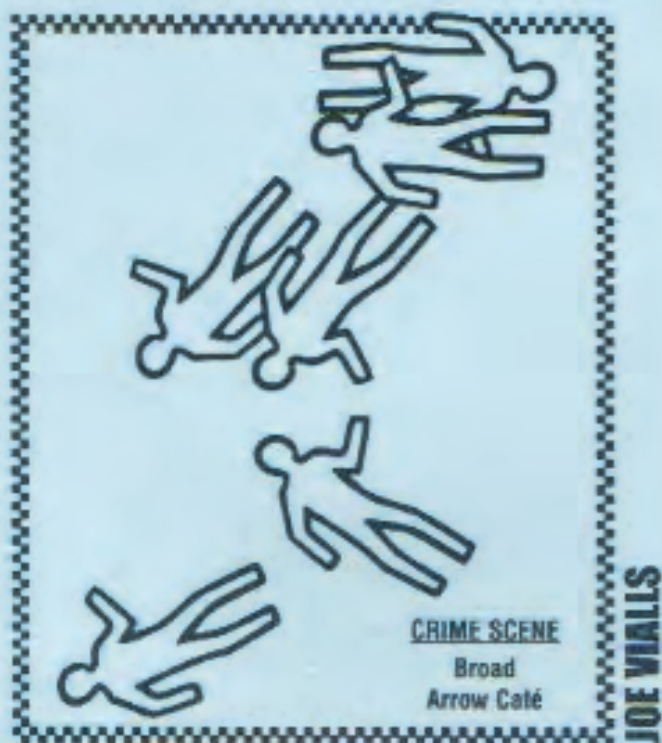


# DEADLY DECEPTION

at

# PORT ARTHUR



**Scientific evidence questions  
Australia's Port Arthur massacre**



## Was Martin Bryant really a lone nut assassin?

SPRINGFIELD SIMULATOR DIRECT COMPARISONS

CATEGORY OR STATUS	BROAD ARROW	SPRINGFIELD SCHOOL CAFE
Weapon class	Semi-auto	Semi-auto
Weapon calibre	5.56mm	5.56mm
Spare ammo	Yes	Yes
Extra weapons	Yes	Yes
Total rounds fired	29	51
Total fatalities	20	2
Total head shots	19	1
Total injured	12	21
Missed shots	Nil	28
Killed-to-injured	1.66 to 1	1 to 10
Shooter disabled	No	Yes

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## FOREWORD

At 1.30 p.m. on Sunday 28 April 1996, an unknown professional combat shooter opened fire in the Broad Arrow Cafe at Port Arthur in Tasmania. In less than a minute 20 people lay dead, 19 of them killed with single shots to the head fired from the right hip of the fast-moving shooter.

In less than thirty minutes at six crimes scenes, 35 people were shot dead, another 22 wounded, and two cars stopped with a total of only 64 bullets. A fast-moving Daihatsu Feroza 4WD driven by Linda White was crippled by a 'Beirut Triple'; normally reserved for dead-blocking Islamic terrorists driving primed car bombs around the Lebanon.

One sighting shot, a second to disable the driver, and a third to stop the engine before the primed car bomb can hit its target and explode. Very few know of this obscure technique, and even fewer can master it with only three bullets.

This awesome display of combat marksmanship was blamed on an intellectually impaired young man called Martin Bryant who had no shooting or military experience at all.

After Martin Bryant's conviction based on coerced and fatally flawed 'guilty' pleas, the media continued a low-level campaign of continual reinforcement, designed to repeatedly convince the public that Bryant was guilty as charged, despite the complete absence of any evidence.

By late 2000, newspapers started printing stories with photos of Bryant's mother Carleen and his sister Lindy. The stories were deliberately hurtful to both ladies, and the photos made them nervous, as they were intended to. Being identifiable relatives of the 'hated' Martin Bryant could easily place Carleen and Lindy Bryant at extreme risk, and possibly lead directly to 'revenge attacks' by fanatical followers of the 'Bryant Did It' official media story.

Most hurtful was the complete lie in December, that Martin had 'not received a personal visit in more than two years'. Though it is true Carleen was deliberately tricked into not visiting her son for an extended period, she decided to take on the prison authorities late in 1999, winning the first contact visit with her son since his arrest in April 1996. Carleen has visited her son several times since, but all subsequent visits were of the 'non-contact' variety, with authorities deliberately placing a pane of bulletproof glass between mother and son.

As this book proves scientifically, Bryant killed no one at Port Arthur. It is now up to the Australian Federal Government and people to track down those responsible for ordering and funding this loathsome terrorist attack against Australians on Commonwealth territory. Those still in doubt, are invited to look at the new startling photographic evidence on page sixty-one.

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# WAS MARTIN BRYANT REALLY A LONE NUT ASSASSIN?

Part One - 17 April 1997

In early 1984 policewoman Yvonne Fletcher was murdered while on duty outside the Libyan Embassy in London. From the moment she was shot the media misled the British public into believing that Fletcher had been shot by the Libyans, who were subsequently expelled from the country in a fanfare of negative publicity. It was not until 1995 that this author managed to prove entirely scientifically that WPC Fletcher could not have been shot from the Libyan Embassy, but was shot from the top floor of a nearby building staffed by American multinational personnel. Was the massacre at Port Arthur a completely spontaneous act carried out by a single nutcase with unbelievable efficiency, or was it a repeat of Yvonne Fletcher's callous murder, deliberately designed to distort public perception and direct maximum hatred against a particular group of people? All the available hard scientific evidence proves the latter.

When investigating events like Yvonne Fletcher's murder or the massacre at Port Arthur, it is critically important to adhere to scientific proof and avoid eyewitness accounts and media hype. Eyewitnesses do not normally lie intentionally, but as any honest psychologist will tell you the accuracy of their testimony is limited by many factors including stress, suggestive police interrogators, and peer pressure. The more controversial the case the higher the need for absolute scientific proof, because if the investigation reaches a conclusion which conflicts with the official story, the media will attempt to trash the credibility of the investigator, who in these two cases happens to be me. For four years while investigating the murder of Yvonne Fletcher I was gently harassed, visited by members of British Intelligence from London, cordially invited to sign the Official Secrets Act, then subtly threatened when I refused to comply.

Some readers might wonder why I am including so much detail about a murder in London when this story is really about Port Arthur. Well it is about Port Arthur, but there are a number of disturbing similarities between the two cases, especially in terms of media behaviour at the time of each atrocity, and the use of faked video footage to reinforce the official story of the day. In 1992 when I started investigating WPC Fletcher's murder the most serious obstacle I encountered was the British media, who for nearly a decade had knowingly nurtured a lie so horrific that it almost defeats the imagination. Yvonne Fletcher, they claimed, was murdered by a low velocity bullet fired from the Libyan Embassy located to her left rear, with the gunman firing downwards from a first floor window at an angle of fifteen degrees. As any amateur can confirm, that means the bullet entered the left side of WPC Fletcher's back at a shallow angle of fifteen degrees and then continued through her body tissue towards the right-hand side of her body. Right? Wrong..

The bullet entered WPC Fletcher's upper right back at sixty degrees then sliced down through her rib cage, turning her vital organs into a bloody pulp before exiting her body below the bottom left rib. With Yvonne Fletcher's exact position recorded by a television camera when the shots were fired there was no room for doubt. It was an absolute scientific impossibility for that shot to have been fired from the Libyan Embassy, and the steep angle of entry of the bullet limited the firing point to one floor

of only one building: the top floor of Enserch House, an American multinational building staffed by personnel with documented links to the international intelligence community. Without the critical video footage from the television camera I would never have been able to prove how she was killed or by whom, but fortunately for me the footage still existed in 1992, and television cameras are inanimate objects incapable of lying. If proof appears to exist on video there are only two possibilities: the scientific truth, or faked video footage shown to the public for special effects or in an attempt to pervert the course of justice.

Interestingly and with profound implications for Port Arthur, fake video footage was put to air by the BBC "for the first time ever" many months after Yvonne Fletcher's murder, in what appeared to be an attempt to cement the calculated deceptions about her death forever in the minds of the British public. The public failed to ask why this apparently critical footage was not presented at the coronial inquest into her death, but fell hook, line and sinker for the blurred images and sound track, which apparently recorded eleven sub-machine gun shots being fired from the Libyan Embassy. The amateur footage run by the BBC in 1985 was given to one of its reporters by a member of the Metropolitan Police Service. During 1995 I used the immutable laws of astronomy and physics to prove the amateur footage a total fake. Analysis of the angle and position of the sun's shadow falling across the front of the Libyan Embassy was checked using astro-navigation techniques and direct reference to the Greenwich Observatory, Britain's foremost authority on times and dates derived from the sun-line, a technique used for centuries to tell the time with great accuracy using garden sun-dials. Unfortunately for the BBC who broadcast the amateur footage "for the first time ever", absolute science proved the sun-line on the amateur footage totally incorrect for 10.19 am on the 17th April 1984, the time and date on which Yvonne Fletcher was murdered. Indeed, the scientific evaluation proved the amateur footage was not even filmed on the same day Yvonne Fletcher was shot. Those who created that fake footage and then broadcast it were not engaged in a mere media re-interpretation of events, but were accessories after the fact to the murder of an unarmed English policewoman doing her duty on a London street. After four years of investigation designed to expose the real truth of what happened that day, and after one year as consultant to the responsible film-maker, Britain's Channel Four aired part of my scientific proof in a special edition of "Dispatches", its flagship current affairs programme, on 10th April 1996. Unfortunately, three months earlier the film-maker became incredibly agitated about my absolute scientific proof from Greenwich that the amateur footage was faked, removed me from the production process of a film based on my own copyright story, barred me from the film credits and then incorporated the fake footage as a legitimate part of the film, minus the incriminating sun-line, which proved in absolute scientific terms that what British television was putting to air for a second time since 1985 was totally false and deliberately misleading!

It became swiftly apparent that although the media is prepared to throw tiny scraps of truth to the public, gross deceptions, especially those generated by erstwhile colleagues in the form of fake video footage designed to manipulate public opinion, are strictly off limits. It is on the subject of fake video footage and its potential for incredible impact on the viewing public that we finally turn to Port Arthur. Some readers may by now be shifting uneasily in their seats, racking their brains and

wondering exactly when and where it was they were also suddenly shown amateur footage "for the first time ever" on television in Australia. It was on a Wednesday in November 1996, the night before Martin Bryant was due to be sentenced for his alleged role in the Port Arthur massacre.

Many months after the massacre took place, but only hours before the judge was due to make a decision that would effect Martin Bryant for the rest of his life, an Australian TV network suddenly presented the public and the judge with dramatic amateur video footage shown "for the first time ever". The reporter told us the man on the video was Martin Bryant on the day of the massacre, going about his business of slaughtering the good people of Tasmania, caught on camera by interested amateur photographers who seemed unmoved by the dangers of high-velocity bullets. Unlike most of the other survivors these folk did not run away, but hunkered down like battle-hardened war correspondents covering the end of World War II from an unprotected thoroughfare in the middle of Berlin. They were also very discreet the day after the massacre, when the world's tabloid media descended on Port Arthur like a pack of ravenous dogs, snapping and growling for any picture they could get hold of in order to meet their respective deadlines in New York and London.

At that point in time the "amateur footage" was worth half a million bucks no questions asked, for this was a world media event and no one had any pictures. Perhaps the amateur photographers had no need for huge amounts of cash, or at that early stage their footage had not yet been fully prepared, which was certainly the case after Yvonne Fletcher's murder in London. The amateur footage run by the Australian network in October 1996 was given to one of its reporters by a member of the Tasmanian police force. There are so many irregularities on this forged video footage, which was accepted as evidence against Martin Bryant in the Tasmanian court, that only a few of the more obvious will be included in this story to help drive the message home. The rest have been carefully collated, and it will give me considerable pleasure to detail each and every one of them personally before a properly convened Royal Commission. If a Royal Commission is not called to fully investigate the methodology used in the massacre, and if Martin Bryant is not called to give evidence, then the people of Australia had best get used to the fact that what little remains of our lauded representative democracy died with the thirty five innocent civilians who were ruthlessly and needlessly murdered at Port Arthur on 28 April 1996.

Most readers will remember that at the time of the massacre there were a few clouds in the sky but the sun was shining and casting shadows on the buildings, as shown by footage from some of the genuine video cameras recording at the correct time, indicated by timing clocks displayed in the corner of the video footage itself. One or two of these genuine amateur video cameras recorded the sounds of several shots, complete with multiple echoes. But the video footage allegedly showing Martin Bryant running down the road was filmed under an overcast sky, which was the first indicator that something was terribly wrong with this so-called evidence. Who changed the weather at point-blank notice? One of the most damning sequences shows what appears to be Bryant (well, a tall man with long blonde hair) running down the road away from the Broad Arrow Cafe towards a coach park by the waterside. Because he is running directly away from the Broad Arrow with a bulky package under his arm, the assumption is that the package contains a Colt AR15, the weapon

known to have killed 20 victims in the cafe. Problem! Scaled against the man's height and surrounding objects the package is a maximum of 24 inches long, a full ten inches too short for the Colt AR15 which measures 32 inches with its butt fully retracted, and more than ten inches too short for either of the other two weapons he is alleged to have owned: a Belgian FN FAL 7.62-mm and a 12 gauge combat shotgun. So who is this man running down the road, and why is he not carrying any of the weapons allegedly used in the massacre? At this stage it would be nice to be able to determine whether or not the man really is Bryant, by comparing an accurate right-hand profile of Bryant with the video itself. Unfortunately Bryant is the least photographed man in the world today and all attempts to get hold of a photograph of him have failed. One wonders why the Australian authorities are so anxious that no pictures of Bryant be allowed outside (or even in) the prison. They would do no obvious harm.

Whether the man is Bryant or not, a few frames in this sequence make a mockery of any suggestion the footage presented to the Tasmanian court was meaningful evidence. What they show is a blonde man still running down the road towards the coach park clutching his package, while in the upper left corner of the same frames three men can be clearly seen standing directly outside the entrance of the Broad Arrow Cafe, out of which the blonde man has just run after murdering 20 citizens. One man is standing to the left of the entrance casually leaning on the balustrade with one hand; the second is standing casually on the right smoking a cigarette, and the third is standing directly in front of the door filming the running blonde man with a video camera. To suggest this in any way incriminates Bryant is not only ridiculous, but also quite impossible with the blonde man allegedly in the middle of a killing spree. Just these points alone prove one of two entirely critical scenarios. If the blonde man is Martin Bryant but unarmed, what is he doing role-playing with three men directly in front of the Broad Arrow Cafe? It is impossible for the three men not to be involved, so this option proves beyond doubt that Martin Bryant did not act alone, but was manipulated or directed at the crime scene by others whose identities are not yet known. If the blonde man is not Martin Bryant then the only alternative is that a team of unknown men carried out the mass murder and set up a reconstruction on film using a blonde lookalike, to ensure that Martin Bryant would later be convicted. In absolute scientific terms there are no other explanations at all, no matter how much the media might wriggle and squirm in its attempts to ensure the pathetic "Lone Nut" legend remains intact.

If sufficiently panicked the police might claim that Martin Bryant was merely helping them with a reconstruction to assist with their future inquiries, which was filmed and then accidentally released to the Australian television network. But he couldn't, could he? Martin Bryant was badly burned at Seascope and spent days afterwards heavily sedated in Hobart Hospital under armed guard. Of course he may have been induced to help with a reconstruction before the massacre started, but it seems unlikely the police would be prepared to discuss such a blood curdling possibility. Science can be frighteningly efficient at times because, believe it or believe it not, science has just proved in absolute terms right in front of your startled eyes using court evidence, that Bryant could not under any circumstances have acted alone, and probably did not act at all, other than in an orchestrated 'patsy' role. Which one is true depends on which of the two alternative scenarios detailed above are correct,



but there are absolutely no other liferafts for the sinking establishment media to grab hold of. Remember this is not unsubstantiated hearsay evidence from frightened eyewitnesses used by the media to hype up its mythical version of events. It is absolute scientific proof, which cannot be refuted.

Most readers like a story to have a beginning, middle, and an end. Science has provided a chillingly accurate outline of the first two but it cannot provide the third. As an independent investigator I insist on dealing only with hard facts because it is the only way to avoid being swept along by the avalanche of misinformation put out by the media, and there are no hard facts available to answer the question "For God's sake why?" In any criminal investigation it is acknowledged that three main criteria have to be satisfied i.e. opportunity, motive and method. Just about anyone had the opportunity to attack those civilians in a remote spot like Port Arthur on a Sunday without fear of being caught or punished in any way.

Where method is concerned any expert combat shooter could have killed 20 unarmed civilians in less than thirty seconds, and wrought havoc in the general area, although the words "expert combat shooter" should be noted with care. Though Australia has tens of thousands of skilled sporting shooters it has very few combat veterans, and even fewer special forces personnel trained to kill large numbers of people quickly in an enclosed space like the Broad Arrow Cafe, which is roughly the same size as mock-up rooms used for practicing the rescue of hostages held in confined spaces by armed terrorists. It is hard to kill quickly under such circumstances for a number of unpleasant practical reasons, including the fact that shot people tend to fall against other people, shielding the latter from subsequent bullets. Targets must therefore be shot in a careful sequence with split-second timing to maximize kill rates. Whoever was on the trigger in Tasmania managed a kill rate well above that required of a fully trained soldier, an impossible task for a man with Martin Bryant's mid-sixties IQ and his total lack of military training, which is an interesting but largely unimportant observation because we have already proved in absolute scientific terms that Martin Bryant was incapable of doing the job.

This leaves us looking for the motive, which is impossible to determine with any certainty, though it is reasonable to cross link this to Yvonne Fletcher's pre-meditated murder in London purely in terms of cause and effect. The effect of Yvonne Fletcher's savage and very public murder caused public hatred to be directed against the Libyans, who were subsequently deported en-masse from Britain despite the fact they were in no way responsible for her death. The only visible cause and effect that can be laid at the door of the Port Arthur massacre is that the effect of the obscene action caused public hatred to be directed against Australian sporting shooters, who like the Libyans were innocent of any crime at all. Directly linked to this was a massive funded campaign to disarm the Australian people in spite of significant external threats to our national security. If this was indeed the motive, Australia and its people have been violated in the worst possible way by sworn enemies of our great nation, with likely long term consequences too awesome to contemplate.

## WAS MARTIN BRYANT REALLY A LONE NUT ASSASSIN?

Part Two - 14 May 1997

Part two uses hard military science to prove that Bryant could not have been responsible for the murders at Port Arthur or on the Arthur Highway, though he may have fired 250 wild shots from Seascope during the siege, every one of which failed to hit a target; a dramatic and strikingly obvious reversal of the real shooter's devastating performance at Port Arthur during the afternoon of 28 April 1996. The initial reaction of most readers to the reality that Martin Bryant killed no-one at Port Arthur but was deliberately set up as a patsy is a combination of horror and complete disbelief. Are we to believe that a bunch of planners sat round a table and arranged the premeditated murders of 35 Australians? Unfortunately the answer is yes. All of the hard evidence at Port Arthur bears the distinctive trademark of a planned "psyop", meaning an operation designed to psychologically manipulate the belief mechanisms of a group of people or a nation for geopolitical or military reasons. Because of their illegal nature psyops are never formally ordered by governments, but are discreetly arranged through multinational corporations and others. Some psyops ordered during the last forty years are known to have been carried out by independent contractors hired from a small specialist group, staffed mostly by retired members of American and Israeli special forces.

Patsies are normally used as decoys, deliberately inserted into the psyop to deflect attention away from the specialist group, allowing the latter time to extract safely from the operational area while the patsy takes the blame. But the planners leave telltale signs and occasionally make critical mistakes. It is a little-known fact that Lee Harvey Oswald was proved a patsy when a New Zealand newspaper printed a story about his guilt several hours before he was accused of the crime in Dallas. The planners put the decoy story on the news wires too early, forgetting the crucial time difference would allow the New Zealand paper to print the story long before Oswald was even accused. It was a single planning error, but one that proved in absolute scientific terms that Lee Harvey Oswald was deliberately used as a patsy.

As part one of this report proved, policewoman Yvonne Fletcher's murder in London during 1984 was a psyop where the intended patsies were four million Libyans. The operation was successful and resulted in Tripoli being bombed by an 'outraged' President Reagan in 1986. The next blatant psyop was Lockerbie, when on 21 December 1988 Pan American flight 103 exploded in mid-air killing all 259 passengers and crew. Although very recent scientific evidence not yet in the public domain proves conclusively that the Libyans could not have been responsible, they were nonetheless blamed for the atrocity. The principal effects of those two psyops on the Libyans were sanctions designed to prevent them updating defensive weapon systems capable of protecting their resource-rich nation. Since 1984 Libyan defence capabilities have steadily declined, leaving its people and resources increasingly vulnerable to external attack and thus possible conquest. By a strange coincidence Australia is also a resource-rich nation, with overall reserves more than twenty times as valuable as those in Libya, but with only half the defence capability. In some ways this was not an insurmountable problem until 1996 because unlike Libya this nation has always had huge numbers of sporting shooters traditionally used in time of war to both train and supplement our miniscule armed forces.

Not any more. Since the psyop at Port Arthur more than 400,000 reserve firearms have been pulped instead of stored by the Federal Government, leaving our nation and people terribly exposed to just about anyone interested in taking over the natural resources jewel in the southern hemisphere crown. To hell with multinational global ambitions. This is Australia and we need to restore our reserve capability in order to keep this country the way it is. The first thing we have to do is prove once and for all time that Martin Bryant was used as a patsy to cover the objective of the Port Arthur psyop, which effectively undermined our national security. In fact I am going to prove that now but doubt the Federal Government will be interested in the hard scientific facts, or in correcting the multiple gross errors made immediately after the massacre took place. The Australian people must force the harsh and unpalatable truth about Port Arthur on the Australian Government.

Martin Bryant, an intellectually impaired registered invalid with no training in the use of high powered assault weapons, could not under any circumstances have Achieved or maintained the incredibly high and consistent killed-to-injured ratio and kill-rate which were benchmarks of the Port Arthur massacre. Whoever was on the trigger that fateful day demonstrated professional skills equal to some of the best Special Forces shooters in the world. His critical error lay in killing too many people too quickly while injuring far too few, thereby exposing himself for what he was: a highly trained combat shooter probably ranked among the top twenty such specialists in the western world. Over the years television viewers have been subjected to such a barrage of Rambo-style television programmes that most now believe every time Sylvester Stallone points a gun and pulls the trigger, twenty bad guys immediately fall down dead from lethal shots to the head or heart. Unfortunately this Hollywood media rubbish is hopelessly misleading and in no way reflects the difficulties involved in killing large numbers of people quickly, regardless of whether those people are armed or not, and regardless of the ranges involved. For a number of reasons explained later, killing efficiently at close range in crowded and confined spaces presents the shooter with far more complex targeting problems than those associated with conventional open-air combat scenarios. Media claims that those killed in the Broad Arrow Cafe were shot at point-blank range where 'Bryant' could not possibly have missed are complete rubbish. Point-blank range is where the muzzle of the weapon is held against the body of the target. In the Broad Arrow Cafe the shooter fired at an average range of twelve feet, where a tiny aim-off error of three degrees is enough to ensure that a bullet completely misses a target the size of a human head. Readers are invited to prove to themselves just how small an error this is, by laying two twelve-foot long pieces of string flat on the floor alongside each other, with the far ends four inches apart. That helps put things into perspective, doesn't it?

Scientific terms such as killed-to-injured ratio and kill-rate are enough to bore most readers to death, but in order to fully comprehend the enormity of the media lies about the massacre, and expose the planned nature of the operation it is essential information. The killed-to-injured ratio is used to calculate reliably how many injured survivors should be expected for every person killed for a given number of rounds fired. Even assault rounds as powerful as those fired by the Colt AR15 can only ensure a one-shot kill if the target is hit in the head, a six by six-inch target; or in the heart, a ten by ten inch target. Together these areas form between one fifth and one seventh of

the overall body target area, so for every person killed there will be between five and seven injured, expressed as "1 to 5" and "1 to 7". The records show that a total of 32 people were shot in the Broad Arrow Cafe, so at best we would expect 4 dead and 28 injured, or at worst 6 dead and 26 injured. These are very reliable military figures based on hard science, but the actual figures in the Broad Arrow Cafe were 20 dead and 12 injured - an incredible inverted ratio of 1.66 to 1, or nearly two dead for every one injured. Special Forces train continuously for months on end to achieve a ratio as high as this, which lies far beyond the abilities of regular soldiers, and is an absolute scientific impossibility for an intellectually impaired registered invalid.

Media apologists desperately trying to protect their obscene "lone nut" legend will scream foul at this point and claim that flukes happen, like winning Lotto. No they do not, at least not with guns. About seven months ago a trained Israeli soldier went berserk in Hebron and fired a complete thirty-shot magazine of ammunition from an identical Colt AR15 into a crowd of Palestinians at the same range. His thirty high velocity bullets injured nine and killed no one at all. This Israeli example helps to drive home the absolute lunacy of crafted media insinuations that Martin Bryant was a registered invalid, who suddenly metamorphasized into the lethal equivalent of a fully trained and highly disciplined US Navy SEAL.

Next we come to the kill-rate which refers to the speed at which people are killed, thereby reflecting the skill, co-ordination, and accuracy of the shooter. It is accepted by all the authorities in Tasmania that immediately after the shooter entered the Broad Arrow Cafe he killed his first 12 victims in 15 seconds, a claim apparently opposed by some sporting shooters because of the seemingly impossible speed and lethal efficiency. This is a very reasonable objection if those shooters remain media-fixated on Martin Bryant, but there is nothing impossible about such a high kill-rate at the hands of a top Special Forces shooter.

The first thing special forces do when entering an enclosed area containing superior numbers is lay down very fast accurate semi-automatic fire designed to kill as many hostiles as possible, thus gaining absolute control of the area in record time and minimizing the risk of injury to themselves; and because hostiles frequently wear body armour protecting the heart area, special forces are trained to aim instinctively for the smaller head target. Following these unpublished protocols precisely, the shooter at Port Arthur gained absolute control of the Broad Arrow Cafe in fifteen seconds flat, killing 19 of the first 20 dead with single shots to the head.

To even suggest that Martin Bryant, whose proven weapons handling experience was limited to a single-shot Webley Osprey air rifle could have caused this carnage is absurd. When the shooter entered the Broad Arrow Cafe full of people sitting at tables and fired the first shot, everyone inside reacted instinctively to the huge muzzle blast (noise) of the AR15, but each reacted in a different way, some just turning their heads while others moved physically, temporarily obscuring yet more diners and shielding them from the line of fire. At the same time the AR15 was recoiling upwards through about five degrees of arc as it cycled another round into the breech, throwing the muzzle off target. In a millisecond the cafe was full of targets moving in at least ten different directions while the muzzle of the AR15 was still recoiling upwards from the first shot. But despite the enormous difficulties and the complex target trigonometry involved, the shooter controlled the recoil and killed 12 moving and partially obscured

targets at the rate of one every 1.25 seconds. Nor did he trip over any obstructions, indicating that this professional shooter's face was seen in the Broad Arrow Cafe by staff some time earlier, during his final reconnaissance when he studied the layout to ensure no hiccups occurred during the operation. There were no hiccups. Ninety seconds after entering the Broad Arrow Cafe the shooter departed, leaving thirty two Australians and others lying on the floor, twenty of them dead.

All of these hard scientific facts were deliberately excluded by the frenzied media pack and not one attempt was made to establish the real identity of the shooter. Long blonde hair did not prove that the shooter was Martin Bryant, and the media somehow forgot to remind the Australian public that long wigs are the most common form of basic disguise ever used. Ironically perhaps, less than a week after this report was sent to the publishers, Channel 10 Television carried a news item about two IRA terrorists who fooled their target by approaching him wearing long blonde women's wigs. Predictably perhaps, the ploy worked and the target died. In the Broad Arrow Cafe, a long wig would also have been necessary to conceal the ear protection worn by the shooter. Firing 29 high velocity AR15 rounds in that hollow confined space produced as much concussive blast as several stun grenades; sufficient concussion to severely impair the shooter's spatial orientation (and thus aim) unless wearing special ear protectors or combat communications earphones. Readers are cautioned not to try proving this point themselves if they value their eardrums and long-term hearing.

Official accounts are hazy about what happened next, but it is confirmed that most of those killed thereafter were shot with the Belgian FN, a heavier assault weapon which has a completely different weight and balance from the Colt AR15 and fires a round producing more than twice the recoil. But despite switching between weapons with very different handling characteristics, and shifting from close to intermediate range, the shooter constantly maintained an awesome inverted killed-to-injured ratio. Overall the mass murder produced 35 dead and 22 injured for a final killed-to-injured ratio of 1.60 to 1, almost identical to the 1.66 to 1 ratio in the Broad Arrow Cafe. To say the shooter was consistent would be the understatement of the year. In layman terms, in an average shooting the 35 people who were killed at Port Arthur should have been accompanied by between 175 and 245 injured survivors; very similar ratios to the American Macdonald's and other random massacres. Instead there were only 22, the trademark of a highly trained combat shooter. It is only when accurately analyzed in this cold scientific way that the monstrous nature of the media story can be exposed for what it is: a creative lie as loathsome as that fashioned by the British media when Yvonne Fletcher was shot in the back from an American multinational building during 1984, but where the media groveled obsequiously in front of powerful international patrons and lobbies and conspired to pervert the course of justice, by blaming the Libyans instead of the Americans and Israelis.

The professional shooter in Tasmania presented us with a final display of his unquestioned prowess when tourist Linda White and her boyfriend Mick approached Seascope Cottage on the Port Arthur road in a small four-wheel drive vehicle, shortly after the massacre in the Broad Arrow Cafe. Both saw the shooter aim and Linda White felt the wind of the first round as it passed her cheek and shattered the driver's window next to her head. The shooter corrected his aim and the second round hit Linda White in the arm, just to the right of the heart target area. The third round killed

the engine and stopped the vehicle. In this his ultimate demonstration of combat shooting skill, the gunman fired one sighting shot at a fast-moving target of unknown speed from an unsupported free-standing firing position, the most difficult of all; instantly and accurately compensated for vehicle speed and weapon recoil with the same blinding speed as the computer gunsight on an F14 Tomcat, then disabled both driver and vehicle with shots two and three. This man was probably an indispensable asset stopping speeding car-bombers in the Lebanon, but his professional skills were far too conspicuous for Port Arthur.

In the view of this author these were the last shots fired by the professional before he (or they) smoothly extracted from the Tasman Peninsula and then from Australia, leaving patsy Martin Bryant down the track at Seascope holing the baby. The trail to Seascope Cottage had been meticulously laid. In Martin Bryant's car at the tollbooth was a combat shotgun, a bag of ammo for the Belgian FN and, very conveniently, Martin Bryant's passport. Then there was Linda White's disabled four wheel drive on the Arthur Highway and a stolen BMW burning in the grounds of Seascope to mark the way, and just in case all these clues were not enough for the Tasmanian Police, an anonymous caller to police headquarters in Hobart advised the authorities that the man holed up in Seascope was probably Martin Bryant. Short of erecting a pink neon sign reading "THIS WAY TO THE PATSY ->" the professionals seem to have thought of everything. There were no eyewitnesses who could positively identify Martin Bryant at Port Arthur because an Australian newspaper circulated his photograph nationwide, thereby totally corrupting any and all police lineups, photo boards, or controlled shopping mall parades. All the eyewitnesses could legally claim was a "tall man with long blonde hair", which was no impediment to the media who tried and convicted Martin Bryant in less than two days, in the most blatant and disgusting display of media abuse ever seen in Australia. So Bryant the patsy was firmly in place and Seascope was swiftly surrounded by armed police from Tasmania and Victoria, most of who must have been very puzzled as the siege continued through the night. If we are to believe media reports (difficult, I know) Martin Bryant fired 250 rounds during the siege period but hit nothing at all, which is exactly what one would expect of someone whose experience was limited to a Webley air rifle.

If the professional shooter had fired 250 rounds from Seascope Cottage during the siege, his awesome killed-to-injured ratio would have resulted in a police funeral cortege stretching from the Tasman Peninsula to Hobart. It is beyond doubt that attending armed police noticed Bryant's wild performance at Seascope bore absolutely no resemblance at all to that of the deadly shooter at Port Arthur, and some must have told their seniors officers about it, though it seems they were ignored. The media had its man, the feeding frenzy was in full swing and the police would not be allowed to spoil a lucrative politically-correct story by telling the truth. Unfortunately media versions of events had some flaws so basic that to mention them on national television was an insult to the intelligence of every Australian citizen. We were told in most reports that Bryant had three weapons, one of which, the Daewoo combat shotgun, was left in the boot of his Volvo near the tollbooth. The reports tell us that Martin Bryant then took the Colt AR15 and Belgian FN assault rifles down to Seascope with him and used them along with other weapons found in the house to fire those 250 shots at the police during the siege. Oh, really?

Bryant's last telephone conversation with the police was around 9 p.m. on 28 April and his next contact was when he stumbled out of a fiercely burning Seascope Cottage unarmed and with his back on fire at 8.37 am the following morning. Police confirmed that Bryant came out unarmed, and also confirmed that by then the fire, exacerbated by exploding ammunition, was burning so fiercely that they were completely incapable of approaching the building to see if anyone else was still alive. Seascope rapidly became an inferno as the entire structure collapsed on the ground in a pile of white-hot debris, which of course included the charred and twisted remains of the Colt AR15 and Belgian FN assault rifles allegedly fired from inside the building by Martin Bryant, destroyed not only by the searing heat but also by the exploding Ammunition. So how can it be that on a Channel 9 programme shown in November 1996 a Tasmanian police officer was able to show all Australians two immaculate assault weapons allegedly used by Bryant at Port Arthur. Where did the police obtain those pristine weapons we were shown on national television? The real shooter probably left them lying neatly on the ground near Seascope and the patsy, before departing at high speed for the Devonport ferry terminal.

In order to present even a shell of a case against Bryant the prosecution needed valid identification by witnesses, but all witness statements were corrupt. In addition they needed the weapons used in the massacre ballistically cross-matched to bullets found in the victims at Port Arthur, either in Martin Bryant's possession or bearing his fingerprints. They had neither. Nor were Bryant's fingerprints found at the Broad Arrow Cafe where he is alleged to have eaten lunch immediately before the massacre. In an unprecedented move, fully edited fake video footage obtained direct from America was entered as evidence in an Australian court against Australian citizen Martin Bryant. In short there is no case for Bryant to answer with regard to Port Arthur, though he must still explain why he was at Seascope or, more to the point perhaps, tell us who talked him into going there when he did.

Bryant did admit to taking the BMW but from a different location, and without knowing why, and possibly setting fire to it later at Seascope, but vehemently denied any involvement at Port Arthur. His limited confession fits the known hard scientific facts exactly, and for many months after his arrest despite the severe disadvantage of his intellectual impairment, Bryant kept to his story in the face of tremendous pressure from police interrogators and psychiatrists to admit the enormity of his alleged crimes: He continued to refuse to do so and at the formal hearing on 30 September 1996 pleaded not guilty to all seventy-two charges. At that precise point in time the prosecution knew it had a very serious problem. Martin Bryant was refusing to roll over and there was absolutely no hard evidence at all linking him to the murders at Port Arthur, a fact that would very quickly become obvious if the case were allowed to proceed to trial in front of twelve alert Tasmanian jurors. About the only thing that might have saved the day was a false confession of the kind allegedly beaten out of the Birmingham Six and the Guildford Four by the British police, but by then Bryant was in prison where his screams might attract attention. With the media pack outside its doors baying for blood, government had to do something but had few options. Perhaps heavy pressure could be exerted on a third party to extract a confession from Bryant? Shortly afterwards, according to Tasmanian reporter Mike Bingham, Martin Bryant's mother Carleen, unable to face the stress of a public trial, paid a visit to Bryant at

Risdon Prison and told him that if he did not plead guilty, she and his (Bryant's) younger sister Lindy would commit suicide and he would never see them again. Bingham later wrote that he doubted this was the reason for Martin Bryant then changing his plea to guilty on all charges, but whom does Bingham think he is kidding apart from himself? Bryant's mum and sister were probably the only people in the world who would still talk to him, and he had just been told that if he didn't plead guilty they wouldn't be talking to him ever again, and furthermore he would also be directly responsible for their deaths. Carleen Bryant's threat achieved in days what the police interrogators and psychiatrists had failed to achieve in months. Martin Bryant loved his mum and sister and wanted to see both of them again, something that would only happen if he could stop them committing suicide. Clearly Martin Bryant pleaded guilty to save the lives of his mum and his sister.

If Bingham's claim is correct applying such enormous psychological pressure was mental cruelty, every bit as coercive as the physical abuse handed out to the Birmingham Six and Guildford Four by the British police. But because Martin Bryant was a registered invalid with impaired intellectual functions, the way that psychological blackmail was used to force a false confession out of him was as illegal as the physical methods used by the British police, leaving the way open for Bryant to withdraw his false confession and lodge an appeal. Just like Lee Harvey Oswald in Dallas, Martin Bryant was a perfect patsy. Both had lively imaginations but few friends, and to a large degree both lacked credibility because of their inability to defend themselves eloquently in front of the media. Lee Harvey Oswald very quickly became a dead patsy incapable of saying anything at all, and it is highly likely the same fate was planned for Martin Bryant. If Seascope had been located in California or Texas, Martin Bryant would unquestionably have been shot dead the split-second he left the building.

It was only the iron discipline exercised by the Tasmanian and Victorian police special operations groups at the scene, which allowed Martin Bryant to be taken into custody alive. All of those armed officers deserve the highest praise for their restraint in what must have been perceived as an extremely dangerous situation. It is beyond doubt that those who planned the psyop are uneasy about Martin Bryant's continued existence and would sleep better at night if he should suddenly drop down dead. With this in mind, any good-natured crims enjoying an extended sabbatical in Risdon prison who read this report are asked to keep an eye on Martin Bryant and do what they can to ensure that he doesn't accidentally commit 'suicide' or slip on a bar of soap and break his neck.

No need to go over the top by ordering huge buckets of Kentucky Fried Chicken, but a cheerful wave or a friendly smile now and then might be enough to let him know that you know he didn't kill those women and children at Port Arthur, and that at some time soon all Australians are going to need whatever help he can provide in tracking down the ruthless professionals who cold-bloodedly murdered 35 unarmed Australian citizens, in what will eventually be recorded by historians as one of the most obscene psyops conducted anywhere in the world. Reversing the psyop illusion will not be a walk in the park, but a battle for truth in broadcasting, where another creative media illusion like that put to air after the massacre at Port Arthur will immediately result in equally creative prison sentences for the magicians who reverse the truth on television



for eighteen million Australians. It is a battle we must win for the sake of our children and for their children in turn, and if in the end we are forced to take legal action against government in order to obtain justice, then we must find the funds to do so.

Logic indicates that a limited number of Australian citizens or residents colluded in the massacre, if only in terms of forward reconnaissance and setting Martin Bryant up for the professionals. We need to find out who they were and we need to find out who funded the psyop. The Federal Police must be asked to investigate the subversive groups who used huge lobby power immediately after the psyop to undermine our national security. The 400,000 reserve weapons pulped were fully-funded by the taxpayer and should at the very least have been placed in military reserve stock for use in time of national emergency. Once greased, such weapons need no maintenance and we had plenty of secure storage space for them. There are no excuses for lobbyists and politicians who wittingly undermine Australian national security. Many years ago Oscar Wilde said, "Literature always anticipates life. It does not copy it, but moulds it to its purpose." In 1988 Australian newspapers reported New South Wales politician Barry Unsworth's claim that "There would be no effective gun control in Australia until there was a massacre in Tasmania."

Two days after the massacre at Port Arthur in April 1996, gun dealer Terry Hill of New Town, Tasmania, saw a photo of a man on the front page of his local newspaper, reportedly connected with the mass murder. Hill recognized the man as "Martin RYAN" who had earlier visited his dealership, and swiftly contacted police. Unfortunately for him, Terry Hill was unaware that the Tasmanian Government had thirty-five corpses, one possible suspect, but no supplier of the weapons allegedly used in the massacre. It was one of the biggest holes in the Government's impossible case against Martin Bryant, but a hole that could be filled in very neatly by sacrificing Terry Hill on the altar of political expediency.

On 27 March 1996 Terry Hill and assistant Greg Peck were working at "Guns and Ammo" in New Town, Tasmania, when the door opened and a tall man with long blonde hair walked in carrying a package wrapped in a towel. Known to Terry Hill only as Martin, the man muttered that "something was wrong with it" and promptly handed the package muzzle-first across the counter. When Hill unwrapped the towel he found that "it" was an AR10 assault rifle fitted with a clip containing 15 live rounds of high velocity .308 (7.62-mm NATO) ammunition. Horrified, Hill removed the clip and worked the action, at which point another live round ejected from the breech. "Martin" had calmly walked into the store with a fully loaded and unsafe assault weapon, blissfully unaware he had done anything wrong. His actions that morning demonstrated with chilling clarity that "Martin" had absolutely no idea how to load, cock, aim, fire, or unload, assault weapons of any kind.

Despite this staggering lack of knowledge, thirty two days later the Tasmanian Government tried to convince the world that "Martin" had entered the Broad Arrow cafe at Port Arthur, and with the panache usually reserved for top special forces combat shooters, shot 32 victims, 20 of them dead, in less than 90 seconds with a Colt AR15 Commando. After that, the clumsy inept Martin is alleged to have left the cafe, deftly changed weapons to a heavier Belgian FN FAL with completely different loading and cocking mechanisms, and used it to kill or wound another 25 people. Both weapons were so well maintained and tuned that neither one faltered or jammed during the entire 14.5 minute operation at Port Arthur. As proved scientifically in "Was Martin Bryant Really a Lone Nut Assassin?" parts one and two, written by this author, whoever prepared and fired those weapons was not Martin Bryant at all, but an expert combat shooter with special forces counter-terrorist experience. Back at "Guns and Ammo" in New Town during late March this was still in the future, as a shaken Terry Hill stared aghast at the neat pile of high velocity rounds on his counter. Did Martin have a license? Yes he did, one of the newer photographic licenses, endorsed for prohibited and automatic firearms. In a statement to police Hill confirmed the first name was Martin, and so far as he could remember, the surname was RYAN. Under the gun laws existing before the massacre Hill was not required to write down license details unless selling a weapon, and thus did not do so, but he has sworn statements from other witnesses that Martin produced this license in their presence.

The Dutch AR10, serial number 001590, was in very poor condition and Hill wanted to retain it at the shop for safety. Receiving no instructions for repairs, Terry

Hill asked Martin to return after Easter. Over the next month Martin made several visits to Guns and Ammo, purchasing items that did not require details of his license to be recorded. These purchases included several gun cases and finally, on 24 April 1996, four days before the massacre, three boxes of Winchester double-x magnum shotgun shells, code number X12XC. But at no time before or since did Terry Hill sell Martin any weapons, or ammunition of .223 Remington or .308 Winchester calibres, as used in the mass murder on 28 April 1996. Martin had lived in the New Town area for many years but was not a regular customer at Guns and Ammo, so why did he suddenly start purchasing multiple innocuous goods from Terry Hill in the month immediately preceding the massacre at Port Arthur?

The most likely answer in intelligence parlance is that someone asked Martin to go and buy the various items mentioned in order to build a "legend", designed to ensure that after the massacre a direct association would be made between Martin Bryant and a recognized gun-dealer as the "supplier" of the weapons used at Port Arthur. There is other evidence indicating this was the case. Long before the massacre took place, Martin Bryant's unaccompanied baggage was searched on entry to Australia and two pornographic videos seized. As the baggage was literally unaccompanied, anyone could have placed the pornographic tapes in the suitcase and then tipped-off Customs about its "obscene" contents. On another occasion Bryant was arrested on entry to Australia on "information received", and taken to Melbourne Hospital for an internal examination on the suspicion of drug trafficking. He was found innocent of any offence and released. On a third occasion there was an alleged "incident" in Hereford, England, which was reported to the police because Hereford is the home of the British Special Air Service (SAS). Once again Bryant was completely innocent of any wrongdoing, but by then the international computers were building a very convincing legend indeed. By the date of the massacre at Port Arthur through no fault of his own, a computer search would have shown a string of warning flags indicating that Martin Bryant was a possible drug trafficker and purveyor of pornographic materials, and perhaps someone who had shown an unhealthy interest in the activities of Britain's premier counter-terrorist unit. Add all of that to his frequent visits to Guns and Ammo during March and April 1996, and the Tasmanian Police would have needed to be superhuman to resist the implied legendary "proof that Bryant was its man."

Unfortunately Terry Hill was completely unaware of these computer rorts when he did his duty as a responsible citizen in April 1996, and reported his knowledge of Martin to police. It was at that point that his life and the lives of his family started to slowly come apart. Members of the police insisted that he must have sold the weapons and ammunition to Bryant, and made similar "off the record" accusations to the Tasmanian media, but Hill refused to budge. Why on earth admit selling weapons and ammunition to Bryant when he had not done so? That later sordid attacks on Hill were political Initiatives is beyond question. Terry Hill had a valid gun dealer's license, and witnesses to the fact that Martin had shown a valid gun license to him. He was thus fully entitled to sell any weapon to Martin without committing any offence at all under Tasmanian law, and would have admitted doing so in his statement if it were true. But it was not true, and Terry Hill was not prepared to "help the police" by signing a statement that amounted to an outright lie. Things went quiet for a while and police in

the presence of a lawyer then interviewed Hill on 6 June 1996. As he had always done, Hill maintained he had not at any time sold weapons or rifle ammunition to Martin Bryant (or Ryan) and would not be changing his truthful stand. Unfortunately pressure seemed to be mounting, perhaps at senior Tasmanian Government levels, to incriminate Hill at any cost, and he immediately received a letter from the attending lawyer including the following comments:

"... In a private conversation that was had between the writer and Inspector xxxxx, Inspector xxxxx made it abundantly clear that police have very strong evidence to suggest that you did in fact sell guns to Bryant and unless you are prepared to in effect change your story, they will press on and try and find sufficient evidence to charge you with some offences..." However, it was also made abundantly clear that the Director of Public Prosecutions is prepared to offer you an indemnity against prosecution if you are prepared to accept that you did sell guns to Bryant..."

The letter was crude and revealing. By saying the police would "press on and try to find sufficient evidence to charge you with some offences", the writer admitted police had no evidence against Terry Hill. If they had, in a matter as serious as this they would have already charged him with one of several criminal offences. But Hill was never charged, making a mockery of the police threats. That the offer of an indemnity was guaranteed by the DPP is especially telling in terms of who was applying the blowtorch to police in an attempt to coerce a false confession out of Hill. The office of DPP is a political appointment, and agreement for die indemnity against prosecution was thus a political decision made by government.

The legal letter delivered to Terry Hill on Friday 7 June advised that the Tasmanian Police would be expecting an answer no later than the following Wednesday, 12 June. There seemed no point in delaying the matter, so Hill called his lawyer on Monday 10 June and said there would be no statement of the sort requested by the police. Terry Hill also had other things to worry about. His mother, Alma, was terminally ill and not expected to live for many more days. On Thursday 13 June, Hill received a call from the hospital requesting his immediate attendance at her bedside, and was forced to depart Guns and Ammo immediately, leaving his wife Dorothy alone to cope with police who simultaneously arrived at the store to carry out a "snap inspection". And so it was that the police found a number of technical reasons to revoke Terry Hill's gun dealer's license, while he sat powerless beside his dying mother's bedside at the local hospital. Alma finally passed away at 6.03 a.m. the following morning.

It is of course possible for any government regulatory body to find sufficient technical reasons to close down any business at any time, provided there is sufficient political will to do so. There is a copy of the "Notice of Cancellation of Gun Dealer's License No. 54546" on the desk beside me as I write this report, and it must be said that it records some items which under normal circumstances might have attracted an infringement notice calling for action within a specified time period. But not for Hill. Instead, his license was revoked and his livelihood destroyed. Terry Hill would have been less than human if he had not glanced again at the legal letter sent to him just one week earlier, which warned quite coldly that if he did not admit to selling weapons to Martin Bryant, the police would "press on and try to find sufficient evidence to charge you with some offences."

More than a year later in July 1997 the situation was to worsen, but why all the fuss, and why the continued persecution of Hill, a man who had every reason to tell the truth and none to lie? The answer lies in the critical importance of proving Martin Bryant had access to, and used, two high velocity assault rifles which could not be backtracked to anyone on the island of Tasmania, or to anyone on the Australian mainland.

The police had no credible proof at all that Bryant fired either weapon at Port Arthur; they had no ballistic cross-matches between the weapons in question and the bullets found in the victims; they had no fingerprints proving an association between Bryant and the weapons, or between Bryant and the Broad Arrow Cafe where the massacre was initiated. By any standard then, the government should have long ago announced these harsh but accurate facts, and further announced its intention to hunt down those who did have access to the weapons most likely to have been used in the mass murder. At the political level such an honest move would be seen as quite unacceptable, leaving as it would several politicians with egg all over their faces. Admitting that you had locked up the wrong man while the guilty parties were probably sunning themselves in the Bahamas was simply too hard and, anyway, who gave a damn about Martin Bryant?

But no matter the blast of continuous media myth assuring us of his guilt, there was still the impossible matter of proving once and for all that the two known assault weapons were Martin Bryant's as provided by "somebody". Which somebody? Terry Hill of course, as Tasmanian Legal Aid finally decided to try and prove in an unprecedented "back door" civil legal action launched on 31 July 1997, when taxpayer funds were suddenly allocated to a plaintiff to take action against Terry Hill, a man who has never been charged with any criminal offence. Cracks were appearing in the official government version of events, and someone somewhere was determined to paper them over with taxpayer banknotes.

For any government to allow such a desperate and absurd case to proceed is a deliberate misuse of public funds, and has the potential to create an incredibly dangerous legal precedent. The rationale for the civil suit is that the plaintiff was injured by a bullet fired at Port Arthur, and is suing Terry Hill for damages for negligence and breach of statutory duty; for allegedly selling Martin Bryant an AR15 military-style rifle, a scope, and around 250 rounds of ammunition. For doing WHAT? The Tasmanian police have already proved via the legal letter to Terry Hill that there is absolutely no evidence to support such a claim for, if there was, they would unquestionably have pressed criminal charges. Even if Terry Hill had sold Martin Bryant the weapons, which he did not, it would have been an entirely legal transaction on the valid license that Bryant produced, where it is the duty of the licensing authority to judge the suitability of the applicant for the license, and thus the right to use those weapons. Under such circumstances, allowing this case to proceed would be exactly the same as allowing a case to be brought against a licensed car dealer, for selling a car to a licensed driver, who then drove off and killed somebody in the street. Once the transaction was complete the car dealer would no longer be involved. What about the farmer who sells wheat to a cereal manufacturer, who makes a mistake with his production process and kills someone with Wheaty Bran? Do we sue the farmer for damages and statutory negligence? Of course not, because we are clearly not as demented as some members of the Tasmanian bureaucracy.

That legal aid should even be considered in this matter is beyond the pale because Terry Hill never sold Martin Bryant any weapons, and probably lost his livelihood because of his determination to maintain the truth and not provide the DPP with that vital missing link in the trail of evidence. The Port Arthur cover-up has gone too far and it is time for government to concentrate on hard facts rather than use taxpayer funds in an attempt to create more pulp fiction. Now is the time for every responsible Australian to call for the dismissal of the official in The Legal Aid Commission of Tasmania responsible for authorizing this latest Orwellian outrage.

## POLITICIANS SHIRK RESPONSIBILITY ON PORT ARTHUR

Part Four - 3 November 1997

Readers will remember that in the immediate aftermath of the Port Arthur massacre, politicians developed collective verbal diarrhea in the House of Representatives as they joined the feeding frenzy designed to undermine Australian national security by removing defensive weapons from the public. Nowadays all that has changed, and despite serious questions about the mass murder and the murderer remaining unanswered, the collective verbal sphincter has locked tight, presumably on government orders.

Recently the Federal Member for Wide Bay, Warren Truss, used the letters column of the South Burnett Times to attack my investigation into Port Arthur, which used military science to prove that Martin Bryant was incapable of killing the victims in the Broad Arrow Cafe. In his letter, Mr. Truss tried to explain his reasons for refusing to ask questions in the House of Representatives on behalf of his constituents. So that Truss and other Federal Members can be better informed, and thus able to do their duty to their constituents by asking meaningful questions in the House, I am providing these critical points:-

On the day of the massacre, an anonymous caller reporting a big stash of heroin decoyed the only two policemen on the Tasman Peninsula to a remote location at Saltwater River. There was no heroin, and four minutes after the two policemen reported their arrival at Saltwater River by radio, the shooting started in the Broad Arrow cafe. Alas, the drive from Saltwater River to Port Arthur is a minimum of thirty minutes, rendering local armed police assistance impossible in a mass murder that lasted only seventeen minutes from start to finish.

Of the twenty fatalities in the Broad Arrow Cafe, nineteen died from the effects of a single shot to the head by the Colt AR15, which the shooter fired from his right hip at an average range of 12 feet without the benefit of a laser sight. Overall only 29 rounds were used to kill or injure a total of 32 people. Such accuracy and speed is appropriate to the top 1% of counter-terrorist marksmen, but is an absolute scientific impossibility for an intellectually impaired registered invalid. Alas, Martin Bryant always fired his Webley air rifle from the left shoulder, because he is and has always been a left-handed shooter.

Bryant was evaluated using a range of clinical psychology tests, the results of which were tendered to the Court. Those results are enough to convince any first-year psychology student that Bryant was so intellectually and cognitively impaired that he completely lacked the neurophysiological ability to carry out the complex high-speed Port Arthur operation. Alas, the psychiatrists ignored their own definitive scientific test results, choosing instead to ramble off into a misleading surrealistic twilight world of entirely unproven psychoanalytical mumbo-jumbo.

Examining whether Bryant might or might not have disliked his classmates at school, or whether he might or might not have had a desire to shoot people during his formative years, become red herrings when faced with the harsh reality that the definitive scientific tests prove Bryant neuro-physiologically incapable of meaningfully participating in the massacre. The real shooter is still at large and must be brought to justice as swiftly as possible. Clearly this will not happen until the public

finally discard the absurd psychiatric fairy tale that an intellectually-impaired young man with a tested IQ of 66 and severe cognitive limitations, suddenly and entirely magically metamorphasized into the lethal equivalent of one of the world's most highly trained counter-terrorist marksmen. Forged video evidence obtained from America by a Tasmanian police inspector was clearly designed to give the false impression that Bryant was responsible for the massacre, but that footage has been proven fake scientifically, using a TV editing suite, also available to the television industry and forensic scientists.

Just how much hard scientific proof is required to move a Federal Member into asking questions in the House of Representatives on behalf of his constituents I do not know, but Mr. Truss might do well to focus on the last point which deals with tendering false evidence to the courts for the express purpose of securing a conviction. This is an extremely grave offence that carries the penalty of strict life imprisonment. Truss and his colleagues have it in their power as MPs to raise the matter in the House of Representatives, and to demand that the Australian Federal Police and ASIO formally investigate it. The inevitable result would be a mistrial because of the false evidence tendered, allowing Martin Bryant to finally have his day in court before his peers, as the law provides.



In the aftermath of the Port Arthur massacre, government went to great lengths to ignore or suppress all evidence suggesting that the official story of the day was unsubstantiated rubbish. Nowhere is this more evident than in the case of Wendy Scurr and husband Graeme, residents of the Tasman Peninsula, who with others fought to bring very serious distortions of the massacre to the attention of government and media, but were ignored. This report includes information Wendy, Graeme, and several of their colleagues are determined that all Australians should know about: Critical information the Tasmanian Government, and several bureaucrats, are equally determined will never see the light of day.

Wendy Scurr is a forthright lady with a sound track record of helping others at the "sharp end" of paramedic operations. During her twenty years voluntary service with the St Johns Ambulance, and ten years voluntary service with the Tasman Ambulance Service, Wendy has seen and done just about everything, attending accidents and incidents so gruesome most people would prefer not to be given full details. As one of the first Port Arthur staff members to enter the Broad Arrow Cafe after the massacre, the carnage came as a shock, but Wendy's extensive prior ambulance experience enabled her to cope admirably with the injured and the dead. Wendy Scurr also reacts like lightning. Within minutes of hearing the shooting in the Broad Arrow Cafe, she rushed into the information office and placed a call to the police at their headquarters. Not amused by police reluctance to believe she was telling the truth, Wendy simply shoved the telephone outside the doorway and told police to listen to the shots for themselves. Her call was logged at 1.32 p.m., a point of considerable importance later in this report.

It is obvious that anyone with the ability to react so quickly and pass information so accurately would be a prime asset to police who swarmed over Port Arthur later in the day. Knowing that Wendy made that first critical telephone call and then entered the Broad Arrow Cafe to help the injured should have drawn the police to her like a magnet, but curiously did not do so. She offered the police additional information about the sequence of events but says her interview was abruptly terminated. On 15th October 1996 Wendy received a letter from the Director of Public Prosecutions stating she would not be required to give evidence at the trial of Martin Bryant, though it is hard to imagine anyone better placed to provide an accurate account of events that day. It was the start of a long frustrating battle to get some of the more controversial aspects of the massacre out into the open, a battle Wendy, Graeme, and several others initially lost because of government determination to adhere to the "official line" agreed with the media.

That official line included the gunman being inside the Broad Arrow Cafe for 90 seconds rather than the four to five minutes Wendy and her colleagues counted, but excluded the fact that several people were shot dead behind a door that would not open. The official line also excluded the fact that the only two policemen on the Tasman Peninsula were decoyed to a remote location just before the massacre started. And what about the startling news that out of the 20 fatalities in the Broad Arrow Cafe, 19 died from the effects of a shot to the head, fired from the gunman's right hip without

benefit of a laser sight? Excluded of course, because the government would be unable to stop the avalanche of public comment on this impossible performance by an untrained left-handed novice like Martin Bryant. The only personnel available to stop or interrupt the slaughter were two policemen, one stationed in Nubeena 11 kilometres from the Port Arthur site, and the other at Dunalley, a town to the north with a swing bridge capable of isolating the Tasman Peninsula from the rest of Tasmania.

Shortly before the massacre both policemen were sent to the coalmines near Saltwater River, an isolated location on the western side of the Tasman Peninsula, in response to an anonymous caller reporting a large stash of heroin. On arrival they found only glass jars full of soap powder, and reported this via the police radio net. A harmless time consuming prank perhaps? No. Reliable sources in Hobart state that this was the only drugs decoy ever attempted on the Tasman Peninsula since police records began, and meaningfully point out that leaving glass jars of fresh soap powder was a very professional touch that backfired. Why would anyone assume the soap powder was heroin and place an emergency call to the police without checking the contents first? And why did the caller insist on anonymity? Graeme Scurr makes the valid point that it would be hard to select a more suitable remote location if specifically decoying the two policemen away from the Port Arthur historic site and Dunalley. A single glance at a map of the Tasman Peninsula proves his observation to be absolutely correct.

Within minutes of the two policemen reporting their position at the coalmines, the shooting began in the Broad Arrow Cafe. Wendy Scurr made her call to police headquarters at 1.32 p.m., and there was then a short but understandable time lag before the police comprehended the sheer magnitude of the situation at Port Arthur and ordered their Tasman colleagues to proceed to the crime scene. It is unlikely they left the coalmines before 1.36 p.m. and were then faced with a 30 minute drive to Port Arthur. By the time the officers arrived the operation was over, and both men were then pinned down by erratic gunfire from Seascope.

There was another sound operational reason for the decoy. Wendy Scurr is familiar with the emergency plan for the area and says that in the event of a major incident, the swing bridge at Dunalley would be closed to traffic, to prevent more vehicles straying onto the Peninsula and causing complications. It is a sensible plan, and the command to operate the swing bridge and isolate the Peninsula would normally first be directed through the police officer at Dunalley. But once the bridge was closed to traffic, it would also prevent anyone leaving the Peninsula, including those involved in executing the massacre at Port Arthur. However, with the Dunalley policeman pinned down by erratic gunfire at Seascope, the bridge remained open to traffic after the massacre, and several people are known to have left Port Arthur and escaped across that swing bridge before police could stop them. To this day their identities remain a mystery.

One of the most serious disputes is how long the gunman stayed in the Broad Arrow Cafe. Wendy Scurr and several others were best placed to make an accurate estimate but they were repeatedly rebuffed. Why? Would it really matter if the gunman were there for four or five minutes rather than 90 seconds? Well, yes it would if trying to reinforce the absurd "official line" that an intellectually impaired invalid with a tested IQ of 66 and limited cognitive functions was the man on the trigger.

People with intellectual disabilities are not known for their tactical skills, tending instead to move from one task to the next in an unbroken sequence. Only a professional would wait until the coast was clear before leaving the Cafe. About the last thing that any professional would do is risk being tripped over outside the Broad Arrow Cafe by a large crowd of nervous tourists blocking his escape route. We know that the gunman was travelling light with only two 30-round magazines for the Colt AR15. He had already fired 29 rounds in the Broad Arrow Cafe, leaving only 31, far too few to reliably carve a path through a large mob of unpredictable panic-stricken tourists.

A professional gunman would also calculate that if he left the cafe too soon, he might accidentally be filmed by one of the many amateur video cameras in use at Port Arthur that day. The risks were too high and so the gunman waited for the right moment to leave the cafe, with the Tasmanian Government and media later helping to cover up this embarrassing time lag by repeatedly ignoring Wendy Scurr and her colleagues, and by deciding they were not required to appear in the Supreme Court as witnesses. Was Wendy Scurr taking a wild stab in the dark with her time estimate? No she was not. Everything at Port Arthur ran like clockwork, especially the guided tours. The staff were punctual to the point of obsession and never left the assembly point after the precise departure time. When the shooting started there were about 70 tourists still waiting for their tour, which made the time 1.29 p.m. at the latest. Wendy's call to the police was logged three minutes later at 1.32 p.m. Then she went outside to look for cover in the bush behind the buildings. This took at least another minute, giving a total elapsed time of four minutes, and more likely five. As several other colleagues present on the day also attest, the elapsed time was much longer than the "official" 90 seconds.

It was not until most of the milling tourists had dispersed from the area that the gunman emerged from the cafe, firing snap shots to keep the few remaining tourist's heads (and video cameras) down while he ran towards his next targets in the coach park. The gunman's professional tactics worked exactly as intended, and the only amateur video claiming to show "Bryant" at Port Arthur that day, has been scientifically proven a deliberate forgery. Unfortunately Wendy and her colleagues' determined stance did not sit well with the official line being promoted by the Tasmanian Government and media, and steps were taken to include the matter in: "An Inquiry by the Director of Public Prosecutions into The Door at the Broad Arrow Cafe and Related Matters." Where the critical elapsed time is concerned the DPP addresses the time the gunman was in the cafe shooting [based on amateur video audio], but does not address the possibility that the gunman may have lingered for other reasons. Though part of Wendy's claims is included verbatim in the body of the report; she is not mentioned by name, although other witnesses favouring the official line are. No doubt such a pointed omission is quite legal, but it nonetheless seems most discourteous.

The locked door behind which many people died is the main topic of the report, which fails to reach any convincing conclusions due to an overwhelming mass of conflicting data. On the balance of probability it seems likely the door failed to open because it was in poor condition, but unfortunately no-one can prove in absolute scientific terms that the door was not deliberately tampered with on the day of the

massacre. The expert locksmith employed by the Inquiry to examine the door lock was unable to do so with the lock correctly in place, because someone unfortunately ordered the partial demolition of the Broad Arrow Cafe, including removal of the suspect door, before the Inquiry commenced. There is one ambiguity in the report where the DPP states: "I was briefed by the police about the status of the doorway on the afternoon of the 28th April 1996 and informed the door was locked for security purposes against petty theft." This sentence either means that the DPP was briefed by the police during the afternoon of the massacre itself, or that the DPP received a briefing at a later date referring to events on the 28th April. In an attempt to exclude the possibility of direct political contact with the police on the afternoon of the massacre, I called the office of the DPP at 11.05 a.m. on 13 November 1997 and asked for clarification of this single point. His staff said the DPP was out to lunch, repeated my telephone number back to me, and promised to pass my request to him when he got back. The Director of Public Prosecutions did not return my call.

A copy of his report was forwarded to Wendy and Graeme Scurr with a covering letter including the request: "It would be appreciated if you would treat the report as confidential." Why? The Inquiry was conducted in order to clarify matters for anyone concerned about events at Port Arthur. Much the same thing happened to the court transcripts of Bryant's pre-sentencing hearing in the Tasmanian Supreme Court, which are extremely hard to obtain. Despite Federal Members assuring their constituents that the information is freely available in Hobart, that is not the case. A New South Wales farmer wrote to the Supreme Court asking for a copy of the transcripts, and was told in part: "The information provided to you by Mr. Truss [A Federal MP] is not correct ... a transcript may only be provided to a person who, not being a party, has 'sufficient interest'. Should you wish to correspond further I ask you to explain to me why you contend you have 'sufficient interest'... This is not encouraging for those who wish to know what happened at Bryant's pre-sentencing hearing in November 1996. The events at Port Arthur had a run-on effect on the injured, on relatives of the dead, and on hundreds of thousands of sporting shooters, most of who would much prefer full disclosure.

As a direct result of this excessive secrecy there are very few Australians aware of the awesome performance demonstrated by the gunman in the Broad Arrow Cafe, with the normal excuse being the politically-correct line that disclosing full details would lead to more distress on the part of the relatives of the dead. Unfortunately this is also an extremely effective way of silencing dissent on the part of those who might take a very different view of events in the Broad Arrow Cafe. All Australians have the right to know what happened that day, and a brief summary follows. It is a very unpleasant matter, and those readers with a weak stomach or a nervous disposition are advised not to read beyond this point.

The gunman rose from his chair at one of the tables in the Broad Arrow Cafe, removed the AR15 and spare magazine from a sports bag, immediately killing Mr. Yee Ng with a shot to the upper neck, and Miss Chung with a shot to the head. Swiveling on the spot and firing from the right hip, the gunman fired at Mr. Sargent who was wounded in the head, then killed Miss Scott with a shot to the head. The gunman continued through the Broad Arrow, next killing Mr. Nightingale with a shot to the upper neck and Mr. Bennet with a shot to the upper neck, with the latter bullet passing straight

through and hitting Mr. Ray Sharpe in the head with fatal results. Next Mr. Kevin Sharpe was killed by a shot to the head and was also hit in the arm, with shrapnel and bone fragments from the second intermediate strike on Mr. Kevin Sharpe then apparently wounding Mr. Broome, and possibly Mr. and Mrs Fidler.

Still firing from the hip the gunman swiveled and killed Mr. Mills and Mr. Kistan with single shots to the head, with shrapnel and skull fragments from those shots apparently wounding Mrs Walker, Mrs Law, and Mrs Barker. Again the gunman turned, shooting and wounding Mr. Colyer in the neck, before swiveling and killing Mr. Howard with a shot to the head. Next he shot Mrs Howard in the neck and head with fatal effect. The gunman turned back, killing Miss Loughton with a shot to the head, and wounding Mrs Loughton in the back. Moving towards the rear of the building the gunman shot Mr. Elliot in the head, causing serious injuries ELAPSED TIME 15 SECONDS...

The above sequence is the best the forensic scientists could deduce from the crime scene and there may be small variations, but in the final analysis they matter little. What does matter is that at this precise juncture the gunman had killed twelve victims and wounded a further ten in 15 seconds flat, using only 17 rounds fired from the right hip. Such a staggering performance is on a par with the best combat shooters in the world, and two retired counter-terrorist marksmen ruefully admitted they would be hard pressed to equal such awesome speed and accuracy. Both agreed that attributing such a performance to an intellectually impaired invalid with an IQ of 66 and severely limited cognitive functions, amounts to nothing less than certifiable insanity on the part of Bryant's accusers. In military terms a fatal shot to the upper neck counts as a head shot, so for all practical purposes those who died during the first 15 seconds were killed by head shots fired with lethal accuracy from the gunman's hip.

Next the very professional gunman moved towards the area of the souvenir shop and killed Nicole Burgess with a shot to the head, then shot Mrs Elizabeth Howard through the chest and arm with fatal consequences. Swiveling around, the gunman killed Mr. Lever with a shot to the head, and killed Mrs Neander with a shot to the head. Temporarily distracted, he fired back into the cafe area and wounded Mr. Crosswell. Turning again he shot Mr. Winter twice, killing him with a shot to the head. On his way back to the souvenir area the gunman wounded Mr. Olsen, then proceeded to the kill-zone near the locked door where he killed Mr. Jary, Pauline Masters, and Mr. Nash, all of them with single shots to the head. The gunman had killed 20 and wounded 12 with a total of 29 rounds. He then stopped firing and changed magazines in a most professional way. The magazine fitted to the AR15 held 30 rounds total, so by changing magazines after firing only 29 shots he ensured a live round was left in the breech, enabling him to kill any unexpected attacker. Critically, the gunman then waited motionless in the Broad Arrow Cafe with a fully loaded magazine, which brings us back to the differential between the verified time estimate of four to five minutes, and the inaccurate official claim of 90 seconds.

It is easy to see why government and media continued to rebut Wendy Scurr and her colleagues' insistent claims about the elapsed time and the door that refused to open. Either or both had the potential to open a Pandora's Box with catastrophic results, for there was no way the Tasmanian Government could openly and honestly investigate these matters without running the risk of "accidentally" proving that its

villain of choice, Martin Bryant, was innocent of all charges. In addition, the drugs decoy and the stunning accuracy of the gunman in the Broad Arrow had to be swept under the carpet, before informed members of the public had the chance to realize the "lone nut" massacre was in reality a highly planned paramilitary operation with geopolitical motives, designed from the outset to undermine Australian national security.

In the view of this author, and others, the 5.56-mm Colt AR15 was deliberately selected for three specific reasons, one being its known ability to inflict horrific highly visual injuries at close range, caused by its low-mass bullets travelling at extreme velocity. The nature of those wounds caused revulsion among police and medical staff, thereby assisting the immediate drive by anti-gun lobbyists to have all semiautomatic weapons outlawed. As the leader of the National Embalming Team wrote: "Approximately 90% of all deceased persons had severe head trauma. The bullet wound was normally inflicted to the head with the resultant smaller entry wound and larger exit wound. Some of the deceased persons had an entry wound with no exit wound, the result of this was an explosion of the skull..." Despite her thirty years of ambulance experience, Wendy Scurr still remembers being shocked when she accidentally trod on shattered skull fragments, before being confronted with a human brain lying in a bowl of chips.

In the medium to long term the lobbyists and international power brokers will be unable to sustain their claim that Martin Bryant was the villain, because there is simply too much hard evidence proving the "official line" to be a criminal scam. Some American video evidence submitted to the Supreme Court has already been scientifically proven a forgery; deliberately submitted to the court in order to secure the conviction of Martin Bryant on all counts, in the event that he continued to plead "Not guilty". Due to the seriousness of this offence, copies of the scientific proof have been sent by registered mail to departments which should take active steps to have the material reviewed and struck out of evidence, and then urgently implement strategies to ensure the future integrity of Australian national security. Wendy and Graeme Scurr have contacted dozens of key witnesses present at Port Arthur on the day and at the time of going to press, neither had managed to find a single witness prepared to state that he or she could positively identify Martin Bryant either carrying or firing a weapon of any kind at Port Arthur on the 28th April 1996.

Oh dear... The only video positive identification was forged, and all of those eyewitnesses we were told about failed to positively identify Martin Bryant at Port Arthur after all. How can this be? Basically by means of the Tasmanian Government sitting on the real evidence, while pumping vast quantities of misinformation to an eager but thoroughly inept media. There is now also convincing hard evidence that the gun control proposals accepted by Police Ministers in May 1996 were prepared before the massacre, by an ideological senior bureaucrat with United Nations connections. As the truth about the massacre and the pre-determined gun controls slowly but surely percolates through the Australian community, the backlash against both Coalition and Labor MPs will be savage. The Australian people will not tolerate being deliberately misled by their own elected representatives, especially on a matter of such overwhelming importance to national security. Detective writer Arthur Conan-Doyle, author of the Sherlock Holmes series, once

wrote: "When you have ruled out the impossible, then whatever remains, no matter how improbable, is the truth." We know that it was impossible for intellectually impaired Bryant to suddenly metamorphosized into the lethal equivalent of a highly trained counter-terrorist marksman, so we also know Bryant was not responsible for the mass murder at Port Arthur. Though improbable, the truth is that a pre-meditated operation was launched at Port Arthur with the express intent of murdering sufficient innocent citizens to set a new world record. The motive should be obvious, at least to anyone who has recently watched more than \$300 million of taxpayer funds being spent on removing defensive weapons from the hands of Australian citizens.

## CASE AGAINST GUN DEALER TERRY HILL DROPPED

Part Six - 26 March 1998

In the wake of Port Arthur, the Tasmanian Government and Police Service went to great lengths to "fit up" gun dealer Terry Hill as the man who provided Martin Bryant with the weapons alleged to have been used in the massacre. This draconian activity culminated in a civil court case against Hill, seemingly launched by survivor Quin for damages and breach of statutory duty. Active in the case was Roland Brown, solicitor for the Legal Aid Commission and Chairman of the Coalition for Gun Control. On 5th March 1998 the case against Terry Hill was suddenly discontinued. The treatment Hill has received since 1996 at the hands of the Tasmanian Government and Police Service is horrific. Without a single shred of credible evidence, someone somewhere decided that Hill would be the "fall guy" who provided "murderer" Martin Bryant with the weapons he allegedly used at Port Arthur.

Terry Hill was first (officially) noticed by the authorities two days after the massacre, when he recognized a picture of Martin Bryant, known to him earlier as Martin RYAN. Doing his duty as a responsible citizen, Hill immediately contacted the police and told them what little he knew about the man. On 27th March Terry Hill and assistant Greg Peck were working at 'Guns and Ammo' in New Town when Martin Ryan entered with a package wrapped in a towel, presenting the package muzzle-first with the comment "Something is wrong with it". When Hill unwrapped the towel he found that "it" was a Dutch AR10 assault rifle fitted with a clip containing 15 rounds of high velocity .308 Winchester (7.62-mm NATO) ammunition. Terry Hill worked the action, and watched horrified as another live round ejected from the breech.

Martin Bryant a.k.a. Martin Ryan had calmly walked into the store with a fully loaded and unsafe assault weapon, blissfully unaware he had done anything wrong. His actions that morning demonstrated with chilling clarity that "Martin" had absolutely no idea how to load, cock, aim, fire, or unload, assault weapons of any kind. But despite his ignorance Martin Bryant presented a license that day in the name of Martin Ryan, correctly endorsed for prohibited and fully automatic weapons. Where Martin Bryant obtained this highly unusual license has never been properly investigated. Having done his civic duty things went from bad to worse for Terry Hill, and he was later interrogated by Inspector Paine on the suspicion he had supplied the weapons used at Port Arthur. Inspector Paine was one of only two police officers responsible for interrogating Martin Bryant in Risdon Prison. During his extended interrogation by Inspector Paine, Hill was escorted by lawyer John Avery, the same man who later represented Martin Bryant during the phase of his incarceration when he inexplicably decided to change his plea to guilty. That the police were determined to pressure Hill into making a false confession was revealed in a letter sent to him by Avery shortly after the interrogation. In part that letter reads:-"... In a private conversation that was had between the writer and Inspector Paine, Inspector Paine made it abundantly clear that the police have very strong evidence to suggest that you did in fact sell guns to Bryant and unless you are prepared to in effect change your story, they will press on and try to find sufficient evidence to charge you with some offences... However, it was also made abundantly clear that the Director of Public Prosecutions is prepared to offer you an indemnity against prosecution if you are prepared to accept that you did sell guns to Bryant..."



Wisely, Terry Hill was not prepared to plead guilty to a crime he had not committed and subsequently refused to do so. Just days after his refusal Guns and Ammo was raided by the Tasmanian police in a general trawl operation, apparently aimed at trying to find sufficient evidence to charge Terry Hill with some offences. The police scored on some technicalities, Hill and his wife's gun dealer licenses were revoked, and their livelihoods destroyed. For Hill the battle was not yet over. He had refused to tug his forelock or bend his knee to authority and it must have been clear the matter would not end there, which it did not. More than a year later in July 1997 Hill was suddenly served with notice of a court action for damages and breach of statutory duty (for allegedly selling weapons to Bryant), by a Mr. Quin, with the plaintiff's case handled by Mr. Roland Brown, Chairman of the Coalition for Gun Control. Solicitor Roland Brown became famous long before the mass murder for his strange but remarkably prophetic comment on Channel Seven TV, quoted verbatim in 1997 by The Strategy newspaper: "We are going to see a mass shooting in Tasmania of the likes you have seen in Strathfield and Hoddle Street, unless we get national gun control laws."

In the months that followed Quin's case against Hill there was a limited amount of adverse publicity, and in November 1997 Quin's lawyers indicated that he would like to back out of the case due to stress. Unfortunately, as shown in documentation supplied to this author by Terry Hill, the Legal Aid Commission and Quin's lawyers were at that time attempting to coerce Hill into paying part or all of Quin's expenses. Had he agreed, Terry Hill would have appeared to be tacitly agreeing that he had a case to answer, which he did not, so the pressure was strenuously resisted. More months passed, and then on 5th March 1998 an official notice of discontinuation was filed in the courts, with agreement reached that Terry Hill would pay none of Quin's expenses at all. After months of stress for both his family and himself, Terry Hill was once again his own man, though his personal legal fees ensured he was considerably poorer than he had been at the start of the contrived legal action.

So what can Terry Hill do now? Despite the fact that he has never been charged with any offence relating to Port Arthur, the police refuse to restore his gun dealer license on the grounds that he, and his wife Dorothy, are not suitable people to handle firearms. This is rubbish, easily proved by the fact that shortly after the gun dealer licenses were revoked, the Tasmanian police renewed both of their personal firearm licenses without question. This is impossible if the police really believe Hill and his wife are not suitable people to handle firearms. Terry Hill is still being punished for his refusal to provide the police with fabricated evidence.

Policemen and politicians are not (yet) above the law, and it is clear that Terry Hill must now be given his gun dealer's license back quickly and unconditionally. The legal letter from Avery to Hill, and the sudden raid on Guns and Ammo that followed it, provides convincing proof that he was indirectly threatened by police in an attempt to acquire a false confession. Now that threat has failed, it is long past time for the Tasmanian Police Service to reverse its appalling behaviour. If it refuses to do so, Terry Hill should force the issue via the Ombudsman.

In the run-up to this sordid affair, it is fair to ask why Martin Bryant was sent into Guns and Ammo with a defective Dutch AR10. Is there any possible connection between this incident and his use as a patsy at Port Arthur by a person or persons as

yet unknown? If we examine the obscure Dutch AR10 carefully, it becomes readily apparent there is very probably a tangible connection. Whoever planned the massacre knew there was a slight chance that patsy Martin Bryant might survive the slaughter, in which case a contingency plan was needed to link Martin Bryant to at least one of the weapons used at Port Arthur, and in turn link that same weapon to a known gun dealer as the "supplier". The planners already knew that Bryant was intellectually impaired, thus a similar weapon would suffice for the contingency, provided this "similar" weapon could be linked to Terry Hill as the alleged supplier. Enter the Dutch AR10, which is a full-bore (7.62-mm) version of the Colt AR15, with the latter claimed by police to be the weapon used in the Broad Arrow Cafe to kill 20 and wound another 12. The sleight-of-hand would be in convincing Martin Bryant that he and the Colt AR15 were in Terry Hill's shop 'Guns and Ammo' at the same time.

Apart from minor technical differences and overall bulk, the AR10 looks identical to the AR15 at a distance, which was exactly the view Bryant had of the weapon when interrogated by Inspectors Paine and Warren on the 4th July 1996. So what was Bryant identifying, or what did he think he was identifying? Large tracts of the interrogation were censored at Bryant's pre-sentencing hearing so it is impossible to be certain about most points, but there is no ambiguity about who named the AR15 for the first time on the interrogation tape. It was not Martin Bryant.

The police interrogator says "Now this is ahhh, point two two three Remington", to which Bryant replies: "it's a mess isn't it." Still holding the weapon at a distance the police interrogator continues "Or a Colt AR15", to which Bryant replies: "Yeah, Colt." So courtesy of the police interrogator, Bryant identifies the weapon as a Colt AR15, at a distance where it would have looked exactly the same as the Dutch AR10 he knew he handled in Terry Hill's store on 27th March, one month before the mass murder. It is most unlikely the interrogators arranged this in advance, because at that stage they probably did not know about the Dutch AR10 Bryant surrendered to Terry Hill. But intentional or not the result was the same: Bryant damned himself by identifying the Colt AR15 used in the Cafe, when in reality he probably thought he was identifying the Dutch AR10 he had handled in Hill's store on 27 March. But he only did so after highly suggestive prompting by the interrogators, both of who knew very well that Bryant was an intellectually impaired invalid.

That the interrogation transcripts should be censored at the pre-sentencing hearing is inexcusable. Just a single (censored) word, sentence or paragraph could have changed the entire context of the interrogation, and probably would have done if played to the court in its entirety. Why else should it be censored if suppression was not the intent? The sheer extent of the censoring is horrifying and leaves out huge quantities of information. Pages 1 -9 are deleted, pages 18 and 23 are deleted, then pages 32, 35, 40, 43, 78, 79, 80 and 81 are deleted. After this pages 91 to 98 and then pages 116 to 141. From page 145 onwards the rest of the transcript is deleted in toto. It is not possible to determine how many pages followed 145 but if we assume the interrogation ended at page 150, we get a better feel for the level of deception in the courtroom. Together, the deleted (censored) pages amount to 55 out of 150, or something like one third of the entire interrogation transcript was withheld from the court. Worse still, the prosecution then explained "... the quality of sound and vision are not particularly good, there was some breakdown with the recording facility and

the tape has been reconstructed using the audio from an audio tape which was recorded at the same time as the original video, so there is some lack of synchronization at times and the video is not particularly good but I would now seek your Honour's leave to have this interview played to the court."

Which interview was the prosecution referring to exactly? Fully one-third of the continuous interrogation transcript was censored i.e. excluded from evidence, and there were breakdowns in audio and sync throughout the remainder. Without fully verified continuity, Bryant's voice could have been edited-in to say almost anything anywhere on the tape, a possibility that would have ensured the video was thrown out as corrupt evidence by any other court in the western world. But not in Tasmania...

With all of the fuss and confusion over the proposed court action it is easy to miss the most important aspect of this case. If the threats directed against Hill had succeeded into making a false confession, the Tasmanian Government would now have patsy number one (Bryant) in jail, and patsy number two (Hill) labeled as the supplier of the weapons used at Port Arthur: All very neat and tidy. But Hill did not supply the weapons used at Port Arthur, leaving the slack Tasmanian police with a major headache. The real supplier of the weapons, and indeed the real shooter(s) at Port Arthur must now be accurately identified. If this is all too much for the police in Hobart, a Royal Commissioner must be appointed to do the job for them.

In this series of reports the author has continually claimed that military science proves intellectually-impaired Martin Bryant was incapable of conducting the incredibly efficient massacre at Port Arthur, though some details of military science are classified and have not been released to the public. The recent mass shooting in the Thurston School Cafe in Springfield, USA, makes the release of sensitive information unnecessary. A direct comparison between Springfield and Port Arthur proves once and for all time that the shooter in the Broad Arrow Cafe on 28th April 1996, was not Martin Bryant, but a highly trained professional marksman. When the military needs to prove a scientific point one way or the other, it invariably tests that point for real, either in combat or by artificial simulation. A good example of this was the recent reaction of the US military to Federal Government claims that the Alfred P. Murrah building in Oklahoma City was blown up by a 2,000 pound low-explosive ammonium nitrate weapon, allegedly parked outside the front door of the building by young Timothy McVeigh.

Knowing the ammonium nitrate claim was impossible rubbish, United States Air Force explosive experts at Eglin Air Force Base in Florida, promptly constructed a three-story test building out of the same materials used in the Alfred P. Murrah federal building in Oklahoma. Then they placed the correct equivalent explosive charge at precisely the same distance from their test building and stood back briefly to admire their "simulator". And what a simulator it was! When the massive charge was detonated on camera the results were exactly as the explosives experts had forecast: the huge open-air blast barely scratched the front face of the building, proving for all time that the White House, FBI, and others in Washington, had deliberately and continually lied about the explosion in Oklahoma City, and of course about "patsy" Timothy McVeigh as well, for political reasons.

The comprehensive results of these scientific tests were printed in a report titled the "Eglin Blast Effects Study" (EBES), a copy of which was forwarded by the commanding general to Senator Trent Lott, majority leader of the US Senate. In a covering letter the general urged Senator Lott to resist White House calls to bring in new counter-terrorist legislation, which if passed would have given federal agencies such as the FBI and BATF new draconian powers over American citizens. You didn't read about the EBES in your newspaper? This is not surprising, because Eglin's scientific work would have destroyed the Government's lying hype about Oklahoma at a single stroke. And so it is with Port Arthur. The military, this time special forces, can easily prove that Martin Bryant was incapable of achieving the stunning kill rates exhibited in the Broad Arrow Cafe, but are unable to do so because the required facilities i.e. simulators used to train counter-terrorist marksmen in enclosed space operations, are shrouded in secrecy for obvious security reasons. The SAS, GSG9, and others are not enthusiastic about public demonstrations.

A recent mass shooting in Springfield, USA, provided a chillingly live simulation of enclosed space operations in a cafe very similar to the Broad Arrow. In order to understand how a simulation on the other side of the world proves Port Arthur a premeditated covert action conducted by experts, it is first necessary to gain a basic

knowledge of enclosed space simulators. Special forces simulators are normally used to literally simulate an environment in which counter-terrorist marksmen might be required to operate, usually a room or rooms of known dimensions, containing both terrorists and hostages. Immediately on entry the Special Forces marksmen must kill or disable the terrorists but leave the hostages unharmed: a task calling for split-second timing and accurate point shooting. In a murky simulator where the difference between life and death can be as little as 1/10th of a second there is no time to use gun sights. Point and shoot, point and shoot. With luck the terrorists will die from bullet wounds to the head, but if the counter-terrorist marksman makes a single split-second error of judgement he will surely die instead.

To evaluate scientifically whether an amateur like Bryant could equal the very high killed-to-injured ratio (KTIR) achieved in the Broad Arrow Cafe, instructors would arrange dummies inside the simulator in the same configuration as the victims on the day. Next an unskilled amateur would be equipped with a Colt AR15, two clips of ammunition and other essential items, before being told he had "X" seconds from point of entry to shoot dead twenty of the victim dummies with single shots to the head, and wound twelve more, with only 29 rounds. This would be quite impossible for the amateur, as the simulation would prove scientifically. The biggest drawback would be the amateur's complete inability to point shoot instinctively, essential in this enclosed environment.

The shooter in the Broad Arrow Cafe at Port Arthur demonstrated all of the qualities of a trained counter-terrorist marksman but made no amateur mistakes. Always in motion and point shooting from the right hip with devastating accuracy, he killed twenty of the occupants (19 with single shots to the head) and wounded twelve more, firing a total of only 29 rounds. Using known techniques reported by witnesses, he ensured his own safety from attack by turning on the spot and staying outside grappling range. It was an awesome display of expertise, even by Special Forces standards.

That he was point shooting from the hip is beyond question. The Colt AR15 allegedly used in the massacre was fitted with a wide-angle telescopic sight designed for the ArmaLite AR180, mounted on the AR15 so crudely that it completely obscured the "iron" sights on top of the weapon. Thus the iron sights could not be used at all, and the range was much too short to use the telescopic sight. Remember that the shooter knew this before he entered the Broad Arrow Cafe, so must have been supremely confident in his point shooting ability. Sadly, his confidence was more than justified. To accuse intellectually-impaired Martin Bryant of this stunning performance was quite absurd, a point clearly shared by police interrogators on the 4th July 1996, who openly queried Bryant's shooting skills, with special reference to point shooting i.e. firing the Colt AR15 from the hip:-

Police: "And ahh, did you ever practice shooting from the hip?"

Bryant: "No never."

Police: "Did you get pretty accurate?"

Bryant: "No not really..."

Naturally enough the police had no access to counter-terrorist simulators and probably lacked the firearms experience to work out that Martin Bryant was completely incapable of executing the gross crimes of which he stood accused. But unknown to police at that time, two years later 15 year-old Kip Kinkel was to stage a mass shooting in an identical environment, firing a semi-automatic weapon of the

same calibre (5.56-mm). Kinkel's performance in the Thurston High School Cafe was exactly what any expert would expect from a random shooting event, and proves that Bryant could not have caused the terrible carnage in the Broad Arrow Cafe. Again sadly, Kip Kinkel provided the perfect "live" cafe simulation needed to prove Martin Bryant's total innocence at Port Arthur.

Kinkel's choice of a cafe for his mass shooting may well have been influenced by the massive international media publicity about the Broad Arrow Cafe at Port Arthur in Tasmania, and he may have expected to achieve the same spectacular results. His extensive weaponry further indicates a possible "copy cat" event. Kip Kinkel was carrying a 5.56-mm Ruger semi-auto rifle with several lull clips, plus two loaded handguns and a large hunting knife. In addition police found a sizeable quantity of loose 5.56-mm rounds in his haversack. Multiple weapons and bags of loose ammo were notable media "features" at Port Arthur. Within seconds of entering the school cafe and opening fire on his fellow students, Kinkel must have realized that he was simply not in the same class as the professional shooter at Port Arthur.

Despite firing fifty one rounds, nearly twice as many as those fired in the Broad Arrow Cafe, Kinkel killed only two and wounded another twenty one. Of the two dead, only one was hit in the head. Nor did he have the expertise to keep his fellow students at bay. While fumbling a clip-change on the 5.56-mm Ruger he was overpowered and brought to the ground. Killer Kinkel had done his murderous best, but it was a best that fell far short of the very professional massacre in the Broad Arrow Cafe two years earlier. In the Broad Arrow Cafe twenty were killed and twelve wounded, while in the Thurston School Cafe two were killed and twenty-one wounded. So in the Broad Arrow Cafe the shooter scored an incredible inverted killed-to-injured ratio (KTIR) of 1.66 to 1, on a par with the best Special Forces counter-terrorist marksmen in the world. In the Thurston School Cafe, Kinkel scored a KTIR of 1 to 10, entirely in accord with random shootings worldwide.

Remember once again that nineteen of the twenty dead in the Broad Arrow Cafe was killed with an accurate single shot to the head, an almost impossible achievement. No doubt psychiatrists and other government apologists will cry "foul" at this point and trot out all kinds of inane academic excuses for the differences between Springfield and Port Arthur. In reality no excuses exist. Kinkel was bought firearms and encouraged to use them by his parents. Bryant was denied firearms and discouraged from using them by his parents. Kinkel was thus a proven experienced shot while Bryant was not. Kinkel was 15 years old and Bryant had an assessed age of 13 years at the time of the Port Arthur massacre, giving Kinkel a two-year intellectual edge over Bryant. Any academic or politician still willing to believe that Martin Bryant executed the massacre in the Broad Arrow Cafe, should as a matter of urgency visit his or her nearest hospital for immediate psychological assessment.

A side issue that has raised its head is that Martin Bryant was allegedly taking the anti-depressant drug "Prozac", which in some magical way managed to convert him from an intellectually-impaired invalid into the crack-shot equivalent of a US Navy SEAL. While there is some evidence available that Bryant was prescribed minor tranquilizers long before the massacre, no evidence has emerged on Prozac though, interestingly, the Murdoch press announced that Kip Kinkel was subjected to the drug by his parents: "They were coping with his bouts of anger by giving him Prozac."

There is no doubt that Prozac is a highly controversial drug, with more adverse reactions reported to the FDA than any other drug since that regulatory agency was formed. It is also known that one of the reported adverse reactions is "rage", but rage alone cannot turn a civilian into a Special Forces marksman. So while Prozac and others drugs capable of inducing acute adverse reactions may alter brain chemistry to the point where the recipient wants to kill people, no drug on earth can teach the recipient how to kill people. Prozac may or may not have played a part in triggering Kip Kinkel's killing spree, but it is a red herring in the case of Martin Bryant, who was completely incapable of conducting the Port Arthur massacre.

Horrible though it was, Kip Kinkel's performance in Springfield proved Bryant's innocence completely, but this is unlikely to kick-start Australia's politicians into action. Most in Canberra stopped worrying about our national security decades ago, deciding instead to sign multiple United Nations "conventions" on behalf of all Australians, without bothering to explain to the voters that 99% of these conventions violate Australian sovereignty. To the average politician in Canberra nowadays, Bryant and Port Arthur are of no importance as he or she grovels before yet another lobby group holding the international purse strings. Now might be the time for a gentle warning. Even the most friendly media polls show a significant minority of Australians are fed up to the back teeth with fat-cats in Canberra feathering their nests while ignoring Australian national security. When the truth about Port Arthur finally fights its way up to greater public consciousness, many of those complacent fat cats will find themselves at the back of a very long dole queue. The only way to delay the inevitable is to order a Royal Commission into Port Arthur. Quickly.

## MARTIN BRYANT'S MOTHER SPEAKS OUT

Part Eight - 5 June 1999

On 28 April 1996 at Port Arthur in Australia, some of the best combat shooters in the world used a total of only 64 bullets to kill 35 people, wound 22 more, and cripple two cars. The first 19 victims in the Broad Arrow Cafe each died from a single 5.56-mm bullet to the head, all fired in less than 20 seconds from the right hip of a fast-moving combat shooter. This awesome display of marksmanship was blamed on an intellectually impaired young man called Martin Bryant, who had no shooting or military experience at all. In the months and years following Martin's arrest, much of the public and private strain fell on his widowed mother Carleen. This is a very small part of Carleen Bryant's profoundly disturbing story.

Tasmanians are a hardy breed and Carleen Bryant is probably one of the hardest of them all. Her idea of "taking a break" this year was to navigate her camper van alone from Tasmania to Western Australia with only a CB radio for company, drive half way around WA looking at the sights, then drop in on us for the afternoon before starting back eastward across the Nullabor Plain. Not being a radio buff she was disappointed that her CB "wasn't working too well" but a quick twist of the squelch knob fixed that, and Carleen slowly accelerated out of Perth, happily listening to about twenty truckies chattering incoherently over her CB loudspeaker on channel nine.

Life has been hard for Carleen, probably hardest of all when she realized that her son Martin needed speech therapy as a child, and other remedial help later which led to an invalid pension. As a mother she handled difficult situations well enough but her husband Maurice found it much harder. He was a devoted husband and father and a highly organized man, but Carleen says, "It was more difficult lot him. Martin was his son and fathers expect their sons to be normal." Hard though Maurice tried over the years he slowly but surely became depressed and "mentioned" suicide on a number of occasions. Then without warning in 1993 Maurice took his own life at the family farm at Copping, but long before his death had already taken steps to minimize its impact on Carleen and their children. Carleen was dreading all of the paperwork after his death "because Maurice always looked after that", but was astonished to find all she needed placed in an easily-accessible single neat pile. Even more astonishing, months earlier Maurice had transferred the Hydro account from their joint names to Carleen alone, ensuring things would run automatically after he died. "Maurice was a very thoughtful man" Carleen says, which indeed he was.

Life then continued as normally as possible until 8 p.m. on the evening of 28 April 1996 when two burly plain-clothes police officers knocked on her door in Hobart and asked "Do you have a son called Martin Bryant?" When Carleen sold yes, the officers took her down to headquarters and bombarded her "with questions about Martin's big house in Newtown and his trips overseas".

But despite being at Police Headquarters during the exact period when a telephone conversation was allegedly in progress between her son at Seascape and police negotiators in the same headquarters building, Carleen was not asked to assist police by identifying her son's voice. She says that at that point in time she did not know the conversation was taking place, but was later provided with the name of the person who "assisted" police by identifying her son's voice at 7 p.m. the same evening,



a name she provided for the author in confidence. But Carleen says it made no sense because this particular person "hadn't spoken to Martin since he [Martin] was twelve years old and would not know what his voice sounded like anyway."

Bearing in mind that even the police marksmen in position around Seascope did not discover Martin Bryant's identity until he stumbled out of the building with his back on fire the next morning, how was it possible for Carleen to be asked detailed questions about her son's large house and his obscure overseas trips, at Tasmanian Police Headquarters more than twelve hours before he first stumbled out of Seascope into the arms of waiting police? Carleen's version of events, if chronologically correct, proves that at least one stratospherically-placed police officer in Hobart was already well ahead of the game. Though this sequence appears to indicate direct police involvement in the mass murder itself, there is an alternative explanation which Carleen was not aware of before she visited Perth.

Shortly after the murder of President John F. Kennedy in 1963, a Christchurch, New Zealand morning newspaper printed a detailed story it received on the New York news wire about Kennedy's "assassin" Lee Harvey Oswald. There was a major problem with this news story, because at the time the New Zealand newspaper went to press in Christchurch, Lee Harvey Oswald had only just been arrested in a Dallas cinema for the alleged murder of a Texas policeman called Tibbet. Several more hours passed before Dallas police even accused Oswald of the murder of President Kennedy. So the Christchurch newspaper inadvertently printed an impossible story, a concocted he "seeded" onto the New York news wire too early by the real murderers, who forgot that international time zones and thus real-time would allow the New Zealand newspaper to print their pre-arranged cover story hours before the events happened. That single critical planning error proved conclusively Lee Harvey Oswald was only a fall guy, a patsy arrested and charged on cue by the unwitting Dallas Police Force.

It was impossible timing and too many background details which proved conclusively that Lee Harvey Oswald was a patsy, and the same impossible timing and background details prove conclusively that Martin Bryant was used for identical purposes. While Carleen was being interrogated at Hobart Police Headquarters at 8 p.m. on 28 April, all the terrified staff and survivors at Port Arthur knew for sure was that the shooter was a man with long blonde hair. There are thousands of men with long blonde hair in Australia, each equally likely to be the man on the trigger, so there was no innocent way police could possibly have already singled out Martin Bryant or obtained knowledge about his obscure overseas travels. So between the time of the mass murder at 1.30 p.m. and Carleen's interrogation at 8 p.m., someone carefully pointed the finger, and "seeded" Police Headquarters with an impossible amount of personal information about her son, many hours before he was first positively identified stumbling out of Seascope the next day.

Ever since that frightening interrogation more than three years ago, Carleen Bryant, mother of the accused, has been denied a copy of, or even access to, the telephone tape alleged to contain a long rambling conversation between her son and police negotiators. Why? Nothing could prepare any mother for what happened next. When Martin was transferred from the Royal Hobart Hospital to Risdon Prison as a remand prisoner, Carleen had visiting rights but no privacy with him at all. She was shocked to see her son, badly burned in the Seascope fire and still in great pain, bound

to his wheelchair by leather straps. Martin told her that he had asked to have the painful restraints removed but was refused. When Carleen asked who refused, her son nodded towards the prison officers, one of who then leaned towards Carleen and said, "you cannot discuss the [Prison] staff". Carleen, suitably intimidated, fell silent.

In fact under the Prisons Act a remand prisoner can be restrained on the orders of the Superintendent, but only if under escort outside the prison, or if he poses "a significant danger to others". By no interpretation could an intellectually impaired young man with third-degree burns to his back and left side, isolated behind bullet proof glass, be considered a significant danger to others. But at that time Carleen did not understand the prison rules and was unable to help her son ease his pain.

Nowadays the only coherent reason for Martin's illegal restraint is obvious. Prison officers and psychiatrists, in the manner of the Spanish Inquisition, were determined to intimidate and physically punish intellectually impaired Martin Bryant until he finally "confessed" to a series of crimes in which he played no active part. That such obscene and barbaric treatment is illegal under Australian and International law, and justifiably condemned by Amnesty International as both physical and psychological torture, does not appear to have impeded the Tasmanian authorities at all. It was only at this point while describing the treatment of her son in Risdon Prison that Carleen's composure slipped for a second and she shed a tear or two. "He was so terribly lonely," she said, briskly wiping the tears from her cheeks before continuing. It was a cry from the heart of a mother who had been unable to help her son in distress, a cry that went home on this author as surely as a razor-sharp knife.

Next Carleen discussed Martin's actual injuries, because those reported by the media were wholly inconsistent with the official story of the day, i.e. that Martin Bryant had set fire to Seascope, panicked, then fought his way out of the blazing building. Carleen didn't know exactly why I was asking, but confirmed that the burns were restricted to "his back and left hand side", pointing to her own left side to illustrate exactly where. "Were there any burns at all to his face, chest, arms or hands?" I asked. "Oh no, none at all" Carleen replied confidently. As any fireman will confirm, the official story of the day is mission impossible. Any person fighting his way out of a burning building does so headfirst, arms and hands held high to protect his face from the flames and to deflect burning debris away from his body. It is an instinctive survival response we all use in life threatening fire situations.

Minor first-degree burns are enough to make anyone retreat from a fire immediately, the split-second that nerve endings send warning impulses to the brain. Despite this known fact, Martin Bryant remained inside Seascope until burning debris had caused horrific third-degree burns to his back and side, but not to his face, chest, arms or hands. How? The only possible scientific answer is that Martin was lying facedown, either comatose or drugged, and remained that way as burning debris from the first floor above (where the fire started) fell onto his back until the intense pain finally forced him back to consciousness. This is confirmed by video footage of Martin leaving the building, stumbling along like a dazed drunk. Those readers asking themselves "but who else could have started the fire if Martin Bryant was unconscious and the only man left alive inside Seascope, and how did they do it?" might like to consult standard Army manuals under the chapters headed "incendiary devices" and "radio detonators".

Carleen continued to visit Risdon Prison and made little lists of questions she wanted Martin to answer, but most of the time felt so intimidated by officials that some of the more important questions remained unanswered. She says constant bombardment by officials pushing the story that "Martin did it" started to make her believe her son may have been responsible for the crimes, but for a number of very substantial reasons could not work out how he could have physically committed them. Although "Martin was making money cutting lawns and selling his crayfish", Carleen added "Maurice did not approve of guns and took Martin's air rifle away. He [Martin] did not know how to shoot properly and never owned any real guns."

The "cache" of weapons allegedly found inside a piano at Martin's house by police several days after the mass murder also mystified Carleen. "When he was away on trips I used to go round there, clean the place up and poke around as mothers tend to do" she says, "Martin knew this and he also knew I didn't approve of guns. He would never have dared keep any in the house." Carleen Bryant is not the only person mystified by this impossible evidence. Soon after the mass murder, two journalists from a prominent newspaper illegally entered Martin's house searching for clues. Their search included the piano in question, which contained only piano parts..

Planting false forensic evidence after the crime to "prove" guilt is far from new and has occurred many times in the past, including the last high-profile case the author investigated, which was the murder of Policewoman Yvonne Fletcher outside the Libyan Embassy in London during April 1984. The Libyans were wrongly accused of shooting her, and after the Libyan diplomats left the Embassy to return to Tripoli, a specialist army clearance team was sent into the building to search for booby traps or other weapons. The team carried out one of the most intensive searches in British Army history, from the basement of the building to the roof, but found absolutely no trace of guns, ammunition, explosives or any other incriminating materials. So imagine the Army's stunned amazement when one week later the Metropolitan Police Service announced that its members had just found two loaded handguns, machine gun spare parts, and more than three thousand rounds of ammunition inside the Libyan Embassy! It is beyond doubt that a person or persons unknown illegally entered and "seeded" the Libyan Embassy with damning false evidence, sometime during the week separating the army and police searches.

For Carleen things got worse at Risdon Prison, but she denies the claim of Tasmanian journalist Bingham that "she told Martin unless he confessed to the crimes, she and his younger sister Lindy would commit suicide." In Carleen's view by that late stage any intervention of this sort by her would have been unnecessary. "The continual pressure [from officials] brainwashed Martin to the level where he may have started to believe he was guilty." This is hardly surprising. Stalin's communist thought-police in Russia crafted false beliefs like these into an art form, and could eventually convince even the most intelligent of men they were guilty as charged or they wouldn't be in Lubyanka Prison in the first place, would they?

Carleen's last visit to her son was during November 1997, when she was told by prison officials and psychiatrists that "Martin no longer wants to see you, which is his right", but at no time has Carleen been able to establish this message actually came from her son. Martin could, for example, have told her face to face but did not. He could also have told her over the telephone but did not. Finally although not a fluent

writer, Martin could have sent her a brief note, but did not do so. Outraged by this Carleen says she called the prison and asked "what about my rights as a mother?" Her question went unanswered and the line was disconnected.

Neatly maneuvered into a subservient position by the Tasmanian authorities, Carleen was then circumstantially forced to ask a prison psychiatrist, whose name she provided in confidence, what she should do next. "Write to him" was the answer and Carleen proceeded to do so, at least once and sometimes twice a month. Still she received no word from her son and during a later visit to the named psychiatrist, Carleen asked what had happened to her last letter. The psychiatrist flicked through his clipboard and found her opened letter to Martin near the bottom of his papers "I sent that three weeks ago" Carleen protested, to which the psychiatrist merely said "sorry".

It is highly relevant here to ask why any psychiatrist should still be communicating with her son and handling his mail. After all, the crux of the psychiatric evidence against Martin Bryant was that he was "fit to plead", i.e. of sound mind. A prisoner of sound mind has rights, one of which it the right not be to forced to act as a guinea pig for psychiatrists busily writing learned papers for local or international psychiatric journals about a crime he could not have committed. Had Martin Bryant been found to be of unsound mind and incarcerated in a mental hospital instead, one might reasonably expect such close psychiatric attention, but not inside Risdon Prison as a convicted felon serving life imprisonment. The psychiatrists will probably defend their intrusive and manipulative position by claiming "Martin Bryant asked to speak to us." No doubt he did, after contact with nil other prisoners and visitors was first effectively severed, i.e. de-facto solitary confinement. No man including Martin Bryant is an island, and all normally need periodic verbal interactions with others to remain sane in the long term. If the only other humans you are allowed to meaningfully interact with are psycho-scientists, the chances are you will eventually ask to speak to them.

The bizarre behaviour of the psychiatrists involved in the Port Arthur case has presented their profession with an impossible credibility problem. Setting aside meaningless psychiatric mumbo jumbo and double talk, the act of entering a historic site and killing or wounding fifty-seven citizens is perhaps the ultimate hallmark of insanity, rendering the perpetrator permanently unfit to plead. Indeed, it is difficult for most normal people to imagine a more insane act. So when Tasmanian and Victorian psychiatrists declared Martin fit to plead, i.e. sane, at the same time they acknowledged he could not have committed the crimes.

Nowadays Carleen Bryant wonders why the police did not go to the trouble of properly verifying her son's new guilty pleas in early November 1996 using standard police procedures. Many people plead guilty to crimes they could not have committed, a situation that routinely presents police forces around the world with a big problem, especially if the guilty pleas are entered by a person who is intellectually impaired or otherwise mentally deficient. Standard procedure in these circumstances is to take the suspect out to the crime scene and ask for details of exactly how he committed the crime(s), i.e. where each victim was standing, what sex, how many bullets, where the weapon was reloaded, etc etc., all recorded on continuous (Time-stamped) video.

The Victorian Police Service observed this standard procedure meticulously in the case of Julian Knight at Hoddle Street during 1987, as did the New South Wales

Police Service many years later, after a street shooting in Wollongong in 1998. Both suspects provided ample accurate details at the respective crime scenes on continuous videotape without prompting by police, and both were then properly and fairly dealt with. Nearly three years after Martin inexplicably changed his pleas to guilty, the Tasmanian Police Service has still not verified his guilt using this standard procedure, and its continued refusal to do so can realistically be taken as proof of Martin Bryant's innocence.

When Carleen left Tasmania some weeks ago she was unaware that others had recently spoken out on behalf of her son, most prominent being Brigadier Ted Serong DSO OBE, the former head of Australian Forces in Vietnam and one of the world's leading experts on counter-terrorist techniques and their application. In an interview with Frank Robson in the Sydney Morning Herald on 10 April 1999, Brigadier Serong makes it plain that Martin Bryant could not have been responsible for the mass murder at Port Arthur. "There was an almost satanic accuracy to that shooting performance," he says. "Whoever did it is better than I am, and there are not too many people around here better than I am". He continues "Whoever did it had skills way beyond anything that could reasonably be expected of this chap Bryant... if it was someone of only average skills, there would have been many less killed and many more wounded. It was the astonishing proportion of killed to wounded that made me open my eyes first off." Brigadier Serong believes more than one person was involved and directly infers that the mass murder at Port Arthur was a terrorist action designed to undermine Australian national security. "It was part of a deliberate attempt to disarm the population, but I don't believe John Howard or his Government were involved. Howard is being led down a track. He doesn't know where it's leading, and he doesn't much care..."

Some readers might consider that as a soldier Brigadier Serong is not qualified to comment on police matters, but they would be wrong. In addition to his acknowledged military achievements he also raised, trained, organized and directed a police force larger than all the police forces in Australia combined. After returning to Australia, as he notes in his book *Defence of Australia Analysis*: "I did gently but firmly decline a suggestion that I be Victoria's Chief Commissioner of Police." Brigadier Ted Serong is thus far better qualified to comment on the chain of events at Port Arthur than the current commissioner of the Tasmanian Police Service, who commands a total force of less than one thousand men, none of whom has any knowledge of international terrorism or practical experience of counter-terrorist techniques.

Having broken the ice and had her say in this report, might Carleen now move on to bigger and better things, perhaps an article in the Melbourne Age or maybe even a television interview with the fabled Ray Martin? She says not. "After it happened I had all those [media] trucks parked at the end of my street for a week, they wouldn't leave me alone and kept asking for pictures." Even now Carleen Bryant remembers one persistent female reporter who simply refused to take no for an answer. "She kept jumping over my front fence" Carleen says, "then she would walk around the outside of my house, tapping on the windows and calling out my name." Carleen feels only pity and contempt for all members of the local and international media who so brazenly vilified her son and nearly destroyed his and her lives.

As I stood by the side of the Great Eastern Highway in Perth waving goodbye as

Carleen's camper slowly accelerated towards Kalgoorlie at the start of her lonely 2,000 mile trip back to Tasmania, I must admit to feeling a little sorry for the Tasmanian Government and others when they are forced to release her son Martin, which they must. Bound by his oath as protector of the public interest, the Attorney General in particular is obliged to fully investigate all fresh evidence promptly and openly or face serious legal sanctions. There are no escape clauses whatever. The longer the Attorney General tries to bury fresh evidence under the parliamentary carpet in Hobart, the more severe those legal repercussions will be.

The only offence Martin committed on 28 April 1996 was that of being gullible enough to be lured to Seascope by others under false pretences. Though certainly unwise behaviour, gullibility is not yet a felony punishable by strict life imprisonment. When Martin Bryant is released, the Tasmanian Government and other officials will have many people to answer to: First the millions of Australians deliberately misled into believing that thirty five of their own countrymen were slaughtered by an intellectually impaired young man when they demonstrably knew this was a blatant lie; then perhaps to Martin Bryant himself who they treated as sub-human and discreetly tortured behind the dark forbidding walls of Risdon Prison. If the Tasmanian Government and other officials find these unpleasant prospects daunting, I can assure them there is something far worse looming on the horizon: Eventually they will also have to answer to Martin Bryant's angry mum. Rather them than me...

## OFFICIAL BRYANT STORY PROVED AN IMPOSSIBLE LIE

Part Nine - 16 June 1999

At 8 p.m. on 28 April 1996, less than seven hours after the mass murder at Port Arthur, Martin Bryant's mother Carleen was suddenly taken to Tasmanian Police Headquarters in Hobart. Unknown to Carleen, in another part of headquarters at exactly the same time, police negotiators were allegedly engaged in a long conversation with a man at Seascope they later claimed was her son. Despite being Martin Bryant's closest relative, at no time was Carleen asked to identify his voice, and she has never been allowed access to the telephone tape. Hard evidence suggests that a senior police officer ruthlessly ordered Carleen Bryant's forced visit to headquarters that evening, in order to later "authenticate" the impossible premature police identification of her only son, Martin Bryant.

Police and security services have standard procedures for every situation they are likely to encounter, especially sensitive situations where armed offenders and hostages are involved. Though the prime objective of any hostage negotiation team is obviously to "win", i.e. resolve the crisis without anyone getting hurt, there are standard techniques used throughout, aimed at giving the active negotiator an edge as quickly as possible. One of the most important is obtaining a positive identification of the offender, enabling agencies to swiftly locate enough background details to provide an insight into his behaviour, and time to contact relatives for assistance where necessary. As every trained negotiator in the world knows, an emotional hostage-taker is likely to respond far more positively to the pleas of a close relative than to a complete stranger. As a mother Carleen Bryant would have been ideal in this role, the person most able to pacify her son and ask him to lay down his arms. However, Carleen could only achieve this if the offender was really her son.

If police believed the voice on the phone from Seascope was that of Martin Bryant, why did the senior officer who ordered Carleen's interrogation deliberately isolate her away from the radio room? Sadly, there are no innocent answers to this critical question. Police were very short of personnel that Sunday, and the three experienced plain-clothes officers involved in Carleen Bryant's transportation and interrogation that day should have already been at Port Arthur. So exactly who was the shadowy officer responsible for holding back these experienced officers, then ordering them to take Mrs Bryant to headquarters, where she was used so effectively to cement the official story? Only a Royal Commission can provide the answers. Very few people in Australia and overseas realize that Tasmanian reporters were told within six hours of the mass murder that the "lone-nut" responsible was a man called Martin Bryant, then holed up at Seascope, and in the rush of excitement that followed they completely forgot to ask where this impossible information came from. Diligent independent investigation reveals most never gave it a second thought, either at the time or over the years that followed. As one senior accredited reporter tried to explain:

"There's nothing suspicious about that. Mr. Martin, the son of the Seascope owners, told police he thought it might be Bryant because he's heard about the man with long blonde hair and the yellow Volvo, and Martin Bryant had apparently threatened his parents over a farm purchase some years earlier."

Puzzled, I asked "At that time, had police broadcast any appeals over the radio for information on men with long blonde hair and yellow Volvo cars?" There was a

short pause "No, actual details were kept to the minimum" he replied. "Did Mr. Martin tell you that he'd given police this information?" A longer pause, "No, we saw him standing outside police headquarters and thought it was him."

"Well then, did the police tell you [the media] that Mr. Martin had provided headquarters with this information?" A pencil could be heard tapping at the other end of the telephone line. "No they didn't in fact. Until then the only suspect on the police white board in operations was an aboriginal, who apparently wanted a helicopter ride to South Australia. Martin Bryant's name was added to the white board later."

These media claims were all unsubstantiated rubbish. The Bryant family sold their seaside shack near Port Arthur nearly four years earlier and Martin Bryant's last visit was more than two years before the shooting, at which time he had short instead of long blonde hair, and drove a Honda not a Volvo. Mr. Martin Jr. did visit headquarters on 28 April but not about Martin Bryant. As police media liaison officer Geoff Easton writes "A young man called at the Public Inquiries counter and asked for me. He was to tell me he was a relative of the Martins, the owners of Seascope, and that he had a cache of weapons stored there, and, in his own words, 'Shitloads of ammo mate!'"

Wherever the "instant" identification came from during that afternoon it was not from Mr. Martin Jr., nor anyone at Port Arthur. Nobody at the historic site could have provided the identification because not one of the staff or survivors had been interviewed by police, and were still in fear of their lives. Though two police SOGs [groups of armed policemen] were dispatched from Hobart at 3.57 p.m. and 4.04 p.m. respectively, they never reached Port Arthur. As Chief Executive Craig Coombs notes "At this stage, about 5.30 p.m., the day was drawing to a close. We were assured there was a group of SOGs arriving by helicopter" ... "I commandeered 3 four wheel drive vehicles and had them ready to transport the SOGs to secure the [Port Arthur] Site. Driving the vehicles to the edge of the oval, we waited for the helicopter to arrive. The helicopter contained two young police women who had come off the beat in Hobart." Understandably, the two young policewomen off the beat in Hobart did not conduct group or individual interviews.

This gaping black hole in the evidence did nothing to deter other reporters hell bent on reinforcing the "official" story. In a book which brazenly uses unproven anecdotal evidence to demonize Bryant, its author tries to explain this impossible identification by claiming "Around 6.30 p.m. a call to Hobart headquarters from a member of the public in Hobart suggested that a man called Martin Bryant could be the man holed up in Seascope because he had an obsession about the owners, David and Sally Martin." He continues "Martin Bryant's passport had also been found in the Volvo abandoned beside the toll booth at the entrance to the historic site. However, it was not until about 8.30 p.m., when details of the vehicle's registration came through, that police finally knew the identity of the person they were dealing with." Again this media claim was unsubstantiated rubbish, similar in parts to the rubbish provided for the author by accredited senior reporters, but with the imaginative additions of a passport and vehicle registration.

We will now prove point by point that the official story of the day was a fairy tale, a creative lie designed to protect members of the police and others, who would otherwise be terminally embarrassed by their access to impossible quantities of



accurate information about Martin Bryant at an impossible time, and face prosecution as a result.

The claim "a member of the public in Hobart suggested that a man called Martin Bryant could be the person..." has already been partly dealt with, but further explanation is necessary to destroy it completely. At the time of this alleged call Tasmanian Police Headquarters was in uproar, with officers solely concerned about how many shooters were involved, and at how many locations. Assistant Commissioner Luppó Prins proves this where he writes: "The Police command structure for management of the Port Arthur incident was essentially along the lines of a SACPAV terrorist incident". Forget the word "essentially". At that time and until the next morning police operated rigidly along these lines to contain the real terrorist incident they were facing, including interaction with the Crisis Policy Centre in Canberra, briefings for the duty Federal Minister and Prime Minister, and the deployment on Tasmanian territory of the Australian Security and Intelligence Organization's Technical Surveillance Unit.

Though there were doubtlessly many calls to headquarters from the public about Jack Smith, Harry Evans, Tom Spratt or Martin Bryant being the likely culprits, police would have filed the lot for examination at a later date. Dozens of excited members of the public call at the height of nearly every major emergency, but unless a caller offers hard evidence directly related to the crime scene, all calls are filed until much later because police are far too busy with the current operation, especially when that operation is of the full-blown SACPAV terrorist variety. To even suggest the two words "Martin Bryant" would have caused officers to suddenly stop in their tracks and say, "Of course, it must be young Martin from Newtown!" is both absurd and operationally impossible.

Next we have "Martin Bryant's passport had also been found in the Volvo abandoned by the toll booth..." No it had not, at least not at the time the official story claims. The only police present at Port Arthur at 6.30 p.m. were the two young police women taken off the beat in Hobart, and possibly an Inspector Warren of later Bryant interrogation fame, though it is unclear how Warren could have reached Port Arthur when the heavily-armed SOGs could not. At 6.30 p.m. all police, staff and survivors were hiding, and no one was poking around in the interior of a Volvo surrounded by dead bodies. Coroner Ian Matterson and his team did not arrive at the crime scene(s) until much later. As Ian Matterson recalls "On arrival at the Police Forward Command post set up at Taranna we were advised that the Port Arthur historic site had still not been rendered safe for entry by our team and we waited until 7.30 p.m. before we received the all clear" ... "On site at 8.05 p.m. I conversed with Inspector John Warren, the officer in charge of the major crime scene. Having assessed no person had, at that stage, been apprehended and charged with any offence arising from the deaths on the historic site, I advised I would take over the area as a coronial site with the operation conducted in tandem with his major crime investigation."

Coroner Matterson then started an examination of each crime scene, starting with the Bus Park below the Broad Arrow Cafe, then the Broad Arrow Cafe itself, followed by the scene at which the Mikac family died, before eventually arriving at the Volvo. Though Ian Matterson does not provide a precise chronology for this period, it is reasonable to assume he spend at least thirty minutes at each crime scene, meaning he

reached the Volvo around 9.40 p.m. at the earliest. He notes "On a road hump near the toll gate and beside a yellow Volvo lay an adult male. Inside the open boot of the Volvo could be seen firearms and a small white gun shooting target that appeared to have been used." So the earliest that Martin Bryant's passport could have been found was 9.40 p.m., three hours later than claimed in the official story.

Even this discovery time may be premature, because Matterson continues "Attempts by police photographers, ballistic experts, investigators and the forensic pathologist to commence their investigation were hampered by a lack of suitable light. Whilst there was an urgent need to commence the investigation and remove all the bodies, it was agreed the need to ensure a precise investigation of the highest standard of both bodies and exhibits made it imperative to wait until first light the following morning." A single dark blue passport is a small low-visibility object, which would normally take a very long time to find under a hefty pile of firearms, targets and ammunition.

Let us be generous and assume that either Matterson or Warren fiddled around in the Volvo and found Martin Bryant's passport at 9.40 p.m. That was exactly one hour and forty minutes AFTER Martin's mother, Carleen Bryant, was frog marched to police headquarters in Hobart by two plain-clothes officers and interrogated by a third, all of whom should have been down at Port Arthur investigating the worst mass murder in Tasmanian history. Remember the Tasmanian Police Service was stretched to the limit, evidenced by it sending two inexperienced young police women off the Hobart beat down to Port Arthur, to protect hundreds of terrified survivors still in fear of their lives.

Because of Carleen Bryant's inexplicable treatment that night, we are forced to assume that the as-yet unidentified senior officer fit headquarters decided to hold these three experienced officers back for use as her escorts and interrogator, but how could he possibly have known in advance this would be necessary? Obviously he did know, and dispatched his plain-clothes men to Mrs Bryant's house in Hobart nearly two hours before Martin's passport could possibly have been discovered in the Volvo at Port Arthur. Based on known standard procedures used by all police forces when faced with a SACPAV terrorist emergency, the senior officer in question was certainly not in the operations centre, i.e. the direct line of communication from main switchboard to radio room etc., because all activities in these areas are strictly controlled for the duration of the emergency, with no opportunity at all to subvert proceedings. Carleen was completely isolated from the radio room, and at 8 p.m. was "bombarded with questions about Martin's big house in Newtown and his trips overseas,\*" The officer went on to ask whether her son owned a yellow Volvo with roof racks, which she said he did. He then asked whether it had a surfboard on top. Carleen responded "I don't know". This activity outside the direct chain of command then provided "corroborative evidence" that Martin Bryant was the shooter at Seascope, corroborative evidence that could later be used to blur over fatal errors in the grossly premature and thus impossible timing of his initial identification.

This then forms the last part of the official story: "However, it was not until about 8.30 p.m., when details of the vehicle's registration came through, that police finally knew the identity of the person they were dealing with." The registration details did not "come through" as seductively suggested by the official story, but were

already deep inside the Tasmanian Police Headquarters building itself, unwittingly provided in person for the plain-clothes officer at 8.30 p.m. by Martin Bryant's trusting mother.

That Carleen Bryant was kept strictly outside the official chain of command is proved by the fact that direct identification of her son could have been established in a few seconds, simply by her listening to the conversation then in progress between police negotiators in the radio room and the suspect at Seascope. If it was Martin she would have been able to provide direct identification immediately, and quite possibly have talked him out of the building, thereby greatly minimizing risks to others. The use of close relatives for exactly this purpose by police and other negotiators has already been explained. Therefore the only valid reason for keeping Carleen outside the chain of command was that someone either knew or suspected the man on the telephone was not her son, and had no intention of allowing her to discover this. Carleen herself reinforces this view when commenting on the person used by police to "identify" the voice on the telephone from Seascope: "he hadn't spoken to Martin since he [Martin] was twelve years old and would not know what his voice sounded like anyway."

It is perfectly reasonable to claim that the impossibly early "positive identification" of Martin Bryant was leaked to the media by the same senior officer responsible for setting Carleen Bryant up at police headquarters later the same day, a sequence that must have required a lot of advance planning. What will remain unclear until a Royal Commission examines all the evidence, is how the senior police insider became involved in this atrocity in the first place. Was he unwittingly tricked into a series of reckless acts by the group directly responsible, or was he in a vulnerable position and open to blackmail? Alternatively, he may have been a witting player who actively assisted with the chain of events for his own ideological reasons. Obscure but more likely is another ploy, one that has been used before on covert operations. The insider may have been sucked in by a proposed plan of action which appealed to his patriotism or sense of duty, and only found out too late that the plan had gone much further than he had agreed, thereby compromising him and ensuring his permanent silence.

In the case of the premeditated murder of Policewoman Yvonne Fletcher outside the Libyan Embassy in London during April 1984, a senior officer foolishly allowed himself to be influenced by powerful outsiders, members of the secretive private "club" to which he belonged, who suggested a limited operation in which Fletcher's bare legs would only be lightly peppered with shrapnel, producing a bit of blood for the TV cameras and generating sufficient public outrage to have the nasty Libyans deported from Britain for ever. When instead of being lightly peppered with shrapnel, Fletcher was almost cut in half by a high velocity assault bullet fired from an American multinational building, the compromised senior officer understandably felt quite unable to approach his Commissioner and confess "It wasn't supposed to go that far..."

From start to finish at Port Arthur and Seascope, all information provided for the media was filtered by Tasmanian Police Headquarters in Hobart. In addition, by mid-afternoon an air exclusion zone was in place to prevent media aerial photography, and the police forward command post at Taranna actively stopped all members of the media from approaching any of the crime scenes. Police were in total control of the

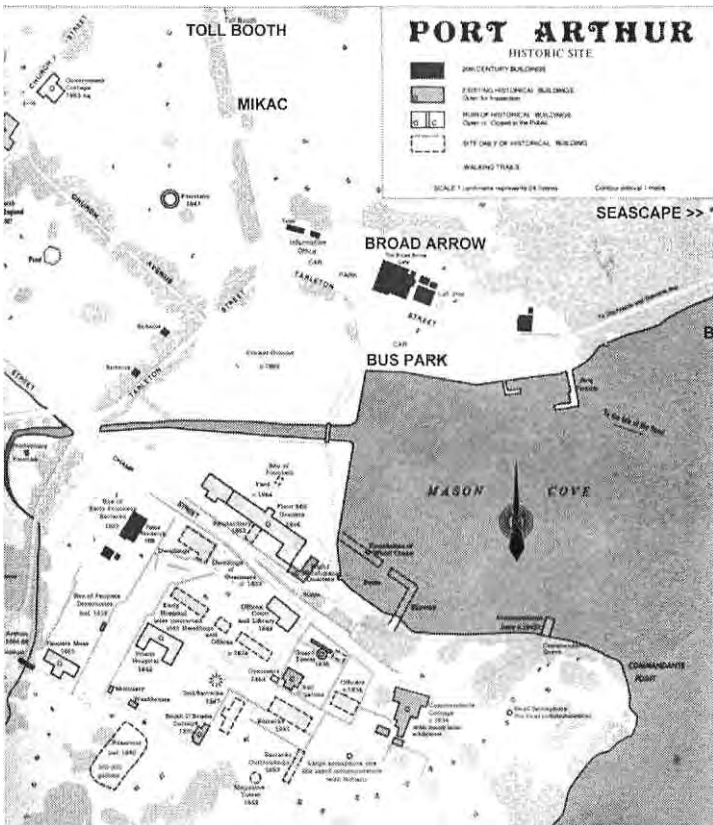
flow of information at all times, and it would be futile at this late stage for officials to claim that some mysterious civilian outsider burgled police headquarters, scribbled Martin Bryant's name on the operations white board, then ordered two sworn police officers to drive across Hobart to fetch Carleen Bryant. The hard facts prove that this sequence of events could only have been planned and executed successfully by a senior officer with direct access to police headquarters' facilities and personnel.

Three years after the event, the official story is now proven a fairy tale, an impossible myth, so how did most Australians and the rest of the world fail to spot the gross errors? The answer lies in the same sort of clumsy sleight-of-hand that inexperienced magicians use when cutting their professional teeth at children's birthday parties. Though a photograph of Martin Bryant was printed in the Tasmanian newspaper on the morning of 29 April, with no explanation of how the newspaper miraculously obtained such a recent photograph of him in time for the newspaper's deadline, the photo was not shown in mainland Australian or international newspapers until the morning of 30 April, a full 24 hours later. So by the time 99% of us saw the famous picture of Martin Bryant with his artificially-enhanced staring blue eyes, he had already stumbled out of Seascap, been arrested and formally identified, and was receiving treatment for third-degree burns in the Royal Hobart Hospital. Nothing suspicious about that is there?

In light of this, why the frantic haste to put Martin Bryant in the frame when the facts prove he would certainly have been positively identified at Seascap early the next day at the latest, dead or alive? At first glance it seems a dangerous and unnecessary risk, but in operational terms it was essential. Any small group "operating behind the lines" is terribly vulnerable to accidental discovery and capture, an unacceptable risk that can be greatly reduced by prearranging a decoy incident designed to distract the attention of the enemy, thereby enabling the small group to escape detection. An example of this was a four-man special forces group in the Middle East tasked with the disposal of an especially brutal terrorist leader, who was unfortunately surrounded by about two hundred of his own armed men. So the SF group waited until nightfall and placed explosive charges at a nearby fuel tanker and a more distant ammunition dump. First they blew the fuel tanker by radio detonator, then 30 seconds later the ammunition dump. Terrorists started running frantically towards these "obvious" attackers, while the four-man SF group quietly moved in behind them and killed the boss. By the time the terrorists returned and discovered their leader had two small holes in his head, the group was already more than ten miles away.

Martin Bryant was an obvious decoy, allowing the professionals time to extract from Port Arthur before anyone got suspicious. Of critical importance here is the fact that decoys must be used at the time of the operation, not 24 hours later, hence the need for Bryant's "instant" identification at Seascap. We already know that intellectually impaired Martin Bryant was in no way responsible for the shooting at Port Arthur and elsewhere that day, during which some of the best combat shooters in the world used only 64 bullets to kill 35 people, wound 22 more, and cripple two cars. The first 19 victims in the Broad Arrow Cafe each died from a single 5.56-mm bullet to the head, all fired in less than 20 seconds from the right hip of a fast-moving combat shooter. As experts including former Vietnam military commander Brigadier Ted Serong, and SAS

## CRIME SCENES

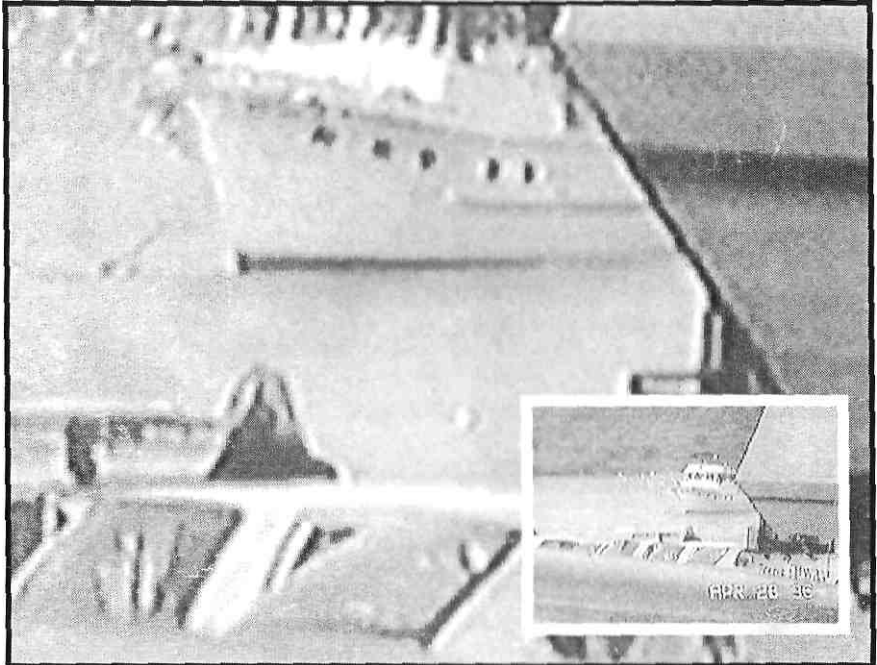


This map of the Port Arthur Site gives a general feel for the complex crime scenes. The shooter started in the Broad Arrow Cafe, then ran down to the Bus Park, before heading back towards the Toll Booth in Bryant's Volvo, shooting the Mikac family on his way up the exit road. Other crime scenes are located on the Arthur Highway and at Seascape.

Media "evidence" of Bryant running away from Broad Arrow Cafe >>



"Evidence" tendered to the Supreme Court of Tasmania in R v Bryant >>



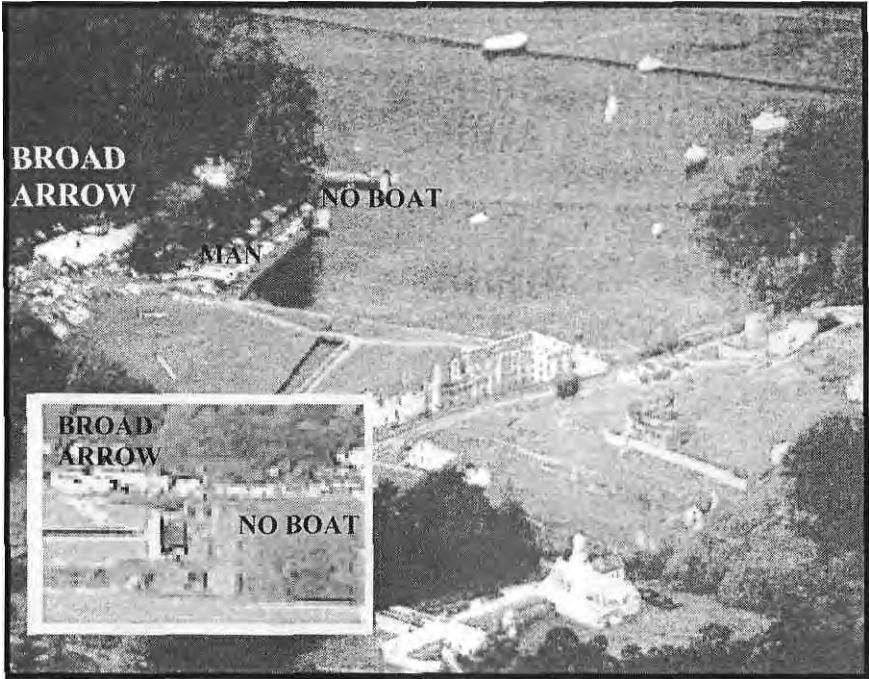
Martin Bryant is not guilty of the multiple murders at the Port Arthur Historic Site; a fact proved in irrefutable scientific terms by the photographs above. Those on the left show amateur video footage tendered to the Supreme Court by the prosecution alleging the blonde man by the yellow Volvo with a roof rack and surfboard, was Bryant in the bus park at Port Arthur, changing weapons after killing twenty civilians in the Broad Arrow Cafe and two more near the Trans Otway bus to his right. If this man is the Port Arthur murderer, the photographs on the right provide absolute proof that he cannot be Martin Bryant.

Heavy gloss A4 colour photographic copies of this two-page spread are available from:-

Wrong! Running man is a medic, with Bryant's head "grafted" on his torso



Police and authentic tourist photos prove "evidence" fatally flawed



The police photo taken from the air during the late afternoon of 28 April 1996 and the inset photo taken at the time of the massacre, both prove the large white boat anchored in front of the blonde man by the buses was not there on the 28th, in turn proving the "amateur" video was filmed on another day, probably the 27th or 29th April. We know the man cannot be Bryant because he was in Richmond on the 27th, and in hospital on the 29th. It is now the duty of the Tasmanian Police Service to track down the unknown man on the "amateur" video, and charge him with 35 counts of murder, or conspiracy to pervert the course of justice, or both.

J. Vials, 45 Merlin Drive, Carine, Western Australia 6020. Cost \$15.00 inc postage



Colt AR-15 as found at Seascope, firing mechanism and magazine destroyed before the fire by an exploding shell in the breech. When examined after his arrest, Bryant had no blast injuries to either hand, proving he never fired the weapon.



The FN-FAL was found on the roof of a Seascope outhouse to which Bryant had no access, its firing mechanism destroyed, and critical components including the return spring missing from the crime scene. Bryant never fired this weapon.



counter-terrorist shooters agree, this awesome display of combat marksmanship was an impossible feat for Martin Bryant, who had no shooting or military experience at all.

The fact that we missed the critical errors at the time, does not absolve us from shared responsibility for Martin Bryant's plight today. We simply cannot sweep it all under the carpet and try to forget that an innocent man is in prison for a crime he could not have committed, nor the fact that taxpayers might still be employing an accessory to mass murder at Tasmanian Police Headquarters. It was we the Australian people who unwittingly allowed corrupt officials and the media to pull the wool over our eyes, and it is only we the Australian people who have enough collective power to right those wrongs. Our objectives must be to secure Martin Bryant's release, and ensure the conviction of the unknown senior police officer. To achieve these objectives we must first force an appeal on behalf of intellectually impaired Martin Bryant, and a Royal Commission into the Tasmanian Police Service. This will not happen all by itself, so get off your backside, grab the nearest pen and start writing to your Member of Parliament. Not tomorrow or the next day or the day after that. Do it now. Martin Bryant has already been in prison far too long, and needs to go back to his mum for a home-cooked meal.

## PORT ARTHUR - WHAT NEXT?

Part Ten - Edited 20 August 1999

Since my series of reports on Port Arthur were published I have received a number of letters from the public, many of them sporting shooters, correctly sensing they were set-up and asking what to do next. It is a very good question. Forget appeals to the media and forget judicial reviews of events. The media will ignore you, and any judicial review controlled by government will be manipulated into an orchestrated whitewash closely akin to the Warren Commission in Dallas.

As a first step, pressure should be exerted on your federal and state representatives to ask formal questions in Parliament. This will result in your demands for action being recorded in Hansard, which is important because recalcitrant politicians hate unwanted matters recorded on official documents. Include copies of my reports and refer to them in writing, thereby removing your elected representative's ability to later argue that he or she had no idea what you were talking about. Ram the harsh reality of Port Arthur down the gullets of every fat cat in Canberra until they start gagging on the facts. If Australian sporting shooters wish to clear their collective names they will have to agree to a strategy which reverses the psyop illusion at Port Arthur. Ultimately civil legal action will almost certainly be needed to shake Canberra out of its terminal apathy, and its blatant subservience to minority lobby groups.

Time is the biggest enemy. If the Libyans had known about the American psyop shortly after WPC Fletcher's murder in London and had swiftly mounted a civil action against the British Government, considerable embarrassment would have ensued, perhaps enough to stall the attack on Tripoli and the downing of Pan Am 103. But they took no aggressive legal action, and twelve years of subtle media reinforcement later, are nowadays viewed in the west as a nation populated entirely by terrorists. Always remember the media turns fiction into fact as readily as it turns fact into fiction.

Riding piggyback on the atrocity at Port Arthur, the lobbies and politicians are currently setting up Australian sporting shooters as internal redneck terrorists, and if no aggressive defensive legal action is taken I can confidently predict that within months or years another psyop will be executed in Australia; this time using semiautomatic handguns and revolvers, aimed at introducing legislation that will outlaw all such weapons for ever. Do you really want that? No you do not, and there are four million other sporting shooters like you with more than enough collective voting power and funding to stop it happening.

As my second report suggested, the first objective must be that of proving Martin Bryant was innocent of the murders at Port Arthur. This is critically important because until that is achieved his presence in prison will be used as "proof that firearms are too dangerous to be held by those members of the public who in time of war train and supplement our defence forces. How you feel about Martin Bryant personally is not an issue. Like him or not, Bryant is currently being held aloft by politicians and lobbies as a psyop 'flag' proving the legitimacy of their legislation, which undermined Australian national security.

Proving Bryant innocent will remove that flag, and with it the justification for introducing illegal legislation in the first place. Critically, at the same time it will also prove that Australia was attacked by an armed external interest group, opening the way

to repeal the legislation on the grounds that Australia needs more rather than less defensive weapons in the community to withstand future attacks on our nation. The Swiss defence model is an excellent example of what all sporting shooters should strive to achieve.

Before that, an independent investigation must be carried out in Tasmania to prepare the legal bullets for the lawyers to fire at the Federal Government in Canberra. If you want to win, those bullets must be solid silver and obtaining them will be expensive. Investigating matters that government does not want investigated can be extremely difficult and expensive as I found out with Yvonne Fletcher's murder in London. In the end the cost of that investigation alone ran to several hundred thousand dollars, and similar costs can be anticipated if the mass murder at Port Arthur is to be investigated properly.

So far I have largely funded the investigation into Port Arthur personally and have received no payments for the publication of reports. This was done willingly, because every Australian must be told that government and media alike have conspired to pervert the course of justice in the case of the mass murder of thirty five Australian and other citizens on Australian sovereign territory, but I cannot justify spending any more of our limited family funds on the matter. Therefore anyone writing to me in future who would like to receive a reply is asked to enclose a post office money order made out to "J. Vials", sufficient to cover the cost of computer disposables, stationery, and postage. All donations received will be used solely for the non-profit Port Arthur investigation, which is already running at a substantial loss.

On 7 July 1999, Foreign Secretary Robin Cook announced in the British House of Commons, that the Libyan Government "had accepted general responsibility for Yvonne Fletcher's death, expressed its deep regrets to her mother, and paid compensation."

On 8 July 1999, the Libyan Ambassador-Designate to London denied Cook's claim, telling Sir Teddy Taylor MP that his government had made no such statement, and firmly denying Libyan involvement in Yvonne Fletcher's murder on 17 April 1984.

The alleged "compensation" was a misguided cheque provided by the Libyans at the express request of the British Foreign and Commonwealth Office during late 1991, as "a gesture of good faith". The "deep regrets" were personal condolences expressed to Yvonne's mum by ordinary Libyan people when she visited a meeting in Tripoli during 1994, and "responsibility" was "Libya accepts general responsibility for the behaviour of its diplomats inside its London Embassy at the time of the shooting." Under the Berne Convention, every nation on earth is responsible for the general behaviour of its diplomats inside each and every one of its embassies at all times.

A new investigation into Fletcher's murder was launched in 1998 and centres on fresh scientific evidence presented by the author, proving that Fletcher was murdered by a bullet fired from a nearby American multinational building, not from the Libyan Embassy. The investigation continues today under the control of Home Office and Metropolitan Police officials, despite frantic left-wing political attempts to stop it.

There is no doubt that Robin Cook's statement was designed to quash growing public skepticism about Libyan involvement in the downing of Pan Am 103 during 1988. When investigators finally prove officially that the Libyans were not responsible for Yvonne Fletcher's murder in London. British and American Government credibility over the fake charges on Pan Am 103 will be destroyed. This will leave unanswered the critical question of exactly who ordered and carried out the murders of 259 citizens on the ill-fated "Maid of the Skies", high above Lockerbie in December 1988.

Very few members of the public realise that absolutely no hard forensic evidence exists linking Martin Bryant to Port Arthur, or to any weapon used in the mass murder. Indeed, in the opinions of two prominent Queen's Counsels, Bryant would have been released from prison if strictly illegal sensory deprivation had not been used to extract his false guilty pleas in November 1996. Do not mistake guilty please for a confession, because in the latter Bryant would be required to provide detailed information on the mass murder that he did not have. Pleas as far simpler. All Martin Bryant was required to do was stand in the dock and say "guilty" seventy-two times, not a difficult task for an intellectually impaired young man with an IQ of 66. But these simple guilty pleas then technically enabled the Tasmanian Justice Ministry to confiscate Bryant's sizeable fortune and other property, before locking him in a dungeon and throwing away the keys.

If these obscene procedures had been used in faraway China, Cuba, Colombia or a dozen other countries, the democratic (sic) Australian media would have been first off the blocks, screaming with self-righteous outrage about the "human rights abuse" of the accused, and denial of a fair trial before his peers. Unfortunately, human rights are used solely as a lobby tool to manipulate foreign nations, proved beyond doubt by hysterical Australian media behaviour in Tasmania during April 1996. Reporters vied with each other to tell you how "terrible" Bryant was, and never once mentioned that in a so-called democracy, remand prisoners are assumed innocent until proven guilty in a court of law. This disgusting behaviour by the media proves that unlike prisoners in China and Cuba, luckless prisoners in democratic Australia have no human rights at all.

Though the media must accept the lion's share of the blame for Martin Bryant's contrived and very public "trial by television", there were other more shadowy figures who goaded the media on, long after the mass murder. A handful of public servants, politicians and police officers, hyped-up false evidence in order to keep Bryant in the frame, most in an attempt to save their own miserable "reputations" and jobs. A large part of this false evidence was aimed at convincing the public that police had literally hundreds of eyewitnesses who identified Bryant at Port Arthur. In fact, to this day the Tasmanian Police Service does not have a single legally valid eyewitness identification.

At a more subtle and dangerous level, there were veiled hints of hard forensic evidence Unking Martin Bryant to Port Arthur, including convincing displays by police officers holding up semi-automatic weapons on television. The inference was obvious: Bryant was holding a smoking gun when apprehended by police, with his fingerprints all over the weapon and its ammunition. Leading on from this first gross untruth, it was hoped the public would assume a second gross untruth: that the bullets and fragments found at Port Arthur would match "Bryant's Guns", as displayed on national television. It was all a pathetic rort. Martin Bryant was not apprehended with a smoking gun, there were no fingerprints on the guns and ammo displayed by police, and the bullets, fragments and cartridge cases found at Port Arthur did not provide a perfect match with the weapons displayed on national television.

Some of these points were accurately reported by the author in 1997 and early 1998, then in December of that year the Australian Police Journal decided to print an article by Sergeant Gerard Dutton, titled "The Port Arthur Shooting Incident". Dutton took over as Officer in Charge of the Tasmania Ballistics Section in 1995, and had eleven years ballistics experience at the time the Port Arthur mass murder took place. Though his article is flagged "ballistics evidence" on every page of the APJ, there is no discussion of guided projectiles in flight. Most of the eighteen-page article is a chronology of events at Port Arthur from a police perspective, with repeated references to the two weapons allegedly used in the mass murder by "Bryant". Because of the latter weapons content it might have been more accurate to flag each page of Sergeant Dutton's article "Forensic Firearms Identification", the correct term used by forensic sciences for this work.

This report is not intended as a thesis on forensic science, but there is a need to explain briefly in general terms how firearms examiners go about proving that an individual bullet was fired by an individual weapon. The word "individual" is extremely important here, because in the Port Arthur case, it means proving scientifically that the bullets and bullet fragments found at Port Arthur were fired by the exact weapons found by the police at Seascope Cottages, and subsequently shown to the public on television as "the murder weapons". Not fired by a similar weapon or class of weapons please note, but only by the weapons displayed by police.

There are two stages in this process. First the firearms examiner checks to confirm that the bullets, cartridge cases and weapons all match in the general sense, known in the trade as "Class Characteristics". For example, in the case of the 5.56-mm bullets and cartridges found at Port Arthur, would they fit the Colt AR-15 weapon found at Seascope? The answer is yes, but those bullets and cartridge cases would also fit thousands of other Colt AR-15s not found at Seascope, and many other different brands of firearm chambered for the same 5.56-mm round. No one including the author is disputing the simple class identification made by Dutton, but it is utterly meaningless in terms of individually matching the bullets and cartridge cases at Port Arthur with the weapons found at Seascope. To do this requires the second part of the process, predictably called "Individual Characteristics".

No two weapons manufactured are the same. Every single one has marks in the barrel and breech, and on the action, that are unique. And because weapons are made from exceedingly hard "tool grade" steel, these unique marks leave unique impressions on every bullet and cartridge case cycled through them, all of which are made from softer metal than the weapon itself. Using special microscopes, firearms examiners try to match the unique impressions on the fired bullets and cases found at the crime scene, with unique impressions on test rounds fired from the suspect weapon or weapons in the laboratory.

There are different stages in the process, normally starting with examination of primary and secondary rifling marks on the bullet, caused when the projectile travels along the the barrel of the weapon. Next, the ejected cartridge cases are examined for marks left by the loading mechanism, by the firing pin, and lastly compression marks caused by expansion inside the breech. Every one of these sequential examinations must show "Individual Characteristics", sufficient to satisfy any firearms examiner that the bullets and cartridge cases under examination were fired by the suspect weapon or weapons. Sergeant Dutton's eighteen-page article on "ballistics" includes many photographs, but not one of them shows individual characteristics matching the bullets and cases at Port Arthur with the weapons at Seascope. Without individual characteristic matches, the weapons are no more valuable than scrap iron, and absolutely useless as evidence against Martin Bryant.

The pristine weapons from Seascope you were shown on national television, only got that way because the Tasmanian Police Service borrowed many spare parts from the New South Wales Police firearms library. Before their startling resurrection to nearly new condition, both weapons were very badly damaged, a critical fact the Australian television networks rather artfully forgot to tell you. How the weapons got that way is of considerable importance in tracking down those really responsible for the mass murder at Port Arthur on 28 April 1996.

If we are to believe the media and Tasmanian Government, the Colt AR-15 serial number SP128807 (see photo on page 52), cycled and fired a minimum of 35 rounds faultlessly at Port Arthur and other crime scenes. Then, inexplicably, the AR-15 allegedly had an "accident" at Seascope Cottage, which destroyed part of the rifling in the barrel, most of the breech, and part of the receiver - the moving part of the weapon which includes the firing pin and extractor claws for the cartridge cases. This was attributed to a "faulty cartridge" which exploded in the breech. Oh, really, and how did it do all that damage in a weapon proofed to withstand 55,000 p.s.i.? In Sergeant Dutton's own words, the damage caused by the burst cartridge showed "Amazingly high chamber pressure...", and "I had never seen a cartridge case that had been subjected to so much pressure that

it caused brass to extrude substantially into apertures in the bolt face."

What would normally be needed to cause this kind of damage is too much of the correct powder in the cartridge case, or a different much faster-burning powder or explosive in the cartridge case. Because the correct power in this particular cartridge case fills it right up to the neck, it could not have been the first example, i.e. too much of the correct powder. This leaves us with a different much faster-burning powder or explosive. With such powders the grains are typically much smaller, allowing a greatly increased flame front, and thus the ability to increase pressures at a much faster rate. Special Forces put this knowledge to good use if they wish to destroy enemy artillery pieces behind the lines. A sizeable chunk of C3 plastic explosive is strategically placed inside the breech of the artillery piece, then later detonated, destroying the breech and rendering the weapon useless. What this process achieved with the AR-15 at Seascope was so much damage to the barrel, breech and receiver, that forensic "Individual Characteristic" matches could not be made with the fired bullets and cases found at Port Arthur. Now why on earth would you do that, if the AR-15 in question really was the same one used at Port Arthur, then afterwards positioned neatly next to alleged gunman Martin Bryant in Seascope, ready to be collected and identified by the local constabulary the following morning? Martin Bryant (or his body), and a weapon that could be individually matched to the bullets and cases at Port Arthur. Perfect! But only if the gunman at Port Arthur really was Martin Bryant, which we now know he was not. Best to look at the effect of the damage in reverse. What the explosion and resulting damage really achieved, was preventing police and others from proving that this particular AR-15 was not the weapon used at Port Arthur, but merely a decoy designed to draw attention towards Bryant. As Arthur Conan-Doyle once wrote: "When you have ruled out the impossible, whatever remains, no matter how improbable, is the truth."

There is one other critical point of evidence about the "exploding" AR-15. When the charge in the cartridge detonated, the resulting blast was sufficient to blow the bottom of the magazine right off, and cause severe damage in the immediate vicinity of the trigger, where Martin Bryant's finger would have been if he was handling the weapon at the time. Most explosions of this kind neatly amputate a finger or two, and shred the skin on the rest of the hand. In addition there would be very significant marking of the flesh by firearms discharge residue (FDR for short), caused by microscopic particles of burned or unburned propellant impregnating the flesh at high velocity. When Bryant was taken into custody he had severe burns to his back and left-hand side caused by the Seascope fire, but no injuries or serious burns to his hands, and no trace of FDR. So Bryant did not fire the Colt AR-15 found at Seascope Cottage, end of story.

The other weapon displayed so enthusiastically by police was a Belgian FN-FAL serial number G3434 in 7.62-mm calibre (see photo on page 52). Alas, this weapon was also severely damaged before the NSW police firearms library helped out with copious spare parts. Unlike the AR-15 found in Seascope itself, the FN-FAL was recovered from the roof of an outhouse some distance from the main building. This is ridiculous with Martin Bryant in the cross-hairs of an entire highly trained Special Operations Group all evening and all night. How is Bryant supposed to have put it up on the roof? There was no exploding cartridge in the breech of the FN-FAL, but by a rare coincidence beyond the calculations of most actuaries, the effect of the damage was exactly the same as that inflicted on the AR-15. The barrel, breech, and receiver were damaged beyond hope of making "Individual Characteristic" matches with bullets and cartridge cases found at the various crime scenes. So, once again, police and others were unable to prove the FN-FAL was not one of the weapons used at Port Arthur.

It is the FN-FAL rather than the AR-15 which provides absolute scientific proof the two weapons were merely dummies designed to deflect attention away from the guilty parties, probably dumped at Seascope as stage props long before any of the shooting started. Despite being terminally damaged, nearly all of the AR-15 components were located close to the weapon in

Seascope, though the pistol grip was missing and was never found. However, the FN-FAL lacked a major component called the "return spring tube assembly", plus its butt plate and magazine. These are all large items impossible to miss in thorough forensic searches at crime scenes. The forensic teams went over every crime scene with a fine-tooth comb several times, leaving no stone or even a blade of grass unturned. I have resisted the temptation to provide the exact size of the return spring tube assembly because I do not have exact technical details to hand, but believe me when I say it is big. Many years ago I field-stripped and reassembled FN-FALS dozens of times, and can assure readers the assembly is a minimum of six inches long, with the large springs inside made of tempered steel.

Without its return spring assembly (and magazine) the FN-FAL cannot fire at all, proving the damaged weapon found at Seascope played no part in the Port Arthur mass murder. Evidently it had been carefully "damaged" at a location a considerable distance away from either Port Arthur or Seascope, before the mass murder took place. This of course proves that the mass murder was a premeditated crime, one that Australian counter-terrorist personnel must solve if we are to prevent further attacks on this nation. Exactly how they go about this is their concern, but counter-terrorist personnel are reminded that their pay packets are generously filled each month by Australian taxpayers, not by international lobby groups in Canberra and Hobart.

A good starting point for counter-terrorism would be to hunt for the real 5.56-mm and 7.62-mm weapons actually used at Port Arthur on 28 April 1996 to kill or wound fifty-seven civilians, and dead-block the Daihatsu Feroza driven by Linda White. We now know the weapons used were not the crippled AR-15 and FN-FAL found at Seascope, and we also know the shooter was not Martin Bryant, because he was completely contained by SOG personnel throughout the entire period in the same Seascope compound as both crippled weapons. Find the real weapons used and they will hopefully in turn lead you to the real shooters, though the trail is now cold. Either way, it is now time for the authorities to stop pussyfooting around, and get on with a serious counter-terrorist investigation.

There are those in power determined that a serious investigation will not take place, and recently went out of their way to discourage me in particular. Some months ago my 21 and 18 year-old children inexplicably failed their police "integrity checks", essential here in Western Australia for anyone wishing to get a decent job. Stunned by this I lodged an official complaint, and then made several discreet inquiries. Eventually I was told that a powerful federal politician had persuaded a police unit in Canberra, to flag me in the Bureau of Criminal Intelligence computer as a "security risk", which is a bit rich bearing in mind my former (very high) security clearances with NATO. Because my work on Port Arthur focuses solely and openly on protecting Australian national security, logic and security protocols dictate it is not I, but the powerful federal politician who is a significant security risk to this nation.

Once the illegal false data about me was entered into the BCI computer, there was a trickle-down effect on my children, who were men found guilty of associating with a known security risk - their own father! Fortunately there are officials in Western Australia with very high ethics, and the entire sordid mess was sorted out in less than two weeks. My children now once again have positive integrity status, and I have the name of the powerful federal politician who tried to destroy the credibility of this family. The politician in question is advised not to try this again, or members of the public might start wondering exactly why he chose to take this illegal action in the first place.

On a closing note I must take this opportunity to belatedly offer my congratulations to Tasmanian DPP Damian Bugg QC, who was responsible for prosecuting Martin Bryant during 1996. Two years after Bryant's sentencing hearing in the Tasmanian Supreme Court, Mr Bugg, age 52, was promoted to Commonwealth DPP, by Federal Attorney General Daryl Williams.

The author wishes to acknowledge the expert assistance of a leading American firearms examiner, who for the present prefers to remain anonymous

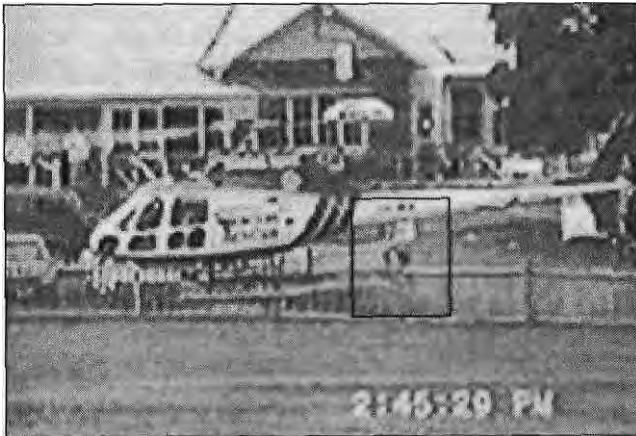


## Media Guilty of Conspiracy to Pervert the Course of Justice



Alleged gunman Martin Bryant. Picture above is a frame from a forged video used by the media to convince you of Martin Bryant's "guilt". Picture below is a frame from a real video taken from a different angle on the same day, showing three identical men standing in identical positions on the balcony of the Broad Arrow Cafe. Make careful note of the third man on the balcony, standing in front of the door, wearing a khaki suit and barely visible in both frames between the two men wearing white shirts.

In both video frames, an identical figure alleged to be Martin Bryant runs down the road towards the bus park. As the frame below proves, the real man actually runs down the road in the presence of a hovering police helicopter at 2.45.29 PM, more than an hour after the professional gunman is known to have left the Port Arthur historic site. This damning photographic evidence by itself proves Martin Bryant was deliberately set up, wrongly accused and wrongly convicted. Remember, a video camera cannot lie.



REGISTERED MAIL

ADDRESS DELETED

21st June 1999

Mr Graham Harris  
General Manager  
Risdon Prison  
P.O. Box 24  
Lindisfarne  
Tasmania 7015

Dear Mr Harris,

MY SON, MARTIN BRYANT

You are aware that I have been denied access to my son Martin Bryant since late 1997, on the alleged grounds relayed to me by members of your staff that he no longer wishes to see me. However, since I last saw Martin in person I have received no written or verbal confirmation from him that your staff members provided me with accurate information. Such a situation would be a matter of considerable concern for any relative, but is especially so for a mother.

At the time I was first advised that my son apparently no longer wished to see me, I asked a member of your staff what I should do next, and was advised to write to him. This I have done on a regular basis but have received no replies, nor any confirmation that my letters are actually being given to Martin by prison authorities. Will you now please confirm for me in writing at the above address that every letter I have sent to my son since he has been in your custody, has been passed on to him speedily i.e. within seven days of its receipt at Risdon Prison. If any of my personal letters to Martin have been withheld for more than seven days but passed on later, please explain which letters on which dates, and your reasons for the delays.

Obviously I am aware that my son is not a prolific writer but more than a year has passed and I should have received a short letter by now, or at the very minimum a telephone call. I am enclosing a phone card for Martin's use, and ask you to ask him to call me at home as quickly as possible. If Martin should decide (without influence from your staff) that he does not wish to speak to me, once again please advise me of this fact in writing.

Yours faithfully,

ORIGINAL SIGNED

Mrs Carleen Bryant



Tasmania

DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE and  
INDUSTRIAL RELATIONS

Corrective Services Division PRISON  
SERVICES

PO Box 24, Lindisfarne, Tas, 7015

Tel: [03] 6233 8480 / Fax: [03] 6233 8022

Enquiries:

Ext:

Our Ref: Your Ref:

1 July, 1999

ADDRESS DELETED

Dear Mrs. Bryant,

Your son Martyn, has been consulted in relation to all the matters raised in your correspondence dated 21 Jun '99...

At this point Martyn has requested not to receive any mail and has relayed his desire not to correspond. Mail from yourself is being stored in the event Martyn wishes to take possession, he is aware of this and is asked regularly if he would like to receive the mail.

Martyn has also declined telephone contact and visits.

Please find enclosed the Telstra Phone Card you posted, there is no requirement to operate the prisoners phone system with the use of a card.

I sympathise with you Mrs. Bryant in relation to Martyn's decisions, an approach to Martyn in relation to visits, correspondence and telephone accessibility will continue on a regular basis.

Please do not hesitate to contact me should the need arise.

Yours Sincerely

G. Harris

General Manager Risdon prison

THE QUEEN v. MARTIN BRYANT, SUPREME COURT, HOBART,  
20-22 NOVEMBER 1996

There is a very healthy tendency for the reader of any book like "Deadly Deception at Port Arthur" to be skeptical, and to wonder whether the author is imagining things, or perhaps indulging himself in wild flights of fantasy. Indeed, the mainstream media has already labeled my Port Arthur investigation the work of a "crackpot", "conspiracy theorist", and "right-wing extremist". I am none of these things, but labeling me in this way enables members of the mainstream media to live more comfortably with their continued support of government lies about the mass murder at Port Arthur.

Clearly I played no part in the case of The Queen v. Martin Bryant brought before the Supreme Court of Tasmania, so cannot be accused of "rigging" interrogation or court procedures in an attempt to reinforce my Port Arthur investigation. No such need exists, because the court transcript placed before you in this appendix speaks for itself. It illustrates far better than I can the ability of government to abuse the human rights of a suspect; to warp and distort events for its own ends, and finally to brutally censor any material which it feels might be used to clear the suspect of the charges laid against him.

It is critically important that the reader has a clear idea of the procedures used to interrogate intellectually impaired Martin Bryant, and how the resultant information was relayed to the Supreme Court. As an intellectually impaired man, a public guardian and a lawyer should have escorted Bryant at interrogation. He was allowed neither. In order for the information obtained at interrogation to have credibility in a court of law, the entire interrogation tape should have been submitted, thereby eliminating any later claim of inaccuracy or bias. It was not. Instead, vast sections of the interrogation were censored with the permission of Bryant's defence lawyer. Clearly any paragraph, sentence or even word censored out of the interrogation could have reversed the impression of Bryant's guilt, and probably would have done so if placed before the court. Why else was this extraordinary censorship allowed?

During his long interrogation, remand prisoner Bryant was physically restrained, despite acute pain caused by severe burns on his back and left side. This was a blatantly illegal act in law, and deliberately inhumane. A remand prisoner may only be physically restrained if he poses "a significant threat to others". Badly injured and intellectually impaired Martin Bryant posed no threat at all to two beefy Tasmanian police inspectors.

When reading the transcript, readers should note Martin Bryant had been held incommunicado in de-facto solitary confinement for an unbroken period of thirty-nine days. Not only is this illegal for a remand prisoner, more importantly

it frequently leads to a condition referred to by psychologists as the "Stockholm Syndrome", a form of dependent thought and behaviour whereby the prisoner will say or do anything he hopes will please his captors. Thirty nine days was also plenty of preparation time for officials to casually inject thoughts like "Gunsmith Terry Hill", i.e. inaccurate thoughts the prisoner may later perceive are required to please his captors. Though Bryant was prepared to "name" Terry Hill, readers should note he continually denies killing anyone. Martin Bryant was slow intellectually, but could apparently still tell the difference between "naming" an innocent gunsmith to please his captors, and convicting himself of the mass murder at Port Arthur.

In the early part of the transcript the prosecution, referring to the taped transcript of Bryant's interrogation, says "Your Honor, we propose to play to the court an edited version of this interview, not because the Crown relies on any part of it - because we consider that it is important that your Honour gains a proper appreciation of the accused's ability to field questions from two experienced police officers..." The accused's ability to do what? At that point remand prisoner Bryant had been held in illegal solitary confinement for thirty nine days without access to media in any form, was not provided with a public guardian or lawyer at interrogation as required by law, and was illegally physically restrained during that interrogation despite severe third-degree burns to his back and side.

Martin Bryant was in no condition to "field questions from two experienced police officers", but clearly provided so much conflicting and unwanted comment that the prosecution felt obliged to censor out a large part of the overall interrogation transcript. Regardless of what the reader may feel about the behaviour of the two police inspectors who interrogated Martin Bryant, it is important to remember that these two officers did not censor the court transcript themselves. As the documents show, the Director of Public Prosecutions on behalf of the Crown initiated this action.

The Prosecution would also have you believe a single defective video camera was used to record the entire interrogation of the alleged worst mass murderer in Australian history, claiming "... there was a break-down with the recording facility and the tape has been reconstructed using the audio from an audio tape which was recorded at the same time as the original video, so there is some lack of synchronization at times..." What "a lack of synchronization" means in practical terms is that any word or phrase may have been accidentally edited in at the wrong point, permanently compromising the entire tape. We know from other documents that observers including psychiatrists were present in the adjoining room, and we also know that more than one video camera was used to record the interrogation. Why then was this grossly distorted and inaccurate videotape the only one played to the Court?

Thirty-three citizens of every state in Australia, and two overseas visitors, were murdered at Port Arthur on 28 April 1996. Thus this horrific crime and the

way it was handled by the prosecution and court is of direct interest to every member of the Australian public. Ideally the reader should study the entire 370-page court transcript, but there is obviously insufficient space for that here. What follows are two verbatim extracts from Martin Bryant's hearing in November 1996, both of which are reproduced exactly as printed. The mainstream media has already printed extracts of course, but in every case those extracts have been discontinuous, and selectively edited to complement the official government story. The first extract runs from page 190 to page 194, covering the way in which the prosecution intends to "edit" Bryant's interrogation transcript. The second extract picks up the centre of Martin Bryant's interrogation at page 215 and runs to page 280. At each point in the second extract where the prosecution has removed vast chunks of the interrogation I have inserted the single word "CENSORED", and have inserted comments in brackets, each clearly marked "Editor's note". Apart from this nothing has been changed. What you read is what was said. These extracts are printed in the public interest.

On Monday the 29th April, 1996, at about 6.30 p.m., Detective Inspector John Warren, the officer in charge of the CIB within the eastern police district, unsuccessfully attempted to interview Bryant in his room at the Royal Hobart Hospital. At that time, Bryant was sedated. Inspector Warren returned the following morning. Bryant's response to the allegation that he was responsible for the shootings at Port Arthur was that he didn't know anything and he was a long way from Port Arthur surfing. He also said, "I've been unjustly accused". Bryant declined to participate in a video-recorded interview and Inspector Warren then formally arrested him for the murder of Kate Elizabeth Scott.

On Monday the 6th May, 1996, the Port Arthur Task Force was established under the overall command of Superintendent Jack Johnston with Detective Inspectors Warren and Ross Paine maintaining control of the ongoing investigations into the events of the 28th April 1996.

On the 4th July, 1996, after obtaining the permission of Bryant's then defence lawyer, Mr. Gunson, Inspectors Warren and Paine conducted an interview with Bryant at the Risdon Prison.

During the course of this interview which was electronically recorded Bryant admitted ownership of the Colt AR15 rifle. He further admitted to kidnapping a male person and ordering him at gunpoint into the boot of the BMW and to then driving the vehicle to Seascope and subsequently setting it on fire. However, at all times throughout the interview Bryant maintained the denial that he had ever entered the Port Arthur historic site on the 28th of April or that he had shot any person. And his account of the kidnapping of Mr. Pears and the taking of Mr. and Mrs. Nixon's BMW was at total variance to the facts as we know them to be.

Your Honour, we propose to play to the court an edited version of this interview, not because the Crown relies on any part of it - because we consider that it is important that your Honour gains a proper appreciation of the accused's ability to field questions from two experienced police officers and secondly because his responses and demeanour are demonstrative of his complete lack of remorse.

Your Honour, if I could take you to Volume 3 of the Crown papers a transcript of that interview commences at page 19 and if I could refer your Honour to the actual page numbers of the interview I will give an indication as to which parts of the interview have been deleted for the present purposes. Pages 1 to 9 are deleted in their entirety, page 10 is deleted save for the last few questions and answers on that page, the interview will continue until page 17 when another deletion will occur at the last question and answer, the whole of page 18 is deleted, the interview recommences at page 19 and goes until page 22, page 23 is deleted and it commences again at page 24 - And continues until page 31 and the last, the

background voices and answer on that page are deleted, pages 32 to 35 are deleted as well as the first question and answer on page 36.

HIS HONOUR: "Oh, right generous" that's deleted is it?

MR. PERKS: Yes your Honour.

HIS HONOUR: That all?

MR. PERKS: No. The interview then continues.

HIS HONOUR: That's the only deletion on 36 though is it?

MR. PERKS: Yes. Interview then continues until page 39 when from "Warren" downwards on that page there is the deletion. The whole of 40 is deleted and that part of the transcript above "pain" is deleted on page 41. The interview then continues until page 43 when all that part of the interview below the word "Warren" is deleted, as is page 44, 45, and 46, and the first half of 47, the interview recommencing below the word "pain". The interview then continues until page 74 whereas that on page 34, that part of the interview between the words "Warren" and "pain" are deleted. The interview then recommences and continues until page 78 where there is a further deletion from where it says, "Inspector Warren leaves the room". All of 79 is deleted, page 80 is deleted, all of 81. The interview then recommences at page 82 through to 90.

All of page 91 is deleted save for the question which commences "Martin, going back to the BMW" and the fourth answer on that page "Oh, it just came to me to take - take this car - get hold of this car and take it for a drive, it just felt good."

HIS HONOUR: That stays in, does it?

MR. PERKS: That stays in. The rest of that page is deleted, as is the next -

HIS HONOUR: So the first question and answer goes out, does it?

MR. PERKS: Yes.

HIS HONOUR: And the third and the fifth and following?

MR. PERKS: Yes. Page 92 is deleted through to page 98.

HIS HONOUR: Deleted?

MR. PERKS: Deleted. And it recommences on page 98 at the word "Warren". It continues then through until 115 where there's a further deletion from the second "Warren" on that page and -

HIS HONOUR: To the end of the page?

MR. PERKS: Yes, to the end of the page and the remainder of the interview is deleted until we reach page 142.

HIS HONOUR: So 116 and 141 is out, is it?

MR. PERKS: Yes. It recommences at page 142 from "Paine" downwards so



it's just the last two questions and answers on that page. Continues through page 143, 144 and finishes at the top of 145, question "Not on this scale, no." Answer "No, suppose it happens, doesn't it." The rest of the interview is deleted from then onwards.

Your Honour, the quality of the sound and vision on this interview are not particularly good, there was some breakdown with the recording facility and the tape has been reconstructed using the audio from an audio tape which was recorded at the same time as the original video, so there is some lack of synchronization at times and the vision is not particularly good but I would now seek your Honour's leave to have this interview played to the court. It goes for approximately two hours and at its conclusion the learned Director of Public Prosecutions will complete the Crown presentation of facts.

HIS HONOUR: Yes. You've got no submissions, I take it, Mr. Avery, in view of the editing and the substitution of some of the audio tape?

MR. AVERY (DEFENCE): I was not aware of it your Honour but I am not troubled by what's proposed, your Honour.

HIS HONOUR: Yes, thank you. Is that all on the one tape, Mr. perks, or is there a gap?

MR. PERKS: Yes.

COURT TRANSCRIPT, START OF PAGE 215

PAINE , POLICE INSPECTOR = "PQ"

WARREN, POLICE INSPECTOR = "WQ"

PQ. Gee's I'll say. Hey Martin, what, sorry I keep going back to these guns. Where did you, ahh, you know you said you went a couple of times to practice shooting, where did you go?

A. I used to go to only one spot between Dunalley and Eagle Hawk Neck, there's a turn off there, just past Mudunna there on the left, there's a road, a couple of roads as you just go.

PQ. So.

A. To shoot at trees, see if the guns like a.

PQ. Just let me get that straight, you go through Dunalley?

A. Yes.

PQ. Towards Eagle Hawk Neck?

A. Through Mudunna, so you go past Mudunna, between Mudunna and Eagle Hawk Neck, there's a forestry place there.

PQ. Ohh yeah.

A. A couple of roads.

PQ. And just turn up to the left and.

- A. Used to shoot a few tin cans.
- PQ. Ohh right. Bottles?
- A. Bottles, no, not bottles 'cos they could break and injure the animals and.
- PQ. Did you ever make.
- A. I never used to shoot the animals.
- PQ. Sorry about that. Did you ever make your own targets to shoot?
- A. I had a couple of targets on boards.
- PQ. Did you.
- A. Cardboard usually.
- PQ. And how many times would you have shot 'em?
- A. Ohh four or five times, then I used to put the gun back in the car and used to leave and go home.
- PQ. And did you take the targets with you?
- A. Yes.
- PQ. Ohh right.
- A. But they were just home made targets out of cardboard.
- PQ. Yeah. What did they, what did you draw on them?
- A. I used to draw circles.
- PQ. Circles. And umm, when you practiced your shooting, did you, where did you hold the gun?
- A. Up like this, on my left. [Editor's note: Shooter in Broad Arrow fired from right hip].
- PQ. So you're left handed?
- A. Umm, I write with this hand.
- PQ. Ohh that's right, sorry, yeah.
- A. I, but this is me finger
- PQ. So if you held a gun, you would pull the trigger with your, a finger on your left hand?
- A. Yeah that's right, yeah.
- PQ. Ohh right. And ahh, did you ever practice shooting from the hip?
- A. No never.
- PQ. Never?
- A. Uhh uhh.
- PQ. Ohh right. And did you get pretty accurate?
- A. No not really 'cos like I said I only used that AR15 about twenty rounds in that one and, and not many round, more rounds in the AR10. So, and I, I never got round to using the shotgun because of it, inaudible... I heard from Terry that it had a bit of power to it.

WQ. Mmm.

A. So.

PQ. Just getting back to Terry HILL where, did you think it was strange that he didn't ask you for a gun licence?

A. Yeah, he never got round to asking me for one, I was gonna let him know though..

PQ. Did you think flashing the cash in front of him?

A. Ohh yeah, I was gonna let him know I had one if he asked. [Editor's note: Prosecution should have censored this bit, where Bryant clearly indicates he had a gun licence].

PQ. Yeah.

A. Maybe because he knew me when I was that small he knew me and.

PQ. So he saw you grow up basically coming into the shop.

A. A couple of times, yeah.

PQ. Over several years?

A. Yeah.

PQ. Yeah. Ohh, alright.

A. I spose it helps you, when you got the money it helps. People pass things over if you've got the cash.

WQ. If you've got the cash. What was the set up when you wanted, wanted cash for something Martin, did ahh, you have to contact someone at the?

A. Ahh, yeah, I used to go into the account once every three months for money.

WQ. Your accountant?

A. No account, my bank account every three months.

WQ. Ohh right.

A. It's managed by Perpetual Trustees.

WQ. Right. So you just had to go and see them and ahh, tell them what you wanted the money for?

A. Only see them before the three months, if I've spent that money, had to, I had to live on within three months I would go in and see them.

WQ. Mmm.

A. If I needed a, the boat fixed, they help me with the boat or an overseas trip but unfortunately I went through the money a bit too quick and.

PQ. Did you, have you got a credit card?

A. Never.

PQ. Never owned a credit card?

A. No, never.

PQ. Ohh, you wanna to get one, they're the best things out.

- A. Do you reckon I could've gone for extra trips and they wouldn't've known.
- PQ. Ohh well you've eventually got to pay.
- A. ....inaudible ....
- PQ. The money back but ahh.
- A. Ohh would've, would've been more of a benefit for me.
- PQ. Did you have a cheque book?
- A. Never. No.
- PQ. So only ever used cash?
- A. I only used cash.
- PQ. So when you bought the guns from Terry HELL, you paid in cash, was that correct?
- A. Yeah, just money in an envelope, I said here's the money Terry. I didn't, didn't bother asking him to count it or not, he just trusted, just trusted each other and passed, passed me over the gun.
- PQ. Did he ever give you receipts?
- A. No, I didn't want any. Never asked for one.
- PQ. And did, were you ever served by his wife?
- A. No, last time I saw his wife was when I was about this high, when I was about sixteen, seventeen.
- PQ. Ohh right. Ohh.
- A. But she's a nice lady, have you met?
- PQ. No I haven't met her. [Editor's note: Bryant admits he has never met Mrs. Hill, thereby contradicting his early statement ]. And what's your favourite drink, with your meals?
- A. I like the odd can of Guinness.
- PQ. Guinness?
- A. Yeah.
- WQ. There's a man after my own heart.
- A. Are you a Guinness man?
- WQ. I'm a Guinness man, yeah.
- A. Where's a can of Guinness, I'd love a can of Guinness.
- PQ. What about wine, like wine or?
- A. Yeah wine's good.
- PQ. Australian wines or?
- A. Yeah, Aussie wine, red wine. I can't, don't want to talk about this, alcohol.
- PQ. Ohh right, we won't.
- A. It's getting to me.
- PQ. Ahh. Ahh.

A. Wish you could get me out of this place, or even if could you let me mix outside with the other prisoners, be good. [Editor's note: Illegal solitary confinement is rough].

PQ. Do you know why you're here?

A. Know why I'm here, well Inspector WARREN was saying in the Royal that I was on one murder count.

WQ. That's correct.

A. Is that correct.

WQ. Mmm.

A. God, I wish that wasn't the case.

PQ. We all do Martin.

A. Mmm.

CENSORED

PQ. We all wish that.

A. There you go.

CENSORED

PQ. Martin, I'm gonna just get Mr. WARREN to pick up that ahh, sport's bag on the floor and show it to you.

A. It's a nice one isn't it.

PQ. It's a very nice bag.

A. Mmm.

PQ. Seen that before?

A. No never, never seen that before.

PQ. Well I believe you...

A. I've got a couple of sport's bags, I've got a rubber black one upstairs at Clare Street I bought... inaudible...

PQ. Well I believe you bought that in Myers or Fitzgeralds or somewhere in town, accompanied with a, a young woman earlier this year.

A. Earlier with a young woman, I don't recall buying that.

CENSORED

PQ. You sure? [Editor's note: No fingerprints on sports bag].

A. No, not at all. If I said that that was mine, I'd say that was mine but.

PQ. Ohh.

A. No.

WQ. Have you ever had a bag, a bag like that?

A. Bag like that, I've got a couple of sport's bags. I've got a red one, I can't, ohh a bit like that and a blue one, just all blue at home but.

PQ. Do you recognize the brand name there?

A. No.

PQ. It's a Prince brand.

A. Ugh ugh, no.

PQ. Because its funny, you said, did you say you liked playing tennis?

A. Tennis, I haven't played tennis for about twelve months or so with Mum.

PQ. Yeah. 'Cos Prince make, principally make tennis equipment, shoes and gear and racquets and.

A. Mmm.

PQ. Did you know that?

A. No I didn't

PQ. Ohh.

A. No.

PQ. Thanks Mr. WARREN.

A. Ohh with my girlfriend you reckon I bought that.

PQ. I'm sorry, I didn't hear you.

A. You, you said that you think I bought that bag in Myers. You said the.

PQ. I said I believe you bought that in Myers or Fitzgeralds in the company of ahh, a young woman, yeah. And you said.

A. No.

WQ. Do you think you might, you could've done and you just can't remember or you?

A. No I don't recall having a sport's bag, at the last time I bought a sport's bag was, like this one I bought in Franklin.

PQ. Well I'm sorry I honestly believe you bought that bag.

A. Mmm.

PQ. Martin. I'm sorry about that.

A. That's alright.

PQ. But I believe you bought that bag.

A. That's okay. Mmm.

WQ. Martin ahh, Mr. PAINE asked you before about you recalling the night that you had dinner at your mother's and, what happened that night when you came back home?

A. Ohh well I forgot what I had that night for tea at my Mum's but I think we went out, went out to the pictures, I'm not quite sure. But we went out, that's right, went out, sat, went out dancing and stuff. Went to the Cadillac Club for a couple of hours because Petra is my girlfriend umm, her cousin used to go there.

PQ. Could you speak up Martin, I can't hear, I'm sorry.

A. Ohh we went to the Cadillac Club that night with me girlfriend.

- PQ. After dinner at Mum's?  
A. Mmm. Went back, I think we went back to my place for a while and then went out and umm, but her cousin wasn't there but we spent a few hours there. Then we went to Hadleys, had a drink at Hadleys and left and went home.
- PQ. What time would you have got home?  
A. Ohh must've been about eleven, twelve o'clock that night.
- PQ. Did you set the alarm clock when you went to bed?  
A. Umm, no, never usually set the alarm clock.
- PQ. What time did you wake up?  
A. Ahh about seven, eight o'clock.
- PQ. What'd you do then?  
A. We had breakfast like we used to do and then, ohh have, had a shower together. Had breakfast, then I said Petra, well I'll see you on Monday. She usually goes home on the Sunday a lot, likes to go home to her parent's on the Sunday and just, 'cos she doesn't get to see her parent's very much.
- PQ. And what'd you do?  
A. I went surfing. I got me surfboard out and went surfing.
- PQ. Did, what time did you leave the house, can you remember?  
A. Ahh, must've been about eleven o'clock I reckon.
- PQ. Eleven o'clock.?  
A. Yeah, when the sun came up and it got a bit warm. Mmm.
- WQ. And whereabouts did you go mate?  
A. Whereabouts did I go, I went round to Roaring Beach, surfing.
- PQ. Do you remember setting the alarm when you left home?  
A. No.
- PQ. Sure?  
A. No, definitely not.
- PQ. Ohh right.  
A. Last time I set the alarm was when I went away to Melbourne. Mmm.
- PQ. And did you travel straight to Roaring Beach?  
A. I traveled straight to Roaring Beach, yeah.
- PQ. Stop anywhere on the way?  
A. I think I stopped and got a cappuccino, yes, at Sorell. Mmm.
- PQ. You didn't stop at a shop at Midway Point?  
A. Midway Point, no.
- PQ. Get petrol anywhere?  
A. Get petrol, no, didn't need to get petrol. 'Cos I got some petrol a couple of days beforehand. Filled up the tank and, mmm.

- PQ. Buy any tomato sauce on the way down?  
A. No, no tomato sauce.
- PQ. Ohh.  
A. Why would I want tomato sauce for.
- PQ. Well I don't know.  
A. Things, funny things. I only, I only, as you know the things I know, apart from that, that's all I can let you know. Mmm.
- PQ. Do you know.  
A. If I can help you anymore.
- PQ. Do you know ahh, David and Sally MARTIN?  
A. Ohh yeah, I knew them well.
- PQ. You knew them well?  
A. When I was about, when I was about that high.
- PQ. When did you last see them?  
A. I saw them I reckon back in nineteen ninety-one when I saw them in town. No it wasn't, they were going into Calvary Hospital to visit some friends.
- PQ. I don't believe that.  
A. Calvary Hospital to visit friends.
- PQ. I don't believe that.  
A. Why?
- PQ. I believe.  
A. I went down, I went, I went to their, their house on the Sunday but they weren't home. You said last time you saw, saw them. You didn't say, did you go and see them. I went down to see them but they weren't there.
- PQ. Ohh sorry. I've got confused.  
A. You got them confused, ohh. Yeah I knocked on the door and there was no one there at the guest house.
- WQ. And that's on the Sunday you went surfing?  
A. Yes. 'Cos I went down 'cos apparently over the years they were renovating the guest house and I thought I'll call in and see them and have a chat to them.
- PQ. So what you're saying is that you wouldn't have ever spoken to them for some years?  
A. Yeah, that's right. Would've been good to have seen them but there was no answer at the door.
- WQ. What about ahh, the ahh MARTIN boy's, have you seen them recently?  
A. Yes, I was with me girlfriend, must've been ahh, eight month's ago. We were over Eastlands doing a bit of shopping and Glen, Glen MARTIN, that's one of the sons, we went and had a, I think it was a cappaccin., ice coffee that day at the cafeteria.



WQ. Did you talk to.

A. Sorry I can't talk very well 'cos I haven't had a drink or anything to eat today and I'm a bit worked up

PQ. Would you like a drink of water or something?

A. Yeah or a cup of tea would be nice.

PQ. I'll see if I can arrange it.

A. Alright, thanks. Then I'll be up like this talking to you's. Yeah, what a lovely place at the MARTIN's.

Inspector PAINE leaves the room.

WQ. Yeah. What sort of memories have you got of the place?

A. I've been informed by some of the security guards here that it's been burnt down to the ground... inaudible... been burnt down to the ground. Is that so?

WQ. Well like, just wait till Mr. PAINE gets a drink for you and just have a rest for a few minutes okay.

A. Mmm. Am I allowed to have.

WQ. Feeling alright mate?

A. Ohh yeah, I'm feeling good.

WQ. Are you?

A. Yeah. Am I allowed to have a read of them?

WQ. No, they're ours mate.

A. They're yours, yeah.

WQ. I don't think you'd ahh, find of any great interest there mate.

Inspector PAINE re-enters the room.

A. Water. No tea, can't get me cup of tea.

PQ. I'm not a very good waiter.

A. Ugh ugh.

PQ. Martin, do you have to go past Seascape to get to Roaring Beach?

A. You can and you can't, you can out past Seascape to get to Roaring Beach or you can go, cut, cut off at Taranna and go round to Roaring Beach.

PQ. So which way did you go that day?

A. I cut up at Taranna, went round Roaring Beach. I ..... inaudible ....the circle around the, past Port Arthur.

PQ. Could you speak up Martin sorry.

A. I actually cut off at Taranna to go round to Roaring Beach that day.

PQ. But didn't you just say that you called in at the ahh, ahh, Seascape?

A. Seascape I did, that was after I went surfing.

PQ. After you went surfing?

A. Yes.

- PQ. Ohh right, sorry. Where'd you park your car at Roaring Beach?
- A. Umm, at the car park there. It's a small.
- PQ. I don't know the area
- A. Ohh there's a small car park at Roaring Beach and it takes about five minutes to walk into the surf.
- PQ. So it's quite a long walk from the car park to the beach?
- A. Yeah, about five minute walk.
- PQ. Ohh right.
- A. Mmm.
- PQ. What colour's your surfboard? [Editor's note: no fingerprints on surfboard].
- A. It's umm, it's got all different colours, it's got a bit of purple, it's got a bit of white and, it's a Stranger, I think they call it a Stranger surfboard.
- PQ. Did you see anyone else down at Roaring Beach?
- A. There was two other people bodyboarding on that day.
- PQ. Did they have wetsuits on?
- A. They did, short one's.
- PQ. Short one's
- WQ. Did, ahh, were you talking to them at all?
- A. No.
- WQ. They saw you?
- A. I reckon they did but they were, they was, they were that, ohh a fair distance away.
- WQ. Mmm.
- A. And if I was surfing at one end, they'll surf at the other.
- PQ. What were you wearing umm, before you obviously took your clothes off to go surfing?
- A. I was wearing a tracksuit, grey tracksuit. And ahh, I was wearing a whole tracksuit but the other half of the tracksuit was blue. Mmm and a jacket.
- PQ. Did you walk from your car to the beach with that on?
- A. Ohh no, I had to umm, ohh with my clothes.
- PQ. Yeah.
- A. On? No I had to wait around for a while because I forgot the towel and I was shivering a bit and I put my clothes on, they were a bit wet.
- PQ. So you put them back on at the beach?
- A. Mmm.
- PQ. Ohh right.
- A. Had to stand up for about five or ten minutes till I dried off.

PQ. And after you left Roaring Beach, where'd you go then?

A. Umm, I dunno, I stopped ahh, at umm, Nubeena and got a coffee and I think I got a toasted sandwich too.

PQ. Do you remember where that was?

A. It was at the shop there, it's a little shop near the school,

PQ. A little shop near the school, you got a toasted sandwich and a cup of coffee?

A. Yeah.

PQ. What'd you do then?

A. Then I left and drove round past Port Arthur and went and, went into see the MARTIN's. Mmm.

PQ. Was there anyone else there when you ahh, called in?

A. No, I umm, unfortunately I help up a car, I took ahh, I saw this car I liked and got umm, held up the person in the car and kidnapped him.

WQ. Kidnapped him?

A. Mmm.

PQ. When you say held up.

A. That was actually passed the MARTIN's. Ohh actually, that was on the corner of Palmers Lookout. No I didn't really, didn't know whether I'd let you know or not but since you're not gonna let anyone else know. You're not gonna let anyone else know. Yeah, no, I stopped the car, I was in the Volvo, I stopped the car on the corner, there was a nice looking BMW and I asked them to get out of the car but the.

PQ. How many people were in it?

A. There was a child in there, in the back and the lady and the man. The man, I got him out the car, I had my gun with me and I said I want to take your car, I like the look of your car, so I took his car, I got, then his wife or girlfriend got into the Volvo with the child and I left, I drove off.

PQ. So you drove away in the BMW?

A. Yes.

PQ. With another male person?

A. Yeah, he was in the boot. I put him in the boot of the car.

PQ. Martin, just back to the BMW. How did this guy get to get in the boot?

A. I put him in the boot because I had the gun.

PQ. Which gun did you have?

A. I had the umm.

PQ. Can Mr. WARREN hold it up?

A. That AR15. You see if people didn't do these unfortunate things, you guys wouldn't have a job.

- PQ. Well there's a lot of truth in that Martin, let me tell you.
- WQ. That one there?
- A. Yes.
- WQ. Yeah.
- A. That was the one.
- WQ. This is the one
- A. It's a sweet little gun. Because it's so light. How light is it?
- WQ. Can you remember what you said to ahh, this fellow?
- A. Hey mate, can you get out, out of your car please, I'm gonna take your car.
- WQ. Did, and you have this pointed at him did you?
- A. Yeah I had it pointed at him.
- WQ. Right.
- A. And moving it backwards and forwards with his wife and child to.
- PQ. Was the gun loaded?
- A. Yeah the gun was loaded, yeah, had about eight, nine rounds in it. Mmm.
- PQ. And where did this take place again Martin sorry?
- A. At the Fortesque Bay turnoff, just, ohh about three or four minutes away from the MARTIN's farm.
- PQ. Which side of.
- A. That was.
- PQ. The Seascape is Fortesque Bay turnoff?
- A. Ahh, before you go to Seascape, on the way to, on the way to Hobart.
- PQ. So it's on the Hobart side of Seascape?
- A. Mmm.
- PQ. The Fortesque Bay turnoff?
- A. Mmm.
- PQ. Right. And where did you drive then?
- A. I drove full speed, it was about, I as going about a hundred and forty K's up the road and went into Seascape. Just drove down there in the BMW.
- WQ. Where, can you remember where you drove when you went into Seascape?
- A. I remember skidding on some grass and, I had a heap of petrol, had some petrol with me, I put some petrol in the BMW.
- PQ. And what happened then?
- A. Well what happened then, I knocked on the door to see the MARTIN's but there was no answer and what happened is I remember the explosion.
- PQ. Where was.
- A. I think, I don't know whether I put the car on, lit the car up or not.

- PQ. Sorry?
- A. I don't know whether I lit the car up or not but there was an explosion.
- PQ. Where was the man that was?
- A. He must've been trapped in the boot, the hostage.
- PQ. Where did the petrol come from?
- A. A service station.
- PQ. Which service station?
- A. Umm, where do you get the petrol, in Elizabeth Street, self serve.
- PQ. So you had it in drums?
- A. Mmm.
- PQ. Can you describe the.
- A. Plastic, just plastic drums.
- PQ. What colour were they?
- A. Red.
- PQ. Red plastic containers.
- A. Mmm.
- PQ. How many did you have with you?
- A. Ohh two or three on me. Just in case, I used to often run out of petrol you see and oil, I didn't have any oil on me at the time but I had petrol.
- PQ. When you say you used to run out of petrol, in the Volvo you're talking about?
- A. Mmm.
- PQ. How come you ran out of petrol?
- A. Ohh the, it, it was, the gauge was pretty, fairly faulty you know.
- PQ. The gauge was faulty?
- A. Yeah.
- PQ. Ohh.
- A. And then.
- PQ. How did the BMW go?
- A. Good.
- PQ. Do they go pretty well do they?
- A. Yeah.
- WQ. Was it automatic or manual?
- A. Automatic.
- WQ. Mmm.
- PQ. What model was, was it, do you remember?
- A. Well, I was ..... inaudible.... Ohh it was a fairly high model, fairly big model, you know. Mmm. Worth a fair bit of money they say, fifty, sixty thousand

dollars a car. I was wrapped up in it when I saw it.

WQ. Mmm.

A. I would love to own a BMW,

PQ. What colour was it?

A. Gold. It was a gold BMW.

PQ. After you left Roaring Beach and before the BMW, did you speak to anyone?

A. Only the, think in the shop in Nubeena when I got the toasted sandwich and.

PQ. Did you speak to anyone before you went to Roaring Beach surfing?

A. Ahh, ohh I had a coffee at Sorell.

PQ. Coffee at Sorell?

A. Yeah.

PQ. Right.

A. And something to eat, I forget what I had to eat.

PQ. What about a Mr. LARNER?

A. Mr. LARNER. LARNER's were the people who used to agist the horses umm, my Mum and myself had a horse and my sister, we used to just, they've got a, got a farm.

PQ. Speak up.

A. They've got a farm at Port Arthur. Mmm. No, last time I seen them was probably going back ten years ago, mmm. But then.

PQ. Did you used to go down to Port Arthur regularly sort of, of weekends and holidays?

A. Mmm. Nearly every weekend. Mmm.

WQ. This is when you were a young fella?

A. Mmm. The MARTIN's own a farm too, next to the LARNER's.

PQ. Were you on your own when you went to Port Arthur, ohh Roaring Beach that day?

A. Yes. Mmm. I was. I wish I'd took my girlfriend but like I said, it's good for her to go home on a Sunday to her parent's.

PQ. Alright, back to Seascape. So.

A. Yeah, back to Seascape.

PQ. You got out of the car.

A. Back to the Pink Palace.

PQ. Is that what you used to call it?

A. Yeah, most people down there used to call it the Pink Palace 'cos it's pink.

PQ. Right. So we've got, you've got out of the BMW?

A. Mmm.

PQ. Tipped petrol, where'd you tip the petrol?

A. I don't recall because it was a vast explosion and I had my gun strapped around me.

PQ. Which one?

A. The AR15 there.

PQ. The one Mr. WARREN lifted up a short time ago?

A. Yeah. Mmm.

PQ. Right. And what'd you do with that?

A. And umm, I also had me shotgun

PQ. Your shotgun? [Editor's note: Shotgun was found at Port Arthur, not Seascap]

A. Yeah. And, I don't remember anything else.

WQ. Where did you have the shotgun Martin?

A. I left that in the Volvo.

WQ. When you went to Seascap?

A. Yeah.

WQ. You left the shotgun in the Volvo?

A. Yeah. 'Cos I was all shaky 'cos I had this bloke hostage and.

WQ. What about his ahh, what about the lady?

A. Yeah I got her to go, get into the Volvo so the child went in too. She was just there shocked. Devastated. Mmm. So.

PQ. Did you actually knock on the door of Seascap?

A. Mmm, few times, went round the back, knocked on the door, no answer.

WQ. You don't remember talking to anyone that morning, that same morning at Seascap?

A. No.

WQ. Are you sure about that?

A. Mmm.

PQ. Did you go inside at Seascap?

A. No. You can ask me questions. It'd be interesting if I could hear some of yours, you know, like your other, if you've got other things that you could tell me on your report.

PQ. Did you get the hostage's name?

A. No, not at all.

PQ. So apart from.

A. What have you got on your report, is there other things that you reckon I've done down there?

- PQ. Yes there are.  
A. What like?  
PQ. Well you see.  
A. Tell me.  
PQ. If you could tell us.  
A. No I don't.  
WQ. Do you, you've already said that you remembered me going to see you at the hospital?  
A. Ohh yes. Mmm  
WQ. And that I told you that you were being charged with.  
A. A murder count.  
WQ. A murder.  
A. Yeah.  
WQ. What recollection have you got of that?  
A. Must've been the hostage, the bloke in the BMW must've died.  
WQ. That's what you think it is it?  
A. Mmm.  
WQ. Do you remember me telling you who you were charged with murdering?  
A. No I don't ..... inaudible....  
WQ. Do you remember me mentioning a name?  
A. A murder count. No I don't I remember yes, I remember you mentioning a name but.  
WQ. Mmm.  
A. I don't actually vaguely remember who it was or, who was it actually?  
WQ. Right, well I mentioned to you  
A. Mmm.  
WQ. I told you that you were being charged with the murder of a woman called Kate SCOTT. [Editor's note: Kate SCOTT was killed inside the Broad Arrow Cafe].  
A. Ohh.  
WQ. Does that register with you?  
A. No. I mean I let the lady go into the Volvo, I didn't hurt her or anything. No, I don't register, it doesn't register,  
PQ. Did you have any favourite restaurants at Port Arthur?  
A. What sort of work did she do?  
WQ. Well I don't know to be honest ahh, Martin  
A. Mmm. Ahh, no favourite restaurants, ohh, Kelly's is pretty good, that's at, out, just, it's not quite into Port Arthur. You turn off, that's actually in Stewart's



Bay.....inaudible.....

PQ. And is that next to the service station is it?

A. Umm, next to the, yeah, you go up, you actually go up a little road next to the service station. It's about a kilometre.

PQ. So you'd recommend we visit that one.

A. Yeah recommended.

PQ. But that's the only one?

A. Yeah that's the, that's the only one. Damn chair, it's a nuisance when they're not that comfortable these... inaudible.. [Editor's note: refers to illegal physical restraints].

PQ. No, ours aren't comfortable either.

A. Lets swap then. Mmm. Mmm.

PQ. Did you actually go into the Port Arthur site that day?

A. No, I wouldn't have because it would have cost me, I think it's about twenty, twenty five dollars to go in. It would've been pointless to me to even have thought about going in. 'Cos I didn't have, only had about ten fifteen dollars on me.

PQ. How did you pay with your.

A. For the day.

PQ. Your cup of coffee that you said you bought at Sorell?

A. Ohh I had some coins

PQ. What did you have the coins contained in?

A. In the glovebox of my car.

PQ. Just loose in the glovebox?

A. Mmm. That's about all I had that day, coins. Gold coins.

WQ. Do you need another drink?

A. Yeah, my lips are drying up.

PQ. I suppose when you lived at Port Arthur, or when you used to visit Port Arthur, there wasn't a fee to get in to the site?

A. Mmm.

PQ. Times have changed haven't they?

A. Yeah. Is there still a, is there still a fee, have they still got the?

PQ. Well I suppose so.

A. Mmm.

PQ. You have to pay a fee to get into all parks and reserves don't you in Tasmania?

A. Yeah. People weren't happy there because they've got that toll box to pay to get into Port Arthur.

PQ. Had you ever gone into Port Arthur and paid the toll?

A. Umm, it was there but when my parents had a shack, had a sticker and you, and you had a shack or residence, you didn't have to pay so you just drove past.

PQ. What about say in the last couple of months?

A. No, never. I haven't been in Port Arthur probably about six, seven years. Mmm.

PQ. Have you toured around the State, Tasmania as, extensively or?

A. Not, not, went up to Deloraine a couple of times and Launceston and.

PQ. Do you know people up there?

A. No. No I don't.

PQ. Ohh right.

A. It'd be good to have some friends in Launceston you could stay with. Yeah, I wish I had a few more friends. But I didn't have a great deal of friends at school so it made things difficult.

PQ. Back at, back to Seascap. What happened when no one answered the door?

A. I went round to the back.

PQ. You went round to the back. And what did you do there?

A. No answer the door there either.

PQ. No.

A. So next thing is I, must've played around with petrol.

WQ. What do you mean, you must've played around with the petrol?

A. Set fire to the, to the car.

WQ. Can you remember doing that? You say you must.

A. No I can't. Vaguely. Vaguely remember a flash and I must've been in the car when it went up 'cos I got burnt so. Mmm. Someone's whistling.

PQ. And you said to us earlier that you think that the hostage at that time must've been in the car, that's, is that correct?

A. In the boot.

PQ. Must've been still in the boot?

A. Yes.

PQ. Yeah.

A. Mmm.

WQ. How do you feel about that Martin?

A. Pretty awful. Mmm.

PQ. Just excuse me for a moment please Martin, do you want another drink?

A. No, no.

Inspector PAINE leaves the room

WQ. Ahh.

A. Shame me legs are tied up.

WQ. Sorry?

A. Shame these legs, I might be able to take them off.

WQ. No, leave, leave them the way they are I think.

A. Otherwise I might get in trouble.

WQ. Mmm. So don't ahh, play with them, you might get yourself in trouble.

[Editor's Note: Police infer illegal physical restraint controlled by prison authorities].

A. This is why I might've been better off if I wasn't alive anymore with all this. This bullshit.

WQ. Just excuse me Martin.

Inspector WARREN leaves the room

A. Ahh, it's turned off I suppose. You've got a hot drink, you're lucky. Some interesting guns.

Unknown Voice

Ahh?

A. Some interesting guns there.

Unknown Voice

Mmm.

Inspectors PAINE and WARREN re-enter the room

(inaudible background conversation)

WQ. How's the feet?

A. Ohh my leg's aching a bit. That doesn't matter umm, it's good to have a talk to people. I tell you I'd rather be in a Kentucky Fried Chicken at this minute.

WQ. Martin, just ahh, why did, why did you, I'm rather interested ahh, to know why you made that comment just a minute ago, about you said, you said you'd rather be dead or something?

A. Well all this umm, now I can't remember now what, what I was thinking. Ohh that's right, umm.

WQ. Just talk up a bit Martin?

A. Ohh I wouldn't have to worry, worry about all this would I, I wouldn't be in prison would I, but and all the burns, having to put up with all the burns and stuff.

WQ. Mmm.

A. Be easier for you wouldn't if I was.

WQ. Be easier for me?

A. Yeah.

- WQ. Well, it really doesn't make any difference to me Martin, so.
- A. Mmm.
- WQ. We don't like to see anyone ahh, die to be perfectly honest.
- PQ. How did you get the burns?
- A. From the fire I spose.
- PQ. Which fire?
- A. I, I was involved in down at the car. The BMW.
- WQ. Can you remember how you started that fire?
- A. Umm, must have been with a match.
- WQ. With a match?
- A. Mmm.
- WQ. Do you carry matches with you?
- A. Not very often, I don't smoke so there's no reason for me to carry matches or lighters.
- WQ. Mmm.
- PQ. You don't smoke at all?
- A. No, not at all.
- PQ. Clean living person?
- A. Try to be.
- WQ. Have you ever had a smoke Martin, or?
- A. No, not at all.
- WQ. Mmm. So ahh, why would you have the matches?
- A. Probably because ahh, there happened to be a box of matches in the BMW, jacket, in me jacket.
- WQ. In a jacket there?
- A. Yeah
- PQ. What type of jacket was that?
- A. Inside. 'Cos I umm, wore it a couple of times when I used to light like an open fire at home so I forgot to take the box matches out ...inaudible...
- PQ. What type of jacket was that Martin?
- A. It was a Ripcurl, it was a black Ripcurl.
- PQ. How long?
- A. It would've went to about there.
- PQ. What, went down to about your mid thighs?
- A. Waist, yeah.
- PQ. So it's a long jacket?
- A. Yeah.
- PQ. Ohh. When, the hostage, did you, did he just get in or did you handcuff him

or anything like that?

A. Umm, handcuffed him or anything, no. Ahh, what was that?

PQ. Well do you own any handcuffs?

A. No, never, never owned handcuffs in my life. [Editor's note: no fingerprints on the handcuffs].

PQ. Ohh right, do you remember what he was wearing?

A. Ahh, just a sports jacket, a shirt, jeans.

PQ. Excuse me one moment, having a technical problem.

A. Like I said, I put you all, through this and wouldn't be here now if I wasn't (inaudible background conversation)

A. I want to know if I can sit over there on one of them chairs, make it easier ...inaudible... [Editor's note: refers to pain caused by illegal physical restraints].

PQ. The trouble is they control those sorts of things, not us. [Editor's note: Police confirm for second time that illegal restraints ordered by prison authorities or Ministry of Justice].

CENSORED

WQ. Could you describe the clothes the hostage was wearing?

A. Ahh, he had a sports jacket on and.

CENSORED

PQ. Do you know anyone called Jamie?

A. No, not at all. [Editor's note, refers to "voice" on telephone tape from Seascape 28 April '96].

PQ. What about Rick?

A. Rick, no. No I don't. I've got no recollection of him.

PQ. Do you remember seeing a white, ahh, small Japanese car, like a Corolla?

A. Corolla, no. Not at all.

PQ. Did your Mum and Dad ever want to buy Seascape?

A. No, no.

PQ. Did you ever want to buy it?

A. No, umm, I would've loved to have bought the MARTIN's farm, that other one, next door to the LARSON'S but.

PQ. And that's in umm.

A. Just ...inaudible... it's beautiful.

PQ. What's the name of that road?

A. Ahh, Palmers Lookout Road.

PQ. Palmers Lookout.

A. Yeah, I'd like, what I did, asked them a few times but Mrs. MARTIN didn't want to sell. She said ...inaudible... She said, while I'm alive it's not for sale but

maybe ...inaudible... one day and I ...inaudible...

PQ. When did she tell you that?

A. When I was smaller, when I was about sixteen, seventeen.

PQ. Ohh back in school days?

WQ. Was that when you first said that you'd like to buy that property or?

A. Ohh a few times but that was about ...inaudible... on the property because it ...inaudible... I talked to my mother that night and she said no I'm not interested in helping out.

PQ. Is that when the MARTIN'S bought it?

A. Yes, back in seventy-eight. That upset me that did. Mmm.

PQ. Did Lindy like, used to like going down there? [Editor's note: Lindy is Martin's younger sister].

A. Yeah Lindy loved it. Lindy had a lot of friends.

PQ. Ohh right.

WQ. Did you have many friends down there when you were a young fella?

PQ. Excuse me just a moment.

A. ... I had friends under the water.

Inspector PAINE leaves the room.

WQ. On the water?

A. Sea. They were my friends, mmm, weekend used to scuba dive.

WQ. Mmm.

A. Maybe once, maybe twice a day. They used to take me out a lot, over.

WQ. Did Dad ahh.

A. My Dad was a ....inaudible.....man.

WQ. Did Dad do any diving when you were diving or?

A. No

WQ. He'd just sort of take you out?

A. Mmm, Start the little seagull engine up.

WQ. Mmm.

A. Is this ..... inaudible .....

WQ. We're just having a few ahh, technical problems. Your father always encouraged you though to sort of get into the diving or?

A. Yeah always.

WQ. Right. Want another drink Martin?

A. No, no, that's alright. They get a bit smelly after a while these bandages.

WQ. Well you can notice, I can't notice 'em so.

A .....inaudible.....

WQ. Sorry?

A. I don't even know what day it is today, I lose track of the days. I'm losing, I'm losing my mind. [Editor's note: Effect of solitary confinement].

WQ. It's the, the fourth of July actually today.

A. I thought you were gonna say that ..... inaudible .... lose your mind.

WQ. It's Thursday today the fourth of July. Remember ahh, earlier when you said that you saw Glen MARTIN at Eastlands?

A. Yeah.

WQ. Yeah. Did you know that he had a shop there or?

A. I'd known for quite a while, yeah, me and me Mum.

WQ. Mmm.

A. We used to go up to the shop and just look in, ohh he must own the shop.

WQ. Mmm.

A. See him working in there. 'Cos his daughter's got a shop too, at Sandy Bay. Has a milkbar.

WQ. His daughter?

A. Mmm.

WQ. Ohh right.

A. Do you know the MARTIN's at all?

WQ. Ohh I know Glen MARTIN yeah.

A. Quite well?

WQ. Ohh reasonably well.

A. Mmm. So what would be the value in the house to burn down, apparently it's sposed to have been burnt down... inaudible

WQ. I've got no idea. Can you remember what you said to Glen that day or, at the shop?

A. I asked for a cappuccino. How are you Glen and how is your brother.

WQ. Mmm.

A. How's your Mum and Dad.

{inaudible background conversation}

CENSORED

WQ. Mmm.

A. Have you been in there for a drink with him at Eastlands?

WQ. Ohh could've been Martin, I, I really wouldn't know where his shop was in there so. I might've went, been in there not knowing you see.

A. Mmm.

WQ. Just excuse me for a while.

CENSORED

Inspector PAINE returns to room, time not specified in transcript.

WQ. Martin there's just ah, just go back a couple, a couple of steps now. When you took the hostage, now you've said you, you can't remember his name?

A. No.

WQ. You had your gun? [Editor's note: No fingerprints on any of the weapons]

A. Yeah.

WQ. And, and you said it was loaded?

A. Mmm.

WQ. Now how was it loaded ah, did it have a magazine or what?

A. Yeah, it had a magazine.

WQ. Right.

A. Had a magazine.

WQ. Alright. How many ah, rounds do you think was in that magazine?

A. There was only eight rounds because I put ten rounds in it and I fired two rounds be, when I left home on Sunday. Target.

WQ. Did you?

PQ. At which target did you fire them Martin?

A. At which.

PQ. Those two rounds, what did you fire them at?

A. I fired 'em at a little, umm, sometimes I use a saucer ... inaudible... or tin cans or whatever or whatever I see.

PQ. So you didn't fire it at a, one of your homemade targets that you were talking about earlier?

A. I could've umm, I don't know whether I had a homemade target on me that day but um, no I dunno, I'm not sure now.

PQ. Did you do that at that place past Mudunna that you told us?

A. Mmm.

PQ. So you stopped and did that.

A. I've been there various other times too.

PQ. Yeah.

A. Couple of times.

WQ. So had eight or nine rounds left in it you say?

A. Yeah, about that. Can't be quite sure about that, it was less than ten.

PQ. How many does the magazine hold in total?

A. Twenty.

PQ. Twenty.

A. Or up to thirty sometimes.

PQ. Up to thirty?



A. Yeah.

PQ. In the same magazine?

A. Mmm. It's a lot isn't it.

WQ. Did you always maintain a full ahh, full lot of rounds or not?

A. No because I never, I didn't want to disturb the peace with having a gun, a gun, 'cos they make a big bang.

WQ. Mmm.

A. Jump around a bit.

WQ. The gun jumps around a bit does it?

A. They kick a bit. It's the sound that's worse, it's pretty loud. [Editor's note: AR15 muzzle blast (sound level) is 166 decibels, 26 decibels above pain threshold level, impossible to tolerate twenty-nine times in the Broad Arrow Cafe without very professional ear protection].

WQ. Mmm.

A. Didn't want to get in trouble with the neighbours because I didn't have a licence you see when I was target practicing.

WQ. Which neighbours are you talking about?

A. Whoever they were when I was target practicing.

WQ. Mmm.

A. I didn't want to get into trouble, if they heard the guns go off, the gun go off, thought they might call someone in and.

PQ. Why did you have the guns in the car on that day?

A. 'Cos I wanted to target practice. I often took them when I went down that way surfing or, used to go down there and just to, say at Dunalley and have something to eat, and, at the hotel or take their guns down there and just.

PQ. Speak up a bit please.

A. And just use 'em as targets, a couple of times, just made me feel good, just letting, letting a couple of rounds off.

WQ. You went, you use to go down in that area a fair bit then?

A. Mmm.

WQ. Would it be fair to say you go down there more than ahh, you know other parts of the State?

A. With the guns?

WQ. Mmm.

A. That's the only place I used to take the guns.

WQ. Right.

A. Nowhere else and it's only been the past six, seven months that I've actually used the guns. Before that I'd never used them, before in my life.

PQ. Did you think that, did you think it was safe to have the ahh, firearms

loaded in your car?

A. Umm, well they've got a safety catch thing.

WQ. So you always kept 'em in your car did you?

A. Mmm.

WQ. Even when you were at home?

A. Mmm. It's only seven month's ago that I got that other one out, that AR10, that I never got round to using it but I used the wrong bullets so that was seven months ago that I found out, I went to Terry HILL and got.

WQ. Mmm.

A. That's, it's only been seven months that I've been firing 'em. Mmm.

PQ. A little bit earlier I think you said it made you feel good to umm, use the rif, firearms, why did it make you feel good?

A. Ohh just exciting, just shooting at targets. I dunno, just having something, having a firearm.

PQ. Did you ever shoot at game?

A. Never, never, never came to my mind to.

WQ. Do you like animals?

A. Yeah, love animals.

WQ. Mmm. So that's the reason why you wouldn't.

A. I've been brought up with animals.

WQ. Mmm, And that's the reason why you wouldn't shoot them, is that right?

A. Mmm, that's right.

WQ. Do you remember ahh, that morning you went down to Roaring Beach, buying a cigarette lighter from a shop?

A. No, I can't. Which shop is that?

WQ. Midway Point.

A. Not at all, not at all, I didn't stop at Midway Point.

WQ. Are you sure about that?

A. Definitely

WQ. How can you be definite about it?

A. I don't know but I didn't stop at Midway Point. I remember stopping at the bakery at Sorell.

WQ. Sorell. You didn't buy a lighter there?

A. No.

WQ. What about fire lighters?

A. Fire lighters. Ohh, got them in me house, got 'em stored up in the house, quite a few, but.

WQ. What for?

- A. To start a fire.
- PQ. Did you have any in your car that day?
- A. No, not at all.
- WQ. Are you sure about that?
- A. Yeah, positive.
- PQ. Do you remember stopping at the Forcett shop?
- A. Forcett shop umm, no I didn't. I used to stop there now and then to get a coffee but that's it.
- PQ. When you went down that day, did you call into Eagle Hawk Neck, you know the Blowhole or anything like that, that day?
- A. No.
- PQ. To have a look on the way?
- A. No.
- PQ. No.
- A. Drove past all them.
- WQ. You don't remember ahh, talking to anyone on the side of the road for instance or?
- A.. No, I can't recall talking to anyone.
- WQ. You don't remember going into the Port Arthur site, that's what you said before?
- A. No I don't.
- WQ. At all?
- A. At all.
- WQ. When do you reckon you were there last?
- A. Mmm, quite a number of years.
- WQ. You sure?
- A. Yeah. Mmm
- PQ. Could you cover that bit about umm, Seascape again where I asked you umm, did your family ever want to buy it. Could you go over that again for me please Martin.
- A. I never wanted to buy Seascape.
- PQ. No, I think, didn't you say your father had expressed an interest?
- A. Not on Seascape, but the farm, back in seventy-eight.
- PQ. That was the farm in Palmers Lookout Road?
- A. Mmm, the MARTIN's owned that.
- PQ. Right.
- A. Still do. Mmm.
- WQ. How, you, you mentioned earlier on when we first started talking about

how long it was that you'd, how long ago it was that you've seen the MARTIN's ahh, and it was what, when you were a teenager was it?

A. Yeah.

WQ. Yeah and you haven't had anything to do with them since basically?

A. No. You mean the son's or the?

WQ. No, Mr. and, Mr. and Mrs. MARTIN?

A. No,..... inaudible ....

WQ. But you haven't either, you haven't seen the boys either have you for a while?

A. No, not at all. I haven't seen Darren since I was about this high but I've seen Glen obviously, about four month's ago at the... inaudible...

WQ. Can you remember when the MARTIN's, that Mr. and Mrs. MARTIN, ahh, bought Seascape?

A. Back in the eighties, middle, eighty-four, eighty-five I think they bought it.

WQ. Mmm.

A. Mmm.

WQ. Did you go down there at all anytime after they'd bought it?

A. Ahh, this is the first time in my life that I've been down there to see them.

WQ. What did you think about it?

A. I thought I'd call in and. Ohh I thought it was great, having a host farm.

WQ. Mmm.

A. Worked hard all their lives, renovating took them years to build it, renovate it and to start it all up and it's just so sad to see, apparently it's burnt down, it's so sad to see it burnt down.

PQ. So you know Seascape's burnt down?

A. Yeah. Been informed.

PQ. Who told you that?

A. A doctor, and security guards. [Editor's note: Positive proof of remand prisoner Martin Bryant's illegal solitary confinement for 39 days before this interrogation, and illegal denial of access to all media sources during the same 39 day period].

PQ. What else have they told you? [Editor's note: Those "naughty" prison staff must have been talking to a remand prisoner, illegally held in solitary confinement for 39 days on orders from the Ministry of Justice. Tut tut...]

A. They said.

PQ. Could you speak up please.

A. They said that people had been burnt inside there. Mmm. So I don't know how many people were burnt inside the Seascape Guest House.

WQ. I'm just a little bit confused here Martin because you seem to know a little

bit or a fair bit about what's happened and what they've done to the place, now, how, how did you know that happened?

A. 'Cos when you used to drive past you could see, you, every few weeks, while my parents had a shack, you could see them working on the place, renovating the homestead.

WQ. This is when you used to go down surfing?

A. No, no, this is when my parents had the shack.

WQ Right, okay.

PQ. When did your parents sell that shack?

A. About nineteen ninety-one, ninety two. So they were working on the, I think they opened up the guest house then but in the late eighties they were renovating. Took 'em I think it took 'em five or six years to build it up.

CENSORED

PQ. Martin, going back to the BMW as we were just talking about the Seascape and the car, why did you put the man in the boot?

A Ohh because to take him hostage, I thought I'd get in less trouble if I got caught having him in the boot, but I don't know, I just thought, I was a bit worried that if he didn't go, he'd go off in my car.

PQ. And why'd you think you'd be in less trouble?

A. I didn't, I didn't want to shoo.... 'cos I wouldn't've got caught, probably wouldn't've got caught you see, he would've gone off in my car, rang the Police straight away so I thought I'd take him hostage and let him go later after taking the car for a spin but and when I drove along, I thought I'd go down and see the MARTIN's. Mmm.

PQ. What trouble did you think you were in?

A. Ohh, it just came to me to take, take this car, get hold of this car and take it for a drive and it just felt good.

CENSORED

WQ. If I just remind you of that and you're well aware of that and understand that you don't have to say anything if you don't want to. [Editor's note: Unfortunately this alleged initial warning is not shown in the earlier part of the interrogation transcript.]

A. No that's fine.

WQ. Okay. Just so that you understand, that's all. It's a fair while since we started talking with you.

PQ. Martin, on the day you went to Roaring Beach at Port Arthur, Seascape, did you take your camera with you, a movie camera?

A. Did I take a movie camera, no I didn't take a movie camera but I have got a movie camera.

- PQ. You have got and I suppose you've used 'em when you've been overseas?
- A. No, it's only a small camera. [Editor's note: A still camera, not video].
- PQ. Small camera. Are you a good photographer?
- A. Yeah, good photographer, yeah Yeah.
- PQ. Are you aware of a you know, seasonal problem with wasps at Port Arthur?
- A. Seasonal problems. Umm, not at all, not at all. Wasps?
- PQ. Wasps, yeah.
- A. No.
- PQ. Well have you got any other.
- A. I'm allergic.
- PQ. Understanding of the term wasps?
- A. No, but I know that I'm allergic to bees, I nearly died when I was eleven years old.
- PQ. Did you?
- A. The sting, neck swelled right up and just lucky I got to the doctor's in time. Mmm.
- PQ. Have you ever been to Japan?
- A. No never.
- PQ. But
- A. I'd like to go, 'cos the people are very polite and.
- PQ. How do. Sorry I didn't hear you.
- A. The people are very polite and always speak to you when they see you and.
- PQ. So how do you find the different races?
- A. Good, I've got nothing against them. Nothing at all.
- WQ. You're not, you're not racist at all?
- A. No, not at all.
- PQ. Now Martin, before we had that break a short time ago, were you going to say something to us or?
- WQ. Remember I said to you that I, I thought to myself that you wanted, you wanted to tell us something, a little bit more and you weren't.
- A. Ohh you were saying have I got something to hide Martin, something like that.
- WQ. Ohh no I didn't say did you have something to hide.
- A. Damn lies.
- WQ. I just thought that perhaps you weren't quite telling us everything that you could recall?
- A. No I, telling the truth of everything what I can recall, like I could've said to you that I didn't, might not have wanted to let you know about taking hold of

that BMW but I did.

WQ. Mmm.

A .....inaudible.....what happened on that day. As far as I can ...inaudible... what happened.

WQ. You think your memory's reasonably clear on that day?

A. Yeah.

WQ. Mmm.

A. As clear as I can remember.

WQ. Mmm. A. Mmm.

WQ. Just umm, before we go any further, I'll just, you mentioned the Ben MORRISON case earlier ahh, did that in anyway affect your judgment in relation to taking that hostage?

A. No, not at all. I didn't really want to take him, it's only 'cos I didn't want him going straight to the Police, that's the reason I took him hostage.

WQ. Right, so the Ben MORRISON case had nothing whatsoever to do with your judgement?

A. Ohh no, not at all.

PQ. So.

A. It's only 'cos I remember you being involved with it, and coming out of the Court with the parents and, and being on television.

WQ. Mmm.

A. A couple of times. It was good, I thought you done a good job.

PQ. Martin, getting back to that point about the hostage, you taking the hostage because you didn't want him telling the Police. What didn't you want him telling the Police?

A. That I took him umm, car.

PQ. But I mean, if you'd have left him on the side of the road, he wouldn't have known where you could've driven.

A. Yeah but he could've let them know that there was a chap with blonde hair, took me car, stole me car. So I sort of put him in the boot to be safe.

PQ. So you thought your looks that day were distinctive and if someone said they saw a chap with blonde hair.

A. Mmm.

WQ. At Port Arthur on that particular day.

A. What happened at Port Arthur.

WQ. Well you're saying to us that you didn't go to Port Arthur did you?

A. No I didn't.

WQ. And you're quite definite?

- A. I didn't go, definitely didn't go to Port Arthur.
- WQ. Well what would you say if.
- A. I wouldn't, I wouldn't pay the money to go in. I would, I would've if I didn't have to pay money.
- WQ. Well what would you say if I told you that you were seen going into Port Arthur and in fact you were at the toll gate?
- A. I could've been.
- PQ. And more than that, that you did complain about the price of admission.
- A. Umm, I don't remember going in, into Port Arthur or going through the toll gate at all.
- PQ. Well as you said a minute ago, you, your description of the long blonde hair does make you umm, stand out from the crowd. [Editor's note: So would a long blonde wig].
- A. Mmm, exactly.
- WQ. What about your yellow Volvo?
- A. That would wouldn't it, that would stand out.
- PQ. Yeah.
- A. I had me surfboard on top of it. Mmm, I drove straight past.
- PQ. Well.
- A ..... inaudible .....
- PQ. We have lots of people who are telling us that they saw you at Port Arthur and your car.
- A. Well it must've been another, there's other Volvo's.
- WQ. With surfboards on the top?
- PQ. With someone with long blonde hair driving them or getting out of them?
- A. There's not many with surfboards on top,
- WQ. You don't recall ah, someone in, in Port Arthur, when you pulled your car up, talking to you about you're not, allowed to park your car where you put it?
- A. No, not at all.
- WQ. Is it possible that you could've been in there do you think?
- A. Definitely not possible.
- WQ;. Why do you say that?
- A. 'Cos I remember driving straight past.
- WQ. Mmm.
- A ..... inaudible ..... Martin BRYANT.
- WQ. Martin, what if I said to you that, ah, neither Inspector PAINE or myself believe what you're saying to us?
- A. You don't believe one little thing.



WQ. No, but we don't believe that you're, what you're telling us now about not being at Port Arthur.

A. Mmm, all I can say is .....inaudible....

WQ. Why do you think we would not believe you?

A. I don't. I don't really know. Can't understand.

PQ. Martin, I want you to have a look at this photo. It's photo number zero one one two. In it is a car I believe to be yours and it's depicted adjacent to the toll booth.

A. Couldn't be mine, where'd you get that. I don't remember being stationary... inaudible...

PQ. Do you agree that that could be a surfboard on the top?

A. Yes I think it probably is.

PQ. And it's certainly similar to your ahh, your car?

A. Mmm.

PQ. The registration number of this vehicle I think is CG two eight three five.

A. I don't remember the registration.

WQ. Well that's your car.

PQ. So that certainly suggests it because that's the exit road at the toll booth', that your car had been.

A. How could the car be there when I didn't go, go there in the first place... inaudible...

PQ. As I said, sorry, as I've said, we have, there are lots of people saying that they saw you in the Port Arthur site and your car in the Port Arthur site

A. Mmm, I can't recall that.

PQ. Did you go to the Broad Arrow Cafe?

A. The last time I've been into the Broad Arrow Cafe was about, I can't recall, must've been two to three years ago.

PQ. Once again.

A. 'Cos I haven't been, I haven't been, I haven't taken any of my girlfriends down there. Not at all.

WQ. Do you remember going there about, about the end of March this year?

A. No, no no. Was I there in March or what?

WQ. Well I'm asking you.

A. No.

PQ. Once again, lots of people are saying they saw you in the Broad Arrow Cafe on Sunday the twenty eighth of April.

A. Mmm, that's untrue.

WQ. It's untrue is it?

A. Mmm.

WQ. And why do you say that Martin?

A. Because I didn't, I drove straight past.

WQ. So how do you account for the car being there?

A. That lady could've drove it down there. That one, the wife or girlfriend of the chap I took hostage 'cos I said to get into my, the Volvo.

PQ. Martin.

A. Mmm. Like I was telling you before, it's true.

PQ. I believe that you umm, took the BMW near the toll booth, not on the highway.

A ..... inaudible..... I wasn't there that afternoon.

PQ. And what's more, I can tell you we have spoken to the people that say the car was taken from the toll booth area.

A. It's not true.

PQ. Not true.

A. Must've been someone else.....inaudible .....

WQ. How many people were in the BMW?

A. Ahh there was a lady, I don't recall if it's a boy or girl, and a man, there's three people altogether.

WQ. Could've been four?

A. No definitely three.

WQ. Definitely three.

A. Mmm.

WQ. How many women did you see?

A. In the BMW?

WQ. Mmm.

A. There was the lady and the child, I forget whether the child was a boy or girl..

PQ. Martin, I believe you went to the Broad Arrow Cafe at Port Arthur on Sunday twenty eighth.

A. That's nonsense. Like I said I didn't go to Port Arthur.

WQ. See you, you've been pretty good with your memory really and a lot of things that we've been talking to you about, some things you're not recollecting, but you're very very definite now that you weren't at Port Arthur on that day.

A. Probably because I've got a reasonably good memory.

WQ. You've got a reasonably good memory.

A. I would've definitely told you if I, if I went into Port Arthur 'cos Port Arthur attracts a lot of crowds.

WQ. Do you like going to places where there's a lot of people?

A. Ohh, all depends who I'm with and.

WQ. Mmm.

A. What, what's going on that day and whatever.

WQ. What ahh, would you say if I said that someone's identified you having a meal at the Broad Arrow Cafe?

A. Having a meal. I had a toasted sandwich at Nubeena and that was it.

PQ. Martin, you haven't asked Mr. WARREN where the lady with the, with, who's death you've been charged, was.

A. Yeah it was a lady, you, you said that the lady's name, you told me.

WQ. Where was she?

A. Umm, I really don't know. That's like I said to you earlier, it was the chap that I took hostage and I reckon he was the one that died.

WQ. You reckon.

A. On the murder count.

WQ. Just have a bit of a think about it, about this particular lady. You've already been charged with her murder okay, just have a bit of a think about it for a minute. Thinking about it?

A. No, I'm thinking what this is, what this is.

WQ. I'd like you to have a look at this photo. It's numbered zero zero nine zero. Okay. It's a white Toyota Corolla.

A. I drove straight past that day and I just drove past there.

WQ. What about this car?

A. Is there a person in it.

WQ. You haven't seen that car before?

A. No never.

WQ. Right.

A. Drove straight past that shop that day, that Sunday.

WQ. Martin, quite frankly I find it very hard to believe what you're telling me.

A. Well it's your word, I mean how come you don't believe me?

WQ. Well Inspector PAINE mentioned it to you just a very short time ago, we've been speaking to a lot of people.

A. Mmm.

WQ. Who have identified a person answering your description at Port Arthur, at the Broad Arrow Cafe.

A. Mmm.

WQ. At the toll booth. On the road on the way to the toll booth and also at the service station where that Toyota Corolla was. And bearing in mind that your car, registered to you.

A. Mmm.

WQ. Was also there at the toll booth and you're telling us that you weren't anywhere near it.

A. That's right, I drove straight past, so.

WQ. So how, how do you expect us to believe what you're telling us. Doesn't add up. Doesn't make any sense.

A. It's silly, I mean, I wouldn't drive into Port Arthur on that day so. I drove straight past Port Arthur that day.

WQ. Well you did, you did a month earlier. Drove into Port Arthur. And you were seen.

A. I did not.

WQ. You were seen in there.

A. Did not.

WQ. Do you know what's happened on that day?

A. What's happened on that day.

WQ. On the twenty eighth of April?

A. No.

WQ. You don't?

A. No.

WQ. Are you sure about that?

A. Positive.

WQ. Positive.

A. Yep.

WQ. Well I'll tell you what happened. There have been twenty people in that Broad Arrow Cafe.

A. Mmm.

WQ. Who were shot and, and killed and there were a lot of others injured.

A. Right.

WQ. There were also a number of people in the car park were killed as a result of being shot. There were four people that were taken out of that BMW who were shot and killed. There were two children and their mother on the way to the toll booth.

A. Ohh God, it's awful isn't it.

WQ. And a girl in that white Toyota Corolla that I just showed you. And we believe you're responsible.

A. You reckon I'm responsible.

WQ. Well we believe you're responsible.

A. I only went surfing that day.

WQ. Well what have you got to say about that?

A. Well who's responsible.

WQ. You are.

A. How many people died altogether that.

WQ. Including the people at Seascope.

A. Mmm.

WQ. Thirty five.

A. How many people injured? Many?

WQ. Well, I.

A. How many ...inaudible..., a dozen.

PQ. Approximately twenty.

A. Approximately twenty. What, seriously or not?

PQ. Some more serious than others but they're all okay.

A. This is, I can't believe this.

WQ. And those firearms of yours, the three O eight and the two two three.

A. No, that shotgun and the little Colt AR15 ...inaudible... I don't know about the others. [Editors note: Earlier transcript proves police had a minimum of four assault weapons in the Risdon interrogation room at the same time. Where did they all come from?]

PQ. Martin, we have spoken to over six hundred people.

A. Mmm.

PQ. A lot of them were at Port Arthur.

A. Ohh, I mean I would've said if, I, I've, I mean, don't you believe me what I'm telling you about them guns. I've never seen them other guns in my life.

WQ. ...inaudible... you said you had those three.

A. Yeah.

WQ. The three O eight, the two two three and the shotgun with you on that day? [Editor's note: No, police leading the witness. Earlier transcript shows that despite three determined attempts by the officers, Bryant vehemently denies any knowledge of the other weapons, especially the three O eight FN that police are apparently obsessed with].

A. I, I had two guns with me, I took for target practicing. I took the shotgun and the little other gun, the Colt. And I, I must've got that burnt little, little one in the middle [The Colt]

WQ. How do you reckon that got burnt?

A. Striking a match, a match. Why did I stop.

PQ. Where was that petrol.

A. 'Cos I mean that, that wasn't ...inaudible...

PQ. Where was the petrol.

- A. Would've saved a lot of time if I'd been blown up with the hostage.
- WQ. We've got, we've got all the time in the world, Martin. It's ahh.
- A. Obviously I have too, so what does it matter.
- WQ. What, what matters is we'd like to know why you've done what you've done mate, it's simple.
- A. What have I done I mean, I know I've done the wrong.
- WQ. I've just told, I've just told you what you've done.
- A. I've done, I've done the wrong thing by stealing the car.
- WQ. Are you understanding what I just said to you? 'Cos I've told you what you have done.
- A. What have I done?
- WQ. You've killed thirty five people.
- A. Ohh ...inaudible...
- PQ. And injured several others. Martin, its not Mr. WARREN and I are saying this. We, as I said to you, we've interviewed a lot of people.
- A. Mmm.
- PQ. And a lot of people have identified a person with your description driving your car, killing those thirty five people.
- A. Well all I can say is about ...inaudible... to Port Arthur. All I know is other people have said to me, asked me a couple of times whether I was at Port Arthur and I've said no because I wasn't there at Port Arthur that day.
- PQ. Martin.
- A. I drove, drove past the Port Arthur turn off.
- PQ. Well we, we don't believe that.
- A. Well how come?
- PQ. We believe you went into Port Arthur. Had a slight argument with the toll gate person about the price on entry. We believe you then went to park your car and an attendant or someone...
- A. Park the car?
- PQ. Said you couldn't park in a certain spot, so you didn't and some time later you did move your car to that spot. We believe you went to the Broad Arrow Cafe with that bag over there, containing some guns and your video camera. You purchased a meal, you went outside, sat down and then went back into the cafe. Took one.
- A. But you might've. That's like me saying to you, that you were down there.
- PQ. But the difference is Martin, my car, wasn't down there and I haven't been identified as being down there and I wasn't down there. And then you took one of the guns out of your bag and opened fire in the cafe. [Editor's note: there are no legally valid eyewitness identifications of Bryant at Port Arthur].

- A. Why would I do that, I mean.
- PQ. I don't know, you tell me.
- A. Why would anyone do a thing like that, what.
- PQ. Well you tell us.
- A. ...inaudible..
- WQ. That's what we want to know Martin, why.
- A. What, what, I wouldn't hurt a person in my life.
- WQ. Well, you've already said you'd put the man in the boot of your car.
- A. Only. Yes, yes.
- WQ. Then you've set fire to the car and you thought that he was in the boot.
- A. ...inaudible...
- WQ. So how do you explain that?
- A. It was a bad thing.
- WQ. Well it was a bad thing.
- A. But I got burnt too so, that doesn't worry you I suppose.
- PQ. Well it does.
- WQ. Of course it worries us.
- A. Well that's all I can recall. That's all I know. I've got a pretty clear mind.
- PQ. And then.
- A. I definitely wasn't there at Port Arthur that Sunday or a month before.
- PQ. After opening fire in the cafe and walking though the cafe, you left the cafe and went down near the bus park, shooting, shooting several people. Then you got in your car and drove back towards the toll booth. Before reaching the toll booth, you stopped and shot dead a lady and two small children.
- A. Go on.
- PQ. Then you got to the toll booth, to the position we showed you your car was in, in that photo.
- A. Mmm.
- PQ. Took the BMW, shooting the occupants.
- A. Must've been, I told, the BMW was back there at the Fortesque Bay turn off.
- PQ. No, the BMW wasn't there.
- A. Was it the same colour BMW?
- PQ. Yes. Shooting the four occupants. Then driving to the service station near the white Corolla that was in the photo. Forcing the person into the boot of the BMW as you've described and shooting the person that was still in the Corolla and then driving to Seascape.
- A. Did that person, did that person die did you say?

PQ. Yes.

A. Mmm.

PQ. At Seascape before driving down the driveway, we believe you shot at several cars driving past. Then you went down to Seascape.

A. I didn't shoot anyone.

WQ. You didn't shoot anyone?

A. No, not at all.

#### COURT TRANSCRIPT, END OF PAGE 280

This is probably the least convincing interrogation transcript anyone is ever likely to read. Martin Bryant was alone for hour after painful hour facing two experienced police inspectors, but all he showed was apparent guilt in stealing the BMW, and confining its driver to the boot. Note here that he is adamant the Man in the BMW was the driver of that vehicle, not the driver of the white Toyota Corolla in the official story. Obviously this will have to be revisited at the retrial or Royal Commission into the matter.

There is an apparent lack of conviction on the part of the police interrogators that Bryant was really guilty of any serious crime on 28th April 1996. Certainly they go through the motions but there is very little repetition, and very little trickery used to try and entrap the suspect. It is doubtful Inspectors Paine and Warren were personally convinced of Bryant's guilt. If so, this may explain their absence from the Supreme Court, and the massive censorship of their interrogation by the Director of Public Prosecutions on behalf of the Crown.

Most chilling of all is Bryant's illegal strict isolation for thirty-nine days before his interrogation on the 4th July 1996. He was an intellectually impaired young man denied human contact, and more importantly denied access to any form of media at all. For thirty-nine days Martin Bryant was left alone in a world of his own, deliberate sensory deprivation used in the past by psychiatric torturers to break the resistance of their victims. When he refused to plead guilty at the interrogation, he was returned to illegal solitary confinement for a further 120 days until, finally broken, he quietly answered "guilty" to seventy-two charges read to him in the Supreme Court.

Remember, in different circumstances this could have been your father or brother or son. Are we to tolerate this appalling abuse of human rights by our justice system, or is it time for us to do something about it? Write to your member of Parliament about Martin Bryant, or write to Amnesty International. Whichever you choose, do it quickly. The case of *The Queen v. Martin Bryant* has proved Australia is already the ultimate Banana Republic.