





LOUIS VUITTON

THE NERVE METER

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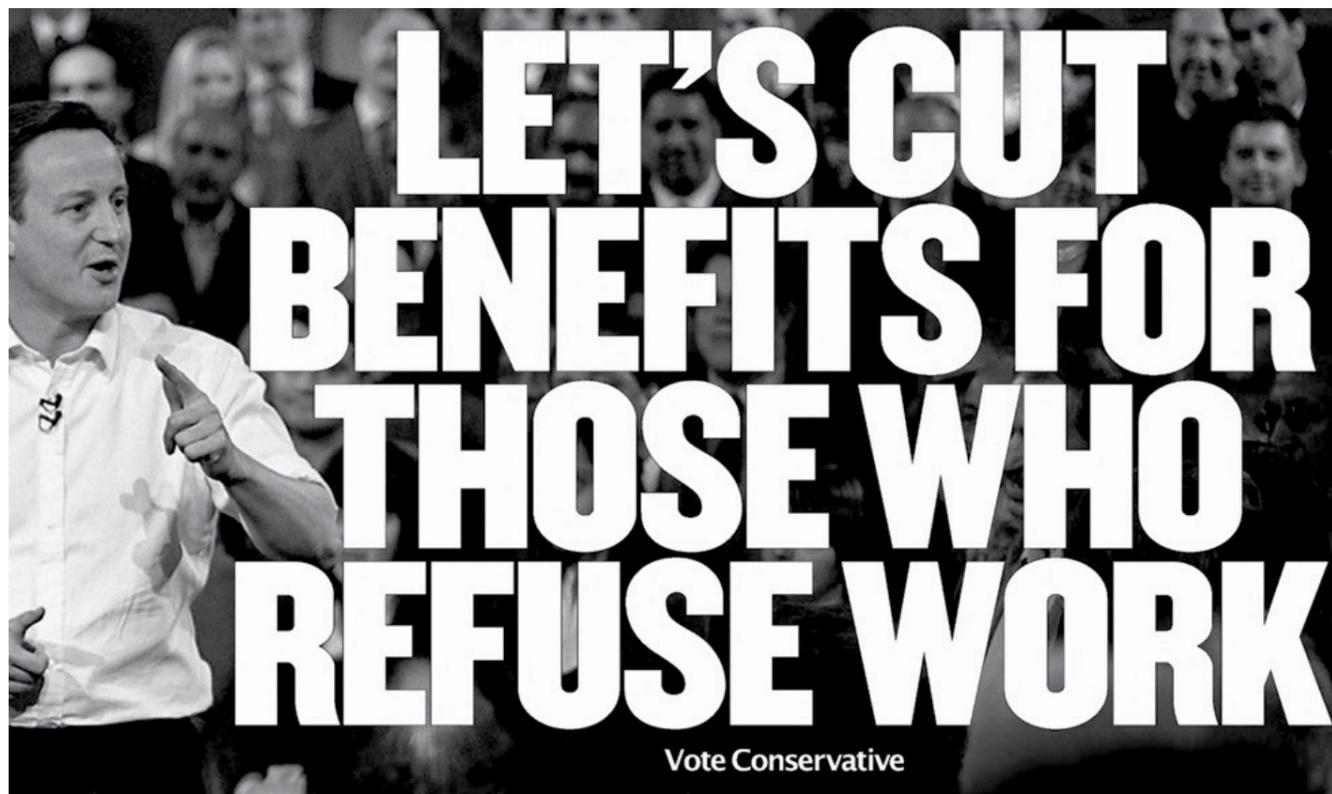
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Dear reader,

This publication is designed for people who may have found that their benefits have been cut: they are skint, they may be sick, they desperately need to make some cash.

Right now none of us know the extent to which David Cameron and his sick, Janus-faced coalition government will force people into situations of so-called "labour" at the behest of their benefits. We hope you managed to give a generous donation to whoever may have distributed this magazine to you.

Your benefits can be stopped for up to three months should you fail to co-operate with the government. A work placement is one experiment you must attend. Typically refuge collection while wearing a fluorescent vest with the word "JOBSEEKER" on the back is a means of shaming the work-shy into action. Middle England will probably salute this policy. The question is whether those affected will join the students and riot.

It's not that we don't advocate rioting; our aim is, however, to try and help, to alleviate. To that end we have listed a few alternative occupations, in some cases drawing upon hands-on experience of begging, selling drugs, prostitution, dog farming, waste management, common theft. We have gone as far as outlining some low-level money laundering schemes should you manage to achieve some success as a criminal. We hope you hit pay-dirt.

Some of you might find the suggestions made herein to be immoral. We would rather describe these as "amoral", that's to say devoid of any moral considerations whatsoever.

The current standing government will use an internal culture of blame, between front and back benches and bounced and spun from party to lame and hamstrung power-hungry party, in the normal way to deflect blame from decision makers.

If these politicians are really beyond reproach, they should be reminded that the Nazis developed a classification in the death camps among people with genuine mental disabilities, and those that were merely "Arbeitsscheu" - literally "Workshy".



The Nervemeter



INVESTOR IN PEOPLE



PROSTITUTION

Prostitution is probably not the obvious choice for most entrepreneurs looking to start up a new business. Despite being one of the oldest professions known to men and women, whoring at any level carries with it an undeniable and indelible stigma of sleaziness. We thought we'd give it a try anyway, partnering with a lady who had experience of working the phones for an escort agency, talking to punters and hooking them up with working girls. Described below is a factual account of how to go about setting up as such an intermediary. The business was based around a commission split with the girls, who would work from our private flat. They would have the added assistance of a driver on hand to deliver and return them from outcalls.

We were aiming at the middle market: above the realm of street walkers but nothing fancy at the same time. Our escort services would be advertised in the local editions of national newspapers. The flat was in a tatty council estate in the east end of the city. We stripped out one of the bedrooms so that it only contained a bedside table and a small stereo system.

Far and away the trickiest part of this start-up is finding suitable and reliable girls to work for you. Prostitutes are by nature unreliable; many lead chaotic lives and have been driven into working in order to fund their drug habits. They are also suspicious of any sort of intermediary agency which they mostly see as exploitative. Escort agencies have apparently suffered in recent times mainly because of the internet. It's easy these days for girls to work discretely and in their own time and from their own flats if that is feasible,

using only the internet to tout their services and arrange jobs with punters. See websites like Adultwork.com to see how this works. There are risks associated with this approach however. Exchanging chat and pictures with potential clients online, even when sex is the tacitly understood aim of the relationship can turn nasty in person, like the practice now commonly described as "internet grooming". The internet is full of freaks with all sorts of agendas after all. Touting our new service, we stated that we wanted to establish a fair and friendly relationship with our potential sex workers, emphasising their safety as our foremost concern and also guaranteeing them a discrete place to work from plus transport and a driver when they needed it. We did our best to avoid coming across as merely exploitative. We wanted to come across as the "Fair Trade" of escort agencies.

We were advised to try and build a bit of variety into our roster of sex workers: not all with big tits; some with long legs; some a bit fat; others slim etc. It's apparently also worth trying to find mature ladies to compliment the younger ones, we were told. This is because sometimes older punters find that young girls can remind them of their own daughters, or even grand-daughters and it can put them off a bit. "Mature" can mean anything from early thirties to late fifties, as long as they're not too bashed-looking. It's not always the best-looking girls that make the best workers.

From a legal perspective it should be noted that only having one girl "on" at a time makes it very hard for the law to prosecute you for soliciting,



not that they would probably bother. In fact prostitution has been driven indoors by laws introduced against curb crawling. It is absolutely essential to have a woman to answer the calls you receive from prospective clients if your escort business is to function at all. Most punters will simply refuse to converse with a man over the phone. Ninety per cent of callers will hang up immediately, those that do talk to a man will generally try and get off the phone as soon as possible and will not call back. Many of these men suffer from low self esteem for one reason or another; discussing contracts of a sexual nature over the phone with another man makes them extremely uncomfortable.

The Daily Sport is the preferred publication of perverts - it's where we would advertise our agency, and we also used it to try and find girls to work for us. We received replies from the first morning our recruitment advert appeared, mostly from Eastern European girls pretending to be from Spain or Italy, presumably because they thought this would make them more desirable and employable. Among the first to approach us was Katiana (Kat) who explained enthusiastically that she would be willing to work as many days as we could give her; in fact she told us not to bother looking for anyone else as she wanted all the work going. She also told us that she was expecting the imminent arrival of a close friend who we should also hire and who would do anything she couldn't manage. Great, we thought; our recruitment worries are over. She told us that she was a model and said she looked a bit like Penelope Cruz. Eventually she managed to send a picture of herself by email. She was a pig. But nevermind, Eastern Europe is famous for its prostitutes. "Knowing how to please punters is in their nature," stated my partner with authority. We decided to kick things off the following Monday and accordingly bought a week's worth of advertising in the Sport, which went something like:

"New, gorgeous, busty lap dancer and model". Come Monday morning the phone was ringing every five minutes but there was no sign of Kat; unsurprisingly her phone was switched off. In the end she gave us some shit about having to go to the airport to pick up her friend. She sounded drunk. She never turned up the next day or any other day. By the following week we had managed to find two new girls. Leah (real name Maria) who told us she was 33 and was from a town called Bathgate. It's a shit hole located half way between Edinburgh and Glasgow, i.e. in the middle of nowhere. She had worked in a well known sauna in the capital for some twelve years, on and off and had a massive set of fake tits. She also had a boyfriend and a couple of kids. Leah was really into astrology. However her new age beliefs certainly didn't get in the way of her work. She thought nothing of screwing ten blokes of an afternoon, one after another, provided she had enough smack and baby wipes.

Our next recruit was Lillie (real name Beccy) who was 21-years-old and surprisingly attractive for a brass. It was something of a mystery to us why a beautiful, intelligent young girl was selling her body to slobbering blokes but we weren't about asking why. She played in a punk band and was basically middle-class; she'd even attended a posh, fee-paying girls school (we billed her as "naughty public school girl" in an advert). We offered Lillie as many days as she wanted. She had quite a few of her own regular clients and could also organise work through the internet. She had a boyfriend who would occasionally give her shit about working, but didn't mind helping her spend the cash. Lillie brought with her a school mate and fellow sauna worker called Abby. She was a great big fat person who liked to eat the coating off KFCs and leave the rest. We put flabby Abby on one day a week and worded the adverts to attract those punters that are known in the trade as "chubby chasers" and "heavy hitters".

Financially the breakdown we worked from was as follows: £10 entry fee to the flat which the punter would not have to pay until he had seen his girl. We made it clear on the phone that we were not out to con anybody with the door charge. Thereafter the house would take a £20 slice from the girl, based on a straight half hour session. At this end of the market the cost for half an hour in a private flat is assumed to be around the £70 mark. A sauna might be slightly cheaper but visiting a private flat is more discrete. The price was always negotiated between the lady and the punter, so there has to be a modicum of trust between the girls and the house. In saunas there are cameras everywhere and all the costs are set and explicit at the outset. The price increases if the session is longer: for an hour the girl would charge £120 and the house would get £30 or perhaps £40. The price and commission also increases for extras such as domination, A-levels (anal), being pissed on (watersports), anything involving excrement (hardsports) or for adult baby role play. For outcalls, the house provides the driver and takes about £40. This would increase depending on the distance to travel, or the amount of time spent waiting about for the lady.

Domination is a commonly requested high earner which we hoped to break into professionally once we could furnish the place with the proper restraining equipment. We managed to just about accommodate the domination punters who contacted us with only a set of handcuffs and a pair of black leather gloves, so the girls could hit the men in the face as they jacked off. We also catered to a couple of slaves. These are men who seem to thrive on abuse from women; they will gladly come around and clean the place, while parting with anything up to £100 at a go to be allowed to strip off and get to work licking the toilet bowl clean (inside and out). Toilet slaves kind of intersect with hard sports enthusiasts. Slaves seem to also enjoy licking the



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ladies' feet or eating the dog food, if there's any around. They tend to bash off once in a while if enough abuse is hurled their way. Quoted below is an actual text out of the hundreds we'd receive each week; this one was from a strictly hardsports enthusiast:

Hi Mistress Zara, Jim Hardsports here! I'll b in town in under an hour. I'm begging the mistress to please let me watch while she does a shite onto a plate. I will sniff her shite, then I will lick her shite - if she allows me, I promise to worship her shite! Then sniff her arse, lick it clean and worship her arse.



Sold by J. Smith at Hogarth's Head, Cheapside.

PROSTITUTION

From time to time punters would call up asking for the "girl friend experience". This is basically straight sex but with kissing on the lips included - a depth of depravity the girls naturally shied away from.

Our main out-going expense was covering the weekly cost of advertising in the Sport. There are lots of escorts agencies crammed in under the "relaxation" or "escorts" section of that paper's classified pages. Escorts generally means catering to outside jobs - hotels or punters' houses - while the relaxation section means the punter will visit a private premises to have sex, but in truth both kind of crossover. A basic two line, 23-character advert costs about £30 per day. The internet can also be useful for marketing your services. Adultwork.com is the facebook of the prostitution world. It connects punters with girls and agencies, broken down into geographic regions of the UK. Note that perverts are adept at using the web and you may find your shop is given a rating online without you having anything to do with it (see punternet.com).

You will find that many of the punters who call up the numbers in the Sport appear to know most of the operations going on in their region/town. They are creatures of habit, many of whom will have been at it a long time. This can mean a rush of business once you have opened your new shop, which may well drop off after a time, especially if your sex workers are ugly or sullen or likely to refuse anal sex etc. Expect a lot of humming and hawing from your callers, who will shop around looking for the best deal, convinced some other pervert somewhere else is getting a better one. Cancellations and no-shows are not uncommon and you have to watch out for wind-ups especially for outcalls to distant locations.

Near its early, blossoming stage our flat was earning £800 a week and the girls were doing well, turning over a couple of grand each on a busy day. The girls worked from nine in the morning



until about ten at night. We found that weekdays were busiest; perhaps a lot of our punters wanted to spend the weekends with their wives and children. Between jobs there's a painful amount of hanging around and we tended to fill the time partying away all the money we were making. So in the end we made nothing and didn't bother reinvesting anything into the business. We had made elaborate plans to open a dungeon, complete with stocks, cages, thrones and so on but none of this happened.

The writing appeared rather abruptly on the wall for our sex shop after, Leah, who was the backbone of our operation, suddenly had her kids taken away by social workers and had to stop working immediately. Dependent entirely upon Lillie things soon came to a withered conclusion as she repeatedly failed to show up, citing problems with her boyfriend. Without regular, reliable girls you are screwed and the business tapered off to nothing.

In conclusion we would say that with a decent advertising budget and some kind of internet strategy you could easily clear a grand a week provided you can recruit some half-reliable girls. You don't have to be amoral but it probably helps. That said, by providing a private flat, you are cleaning up the prostitution trade by getting it off the streets.

DRUG DEALING

Why would someone pay thousands of pounds in cash for a pay-as-you-go sim card which normally costs a couple of quid in the shops? The reason is that they would actually be buying a business, albeit a highly illegal one. Known as a "line", it's a number which is already stored in the mobiles of many customers who regularly call it to buy drugs. If a particular line has been in operation for a number of years, it may have been bought and sold on by drug dealers more than once and will have been used to serve hundreds of punters.

The owner of one of the better-known lines that operates around East London has agreed to talk about how the business operates. He is Bengali, in his mid-twenties and known to me simply as "J". He sells heroin (brown, B) and crack (white, dub) in twenty pound bags (pebbles). The occupation of selling drugs to customers on the streets in this way is known as "shotting", or doing shots. J says: "I know of some lines that have been around for years and have maybe been sold three or four times, each time for cash. Perhaps as much as £50,000 has changed hands as a sim card has been bought and sold. When some of these lines were born, the dealers using them went on to E-bay to bid for a good number that's easy to remember."

The customers are the main asset being traded when a line changes, but the deal might also include providing contacts to enable someone to buy drugs by weight - ounces (zeds, Oscars, o's) or kilos (clicks, boxes). There might also be an agreement not to text or contact any of the punters that had been handed over with the line for at least six months, if at all. These additional conditions depend on the level of trust and co-operation between the dealing parties.

It's not all guns and violent turf wars that decide things as the media might have you believe, as J explains.

"In East London you have to co-operate. It's a tight community and all mixed up - Asian, black, white. Everybody needs to eat, to make a little something. Back in the old days there were rules you had to understand. You were not allowed to shoot in Brick Lane or Bethnal Green because those places were already being served by established firms."

The chain of black market operators that bring smack into the UK runs from Afghanistan via Pakistan; often the people importing the drug into the UK are Pakistanis. Sri Lankans are also traditionally big operators. The war in Afghanistan and things like flooding in Pakistan have resulted in heroin taking another route to the UK through





Riga in Russia and then Turkey. Opium poppies will grow just about anywhere. An acre will produce 10 kilos of raw opium each time it crops, which will yield a single kilo of pure heroin. This will be bashed (cut down in strength to at least double its weight) before going near the street. Further down the line the people who bag and sell the smack to users on the street are likely to be Bengali or Afro-Caribbean, depending on where it is in the UK: East London is mainly handled by Bengalis, south of the river it's more likely to be black guys. In Scotland the dealers will mostly be white estate-dwellers.

J explains that the biggest person, who deals to the dealers around East London, looks completely inconspicuous: "You would never know to look at him that is what he does. He is making over £100,000 per week and he has never been in trouble with the feds. He doesn't touch anything, all he does is count money. This business is so cash intensive that

it seeds lots of other legit businesses." J explains how he operates: "We take a call and then someone goes to the plot (a safe place where the "food" is stashed). The drugs are double wrapped into little balls or "pebbles" using strips cut from poly bags, in case they have to be swallowed. The bagging of gear is a skill in itself: the heroin has to be carefully double wrapped but done quickly, sometimes on a large scale. In the event that a dealer is forced to swallow the bags, if these are not securely wrapped and any of them leak, that person has a short space of time to get to hospital and have their stomach pumped before they start to overdose.

The pebbles are carried in someone's mouth - sometimes twenty or thirty bags - the doors of the car are locked and the windows rolled up. The dealer carries a bottle of water or juice so he can swallow what's in his mouth in a hurry without difficulty. Meeting the punters takes place on back streets where there are no cameras. The driver usually turns his car so he has a clear exit before the punter is served. The driver will speed off if the police arrive suddenly, giving the shotter time to swallow the drugs. Often the punter gets in the car and the money/drugs are transferred inside, so it takes place out of sight. Sometimes it is done quickly through the window. The dealers usually ask the punter to put the drugs in their mouth.

It is just after midnight and we are sitting in the car, parked up at one of the spots where Bengali kids in cars come and chill: the car-park of a retirement home just off the beaten track of Bethnal Green high road. "I'm not a greedy man. I have knocked back four calls in the last hour because I've made £800 today and I don't want to keep going back to the plot. It's hot to keep going back there too often," says J.

The other risk is from surveillance. The same car driving round and round the same area all evening starts to look a bit suspicious. CCTV cameras record



the same number plates revolving and it looks like something is up. Dealers tend to change their cars quite often, either buying them second hand and driving them for a bit before selling them on, or using hire cars.

"I have a brother that's a police officer in Limehouse, so I know there's no surveillance being done on me. He tells me who is being watched and who is going to be raided. One thing I would never do is serve hookers. I know for a fact that the police pay them for information. It's a game, you have to know how to play it," he explains.

Sometimes a couple of dealers will share one hire car - perhaps one is selling weed and coke and the other pebbles of heroin and crack. This keeps the cost down and the daily routine is more like chilling with mates and cruising around. Dealing involves very long, unsociable hours and there is a lot of hanging around waiting for the next lot of calls. The lines that operate at night and go off early in the morning tend to sell scores, or £20 deals, to make it worthwhile serving all through the night. It is rare for any of the Bengali dealers to partake in the very addictive drugs they sell, like heroin or crack; using these drugs is looked down on. They tend to smoke super-skunk.

Someone who serves up can expect to at least double their money on an ounce of heroin. The ounce, which is 28 grams, will cost between £700 and a grand, depending on the quality. The recent heroin drought which resulted from failed poppy crops and a crack-down on drugs entering the UK has pushed the price of an ounce of smack up towards £1500. The individual servings are between 0.15 and 0.2 of a gram which costs £10, or between 0.3 and 0.4 for £20. An ounce of skunk, by contrast, costs about £150 and bagged and sold can generate about £100 profit. Coke is probably the most lucrative, sold in gram wraps for about £50. I'm told the prices have been steadily increasing

over the past ten years; a kilo of heroin used to cost about £12,000 and now costs about £20,000, while coke has increased from £20,000 per kilo, to between £35,000 and £40,000 for a kilo.

J explains how he goes about picking up a big batch: "When I go and buy a box, I get for two or three other people at the same time, so I make a something extra



out of each of those people - a couple of hundred before I have bagged and sold anything, which is good but I don't like having to do this stuff coz its dangerous. That person could be being watched; he is serving a load of other people, any of them could be getting watched. What I do is arrange to meet him by driving one of the slips roads around London - we keep changing it: East way, Docklands, the Bow overpass or whatever. He will be driving a bit in front of me and I'll call him and he'll tell me after a certain turn off he will pull over in the next layby. I'm five minutes behind him. He might put up his bonnet or switch on his hazard lights and I pull over as if to help him or whatever, and we do the switch. I can see easily on the dual carriageway if anyone is behind me - it's hard to sneak up on someone there. And if I'm dealing with just money I always go to takeaway food place and plot the cash in a bag on the table and he will pick it up.

DRUG DEALING

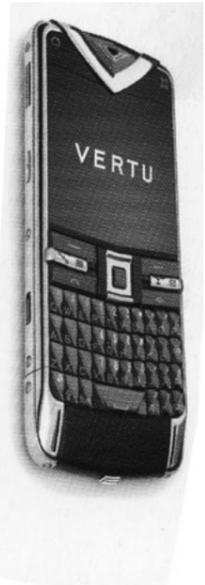
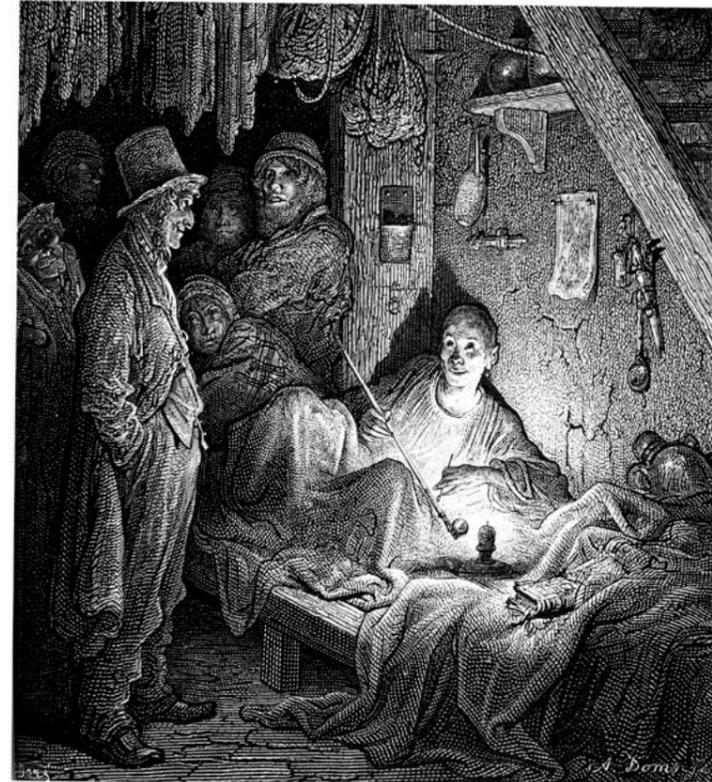
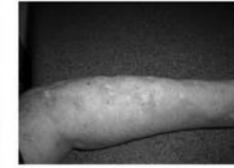
"I got birded a few years back and don't like taking risks. One time I met a policeman in my area that knows me as a good person, except I had about nine pebbles stashed in my mouth at the time - he said to me, 'you've got really fat'; I'm trying to smile looking like a hamster." J explains that he used to have a share in a garage with his brother and that ultimately he plans to return to working in a legitimate business, just not right at the moment.

"They offered me a job at the garage: sitting at a desk all day and I would get paid something between £350 and £500 per week. I can easily clear that in a day dealing. Then there's a buzz you get from it; I've been doing it too long now to just stop."

J uses his younger cousin/brothers to move the food around and plot it up. They are 15-year-olds that are still at school but are paid £100 a week to be

on call to pick up and drop off shots to customers. They obviously look up to their "gangster" relatives. Once the gear has been bagged up he might hollow out the center of a loaf of bread and stick the drugs in the middle, then stick it in a carrier bag with a pint of milk. When it has to be moved to the plot the person carrying it will be ordered a taxi; J follows in his car.

His young cousin-brother, R, who is 15, has been shotting for about seven months. He said: "I go to school but I started blazing (smoking puff) and everyone sells drugs. It's normal. So what? I'm not going to college. How are you supposed to make money? I'm just a young guy trying to make a bit of money. The government won't help."



MONEY LAUNDERING

What I'd like to try and explain here is how money laundering can be done on a moderate scale, not involving million-billing lawyers and offshore accounts in Switzerland or the Cayman Islands. Let's assume that you have successfully managed to get your drug dealing/prostitution racket up and running and all of a sudden you have more money than you could carry to the bank, not that you would do such a thing of course. Before setting out any useful schemes to get round the prying eyes of the regulators, here is a brief explanation of how big ticket money laundering works.

We all know crime is big business. The events of 9/11 prompted something of a regulatory crackdown on money laundering, associated as it is with terrorist financing. All manner of money laundering task forces and proceeds of crime acts cropped up soon after the World Trade Centre attacks. In the UK for example, any bank deposit over £10,000 automatically generates a suspicious transaction report. For big and small time criminals alike, far and away the riskiest part of the money laundering process is the initial placing of dirty cash into the financial system. This is where the closest trace back to the criminal exists. Experienced financial lawyers tend to be enlisted to blur this transactional stage using a array of sophisticated techniques, such as

using shell corporations (companies that exist in name only) located in off-shore jurisdictions where regulations are relaxed or banking secrecy is upheld by law. The money is often moved from account to account, known as walking accounts. Should the regulators come asking questions, the money has moved on and a warning is effectively issued around the decoy account, that it might be a good idea to move it somewhere else. This process is known as "layering": multiplying transactions using bogus corporations or trusts or mortgage schemes and moving money around from place to place at the same time. Billions are constantly doing the rounds in off-shore jurisdictions, never staying put long enough for an organised regulatory swoop to get a proper trace on it. The final stage of this complex financial process is the reintegration of the money back into the banking system. So much for the high finance world of corrupt capital.

Money laundering at street level is best facilitated by first setting up a front of some kind. You here about taxi offices and bent bureau de changes being used in this capacity all the time. A favourite front for drug dealers to wash their loot through is the night club; the two go hand in hand really. However this could attract unwanted attention for precisely this reason We would suggest setting up a car park as your



MONEY LAUNDERING

front. From the moment you are open for business this parking lot will be the busiest in Europe; full 24/7, 365 days a year. The ticket machine that allows people to park there is standard in format; the same as any other to be found anywhere in the UK. This will provide proof of your business activities; an audit trail, in other words, should you need to wheel one out. It's not as if the police have time to stake out a carpark. Another front which is low on glamour but potentially very busy is one of these key cutting and shoe repair kiosks you find in tube stations. Again there is a ticketing procedure that can comprise proof of earning capacity if necessary. The reason these fronts have been mentioned is that they have been used successfully by money launderers. But you might be thinking, this doesn't get around the problem of depositing cash in a bank, one still has to get around that obstacle. It's worth remembering however that the Financial Action Task Force in the UK, the group responsible for investigating suspicious transaction reports, is completely and utterly inundated with mountains of administration. Furthermore, the commonly used way of circumnavigating large desposits, and risking generating said reports, is by getting groups of people to deposit your cash into a slew of accounts so the amounts never pile up too quickly in any one account. This is a process known as "smurfing".

A former lawyer who was convicted of money laundering offences in Miami and served ten years for his crimes explained this fascinating scheme. He also claimed it was still being used successfully by criminals in the US. First he said you have to open a

grocery store, a 7/11-type shop as the front. Then you would arrange to house one of those private cash dispensers that charge people a couple of quid to make a withdrawal. At this stage you have to sign agreements with the company that leases the machine to you - Blackstone apparently specialise in this - the bank, and also the clearing house. The way this works in the US is that the clearing house records all the transactions and pays you for the money borrowed from the bank plus your commission at the end of each month. You then cancel your agreement with the bank. Amazingly there is absolutely no communication between the other entities you have signed agreements with - that's why this scheme works. From that moment on the money you stick in the back of your cash dispenser is your dirty drug money. It gets given to the public, so you avoid the tricky placement stage associated with banks. According to the money laundering lawyer - his name is Umberto and he is available for talks and conferences in the UK - private cash dispensers found in busy hotel lobbies in the US can dole out as much as \$30,000 a day.

Finally it's worth mentioning this jaw-dropping scheme, which a leading money laundering journalist somehow unearthed. It involved a group of inventive criminals, who used a shell company which they then used to overpay an annual tax return by almost £2 million. The Revenue detected the mistake and obediently returned an IRS cheque to the criminals for a couple of million in funds, cleaned beyond reproach.



agents and secret when heat cuts off.

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LOCAL POLICE.**



**HELP US STOP
THE RIPPER
FROM KILLING
AGAIN.**

LOOK AT HIS HANDWRITING.

*I have already written concerning the recent
hipper murders. I told him and
111 511 - k - 111 + 1.*

STALKING

I enter an estate called "The Fort" in the East of Edinburgh, far removed from the posh festival city with its tourists, castles, palaces and so on. No, it's a festering boil left to suppurate by generations of incompetent town planners, unusual in that it's located within the town centre, cheek by jowl with detached houses with large private gardens. Almost all Edinburgh's worst schemes are confined to the city's outskirts; this keeps the "schemies" that inhabit them a safe distance from the general populous. The Fort is made up of drug dealers, single mothers and a handful of very poor old age pensioners. I am here because of a recent story in the local papers about a known sex offender who had moved into this estate and was then systematically hounded by a group of very motivated residents. The sex offender in question was the continual target of a range of threatening behaviour: he was stalked by his neighbours, graffiti was daubed on his property, dog shit posted through his letterbox. I have made contact with the apparent leader of this group of avenging residents; a man who is a self-confessed stalker and who says he is willing to tell me about the techniques involved in carrying out a campaign of harassment against someone. His name is Trevor.

I take the stairs. Everyone has heard the story about the drug squad getting stuck in the lift in the Fort. I don't fancy spending any amount of time trapped in a metal box that stinks of piss. It's a long way up via the piss-stinking stairs and finally I arrive at Trevor's door, nine floors up. The man who answers the door is massive, completely bald and clean shaven. His domed features are accentuated by small, wire-framed glasses. He has obviously spent a lot of time in the gym and has acquired the freaky look that comes with steroid abuse. He also claims to be a cage fighter and an expert in mixed martial arts. The inside of Trevor's flat is a stage beyond untidy: it is chaos. I notice that the living room and kitchen doors have been removed and are leaning against the walls. The floor is entirely cluttered with splayed chopped up magazines, which look to be mostly about motorbikes, bodybuilding, and cage fighting. A coffee table is covered in old takeaway boxes and there are piles of clothes covering what I guess to be a sofa. I make a space and sit down.

STALKING

Trevor says: "Sorry about the mess; I'm cutting bits out of they magazines to make a collage."

"No problem. I didn't expect you to be the type that was into modern art," I reply.

Trevor: "It's about 'Cage Rage' - the international cage fighting competition."

He shows me a piece of cardboard. Mounted at each corner is a photograph of a heavily built man, a cage fighter, in battle pose. I can see these have been cut from the magazines on the floor. The composition of these images is a little too regular to begin to apprehend the eye in a truly grotesque manner. It's not finished of course, but it looks like the sort of attempt at pastiche you'd expect from an unimaginative twelve-year-old with no artistic ability whatsoever.

"Aye, there's a guy who lives across the way. He's a fucking teapot, right. Well he's just sold a collage ay the Beatles to a shop on Leith Walk for £100!"

"What do you mean - 'a teapot'?"

"A bunch of guys kicked fuck out of him, jumped up and down on his heed. He's got permanent brain damage. So I'm thinking - if he can sell collages, then anyone can. So I've started working on one myself. Hopefully the same cunt'll buy it.

"Perhaps it is because the guy across the way has brain damage that makes his collage work good," I venture.

Trevor looks at me blankly. "What the fuck are you talking about?" he says.

Int: "Well anyway, I wish you good luck with that. I wanted to ask you about being a stalker; you are a self-confessed stalker, if I've got that correct. Can you explain to me a bit about the art of stalking someone.

TREVOR: You want to know about the recent thing here with the sex-pest downstairs that complained and it was in the paper?

Int: Yes please.

STALKING

T: Aye, This guy had moved in to the flats here and it was public knowledge that he likes to expose himself to little girls and, whatever else; who knows what he's capable of?! Anyway the people round here, lots of them have kids, and they're no gonna to stand for that, you know what I mean. So we got together and decided that we would let him know that we were onto him, if he tried anything again, he'll be like, dead. So I started sending him messages, through his door and stuff, just letting him know that we are watching him all the time. He stopped going out completely I think: then he made some complaints and it got in the Evening News - that he was being hounded by us.

Int: So he went to the police and reported you for harassment.

T: Yes, I mean he's tried to get some sort of restraining order against me. Well where's the fucking restraining order against him - beast that he is!

Int: Was he successful?

T: The law is quite weak in this area. There is no such thing as victimisation. You'd be surprised at how much you can really pester someone; you can make their life hell. It's not easy to be caught for doing it, I mean as far as committing a crime is concerned. Even if he sees you slashing his tires, say. You need two other witnesses before you can be done for it. There are lots of tricks you can play on people which they can't do much about.

Int: Can you give me examples.

T: Well ... [pause while he thinks] ... you could order hundreds of pizzas and chinkies and loads of stuff from store catalogues and have them sent to his door. You could pretend he's having an extension built onto his house; if he had a garden you could arrange for five tons of harcor - you know, like rubble - to be delivered to his house. Mibbie with five tons of sand, and a ton of stones, four thousand bricks - for the new extension; if he's no there they might well dump it on the front lawn. You can also set fire to his property; put shite through his letter box. Sometimes people have these daft wee ponds in gardens,

STALKING

they can be very proud of them; you can easily burst the lining a few times with a pointed knife or something and the water will drain away. You can put sugar in their petrol tank; stick things up their exhaust pipe that will fuck the manifold. If you check on the internet it will tell you the ingredients for making thermite - magnesium, charcol and some other stuff. You can burn a hole right through their engine block with a tiny amount of thermite. Or you could knock on someone's door and when they answer it just stand and stare right at them, not saying a word. You didn't cause a scene so they can't go to the police. And whenever they go out you can follow them about two steps behind. If they stop, you stop. If they turn round you just stare at them not saying anything. Imagine every time you looked out the window I was standing looking back at you; every time you went anywhere I was two steps behind you. Imagine how long it would take to drive you mad, trying to ignore it. People think they things are illegal but nine times out y ten they're no.

Int: Have you done any of these things to people? Have you stalked many people?

:I would say you have to have a good reason to stalk someone. Say there was an undesirable who had moved into your neighbourhood - a sex offender or a child molester; that's a good enough reason to take action and at least let him know you are onto him. Or you might just want to get rid of him, for the safety of the children that live around here. What I would probably do first is crack on to him: find out if he likes a drink; a lot of paedos do. They basically have no friends but they like to try and cover up the fact that they are beasts. Buy him a few pints in the local pub or whatever. I wouldn't let him know that I had tippled he was a beast or anything. Get to know him a bit and then appear at his house one night, saying 'I thought you might be a at a loose end ... da da da.' Once I was inside I'd pour a couple of drinks right and then it's easy to spike his drink with, say, Rohipnol or Largactil. Once that's in his drink and he's drunk it he's rooted to the spot - a cabbage. Then you can do what you



want to him, hot-shot him wi smack for instance. And if you don't want anyone to ask questions - not that anyone is gonna be that bothered about one less beast walking the streets - but if you want to make it look more subtle, you can shoot him up five or six times and just make the last one a really big one, and it's "good night Vienna".

Int: So you would go as far as committing murder?

T: If I wanted someone dead badly enough, yes; but let's say I had a personal grudge against that person and they turn up dead all of a sudden, the police are going to look to me. I'd be under suspicion right away. What I would do is find out if there was anyone I knew that also wanted someone killed and say: "why don't you kill such and such a person for me and then I'll return the favour a few months down the line". So I have tried to remove the motive. Once I know it's going to be done on a certain night, let's say, then I'll make sure and make an alibi. I'll go to the pub for a few drinks and make sure I was noticed. Like I'd perhaps make an arse of myself, or just make a stupid, offensive comment to the barmaid, or ask her out, or something that will be remembered, and I'd have a solid alibi. Lots of times these days you can be filmed on CCTV as well. I heard about a hit that was going to happen on this guy who owed plenty of money right. The hit man had a pal who had a Restaurant with CCVT on the front door and that but nowhere else. He's gone in and ordered a meal and sat up the back. Then he's nipped out the back and gone and shot the guy. It looks like he's been eating out when the shooting has taken place. You find that people in a restaurant say are never tracked down by the police anyway.

Int: Okay, tell me how you'd kill someone, so as to get away with it.

T: Well firstly it might help to do it at night; in darkness people don't really see you and don't really remember things so well. I would probably wear a big set of dark-coloured work overalls, that would make me look like I was a bit fat. A woolly hat; a proper SAS ski mask rolled up just looks like a woolly hat. You roll it down over your face when you are about to commit a crime, or are about to be on CCTV. I might even wear one of those

workie's vests to look more legit. But not a fluorescent one, unless I wanted to get noticed. People always think you need a gun to kill someone but of course you don't. As far as weapons go, I wouldn't consider a shooter. If you get caught with one that's five years right there. And if you acquire a gun people tend to hear about it. I have always had access to guns but mostly I've kept them hidden outside my gaff for emergencies. If the target can easily be overpowered than I would recommend using something non-incriminating that anyone could have, like a screwdriver. A pointed star screwdriver can be rammed into someone's head or through an eye or into the neck. The result will be fatal, especially if repeated a few times. It can be carried on one of those work belts. In fact a workie's tool belt, with hammer and Stanley blade on it, means you'd be legitimately carrying all the tools needed to take someone out and torture them for hours. A set of gloves as well to cover any prints. If you do want to use a knife and plunge someone up, an easy way to prevent any prints is to just wrap the knife in paper. Stick it in them and just slip off the paper, leaving the tool in them - there's no need to pull it out. You can also stab fuck out of someone with a toothbrush; they're hard to get prints from. Sharpen it and stick it right under someone's ribs, into their lungs - easy. Thinking about it, I would imagine there's plenty of opportunities to poison people. Especially if they have pints of milk delivered to the door. There's loads of poisonous compounds listed on the internet. Just use a syringe and spike their milk. I suppose the only problem would be if their kids had their cereal first. I know. You could get round that by kidnapping them. Yes. You could rape their kid and send them pictures of it ... But seriously, you must remember to get rid of all traces - that is what the police will be relying on. To get rid of evidence is not that difficult - it's not fucking CSI your dealing with. Rub everything down to remove your prints. If you've made a mess; there's been a struggle perhaps and you've cut yourself or something like that, you can always set fire to the place.

Int: It's clear that you see yourself as some how above the law.

T: There's something you need to understand from the start. Doing crimes and stuff comes as second nature to someone like me. I don't follow rules. Not like some nine to fiver, that goes to his work and did what they were told at school. Most people don't get it when they meet a man who has total disdain for the law. And if some straight-peg ever stands up to me, or challenges me - I get pleasure, lots of pleasure out of picking that person up by the face. Why? Because they should know better. I'll punch their lights out. And if the police come, I'll punch their lights out too.

Int: But you can't just keep punching everyone's lights out. Someone will stop you eventually. There is always someone tougher out there.

T: Really? Is there? I've no met them yet then. Nobody's ever got the better of me in a fight that I can remember. Square go me and I'll kill you - it's that simple. If there's four or five of you's then I'll kill all of you. If some cunt cuts me up in the traffic, I'll follow them until I can get hold of them and pull them out the car while punching fuck out of them. If their bird's present, she'll have to watch. If you fuck with me, in any way, I'll track you down and kill you. No question about it. Leave me alone with a paedophile and I'm likely going to bite his nose off; bite it right off. Then I'll fry it up in a frying pan with some garlic and herbs, maybe some mushrooms ... and make him eat it. Why? Coz I can. Whose gonna stop me? I can do what I want. If I decide to I might shag him up the arse as well. I'm serious. If I'm feeling merciful I'll use some lub, if not my prick will tear him a new arsehole. See this ...

Trevor rolls up his sleeve to reveal scars, and shows more on his neck.

T: See these scars?

Int: Yes.

T: Do you know who did that?

Int: No.

T: Me. I did that. And if I am ready to chib up myself, do you think I'd have a problem doing it to someone else. No. I wouldn't think twice about it.

Int: Trevor you do seem to be incredibly preoccupied with violence.

T: I'm actually very intelligent. I've read more books than anybody I know. This is good.

Trevor hands me a book. It's title is "Scottish Hard Bastards". There is a photo of an axe-wielding thug, bare-chested and wearing a kilt on the cover. Trevor flicks open the book and starts pointing to chapter headings etc

T: I actually know quite a few of these guys from the jail.

Int: Do you want to tell me about your time inside - what were you convicted of, if you don't mind

T: I don't want to talk about that - if you knew anything, you'd know not to ask people about the jail. If they offer that's another matter. You don't ask.

Int: I apologise. What else would you like to talk about then.

T: Did you know that 80% of the world's koala bears have been wiped out by Chlamydia? Dirty little bastards, eh?
(pause)

Int: I heard you'd started work in work Macdonalds?

T: Fuck off. I work in Burger king. I'm actually a heavy goods driver, but i'm just doing this at the moment to make a bit of cash.

(another pause; Trevor appears to be thinking).

Int: Have you any hobbies or interests apart from, you know, harassing and killing people.

T: You know what one of my favourite things was? I used to shag my bird right at her mum and dad's house, when they were out. And you know how birds always have to go to the toilet after they've had a shag well what I used to always do was go and wipe my knob on their curtains. I loved doing that. In the end she owed my £40 and refused to give it back to me. She must have thought that I wouldn't do fuck all to her to get it back. But she was wrong coz in the end I bit her on the face.

Int: I think we are kind of going in circles now Trevor. However this has been an interesting chat, particularly the stuff about stalking.

PUPPY FARMING

High Net Woof

There's a common misconception that in order to enter the highly lucrative world of pedigree dog breeding you have to be some sort of seasoned dog expert, or that you must be a member of the UK's official Kennel Club and such like. This is complete rubbish, which is purposefully meant to put off anybody who wants to make some money out of breeding and selling desirable dogs on a commercial scale.

In fact there is plenty of demand for pedigree puppies and anyone can sell them for top prices - as much as £1000 per pup for certain breeds - to pet shop owners or over the internet. There are dog farming operations, large and small, located all over the UK: Ireland is said to be the puppy farming capital of Europe, possibly the world, while just the Camarthan district of Wales produces 28,000 puppies per annum to be sold to the public.

Getting Started

Choose a breed that's pricey, popular and not a big pain in the ass to look after. You might love pit bulls but even the pups can chew your operation into matchsticks. You're better off

choosing something like a Cocker spaniel; both the breeding bitches and the puppies are easy to handle and don't take up a lot of space, plus they are always popular and command good prices.

You need to think about a location for your breeding operation. What you are looking for is a rural setting where cheap accommodation can be got: old farm buildings, outhouses, garages even will do. It's best to have somewhere off the beaten track though; you don't want busy bodies poking their noses into your business.

The Law

As far as regulations and the law go, puppy farms in England, Wales and Scotland are licensed by their local councils and are completely legal. The premises are inspected by the council who issue the license every year, which means you might have to fix up and smarten things a bit around that time, but don't worry, they give you plenty of notice for when they plan to visit. The inspections tend to focus on the premises and not so much on the health of the dogs, which is good news if, let's say, you have a problem with some of your breeding bitches. This can happen from time to time. Health problems you should watch out for include respiratory ailments like pneumonia, diarrhoea is also a sign that things aren't right; another common complaint to watch out for is hip dysplasia.

Government Grants

If you decide upon Wales as the setting for your breeding business you could be in line for a grant, an initiative backed by the Welsh Assembly. The "Farm Enterprise Grant" is open to anyone with agricultural holdings who spends 550 hours per annum involved in a farming enterprise.

Sales and Advertising

You can sell your puppies to pet retail outlets. A good way to familiarise yourself is simply to go in and have a chat with the pet shop owners; hopefully you will see eye to eye and you can start supplying them right away with puppies. The other way to flog them is directly to the public via adverts in local newspapers or by using the internet. You just have to find what's suits you best and stick with it.

Good luck!

Sunday

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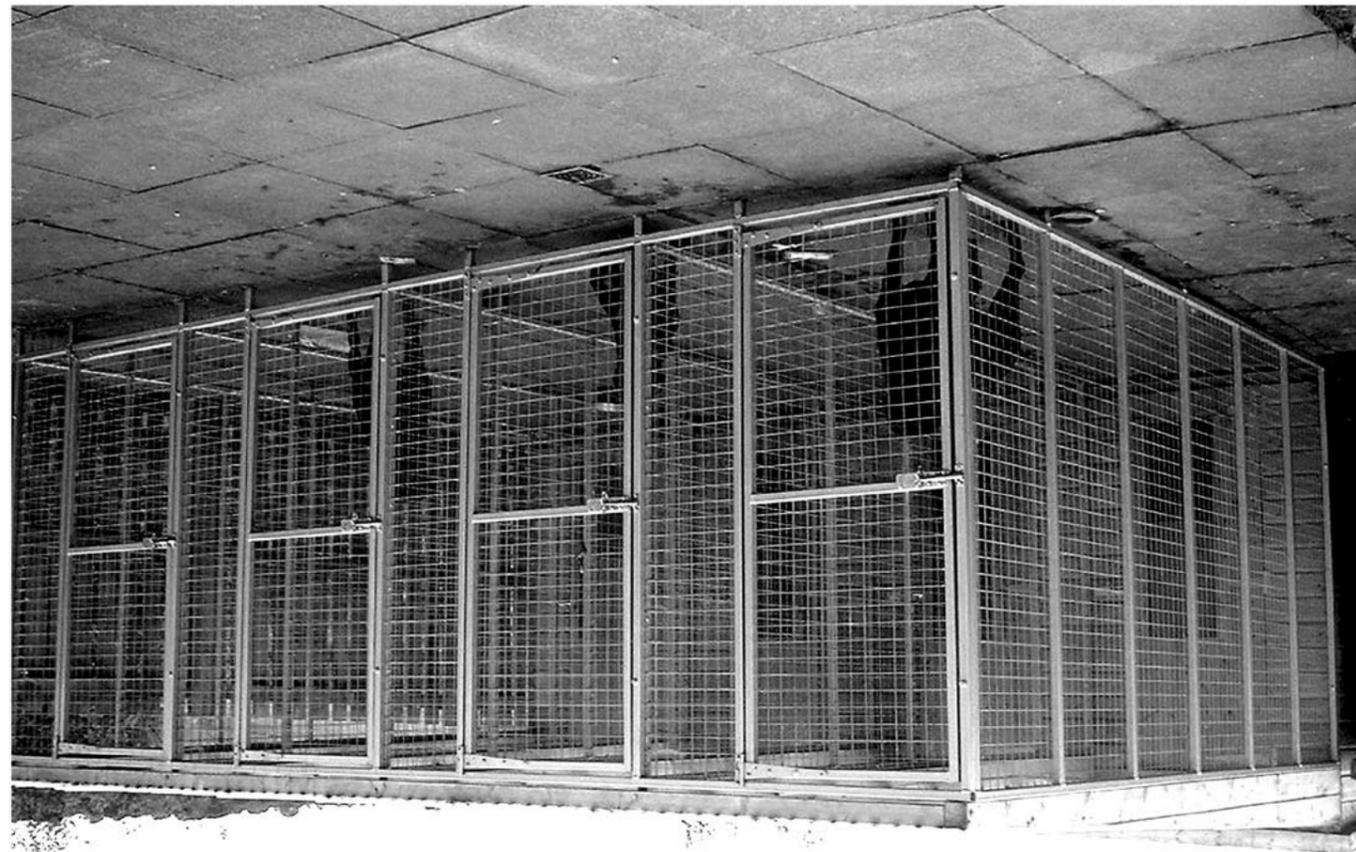
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BEGGING

It is worth saying something about the social position of beggars, for when one has consorted with them, and found that they are ordinary human beings, one cannot help being struck by the curious attitude that society takes towards them. People seem to feel that there is some essential difference between beggars and ordinary "working" men. They are a race apart - outcasts, like criminals and prostitutes. Working men "work", beggars do not "work"; they are parasites, worthless in their very nature. It is taken for granted that a beggar does not "earn" his living, as a bricklayer or a literary critic "earns" his. He is a mere social excrescence, tolerated because we live in a humane age, but essentially despicable.

Yet if one looks closely one sees that there is no essential difference between a beggar's livelihood and that of numberless respectable people. Beggars do not work, it is said; but then, what is work? A navvy works by swinging a pick. An accountant works by adding up figures. A beggar works by standing out of doors in all weathers and getting varicose veins, chronic bronchitis etc. It is trade like any other; quite useless, of course - but then many reputable trades are quite useless. And as a social type a beggar compares well with scores of others. He is honest compared with sellers of most patent medicines, high-minded compared with a Sunday newspaper proprietor, amiable compared with a hire-purchase tout - in short, a parasite, but a fairly harmless parasite. He seldom extracts more than a bare living from the community, and, what should justify him according to our ethical ideas, he pays for it over and over in suffering. I do not think there is anything about a beggar that sets him in a different class from other people, or gives most modern men the right to despise him.

The question arises, Why are beggars despised? - for they are despised, universally. I believe it is for the simple reason that they fail to earn a decent living. In practice nobody cares whether work is useless, productive, or parasitic; the sole thing demanded is that it shall be profitable. [...The beggar] has merely made the mistake of choosing a trade at which it is impossible to grow rich.

George Orwell, *Down and Out in Paris and London* (Penguin)



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Communique 6

"There is one golden rule to bear in mind always: that we should try to put ourselves in the position of our correspondent, to imagine his feelings as he writes his letters, and to gauge his reaction as he receives ours. If we put ourselves in the other man's shoes we shall speedily detect how unconvincing our letters can seem, or how much we may be taking for granted."

Inland Revenue Staff Instruction, quoted in The Complete Plain Words, Sir Ernest Gowers



"Anyone but myself would have been lost in this chattering gabble, which can only have stopped during her brief instance of unconsciousness. In any case I didn't come to listen to her. I got into communication with her by knocking on her skull. One knock meant yes. Two no, three i don't know, four money, five goodbye. I was hard put to ram this code into her ruined and frantic understanding, but I did it, in the end. That she should confuse yes, no, I don't know and goodbye was all the same to me, I confused them myself. But that she should associate the four knocks with anything but money was something to be avoided at all costs.

During the period of training therefore, at the same time as I administered the four knocks on her skull, I stuck a banknote under her nose or in her mouth. In the innocence of my heart! For she seemed to have lost, if not absolutely all notion of mensuration, at least the faculty of counting beyond two. It was too far for her, yes, the distance was too great from one to four. By the time she came to the fourth knock, she imagined she was only at the second, the first two having been erased from her memory as completely as if they had never been felt, though I don't quite see how something never felt can be erased from the memory, and yet it is a common occurrence. She must have thought I was saying no to her all the time, whereas nothing was further from my purpose. Enlightened by these considerations I looked for and finally found a more effective means of putting the idea of money into her head. This consisted in replacing the four knocks of my index knuckle by one or more (according to my needs) thumps of the fist on her skull. That she understood. In any case I didn't come for money. I took her money but I didn't come for that. My mother. I don't think too harshly of her. I know she did all she could not to have me. Except of course the one thing, and if she never succeeded in getting me unstuck, it was that fate had earmarked me for less compassionate sewers."

Samuel Beckett, Molloy



A collage of images with a green background. The central image shows a woman with blonde hair talking on a black mobile phone. She is wearing a pink top and a grey jacket with a large, bloody, anatomical graphic on the sleeve. Surrounding her are various other images: a surgical site with red tissue and instruments, a close-up of a pink, knotted anatomical structure, a desk with a yellow mug and papers, and a close-up of a bloody, anatomical structure. A yellow rounded rectangle with a black border is overlaid on the left side of the collage.

the **nervemeter**