Provocation

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Some people really don't like the idea of authority

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Despite all the incentives to do so, don't let your emotions run wild when you're socialising. Especially if you're under the influence of alcohol or drugs.

What is TEFLONRABBIT *Legal* *Society* *Alcohol* *Drugs* *Security*

There is a trend among members of secret societies and sufferers of public school syndrome that a confrontation is an opportunity to cook up justification for surveillance. This has resulted in a frame of mind whereby an altercation should be escalated until the other party loses their composure and lashes out. It is not uncommon for revelers who have been refused entry to stand for some time, hurling insults at the doormen. This is incredibly irritating as those who will engage in such behaviour rarely represent any serious threat. As such it's a matter of remaining calm and deflecting the unbridled hostility. The philosophy is considered in terms of *Water off a duck's back* and *In one ear and out the other.* This is all very well however even the most disciplined zen master will have problems dealing with endless and repetitive scenarios of this type.

During an evening shift in a city centre basement nightclub, the equilibrium of the entrance badinage was disrupted by the ejection of two likely coves in their early twenties. One of them was quite a large Irish chap and had struggled quite a lot during his enforced journey up the stairs. Both were extremely nonplussed with their untimely exit and decided to give the door staff a bit of a telling off. This was a mistake for three reasons. Firstly the staff who had escorted them out had returned inside and would not be getting told off any time soon. Secondly, security staff deal with this type of situation on a regular basis and are extremely well versed in shooting such mewling protests down in flames. Lastly, as previously mentioned the job can be unbelievably tedious at times and such a situation can present an opportunity to have a bit of a laugh at the patrons expense.

> ***Them:*** *This is an outrage! I have never been treated like this anywhere in my life. How dare you!*
>
> ***Us:*** *It's just the way it is. You should have walked when you were told to. If you struggle it's not going to be much fun, so just bloody remember that next time.*
>
> ***Them:*** *You have no right! It's totally out of order - you can't treat people like this!*
>
> ***Us:*** *Yes we can. Look you were told to leave and you resisted. There's no point in kicking off about it now. Just calm yourselves down and try somewhere else, it's still early.*
>
> ***Them:*** *Fuck you! This is disgusting - If my father hears of this .....*


DREDD

At this point the author decided to break from the convention of diffusion and instead opt for a somewhat different tactic. Moving closer to the less outraged man, he lowered his voice so that it could not be heard by anyone else and said:

> *Look asshole, the law's totally on our side. Inside the premises we ARE the law OK? We might as well be Judge fucking Dredd.*

With this reference to science fiction totalitarian fascism, the angry youth jumped back waved his arms around and bellowed at the top of his voice:

> ***You - are - NOT - fucking JUDGE DREDD!***

Due to the authors discretion in delivering the intentionally provocative gambit, nobody else had any idea this outburst was going to happen. Consequently the eight or so people around the doorway and everyone else within earshot started laughing uncontrollably. Finding genuine hilarity in this entirely ludicrous statement. While this was highly entertaining it did have the potential to suddenly go in the direction of serious street fighting. However possibly the greatest weapon available to security staff is to belittle your aggressor. This can enrage them so much that they throw the first punch. After that..... let's just say that whatever happens next is on them. Security workers of any experience will generally be quite good at fighting. After all it's not an industry of flower pressing debutantes or wilting wallflowers.

In this instance the two recently ejected plaintives were from quite a good background and consequently decided not to resort to initiating violence which could well have seen them hospitalised. As such they had to suffer the blatant ignominy of the onlookers laughter and simply shuffle off in the direction of the taxi rank. Chuckles and snorts of derision continued among the door staff and everyone looked forward to viewing the scene on CCTV playback later on. Whether the large chaps father did hear about it or not is unknown. In all probability it wouldn't have made any difference anyway. Even if his father had been 'Storming' Norman Schwarzkopf the most likely response from him would have been along the lines of:

> *Don't go into clubs and act like a dick. Oh and if you do, don't be using my bloody name - or else.*

It should be noted that this was indeed a break from convention and generally speaking it's not a good idea to provoke people who are quite so emotional. Their use of alcohol and or drugs can often lead to their abandoning rational behaviour in favour of something they once saw in a Chuck Norris film or an episode of The A-Team.

The moral of this particular story would probably be something along the lines of : *Discretion being the better part of valor.*