well-deserved reputation. Was a mad bank robber, and person of some 20 stone and five foot three in stature. At the time the incident took place, he had a great influence over the inmates in A Division back then.

There was an incident where I had Jugged Frank with boiling hot water, scolding him badly, where his face was literally peeling off. He would go on to reveal this to the Prison officers, make a Police statement in regards to this incident. And I would be charged as a result of his complaint to Police. This assault is referred to in far more detail in Prison Fights Chapter.

I WAS CHARGED WITH CAUSING GREIVOUSLY BODY HARM AND ASSAULT UPON HIM.

THIS CHARGE WAS HEARD AT PRESTON MAGISTRATES COURT 27th 08 1987.

WHEN I REFUSED TO REVEAL THE CAUSE OF INCIDENT, I WAS WARNED BY THE MAGISTRATE I WOULD BE CHARGED WITH CONTEMPT. I NEVER REVEALED STORY.

NOT TO MENTION ACRUEMENT OF A CONTEMPT CHARGE IN THE PROCESS FACT.

81.

Frank would go on years later to kill a Well-known painter and Docker connected career criminal **Beepa.** Implicating his co- accused in the murder. Both were now placed in H- Division, given Beepa had a great amount of influence, eclipsing Franks even. In short many wanted revenge!

29 MARCH 1989 TRANSFERRED TO H DIV

This period I was at war with Chopper Reed, as I had verbally confronted him when he had arrived into custody at D- Division for his arrest over the Bojangles shooting of the Turk.

I had actually opened his cell trap. when he was on the bottom landing on Protection 23 hour lock up. When I was going to sick parade, invited him out to play in the yard, and identified myself to him, him wanting to know who I was, so told him straight and why, him shooting a friend of mine at the time Chris Liappis in the gut. He did not take up my offer to enter the yard.

Now he is the Laundry /Wing Billet. He had easy access to weapons, with the tacit support of the **K.K.K. staff in H** at the time Prideau and his offsider Prison officer Maggot, who loved that term.

That Crazy Richard Maladenich was hated by Staff. Was then ambushed by Chopper welding a garden spade. To hit Richard in the head with it, causing serious injury to his face. **For Screws.**

(After striking Richard in the head Chopper ran to Prison staff and got locked away the coward).

COPPER WITH THE SILENT H. I used to call it. **Would always be acting for the blue,**

Craig SLIM with an E. Minogue.

Was his yard mate, had by then **killed an inmate a. Multiple Murderer Alex Tasmarkas** at this location. Not to overlook the fact was convicted on the Russell Street Police bombing. Reflecting an **ANTI- AUTHORITY** personality, when was arrested. **Copper soon changed all that.**

These were interesting days. **Anything could indeed happen with staff help off course.**

I and the other couple from my group were all under 22 years old. And loved to train hard in the yards, with the Radios pumping to the MAX! This would really piss off Copper and Slime big time.

The laundry yard where they were positioned, was between the shower yards. And soon as we hit the shower yards, we'd plug in our stezzas. And hit the volume dial to the MAX! If we hadn't finished our training routine by this stage, we'd be in the final leg of the session. And both enjoyed to train to the beat of the music. This would destroy the serene tranquil atmosphere they had enjoyed.

Slime and Chopper would blue to the screws, to have them ask us to turn the music down. Yeah rite!

They then begun to employ the plastic knives inserted into the power point, then snap it off. Leaving a plastic piece wedged inside unable to remove. Effectively preventing us from inserting the power lead into the socket. Rendering it immobile as a result. Thing is it didn't stop us

from cranking it up in unison synchronised in a collective team once back in the wing later on that evening. You could hear them both tap on their cell doors for the officers to attend, an ushered whisper hushed tones. Then the officer would be attending our cells with direct orders to turn the music down. Informing all. He has had complaints from other prisoners that the music is far too loud. We'd all say which prisoner has complained loud enough for the rest of the wing to tune into what was taking place. All putting on a show now for the rest of the wing. All of us declaring those who made the complaints to prison staff. This was routine and all the boys in the wing knew who it was, we just loved f*cking with their minds.

Chopper was the worst snitch of all. I believe had turned Slime from being staunch into what he became a bad informer of crims to Prison staff, for things as petty as music being too loud to who really knows what? You lag on others for something so insignificant and petty. This being a measure of conduct and behaviour. **You will lag for anything really!**

I would be moved back to B- Division. Get pinched for prison incidents and return back to H- Division This time Slime had been moved. And Frank Waghorn had replaced Slimes job, waxing with Chopper now in the Laundry yard. Between the pair of them, they done all the jobs for the wing/yards of H.

(The Old Guard of Hard knock a-bout crooks were nervous to say the least).

They were also on the Payroll, as I would put it to them. Led by the likes of Victorias

SUPER SNITCH Keith Faure. Who had literally started the Walsh Street Police shootings, by claiming Graeme Jenson was behind the Dominic Hefti armour guard robbery murder in Brunswick back in July 1988, and would later testify as a crown witness for the police, suggesting the weapon found in the car, was not planted there by police. But was Keiths. And left with his X-wife Sandra, whom Graeme was now involved in a relationship with. This the driving force behind his conduct, jealousy of the two now romantically involved. For the record, another armed hold up retired police officer present at the scene and time, would years later come forth and reveal the gun was planted on Jenson. Not before the armed robbery police were acquitted of Graeme's murder.

And others would later be charged and convicted of the Dominic Hefti robbery/murder. And guess what Graeme had no link to this crime at all. Years later Keith was to implicate anybody. Police included now, even his own brother was not immune from his lagging in the underworld murders.

Now suggesting that police were involved in the Infamous Vampire murder, of a male escort in Vic.

All those charged would be acquitted this time round. Not before he had testified in all the other previous murder trials. Having implicated Ange Goussos in the Lewis Caine murder, who I refer to further on. And the murder of Lewis Moran and the attempted murder of Bertie Wrought, Ange would be revealed time and time again by the veteran seasoned Super Snitch Keith, this time implicating his own brother Noel in the crime of killing Lewis Moran.

Nick Levidis, and Chris Stone a Q.L.D. Escapee, caught in Victoria, who lagged the getaway driver of the mass escape of (5) he was involved in, thanks to him she got jailed over it serving years for this, the others involved far from happy with him.

30 JULY 1990

An attempt made by Chris Stone & Nick Levidis to assault me soured. I stabbed them with their own ICE Pick they produced, witnessed by Prison Staff who were watching their back and intervened.

My crew all landed back in H-div following the Ice Pick incident in B-Div as the other group the **Payroll Gang** as I'd call them, as they were on the Staff payroll. **Hired! Ran the Wing FOR SCREWS.**

TRANSFERRED TO H DIVISION DUE TO THAT INCIDENT.

During this period of time **H Division** was the very first unit to trial & 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 Copper and his motley gang would do so. Copper actually demonstrated to Prison staff during a visit that he could secrete an item easily whilst in this garment said 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.

During this tenure in **H Division**. Our group of four inmates would run out in pairs during our exercise period. And were placed in communications yards. Which had a little confession box secreted into the bluestone wall, grilled at each end. Out of sheer boredom we begun a challenge which yard could be trashed the worst. Good old Frank Laghorn was the yard cleaner so who cared!

The staff had given us direct orders to clean the mess we had left in the yards. **Yeah rite!** We were returned to the same yards, till they were cleaned. They got worse and worse in trying to outdo the other Team. This went for (4) days before Governor **Clive Williams** intervened to demand a stop and clean up yards. We were all summoned to **H Division's** Chief Office to be scolded at the failure to clean up its mess. I was called up first out of the four of us.

I was made to sit at the chief's desk opposite the Governor, who was sitting in the Chiefs chair now.

I noticed a row of Christmas cards lined up on the Chiefs desk, they were spread open, allowing them to remain erect in position. The card closest to me. I was able to read its contents. It said To the **H Division** staff, **Merry Christmas and happy new year. From laundry yard. Frank & Chopper.**

The Governor had noticed my eyes were trained on this card, not paying any heed to his attempts to resolve the clean-up of the yard dispute. Telling me, this done then there would be no Governors charges that would proceed. He was told F**k off and I was removed from the chief's office and returned back to the yard. Where I had conveyed to the rest, the Christmas card on the chiefs desk wide open and to read its contents. The rest of the group were called in one at a time, all witnessed.

The Christmas card from Frank & Chopper.

We would now conspire amongst ourselves to **out** the card to the rest of the wing.

We hatched the plan. I would call out to Steve Jackson, when all was quiet. I would say: Slade. He would then reply yeah mate. We would then reel it in, playing up to the entire wing now. I would then say: You wouldn't believe what I saw today. He'd say what?

Mate you wouldn't believe what I f*cken say today. He'd say whhhhat?

By this stage you could hear a pin drop in the wing, all the T. V s were now turned down to listen in.

I would then say, I was called up to the Chiefs office today, over the yards trashed, which the rest of wing knew was true. I'd then say, You wouldn't believe what I f*cken saw. **He'd say what?**, as if he never knew, playing dumb, stringing it out for the rest of the wing all in suspense by now wanting to learn what the big thing was. I saw a Christmas card on the Chiefs desk wide open. Sent to him from two supposedly good blokes in the wing. He'd feign complete shock, horror and disgust at this. **No way! Get f*cked! Yukkk! He'd reply.**

Who would do such a thing, he replied. I said I swear mate. I saw it myself. I couldn't believe it myself. He'd then say who was it from tell us.

I then read out its contents. Ending with it was from the Laundry Yard, from Frank & Chopper. By now we had milked it for 5 minutes. The whole wing heard it. Frank & Chopper included, the next morning you could hear them both blueing to the staff about the card being exposed and seen by me. Needless to say, next time I went to the Chiefs office, the card was nowhere in sight!

For the record each of us, in our group were soon after separated, placed on solitary confinement doing L.O.P's for incident(s) refusing to clean up the yard, losing remissions as a result extra jail too.

I HAD ACTUALLY MISSED X-MAS DUE TO THE PLAGUED INCIDENTS WHEN IN H DIV.

PETER GIBB:

Peter had an extensive history for violence, armed robberies and of killing his co-accused.

There was no love shared by me with Peter Gibb, being suspicious of Archie Butterly's death, following the escape with him from the M.R.C. He knew I did not like him at all, more so now.

Our differences I had set aside and put on hold only for the escape that was in progress, in Acacia and only this. He knew there was ill enmity held towards him from me, I never hid it at all.

There was another Prisoner in Acacia at the time, who I just could not cop either, Lewis Caine.

He and Peter got along real well, both had something in common, I despised them both. Anyway.

I was in the vard, Peter Gibb said some smart remark. I had been unable to ignore this. I got up and landed a flurry of punches upon him before he knew what had hit him, and he then grabbed a pitch fork and had confronted me with it. I did not run, instead grabbing the garden spade raised at him. stood my ground he was yelling loud enough to draw the attention of Prison staff. Staff intervened separated us, he left vard with (2) black eyes not me and he refused to return into my company, this Hard-core crook. On file. This incident was impacting now on the progress of tunnel.

I'd tell Pete, whatever happened, happened, put it behind us. I need to be out all day, not on half day run outs. He would be ley out with the rest of the group in the morning, and I locked up. Visa- versa. Tell the Governor that there is no issue between us Pete. The escape is more important to me.

Peter would swear to me and the rest of the inmates in Acacia, he'd speak to the staff and tell them he had no problems with me. As the rest of Acacia inmates knew I would be bailing up the screws as soon as I was let out from my cell, on a daily basis. They'd all witness me remonstrating with staff.

Some week pass by, no changes. Still being kept separated. So one day I spot Governor Spudanno come through the unit, John Lindrea was out in the Gym yard with me at the time, both were training. I called him over and said. Listen what's the story with the half day run outs. Why is that still in place I ask, every day I plead with the Acacia unit staff and assure them that there is no problem between me and Peter. I am happy to put this down in pen if you want to make it happen, Peter is asking to mix too. So why is there a problem? Spudanno then tells me. That's not what Peter has said. I said what, completely taken by surprise by this remark, not expecting it at all.

I said what? Now looking over at John Lindrea, catching his eye, to see if he had heard the comment.

I said what do you mean? Pete tells me he's asking every day just like me to mix. Spudanno then says well that's not what Peter tells us. I said what? He then reveals. **Pete said (if) something was to happen in the yard.** Then. **WE WOULD BE RESPONSIBLE.** I said bullshit, Spudanno then said.

By this statement we are not prepared to let you mix at all, because if something happened we would be liable, and we have a duty to ensure his welfare and safety, with that he left our yard.

I then walked over to John you f*cken hear that shit. He said yeah. I said that prick has been telling the whole group he's chasing it up, you heard yasef, and he hasn't at all. But put them in a situation to keep us apart, what a weak f*cken rat. I am going to declare this tonight from behind a cell door.

Later that evening I called Pete to his cell door, to talk with him. Told him of what was said by Spudanno and witnessed by John, he had nothing to say, nor defend it in anyway. He was declared.

Telling the staff there was a problem, classifies him as a Snitch. Tough guy he aint!

LEWIS CAINE:

Lewis was charged on a Murder of a poor hapless drunk, at a nightclub venue in King Street.

He kicked the poor victim to death whilst they were on the ground, because the victim was flashing a Police badge at the time. Lewis then tried to capitalise on this by suggesting the victim was a cop. Elevating his crime and image somehow to all those that cared to listen. **I was not one of those.**

I first moment met him, I disliked him. He tried far too hard to impress me and the others in Acacia.

He was basically the outsider of the other five who were there at the time. All the others knew each other well, even if we never got along or weren't friends we all knew each other's past and had spent time in the various management units with at various stages of their prison terms. And all had past histories for escapes, Lewis never, he was the odd one out of the entire group. The closest he got was being found in possession of a hand cuff key. That done make you an escapee I my books at all. I used to make them up from plastic, just to illustrate the point, big deal really.

Yet in Lewis's books he would harp on about it, in some way comparing himself to us proven escapees. This did not go down well with me, plus he would always be doing these martial arts moves in the yard, you could tell he did not know what he was doing, but suggested he did to all.

I gave him the term Kung- Fool, instead of Kung Fu. I would laugh at him in his face at times. Once the incident in the yard between me and Peter took place, he found a new found friend in Peter.

When the shit hit the proverbial fan in Acacia following the first escape attempt, involving the tunnel

The Unit staff had reduced the mixing of inmates to a maximum of two at a time during exercise periods. And would rotate this around on a weekly basis. I had told Lewis, when we get in the yard together, I aint pulling no punches it's on between us. The escape prevented me from attacking him.

He would walk up and down the gym yard opposite from my cell and parade up and down swaggering his arms out wide of his body in an unnatural way, it looked ridiculous, yet thought by this exaggerated figure, it made him more fearsome. He was a fool, Kung- Fool for that matter.

One morning they begin the yard let outs, they let him out first he's in the gym yard. Then the officers come to my cell, I am watching Lewis from the mesh in the cell door. The look on his face he went white, he could not conceal the anguish on his face. I quickly get up on my feet from the floor.

Grab my black woollen gloves and walk out with the staff to the yard, the thing is there was a little room to the right hand side as you enter the gym yard, this was the phone room. I made out I was making a phone call, to buy some time for the screws to leave the yard, as they had to open two sets of secured gates before they arrived in the centre hub of the staff area in Acacia.

The staff, now gone, I then hang up the phone and begin to proceed towards Lewis in the yard, telling him as I advance I am going to f*ck him up big time. He then tries to talk to me, I said no talk, its action now f*ck head! He then starts to shape up to me, I laugh at this feeble attempt to intimidate me. As I walk towards him, he then tries to kick me with one of his karate kicks, I easily caught it, grabbed it and pushed him backwards in the process holding his right foot, him hobbling back on his left now. Then with a thrust pushed him back and ran at him at the same time, he was off balance, instead of going punch for punch, he grabbed me, latched onto me with a bear hug. And begun YELLING AHHHHHHH, AHHHHH, AHHHHHHHHH. At the top of his voice screaming out that loud. The blokes in Acacia unit two could even hear him. Not to mention all the boys in our unit and naturally the Prison staff. Who then ran in the separate us. Once the staff had arrived Lewis then begins to yell that he is going to kill me. Yeah really I tell him. Why did you yell for the screws then I ask tough cunt. And why did you not go toe to toe, slog it out punch for punch, but grapple me and scream for ya life till the staff got here f*ckwit! Show me ya martial arts skills Kung Foo I said to him.

Let's just say, the staff knew it was all a bluff on his part, but had to act and report his threats to my life. This now ensured we would never mix again. That evening I called out to the rest of the boys in the unit, and asked them did they hear this c*nt yell for the screws to arrive and save him. They did.

They actually were all watching from their respective cells, they had ringside seats you could say. Witnessing Lewis for all he was worth, which was a pathetic yell for help and bear hug me till screws arrived to remove him from the yard. He could not deny it, as everyone saw it themselves.

Within days, they would put Lewis in the yard with Roy Pollit, who did not like him either at all, not many did, for the exception of Peter Gibb. Roy told him that he too would run the ball up with him.

So when Roy was put in the yard with Lewis it was on, this time Lewis would bite Roys ear, taking a piece off it in the process. not fight at all. but hug and bite this time. till screws ran in and separated them. This time Lewis would be yelling out to the Acacia unit staff. **That I had Roy attack him. That I had arranged for Roy to get him!**

This was again heard by the entire Acacia unit one prisoners. The staff then asked me what this was all about? I told them. I have no idea, if Roy had a beef with him, ask Roy not me!

I would as soon as the staff left the unit, begin to declare Lewis a lying f*cking dog, making up this shit for the screws. That Roy did not like him, and it was Roy's sole choice and idea not mine at all!

And why did he tell the screws I was behind it, I had arranged for Roy to get him. He had nothing to say in reply to this. So by this actively volunteering to the screws my purported role Lewis qualifies as a Snitch. Even tho I had nothing to do with it. **He had made claims I did the f*cking wanksta fool.**

Lewis would later be killed by others in the Melbourne under world wars, placed in a wheelie bin, dumped as rubbish head first in a back lane. Trying to play off both camps. A deadest fool it was!

J. Malcoun.

J. was a convicted commercial drug dealer, was well connected in trans state distribution of heroin.

I was after my release from N.S.W. custody in 2005. Associating with a group of the Underworld, who were operating and living in Victoria.

They were involved in gambling, legitimate and illegal, race fixing, loan sharking and all sorts of other illegal shit.

I made it a strict rule and policy, to never ask, nor get involved in their activities. For the exception, of getting ecstasy pills/powder. This I would get for personal use and only sell to friends, not for profit either, what it cost me, cost them. Knowing how hard it is. To get a good decent pill, and not be ripped off by duds flooding the streets.

I would be a kind of. Keeper of those. I was connected to, if they had issues, or problems I would fix it. This relating to any debts owed, or those who might want to stand over/extort them for cash/drugs. Most of which, are from the criminal milieu, this a grey area, dealt with internally, most occasions there was no need to resort to any violence at all, just the mere thought of being told. That I was onto the collection was enough, a phone call made, spoken in veiled cryptic language. You still living at this address, I'll catch up soon, what's the best time to call around. I prefer working after dark, night shift suits me.

Then. I would abruptly hang up, all the (3) mobiles phone numbers using at the time, **ended in 666**

This was featured and identified on my business cards, and my bullet on key ring for my Fair lane. **Mayhmm.**

I would be given a list, to pick and choose, my targets. Hard luck cases. I'd give a pass, akin to getting blood out of a stone. I had deliberately avoided getting physical with dead beat punters. I felt sorry for the hopeless f*cks.

I would focus more on the well healed ones, who had money or would be able to find it easy.

Along came the huge debt owed by J. Malcoun, originally worth \$600 grand, the client was happy if he got \$300 back, and cut his loses. Was prepared to give me a fee of \$100 grand, for my efforts. This was serious and good figures. I had no time for the f*ck, did not like him at all, more so, knowing him to be a slippery Leb drug dealer, working with corrupt police, selling out other dealers.

Ali, and J Malcoun made police statements in a Jail Murder in 1988/89.

In A Division Pentridge. Against case of Henry. M, Daryl Pritchard and my old mate Anthony Bolton. Ali they could get too. He was attacked in the Pentridge Kitchen as a result. Ali **still carries a scar from that incident. Because he had implicated other Prisoners in a police statement in the murder.**

Now J was on the street staying alive and at the top of the drug dealing empire. **Only because his partners were corrupt cops.**

I took the offer up, went to Spearmint Rhino, and left my business card with my mobile number on it, with a bouncer at the venue. Giving him instructions to have Jay call me, left the premises, no threats, all good with no issues, not going into why. I wanted him to call me.

Two weeks pass by. I again attend the strip venue, leave my card with another bouncer, telling him to give it to Jay and have him call me, not going into the reason or specifics behind why. I am picking he got the card, and message, realising what. I wanted to see him over, no other reason. Thought to himself, it would go away, and paid no serious attention to this at all, the person who he had owed the debt to, was on the run from police and hiding

Overseas, and Jay did not feel threatened by me at all. As he has friends in the police who could sort this out for him. Weeks pass by-

I had been at invited to go over to the Port Melbourne Colts footy club, it was a social family fun day. With pony rides for the kids on the oval and a B.B.Q. with sausages sizzling, plenty of beers going round, not to mention the scent of joints wafting through out in the open air.

And in the quiet spots. Lines of coke was being shared by many of Port Melb boy's-Hoods.

During this point of festivities, the mention of J Malcoun was mentioned, and what I was doing about the debt he owed **our associates.** This was not a priority to me, as I had a number of **projects** on the go at the same time, by it being raised, it now had reminded me to return to this. As some four to six weeks had passed by since, when it was now being raised in idle conversation at the football club,

I decide to swing past on my way home, take a detour and to go via King Street instead of taking the West gate bridge.

Parking my Range Rover across the road, full of coke, a few joints and drinks under my belt, feeling all good up adrenaline pumping, and yet relaxed. I begin the ascent up the stairs of building to the first floor, as I do so. A big bouncer appears, he looks similar to the one I had left the last message with. I'd assumed it was him. I began a tirade of hostility towards him.

Had he passed the message on to J?

He replied **he hadn't,** and. **Who the f*ck was I?** Said in an aggressive tone, as he advanced towards me with attitude He was a lot younger approximately early 20s and six foot two plus in height, **huge, full of juice! As most bouncers are.**

As I reached the top of the stairs, on the first landing he was only feet away from me, exhibiting intimidation in his swagger and body posturing, all it took was a call from him on his radio, and he had a pack of others to back him up. I have heard that they had a brutal reputation at this venue. Prone to attack patrons before in the past in a pack mentality. **Not good enough on their own.**

I pulled out the silver 32 auto pistol. Which I had secreted down the front of my shorts, to gain control of the situation. I actually had a hooded top and sunglasses on, yet the hood was pulled back, and Sunni sitting on top of my forehead. **In the Zone now.** If I had of had any sense, and thought properly and had intentions behave like this, to do this.

I would have pulled up the hood, and shades up, concealing my face from cameras.

I was on the coke hyped up nothing else mattered to me. I was on auto pilot.

I then pointed the gun at his head. at the same time saying to him. hey f*ckhead. you big hard c*nt got something to say now have you. He backed away. **I was locked in to him, oblivious to all the camera's focused in on us,** and it was a dimly lit area.

I kept on advancing upon him till he backed up into the corner of the rear walls of foyer.

I then rammed the gun into his mouth, not being gentle at all, telling him.

You got something to say f*ckwit?

Not so tough now are ya, you big mouth f*ck! He was unable to utter a word!

I then removed the gun from within his mouth, and pull back the slide of pistol. ejecting a bullet from the chamber. Catching this in my other hand as it flings into the air, placing it on the counter. Now telling him to **pass on the message to J!**

I then tell him the **next one will be in the back of his head! If he don't call me.**

And sort out the bill he owes. I then notice a movement in the peripheral of my eye.

A chick was watching all this unfold in the cloak room/ entrance fee area. I had automatically levelled the gun at her, till I realised she posed no threat to me at all. Lowered the weapon to my side. telling her. I had no problems with the girls, which I was now going, returning to face the bouncer. Telling him to, **make sure he conveys the message to J, if not.**

I'll be back. Be smart to sort this out, and all is good.

As I walk out down towards the stairs I look back at the chick to my left, and tell her not to worry, and not to call the Police, leaving the building walking across the road, thinking that was a bad idea, leaving the bullet behind as could recover my D.N.A. from the slug.

I then turn running back, the bouncer had gone and same was the bullet I had left upright on the shelf, the place was now all locked and secured. I could not get into the venue at all.

Within hours. I begin to get calls on my mobile, everybody was aware of what had just unfolded at Spearmint Rhino. So too the Police, apparently the bouncer had run to the body of building, told security of incident, sealed off the entrance area, contacted Jay.

I had naturally assumed that **those in the BUSINESS at the club, lived in the dark world,** would **NOT** go running to the police, **but keep it all in-house. I WAS WRONG! Apparently the Security guards who operated at the club, contacted J, informed him of the incident, asking what to do? Should they call the police or not. He told them to get cops involved, to take me off the streets. I was told this had taken place by reliable Underworld figures. To call the cops let them sort me out for him.**

To get me off his back and off the streets, He had a good friend who was in the S.O.G.

They would always attend in V.I.P. area. **This was their place, and were not about to let me storm through, and dictate terms!**

A crisis meeting was conveyed by a wide body of Underworld figure's to try and stem the damage and. To retain control of things, it was too late the Police had the c. c. t. v. footage of incident. I was to be told Jay would sort it out with the witness's, giving me ten grand for me to lie low for a couple weeks, to let it cool down and blow over. **He would fix it!**

A week or so later. I went interstate to N.S.W. for a break, catching up with friends. I knew, upon returning was told. I was now **red hot for it.** They was nothing that they could do.

To be careful, not to be strapped carrying a weapon, as if I did. I may be shot by the S.O.G.

I was arrested a month later in January 2006. Whilst in custody. I got word out to J to sort it out, and this is going to cost him even more now. He paid ne heed to my veiled threats, and was to then become **the National President of Commanchero's outlaw bikie club, in Victoria.** Upon my release. I was given \$25 grand, from one of his associates and told another \$75grand was to be given in 7 months time. **On the condition. I keep the peace and no dramas.**

I agreed, this arrangement and understanding was later to be breached by them, and I found myself back in jail,

FAST FORWARD. I get out three years later. 25th September 2011.

Upon my release. I make my feelings felt towards him, I hear story's he has now established himself as a powerful threat with the support of his Commanchero underlings, with seizing control of a group of bikies entering the scene at Hallam shutting down their clubhouse and taking their bikes.

It was no secret at all, that I would catch up with him sooner or later, yet my life was headed in another direction. **My axis was being pulled elsewhere. All my energies were focused on Gavin Preston and ensuring my daughter and Kylie were safe from harm.**

During my time following the armed hold up on security guards, it was well known on the streets. I was the prime suspect for this crime, I had made arrangements to meet up with associates at the Flemington/ Kensington fight hall/ centre. This fight night was surely to attract all the figures in this state.

I had reservations at attending. As not just crooks and underworld would be gathered.

But off duty Police also!

So I had dressed in top to bottom in black, black tracky pants with a black hooded top, and a light weather black overcoat over top of this, and a Croatian scarf twirled around my neck and face region.

With just the slits of my eyes not concealed, wearing black leather gloves on, a man bag.

A loaded 357 magnum handgun inside positioned in the front, resting in my groin region **within hands reach.**

Then a bum bag strapped around my waist, its pockets positioned to the rear of me above my buttocks. Everybody knowing that I was arrested previously with a small arsenal in **this tiny bag.**

As I entered the venue, we were let through by security, as Loretta had tickets at the door for us, the security guard I knew, he ushered us in without a word. The place was dimly lit, that suited me fine, yet wall to wall full of c. c. t. v. cameras, again not a big deal, as I was covered head to toe anyway.

My entrance did not go un-noticed. **I did attract many looks, who is this figure?**

I could see in the eyes, of many I had to pass the Boxing ring, to make my way to tables.

I knew friends were located at, as I had called them earlier to learn if they were there yet.

Passing the exclusive ringside tables. I saw Mick Gatto, our eyes locked and he recognised me. due to Loretta being at my side, calling me over to him, he extended his hand to greet me. I extended mine, **only then did he see my hands were gloved!**

This took him by surprise, he made the comment **He didn't think he'd see me here,** alluding to the heat on me over the robbery.

I then replied. **I go where. I want to and do as. I like and. I don't care a fuck!**

I then begun to scan the two tables joined together seating some 20 seats, most were occupied, and many old familiar faces of Micks Crew I knew, one individual had locked eyes on me, our glazes fixed for a few fleeting moments, he saw the gloves worn also.

I did not recognise this bloke and was puzzled as to his gaze towards me, who was he. I had asked myself. I didn't want to offend. He was more caught by surprise, a spooked look. I then continued to scan the rest of group, nodding to those. I was familiar with, with Mick telling me, my good Croatia friend **Mat Tomas was here.**

He was his partner in Elite Cranes, who I'd often go to see, at the factory, seeing Mick there also, he would get him to find me, when he returns, as Mat wanted to speak to me, I said fine.

I then walked away and to the side of the table and behind the back of bloke who had given me **the look.** Catching up with the table of 10 of associates, they had waved me over, this same group had bad blood with Jay also, they had seen me at Mick's table, and asked what happened.

I said. I said hi, and some bloke gave me this funny look, he was more paranoid seeing the gloves worn. I feel I had told them, and I described him, they told me, that he was **J!**

I then said that explains it. **F*ck the cunt, let's get him!** You strapped I had asked my friend, he showed me he was. **I then said, me too. The Hrvat then said, he's with Mick!**

I said so f*cking what, he done wrong and Mick Knows this, he don't want to get involved either, he knows better. This group on the table. I was now with had every reason to act, yet would not commit at all. **It was their Bikie group J. Had shut down in Hallam!**

I then notice Jay get up from the table and walk to the rear of building, losing sight of him through the crowd, believing he was going to men's toilets, as was the only thing in that area.

As the bar was a lot further to the right of building. I then said you go this way, and I'll go round the other cut him off, **get him in the toilets, out of camera view.** The leader of group, **shit himself, did not want to get involved at all.** So I got up and left myself.

As I wandered over to the other side of building to get a clear view of rear of the building.

I side up to the bar, and order a drink, fixing my eyes on Jay and the 4 other in his group, they all had their backs to the rear wall. Facing towards me. I buy a shot of scotch and raise a toast to him, **with a wink as I down it. Staring at him all the while toasting to him.**

He and his group were all lined up positioned right next to the emergency exit at the rear of building, in event drama unfolds, a quick exit indeed. I then taunted him for a while raising a toast to him every now and then. With our eyes locked on each other, whilst Mat Tomas and others were trying to defuse the incident. I told them all. **F*ck this cunt, he owes me, now it's time to collect, he had a chance to sort this out, I am now going to f*ck him up!**

This was a full blown crisis, and Mick knew J was in the wrong, and no amount of talk would fix it, it had past that point, I laughed to myself, J and his entourage had ring side seats for the main event, paid good money to be at Mick's table approximately 10 grand for a table of ten. And were hiding at the rear of building not even in view of any of big screens to watch the live fights which foxtel were feeding around the world.

I had even walked towards them, eye balling them, watching them all become anxious, then breaking off, leading to the male toilets, hoping this would lure them there, no camera's.

I stood there inside for five odd minutes, just loitering about, others looking at me, wondering what I was up to, as blokes queued up to use urinal, when it was my turn, I'd just drop back to the queue. Realising nobody was to challenge me, they were five deep, and possible strapped too. I left the toilets again waving to them as I past, head f*cking him, taunting him.

Like he's never been before in his entire life.

After some 30 odd minutes, I decide to call it quits, by this stage everybody was aware of events, and I have no doubts **J! WOULD call Police,** and would if there was a shooting, as **J was very close with Police. He had actually been outed in the newspapers.**

This no secret at all, and was the reason he was removed as President of Commacheros. He was a Poor role model as any club leader him now removed would restore staunchness to any club. The elected replacement was a **far better suited individual. A real, tough and staunch being! Plus it also came out, he'd made a statement against others involved in a Jail Murder of another inmate in A Division Pentridge in the late 80's. Not to mention common knowledge his cop links!**

After some 30 odd minutes of playing with his head. I decide to leave, before. I get arrested.

I walk outside with someone who I had arranged to meet there, I had lent a bullet proof vest to. I needed to collect, went to his car picked this up, and drove off with Loretta back to her place, only to start receiving calls on my mobile within minutes of leaving, asking if.

I had turned off all the lights to the boxing venue, as it was now all in pitch black darkness, and **many thought it was me. Coming back to do shoot others!** I was told. There was complete pandemonium, people scrambling under tables with their lighters being used as torches. **I was laughing at the sight, as I'd imaged the scene.**

Pleading innocence of it, yet telling him, if they think that. Don't deny it, let them think it was me, ha ha ha. This was later to be revealed on Police intercepts, as **my mobile had that day, begun being monitored over armed robbery incident.**

It was to be talk of the town, **more interest in this and my speculated role.** Then the outcome of the main fight event, as it had to be stopped, not to mention live Foxtell feed. **Was shut down too!**

I am not sure how it worked out for the title of fight, possible re-scheduled?

I would later call a fellow croation who was there at the fights that night and discuss the blackout **112.**

The siege was days later!

REGRESSING NOW BACK TO NOVEMBER 2005 SPEARMINT RHINO INCIDENT.

JANUARY 2006 ARRESTED.

29 MAY 2007 TRANSFER TO MARGONEET PRISON.

I was moved to Marngoneet to participate in drug and violence programmes,

Graeme Moore:

Graeme Moore had a serious history of violence inside and out of Prison, in the day he had a fearsome reputation in the prison system. Our paths had met back in the late 1980's.

He had been previously convicted for a murder outside. Cut to the chase, he was no friend of mine at all. He was caught out Peter thieving from our lodge residence in Flinders station at Marngoneet.

He thought he still was able to muster the intimidation of years back over me, I called his bluff, and he produced a large Kitchen knife and started waving bit about to scare me. This incident is covered in great detail in Prison fights/Rumbles chapter. I would go on to confront and chase him from the compound regardless of his weapon and my injuries sustained. He would run and flee to the Pod. And inform the Unit staff he had dramas, yet not identify who with at that point in time, seeking to be locked away safe and secure in his cell from me.

I was advised of this situation by other inmates whom had heard and witnessed him running to the screws, and being locked away as a direct consequence of his actions.

I would go on to deny any assault took place, hide and conceal this incident and state I had cut myself cutting grapefruit in-correctly and would go to St Vincents hospital for emergency surgery that evening hours after it was brought to the Prison staffs attention by me. On the 21st July 2007.

Serious knife wounds to left hand requiring emergency micro- surgery.

I hid incident from staff, denied I was attacked by any suggested it was self-inflicted due to incorrect knife handling in my Lodge cutting Grapefruit held in hand not on cutting board

The Pod staff would crack Graeme's cell door first thing the next morning, and gave him the choice, either reveal who it is ya scared from (or) we have to let you out from the cell simply put. The inmates across from him could hear him telling the staff. That Graeme had told them, I went to his cell took some magazines and painting materials from him, standing over him doing so. That I would later on that evening have other inmates call him out to the compound to fight him. He would go to the compound to try to talk to me. That I then apparently produced a kitchen knife cut my hand, demonstrating. I am a sick c*nt, telling him I don't care, before chasing him from the compound to the pod and getting locked away by staff.

The Prison staff, would then go and review the compound c. c. t. v footage and now be alerted to the incident, where before I had claimed otherwise.

Graeme telling screws I had a kitchen knife when I never, it was him. Revealing that an incident took place not me. This qualifies him a Snitch in my books, and a weak coward running to screws for help. **18.**

Gavin Preston

Gavin Preston back ground history, he shares the same day in October as me for his birthday, being the 7th of the 10th, yet I was born in 1968, he was around the year of 72.

He came from the same area as I did, being sunshine, the western suburbs.

I never really knew him from jail, I did see him here and there in the system, he was younger than me by at least 5 years, and the groups he did frequent with, were known active gays.

Gav would be in relationships with blokes, for example when he was In Pentridge in A Division in the 90's- 94 period, he was getting around with an old school bank robber, **a raving poof**, named **Rod Radford**, and a younger poof **Donny Collins**, **who were partners at the time.**

Yet this did not stop Gavin, once Donny was moved from A Division. Inmates knew not to go to Rods cell, when the cell door was closed, as **they were busy, inside.** Prison officers once entered the cell, when the door was shut, **found them both naked in full flight, engaged in sex acts, inmates** knew the story, Rod would tell any who knocked on the cell door, to come back later, he was busy.

The smell of shit would permeate and linger in the cell, soon after the cell door was opened, it stunk!

I am told, they actually were transferred to Bendigo, living in a three out dorm cell, this cell would **literally reek of shit**, and they were **actively practising indeed**. Many would snigger behind their backs, in those days it was tolerated, if it was consensual, not forced upon and no victims of rape.

It was their business, this was no secret either, they kept it to themselves, but everyone knew what was going on, and for the record Rod Radford was huge, well endowed, it hung to his knees, it was hard not to notice this arm, when in the communal shower block in A Division. I would often think how on earth could they possibly get fucked by such a well-endowed cock, would tear em apart, it would bring tears to the most hardened porn queen, hence the reason probably for the stink emanating from the three man dorm. A carnal fuck fest turned into a sewer.

During His time in jail, Gavin was charged with sexual offences against another inmate, in the remand dorms, there were three of them who they sodomised, with blunt objects and forced to perform oral on them, they went to trial and because the inmate got it **confused**, who was circumcised and who wasn't, they beat the charge.

Gavin would go on to become a sexual predator of young kids coming into the system, sodomise them and have them perform oral on him, he would also get fucked and suck cock 2, and was in a sexual relationship with Mathew Johnson for some time. And was seen at gay venues, night spots.

When I had confronted him on an occasion, and posed the question, **whether he spat or swallowed**, he replied with an air of pride, **If you do it, you do it properly, I swallow**, Sic.

I often laugh, with a vision of him getting ready to pull off a job, in the stolen car with time to burn, leaning over and giving his lover Rod Radford a quick **goby = head job**. **Then doing the robbery**.

He actually lagged his co-offender **Tony Mc Aliney** in a robbery spree, back in early 90s, getting him ten years jail in the process, and this is common knowledge to all the older crooks. When I got arrested. I went through a profound period of hate mail. I would send him mail tormenting him. He too would go on to complain to the Governor and Mail staff. He refused to accept any mail coming from me. I would try every now and again to get one through. But it would always be intercepted, with a post it note from mail person, reminding me Preston refused all mail from me. The mail ban is still in place to this date. **So much for a tough staunch image. Lags me over hate mail!**

He would later make can say statements against me, and use this evidence in his trial in having a murder charge downgraded to defensive homicide. Good on him, don't claim to be staunch when **ya F*CKING NOT! LAGGING ALL TO POLICE. NOT TO MENTION HIDING OUT IN PROTECTIVE CUSTODY!**

Making claims from the sanctity of the Bar table by your Legal team submissions. Is universally accepted, and. NO WRONG DOING AT ALL. WE ALL DO THIS. But to make statements is in another realm. If you live in Dark world of criminals and live a life of the so called code. You adhere to it!

I was mentioned along with a Gangster an underworld figure. STAUCH HE AINT AT ALL!

I WOULD HAVE TO SEND MAIL TO GAVIN VIA HIS LEGAL TEAM. BERNIE BALMER. TO PASS ON TO GAVIN, TILL BERNIE GOT SACKED BY HIM. ALL THE MAIL WAS THEN INTERCEPTED BY THE PRISON MAIL OFFICER!

118.

113.

18.

SUZANNE PRESTON:

Suzanne was wife of Gavin Preston. After his arrest for Murder of Adam Koury they broke up. Not before she too made claims of fear against me. If you live life of the so called code. **You adhere to it. 114.**

115.

IT'S SO HYPOCRITICAL OF BOTH MANNY AND GAVIN TO LATER LAG ME. FOR THEIR OWN FEARS.

EMMANUEL ALEXANDRIDIS,

Manny as all that knew this rat, would call him by that name, along with other vile terms also. This tough c*nt was in the yard with me in Banksia, when I got slashed to shreds. Nobody was ever charged for this. Nor did I ever make a Police statement in regards to the matter. But Manny would **LAG ME TO POLICE ON (4X) SEPARATE OCCASIONS WHEN I SAW HIM ON THE STREET SOME YEARS LATER, I HAD SEEN HIM THREE TIMES YES. THE FORTH HE HAD SEEN ME, AND REPORTED THAT TO.**

I had heard that he was indeed dead, this being the common jail gossip promoted.

So when I came face to face with him on a side street in Kensington out front of my daughter's flat she lived, **in Mid February 2012**, I was not sure at first, **it was Manny**, as he had longer wavy hair, put on weight, and did not look at me. just straight in front, did not blink an eye lid when I began bashing on the front passenger window, calling out his name, he was as if **brain dead**, he was seated in the passenger seat of the car. The driver being an older lady, was startled and concerned by my actions, **but him cool as a cucumber, not even a slight hint of life let alone recognising who I was. I took down the rego plate, calling out the numbers in the process.**

The next day I witness him again, in the same car, same driver, this time I ran to the vehicle as it stopped at the corner of street, exactly opposite Kylies flat, I was walking my dog Runty at the time, as I approached the vehicle, he locked the car door and driver went through the intersection.

The third time I see him, I am riding my black GSXR 750 motorbike, this bike he saw me moving only days before, as he was leaving the underground car park on initial sighting.

As I was wearing a half faced helmet, he recognised me. I thought what the f*ck. Is he real or what? I slowed down done a U-turn, retracing his movement down the street, he was gone. I had lost him, he could still run the f*ck even if he was half brain dead. I pulled the bike over, parked it and begun a dragnet sweep of area, he was long gone! This coward was more a threat to my young daughter and her mother, then he was to me. They were far more vulnerable, easy prey than I was, that was the concern which troubled me.

I was later to learn, **Manny had indeed recognised me, and seen me on four occasions, I only saw him the three, calling the Police on each occasion, notifying them of the perceived danger that he believed I posed to him.**

I was later after my arrest charged over stalking and threats to him, which were dismissed and thrown out at Melbourne Magistrates, I was due to have him testify against me during the committal, he refused to do so in the same room, but happy by video, and was all ready to give evidence against me, but the case was **thrown out**, on a legal technicality, **I was not charged within a certain window period, that the law demanded of.**

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STEVE WALKER:

Would be involved in a murder, whilst in the Footscray Police cells, begin to conspire a defence with his co-accused, this is well accepted and practiced by many forming a defence. **But to then reveal the roles of others yet to be identified by police, prepared to load them up with the crime.** **Is a Snitch.** Due to the belief that individual was having a sexual relationship with Steve Walker's prostitute girlfriend. **Steve had clearly lagged him. And was plotting and planning to lag Conci, it was on their minds.** The discussions were covertly recorded by police, who would present the irrefutable recordings to both Steve and De Banno. Who would then take the fall, to save Michael Conci from being convicted of murder. And he was **ONLY charged with such offences, only after both Walker and De Bono's revelations in plotting to load him up with the murder.** The Judge would question his true role and part in the offence, but would have to accept Conci's plea offered by the Crown.

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THERE YOU HAVE IT, MICHAEL CONCI'S LIMITED ROLE COULD NOT BE ACCEPTED BY THE JUDGE.

POLICE COVERT RECORDING DEPICT A FAR GREATER PICTURE IN THE CRIME ALONG WITH D.N.A.

MICHAEL WOULD NEVER HAVE BEEN ARRESTED LET ALONE IDENTIFIED OR CHARGED FOR MURDER. IF IT WASN'T FOR THE ACTIONS OF STEVE WALKER'S PLOTTING TO TELL ON HIM.

EVEN THO STEVE TOOK THE WRAP, AS HE DIDN'T WANT THE RECORDINGS TO BECOME EXPOSED.

HAD PLANS AND INTENTIONS TO LAG, IT BACKFIRED ON HIM. STILL QUALIFIES AS A SNITCH.

HUGO RICH, A.K.A THE SNITCH:

Hugo, was originally called. **Olaf Dietrich**, was a career criminal, armed robber and in the end a convicted murderer. He was so pretentious, in the opinionated view he was far superior to all other prisoners. This view got him offside with all the inmates. **He would not hesitate to lag on other prisoners for the most trivial and petty issues at all.** He had arrived from the M.R.C. to Barwon in 2009. And whilst in the reception area being processed to go to the back units in general population.

Told the prison staff, he wanted to go to Banksia, a management unit. The staff had initially refused this request by him, until he had threatened to assault a prison officer. **To go there. He had Bailed!**

He had made many enemies over the years in jail. I was domiciled in the same area of Banksia as he was, felt sorry for him, and got him out on my run outs, as he was only getting two hours a day exercise. And because I was the laundry billet, I had access to the day area of the secure little unit most of the day to facilitate the operation and running of all the inmates washing. This act of good. Would later come to haunt me. Hugo would bail from my run out period, after **I had heated words with him. Bailed out once again, telling Sir he was worried about me.** Then go on to attempt to mount a coup on the area we both shared. I would place newspaper articles on the notice board, which had cryptic cynical sarcastic attacks towards him. He would remove these articles and then **compile a dossier of all my acts for the Major Offender Unit staff, when they had attended once each month.**

I was warned. **Not to antagonise him, otherwise.** I would be moved from the laundry side of unit.

Hugo lived on the bottom landing directly across from the prison phone. **I would make Ghost Calls.**

I would do his head in, and suggest to him that (if) it's good enough for you to lag me on a daily basis, then I will do the same to you. In the hope that this would bring about an end to his telling

He could clearly hear me when I used the phone, so I would suggest that I was calling St Kilda road Police headquarters, and speaking with his arch nemesis **Det Ron Iddles.** Picking up the phone **with no one on the other line at all, making out. I was speaking about Hugo to Det Iddles.**

He would go ballistic in his cell, calling out all sorts of profanities. I would then retort. **Hugo you are lagging me every f*cken day to the prison staff. Stop the lagging and I won't call Det Iddles and talk about you.**

If you continue to lag me, it's only fair I can lag you. I will play by your rules. Don't lag on me. You'd think this would cause him to end the snitching of me. It didn't he would continue with gusto, so. **Hugo then become my entertainment, and amusement. The fun I had with this ego inflated fool was immense.** I would then type up a document, suggesting it was to be sent to Det

Iddles, where Hugo confesses to me about the security guard's murder he was convicted on. I would read it out front of his cell, saying how Hugo confessed to me about the robbery/murder. Which he was appealing at the time, **even this veiled threat did not impede his innate nature to lag me on most trivial petty shit!**

I had come across a dead mouse in the exercise yard, picked it up, put it in a plastic jar and put it in the freezer. Once it had frozen. I severed its head, placing it under his cell door, the balance of the mouse on the chair situated at the prison phone. Hugo would collect the mouse head, and hand it over to the screws, as evidence against me, in the hope that I would be charged and the matter reported on file.

The staff, had let him out for the phone, he was demanding that I be charged, handing them the mouse as they left the area, he would then go to the phone, then a shrill AHHHHHHHHH! He sat on the other half of the mouse, yelling out to the screws again, and handing them the remnants of mouse.

Hugo was a bad RAT. Even after I was moved from the prison over his complaints lodged. And was released. I would send him cards of images depicting Rats/Mice. **And when I was arrested would send him mail tormenting him. He would complain to Governor and Mail staff also. He refused to accept any mail coming from me. I would try, but it would always be intercepted, with a post it note from the mail person, reminding me that Hugo refused all mail from me. That mail ban is still in place to this date. And would come up in my committal hearings too, read as follows:**

Did you know since my arrest I've been in isolation, solitary confinement? ---I don't know how the prison manages you being in custody. I'm not aware of those management issues. You haven't been keeping tabs, finger on the pulse?---Sorry? You haven't been keeping tabs, finger on the pulse at all?---I share information with the Corrections Victoria and the prison, Victoria Police Intel Unit, about specifically how Mr Binse is treated within custody I'm not aware of.

I am aware that you wrote a letter to Hugo Rich. And do you know that there's past issues between me and him that I actually called Hugo Snitch, not Rich, it's Snitch?---I don't know of your past history with Hugo Rich, no. And that I was actually - I was actually kicked from Barwon Prison, the Banksia Unit, because of his daily complaints that I was pestering, antagonising him and driving him crazy, do you know, are you aware about that, you know Intel would have that sort of information?---I'm not aware of that, Your Honour.

OK. And do you know if I sent him cards from outside before my arrest, you know, with rats on the front, depicting rats and putting him on a snitch?---Prior to Mr Binse being in custody I have no knowledge of any sort of correspondence that he's written. OK. Do you know at one time that I actually come across a dead mouse that I actually fumigated, they had Ratsak or poisoning or something to get rid of the vermin and I come across a dead mouse in the yard and kept it, put it in the freezer and then pulled it out, chopped its head off, put it under his door and he found it and he complained to the prison officers, you know, I mean he's put a rat's head under my door, do you know of that incident?---I don't know of that incident, Your Honour. OK. Can I give you this letter to see if that's my handwriting? Actually the post tab is not mine so that's the actual letter person in Barwon Prison who handles the mail and it's like a post tab note because the recipient doesn't like receiving my mail. He feels threatened and, you know, intimidated and stuff like that, you know, does his head in - -HER HONOUR: Hold on. So this is a letter to Mr Rich? ACCUSED: Yes. HER HONOUR: So what do you want?

ACCUSED: I actually did because I have sent mail, if that's my writing, the address, you know, and

because I refer to a previous letter that some security guard or something, you know.

HER HONOUR: Could you identify Mr Binse's writing from the cover of that letter?

ACCUSED: Is that in my writing, does that look familiar?--Your Honour, I'm not a fingerprint expert but having said that, yes, I recognise that to be Mr Binse's writing.

HER HONOUR: Thank you. Did you take it out of your stuff?

ACCUSED: Yeah, I did. HER HONOUR: Was it part of the - - -

ACCUSED: I don't know. It's just in the yard just like to do his head in, torment him a little bit, you know, bit of therapy. Do you mind if I read it out?

HER HONOUR: **No, because he doesn't want - the note there says that he doesn't want to receive correspondence so you can't read them into the transcript here.**

ACCUSED: Yeah, OK. It refers to Herbert, you know, the security guard, you know how I say I got a message, deluded state, I got a message from Herbert saying he wants to (indistinct) he's dead. He asked me to convey to you. I say, "It's true, why, why, why".

HER HONOUR: Yes (indistinct) because otherwise you may not - - -

ACCUSED: OK, Your Honour. I just love doing his head in, that's all. Me and him have got an issue, you know, sending mail. It's not hate mail but you know what I mean, it's (indistinct) you say? ---That's correct, yes.

OK, all right. "And the code of honour is something enjoyed by all those who share that belief and respect the code, practice it, live by, enjoy it. Those who fail to meet it (indistinct) breached the rules nor abide by them do not live in a world of honour. (Indistinct) don't respect the values of it why should he expect it to be given in return. No double standards, (indistinct) or not. Don't cry (indistinct) when people apply the acts in return. Accept it as karma I say and now done to you". Do you recall that I made reference to that in the documents that was sent to the whole prison system? ---By reading it out now I can - - -Yeah, does that - - -? ---That rings a bell.

OK? ---The specifics of it and you've sent numerous letters, the same - the same letter, Your Honour, to numerous people. Yeah, yeah, yeah. So just only one or two paragraphs it's just been amended to suit the person. Basically it's the same template but just a few paragraphs have been changed and also, "Sex crimes are no crime of honour and nor should be respected as one", I say. "A sex offender is a sex pervert and nothing more and belong in the bone yard". Do you recall that? Do you recall that passage, that paragraph about the sex offenders?---Yes, Your Honour. **11**.

#Postscript: Many years later, Hugo would arrive in Olearia Unit (2), still hiding out from the rest of the general prison population, Running out of places to hide. I would end up being moved to that unit temporarily for a few weeks whilst they conducted cell intercom installations in unit (3). The whole unit (3) was vacated during this period, I end up landing over unit (2) the first moment I got, I walked to his cell, and flicked his cell window to peer in, and let him see me, haunt him of my presence you could say. He made a complaint to officers. So that every time I left the cell. The staff would be positioned in front of his cell, playing bouncer on



security detail, to stop me. I would then type up a thick bold letter in big font, headline size, and wait till he had to pass my cell door to either make a phone call, or use the kitchen. Place it out enough for him to read it. Again he would lag it, and demand the staff seize it from under the door, still not satisfied with that, I would leave cryptic messages scrawled on the telephone room walls about Hugo. He would notify the staff of this immediately, point to the fresh graffiti and tell them to get the camera and to take pictures of the incident, demand it be reported and I be charged with an internal offence! The unit staff, were literally un-in dated with daily reports of complaints made by him over me, just the mere sight of me, and my voice **was enough for him to run up to authorities to complain!**

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¹⁸ Prison medical reports.

⁸¹ Victoria Police   print out of accused antecedent history.

¹¹² D04295-00 01 40. 20-05-2012 15:17:16. In. 400977018

¹¹³ Director of Public Prosecutions V Preston [2015] VSC 402. Judge MACAULAY



J ¹¹⁴ Victims of Crime Notice Hearing doc dated 11th January

2017. ¹¹⁵ Victims of Crime Assistance Tribunal doc dated 16th March

2017. ¹¹⁶ Police Brief and charges relating to stalking and threats to Emmanuel Alexandridis.

¹¹⁷ CASE CITED AS R- V- WALKER, BONO AND CONCI, DATE OF SENTENCE 12 MARCH 2003. [2016] VSC

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