

That is when they used the wet canvas hood and the electric shocks. With the hood over his head he felt the interrogators pour a glue-like substance down his spine and connect electric terminals to his ears and the back of his head.

As the current was turned on his brain and spine were shocked and his whole body was convulsed. He lost consciousness. When he came to he was asked again to make the confession. When he refused the wet hood was replaced and he was shocked again. So it went on repeatedly,

the electric terminals sometimes being placed on his inner thighs and genitals.

Farisani does not know how many times he lost consciousness, but when he was finally returned to his cell he had been with 'those gentlemen' 13 hours.

He was finished. At the last he could take no more so he agreed to say whatever his interrogators required. 'I said yes to everything, implicated everyone. I just prayed that God would understand.' □

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# HITCH

by Vortex

The robbers stripped him of all of his valuables, most of his clothes, and left him unconscious. Their blows had been fierce, well-aimed, professional.

He awoke about an hour later, and was aware at once of pain in many places, of stiffness in almost every limb, of a dizziness in the head. He could hear very clearly the sound of cars on the road, and after a while resolved that, for all the agony of movement, he would make his way in that direction. He tried to stand up and walk, but found that impossible, and so dragged himself half-crawling, half like a snake, towards the sould of the world's traffic.

When eventually, after what seemed to be several hours, he pulled himself up onto the grass verge of the road, he found that he could do nothing more than recline in an awkward position, and wave one arm pathetically towards the cars, which whooshed rapidly and violently by as if they were on a racing track.

He waved for many minutes. Perhaps many drivers didn't see him. Some certainly did; they responded by looking suddenly towards the horizon ahead of them, or by accelerating, or by turning towards their companion as if in urgent conversation, or (if they were people of conscience) by slowing down momentarily and then resuming their former speed.

At last a car stopped. A man thrust a worried and harried-looking head towards his side-window. He was a priest. Before John could speak, the man said: "I'm very sorry to see you in this condition. I wish I could help, but unfortunately I'm in a terrible hurry. I'm already late for our

parish council meeting. I'll tell you what I'll do: I'll phone the hospital when I arrive. I won't be able to do it at once, as I have to deliver a report under item 2, but we usually break for tea after 50 minutes or so." And with that he accelerated off explosively.

About an hour later another car stopped: it was a smart-looking BMW. The driver leaned towards the window and contemplated John. "Please help me," John said. The driver continued to eye him, in a curiously detached manner, then took a calculator out of his pocket, pressed several buttons swiftly and knowingly, glanced at his result, and then, pocketing the machine, said: "It's not worth it. To assist you, I'm afraid, would be counter-productive in socio-economic terms. I believe that human society has got to learn to conduct its affairs in accordance with a clearly-formulated set of priorities. Forgive me." He returned to the upright position, restarted his car, and drove smoothly and rapidly off.

Nobody else stopped. The occupants of one car that whisked past an hour or so later — an oldish but still powerful car — might perhaps have been willing to stop, even though they all felt that the giving of charitable help was rather reactionary kind of activity; but in fact they didn't notice John at all, as at that moment they were all absorbed in a discussion of the ways in which the whole social system should be transformed.

Eventually, however, one driver did draw his vehicle to a halt with a positive and humane intention. He was the man from the mortuary. □