

Once upon a time ... there was a kingdom admired throughout the world as a liberal democracy, in which the exercise of arbitrary power had been consigned to history and the only jeopardy faced by free people was from a legally constituted court. However, rule of the kingdom was quaintly constituted and intrinsically flawed. It had no written constitution and therefore the people remained subjects of the Crown. Immense power was placed in the hands of a small cabal of mendacious ministers. Erudite scholars whispered 'elected dictatorship' and 'tyranny of convenience' within the sound of silence.

None of this seemed to matter very much to this happy breed in their scepter'd isle - until the information-surveillance complex came to dominate the political-economy. Surveillance-cameras spread across the physical landscape, and databases proliferated throughout Whitehall; as if this has always been the natural way of governance - just waiting for the advent of the Orwellian technology. Public-sector armies of competing agencies were recruited which, at the highwater mark of Executive power, comprised nearly half of all employment in the kingdom.

How can a kingdom maintain a public-sector which is comparable in size to the income-generating private sector? By mortgaging the future of the state to future growth and conquest, perhaps, in the manner of Nazi Germany.

For dictatorships, due process of law by an independent Judiciary has always been highly inconvenient - and no less so for the elected dictatorship of the United Kingdom. United, perhaps, for not much longer if the Scots rediscover some long abandoned courage and throw off the yoke of a politically-corrupt Westminster, sitting hundreds of miles to the south of their border. It is fashionable now for the BBC to newspeak of 'the Scottish government'. A government needs a nation to govern. Is there a link between calls for independence and the growing exercise of arbitrary power by the technocratic cabal in London? This could be the subject of an epic film in years to come - *Bravehead* perhaps - with Robert Downey Jr. playing Alex Salmond.

GCHQ and Sir Lansley Cameron-Clegg is a sequel to *Dr N.H Service, Ms Surveillance, and Sir Lansley Burnham-Balls*. The Lansley Plays are polemics on the increasing tendency of ministers, since Tony Blair seduced the nation with his sophistry, to regard the law as inconvenient. The historic rights to freedom of expression,

freedom of assembly, and to a trial by jury of peers, are being quietly eradicated in the UK on the authorization of ministers, to suppress expressions of dissidence, demonstrations, political protest and criticism.

Former New Labour Home Secretary David Blunkett stated recently on BBC Radio 4 that as a demagogue, his duty in government was to exert control over the Judiciary for the sake of the lower social orders whom he claimed to represent. Judiciaries tend to be dominated by people from higher socio-economic groups and it can be argued that they have, historically, defended the vested interests of the rich and powerful; with 'justice for the poor' having a low priority. This new take on the old concept of British class-warfare is pure Blairism and a tenet of New Labour political philosophy. Enhance and centralize the power of the Executive to directly influence the Judiciary for the greater good of the proletariat - and the interests of government.

The pawns of Blairism; the poorest in society who cannot afford to buy the protection of the courts; became the victims of the arbitrary power of the government and the police - without the historic Judicial safeguards which the Blairites had successfully curtailed. This precedent will spread malignly to affect more affluent people as the power of the state, personified by ministers, extends further; aided by unprecedented surveillance capabilities and a vast information-surveillance complex.

The eponymous Sir Lansley has been enhanced from a double-B to a double-C, to reflect the increasingly irrelevant role which Messrs Burnham and Balls are likely to play in future British politics. When interviewed, big blustering Balls has a habit of ranting like Comical Ali - Saddam's spokesman throughout Gulf War II - and it is inconceivable that a Brownite will ever be trusted with the economy again.

Andy Burnham is more of a dark-horse, and not just because of his saturnine looks. He advocates a socialist police-state for the greater good of the public-sector/benefits community - at the expense of individual civil-liberties and due process of law; and thus appeals greatly to a significant constituency of voters who depend on government to maintain living standards in Digital-Age Britain. His persona on camera is lightweight; but then, so was Tony Blair's in the early 1990s.

Nick Clegg has been a great disappointment to liberals, who are

deeply unsure what he stands for; though hopefully he will remain at David Cameron's beck-and-call just long enough for this play to be printed. Baroness Williams once defined liberalism quite succinctly as a commitment to human-rights and an internationalist outlook. Clegg demonstrated his liberalism and his influence in government by campaigning tirelessly, and with resounding success, to have the name 'Control-Orders' extended considerably to encompass more words. To extract this concession to liberalism from Dave, Clegg agreed to take the flak over increased state-funded-university tuition fees from an outraged generation of young idealists and their families, who will probably never vote LibDem again. Nick Clegg, like former Labour PM Gordon Brown, seems to be inept in high office.

The unwritten constitution of the UK places an extraordinary degree of power in the hands of a small cabal of ministers who can authorize the police to disregard Acts of Parliament if they think observance of the law is inconvenient, or not in the public interest. This has already been taken to its logical extreme with the liquidation of an unarmed individual by a police death-squad in a London Tube carriage who was entirely innocent of any crime, despite the abolition of the death penalty by Act of Parliament.

An insidious and politically-inspired police operation, which did not end tragically, was the search of an opposition MP's office in the House of Commons for leaked documents without a warrant, by officers who clearly enjoyed the confidence of the Home Secretary, Jacqui Smith. That a police officer can be so contemptuous of Parliament as to enter the Palace of Westminster and lean on a female Sergeant-at-Arms, who clearly lacked the right stuff for her constitutional duties, beggars belief. The search without a warrant served to emphasize the subservient role which the Commons plays to the dictatorial Executive within the UK Constitution.

The victim in the Lansley Plays is a young female civil-servant who has leaked documents from the fictitious Department of Healthy Minds, which reveal the extent to which people are being criminalized without trial by the method of National Health Service (NHS) profiling. Prior to the Digital Age, it was a customary part of European history to persecute people for their ethnicity or religion, or both. In the UK, the trend now is towards psychological profiling for heretical thoughts and views using the NHS, which has been set up as an inquisitorial institution.

People should, therefore, be cautioned on the jeopardy they face from an NHS *auto-da-fe*. British people are encouraged to present themselves to government doctors for screening if they suffer from anxiety, depression, or erectile dysfunction; without any caution regarding the pseudo-legal jeopardy in which they are placing themselves.

If their profile matches the template of an anti-social or criminal personality they are subject to summary sanctions - harassment, threats, defamation of character, bugging, video-surveillance in the home, theft, fraud, vandalism of private property etc - without a court hearing (expensive, inconvenient, and problematic for governments seeking to marginalize the independent Judiciary in the Digital Age) or legal representation. A constitutional problem in the UK is that the Judiciary is increasingly falling behind the technological curve, and the government is setting up its own court system with vigilante gangs and draconian sanctions - which would once have been considered illegal.

In LP1: *Dr N.H. Service, Ms Surveillance, and Sir Lansley Burnham-Balls* the civil-servant falls foul of the medical Junta for leaking documents, and is subject to the sort of enhanced interrogation popular with the British security services. In this sequel, she is in her home and now a target of GCHQ - the electronic surveillance service of the British government, which targets dissidents in various ingenious ways which are detailed in this didactic play, and which the voting public are, as yet, mostly unaware of.

Like LP1, LP2 catalogues the extraordinary lengths which the British government goes to in order to spy on its subjects. Shami Chakrabarti, the director of Liberty, once described Britons as 'the most spied upon people on Earth.' This now reads like understatement. The Citizen's Advice Bureau (CAB) is merely a collection of surveillance stations, gathering personal data on behalf of the government, but it seems ironic that as the state extends its surveillance activities, Liberty seems to lower its profile and shrink in significance, very much like the once-vaunted data protection commission, rather than lift the gauntlet thrown at its feet. It may be that organizations such as Liberty reach a point in their development when protecting the suits and the brand becomes more important than the original *raison d'être* as in the denouement of George Orwell's *Animal Farm* (1945).

The most striking form of harassment-surveillance employed by

the British government is the use of video imaging in private homes. This activity discredits Article 8 of the risible Human Rights Act 1998 (HRA), which provides for a right to privacy. A right cannot be a right if the government has the discretion to remove it at whim without a court hearing. The so-called right to privacy in the UK is simply the default status of a subject who has not yet come to the attention of the government.

HRA also prohibits torture - without exemption - however, it does not define torture; leaving governments the option of targeting dissidents with infrasound in their homes to cause nausea and sleep deprivation. Another feature of HRA is that it cannot be used to prosecute individuals; however, the Protection From Harassment Act 1994 is very specific about what constitutes a criminal offence, and was drafted before the rightwing-socialist New Labour regime was installed and began formulating their plans for campaigns against dissidents. The question which has yet to be addressed by an English court is whether police officers and Neighbourhood Watch vigilantes are above the law if acting on the authorization of a Cabinet Secretary such as Sir Lansley.

The British action-comedy *Hot Fuzz* (2007) dealt with the inevitable issue of criminality by Neighbourhood Watch vigilantes, albeit taken to extreme in a disarmingly funny script. A more subtle issue to be addressed is the use of Neighbourhood Watch to harass and threaten critics of ministers in their constituencies in similar fashion to the fascist Black-Shirts and Brown-Shirts.

The technical details of how intrusive video and audio surveillance systems are installed in a private home are not revealed in this play, though will be the subject of LP3. One option is through direct access to the property for building maintenance. For example, installation of a new central heating system by a government agency, or inspection of electrical wiring, can provide opportunities for video bugging. Another approach is to use an adjacent part of the building - for example, in an apartment complex, a terrace block, or a semi-detached house. Imaging can then be performed through walls. The cavity spaces within walls and attic floors can also be infiltrated with imaging devices utilizing electromagnetic and acoustic spectra.

People who live in rented, high-density social-housing are in most jeopardy from GCHQ, whereas people in detached private housing are relatively safe for both legal and practical reasons.

The corollary of this is that it is not the law which protects British subjects from human rights abuse and arbitrary power of the government (considerable and growing in the Digital Age), but socio-economic status. This is one reason why harassment-surveillance by the government is of little concern to the great and the good, who are as complacent about the demagogues like Blunkett, and the expanding state, as bourgeois Germans were in 1933.

The imperative of low-status people, therefore, should be to avoid any subversive activity in politics, literature, or the arts, which may attract the attention of a government agency; since they are vulnerable to reprisal in ways which wealthy people are not. Harassment-surveillance is a very effective method of disenfranchizing the poor.

This issue of buying the protection of the law is topical in the context of injunctions. Wealthy people can apply for an injunction against the tabloid press in order to protect their privacy in a way which less affluent people are unable to. In 1977/8, the BBC produced and broadcast a quite remarkable dystopian television drama in 16 episodes entitled *1990*, inspired by George Orwell's seminal *1984* (1948/9). The premise of the series was that the dire economic conditions of the late 1970s would lead to an emergency authoritarian dictatorship which would, thereafter, be self-perpetuating. The Britain of *1990* is characteristically less brutal than, for example, Nazi Germany or Soviet Russia; but all forms of dissidence are suppressed by the Department of Public Control (DPC) - an executive agency of the Home Office - using the totem of all such regimes - the psychiatric hospital.

Higher status individuals - senior civil servants and wealthy industrialists - are Class-A citizens, relatively free to pursue their lives at will. Class-B citizens have fewer rights, and 'non-citizens' live rough without the protection of the law. Like so much of the priceless BBC archive, *1990* is not currently available on DVD, and the original video tapes have probably been wiped - but it seems to have had a defining influence on the thinking of police-state advocates such as Jack Straw, and perhaps nudge-state advocates such as David Cameron.

For production purposes and continuity of narrative, Dr N.H. Service and Security-Surveillance Officer Vladimira seem to work 24/7 - though in practice, of course, British government harassment-surveillance teams work shifts, like the interrogators of the

security services. Unlike in face-to-face interrogation, the control room of a harassment-surveillance team can be hundreds, or even thousands of miles away from the target. One has to wonder at the extent of video-conference style interrogations, in which MI5 officers sitting in London offices monitor torture sessions in Pakistan.

Royal mail screening is not done on the doorstep, as suggested by the play; but in sorting offices. This is a very old surveillance practice, dating back centuries. Sir Francis Walsingham, spymaster of Elizabeth I, was very keen on intercepting the letters of Mary Queen of Scots. But since about 1997, when the technology to scan and store a letter as a digital file became available, the practice has spread to encompass the letters of thousands of ordinary people not involved in espionage or organized crime.

As late as the 1970s, it was fashionable to suspect that a TV screen could work as a two way mirror, allowing the government to observe people in their living rooms. It is generally accepted today, with webcams and fibre-optic cameras, that bugging a TV set with a camera behind the screen or speaker-mesh is a simple enough exercise.

Back in the 1970s, George Orwell's novel *1984* was, perhaps, still fresh in the minds of people who had fought against Nazism; and the all pervasive eyes and ears of the Stasi in East Germany were familiar to journalists and spy-novelists. In the 21st century, 'Big Brother' surveillance has become a euphemism for a type of reality-entertainment, which the UK government seems to have latched on to for more sinister purposes - together with the juvenile practice of threats and bullying through text and email. This is, perhaps, another reason why voters regard intrusive surveillance in the home, by the LibDem-propped Coalition government, with such complacency.

In LP1, Ms Surveillance plays a Devil's advocate who turns native. In LP2, the recusant positions are voiced by Security-Surveillance Officer Vladimira. Her name is derived from a character in Samuel Beckett's play *Waiting for Godot* (1955), in which people wait around in expectation without ever managing to achieve anything or go anywhere. For many, this represents a depressing metaphor for life; but *Waiting for Godot* could also be set in a surveillance control-room.

The UK government has spent billions on an information-sur-

veillance complex in which thousands of people who could be designing or manufacturing tangible products are employed to sit around and watch other people in the privacy of their homes. Seventy-five percent of their salaries are paid from direct taxation, the other twenty-five percent is financed through government borrowing. The structural debt of the UK continues to grow each month, despite all the rhetoric about austerity cuts. Information-surveillance complex employees spend their salaries each month, and more, on consumer goods made for them by Chinese factory workers - who collectively save a good proportion of their modest incomes. Real income plus one-third has inflated life-styles in the UK for more than a decade now. When the information-surveillance complex employees retire, their salaries will continue to be paid from direct taxation, since their pension contributions have already been spent by government on the salaries of the next generation of public-sector twitchers. David Cameron's Coalition government of supposedly fiscal-conservatives regard this as good economics.

There may, of course, be an export-led demand for information-surveillance technology from other regimes; in which case the United Kingdom is likely to be a world-leader in offering such systems and thus able to reduce the negative trade balance. Dave can expect to find eager buyers in Eurasia, Eastasia, and the United States.

“Vandalism is crime ... Harassment-and-intimidation is crime.”

British Home Secretary Theresa May speaking on BBC Radio 4, 4th December, 2010.

“My dear fellow, you forget that we are in the native land of the hypocrite.”

The Picture of Dorian Gray (1891)

By Tax Fries:

A Spider Ballet

The Wulfmarsh Weekend

Ragnarok

Gothic Purgatory

Levin Plays

Lansley Plays

LANSLEY PLAYS 2:

GCHQ

and

Sir Lansley
Cameron-Clegg

Tax Fries

© Tax Fries 2011

ISBN 978-1-4635-2136-3

Printed and bound
by
CreateSpace

GCHQ and Sir Lansley Cameron-Clegg

The stage is divided by a partition, as if an exterior wall of an apartment building had been removed and the audience can see into two adjacent apartments on the ground floor.

To the left of the partition, a studio apartment is being used as a surveillance control room, with computers on desks and a large video screen with monochrome images on the wall for the benefit of the audience. There is an exit door to a (nonexistent - surveillance image only) service corridor on the back wall of the control room.

To the right of the partition, there is a writer's live-in studio, with a bed, sofa, TV, desk and computer.

There is a window with curtains on the right-side wall opposite the partition wall and a door leading to a (nonexistent) kitchen-bathroom annexe. There is an exit door to the service corridor on the back wall.

I

Early morning.

The drone, vibration, and shadow of a police helicopter pass slowly across the studio window.

Dr N.H. Service; wearing a white labcoat over a brown blouse, black skirt, black stockings, and black heels; sits at a desk in the control room working at a computer screen. The upper buttons of her blouse are undone to reveal cleavage and a glimpse of a black bra.

A woman; wearing a vest and underwear; is asleep in the studio, lying on her side in the bed with a quilt around her waist. A surveillance image of her is projected onto the large video screen in the control room for the audience to see.

There is a knock at the door of the control room.

Dr Service glances in the direction of the door, then types a command into her computer keyboard.

The image on the large audience screen switches from the sleeping woman to a CCTV shot of another woman standing in a corridor facing a closed door, dressed in similar brown shirt, and black skirt; though without stockings and with her sleeves rolled-up informally at the wrists.

Dr Service walks to the door and speaks in a cod German accent:

Dr. Identify yourself.

The regular accent voice of Vladimira replies from the other side of the door.

VLA. Security-Surveillance Officer Vladimira reporting for duty.
Dr. Enter.

The door handle turns slowly, and the door swings open. Vladimira steps into the room and stands to attention.

Dr Service furtively checks the corridor and closes the door behind her.

Your papers - bitte!

Vladimira proffers her identity card.

Dr Service takes the card and inspects it. She walks over to her desk and types the identity card numbers into the computer for

verification. Satisfied with the response from the database, she hands the card back to Vladimira.

VLA. Welcome to ze Behavioural Insight (Nudge) Unit.

Vladimira smiles as she takes the card back.

Dr. My name ist Dr N.H. Service. I'll vill be your line-manager for zis operation.

VLA. Are you a medical doctor?

Dr. A psychiatrist - und zis next door studio-apartment resident ist my patient:

Dr Service types a command and the image of the resident sleeping next door pops up on the large screen.

The Security-Surveillance Officer observes an identical image on the computer screen.

VLA. Who is she?

Dr. A traitor from Whitehall. She used to verk for ze Department of Healthy Minds. Personal Assistant to Sir Lansley Burnham-Balls, no less.

Vladimira is slightly perturbed by this revelation.

VLA. Does Sir Lansley know that we're here?

Dr. Of course. He signed ze surveillance warrant.

VLA. Is that wise of him?

Dr. Why not? Zat ist vhat ministers are for?

VLA. But surely it would be better if a civil-servant or a senior police officer was the instigator to protect the politician from accusations of criminal activities - like those in the Watergate burglary which led to the downfall of Richard Nixon?

Dr. Ve hath a much more flexible constitution zan in ze United States, which is, historically, a nation of laws. Ze British Parliamentary system arrogates discretionary power to ze Cabinet Secretaries to authorize law-breaking if zat ist in

ze public interest. Ze police und ze civil-service only break ze law mit ze tacit approval of ze minister.

VLA. Why is it in the public interest in this case?

Dr. She vas caught leaking department documents on plans to marginalize ze independent Judiciary to a radical MP und human rights activist, und our job now ist to nudge her back to acceptable behaviour in public life.

VLA. But I thought everyone leaked documents in public life - including the minister himself?

Dr. Zey do - but she got herself caught up in ze crossfire of ze war on civil-liberties. Now she ist collateral damage.

VLA. So why didn't they just prosecute her?

Dr. Zat would hath embarrassed ze government - like ze embarrassing public inquests before ze government banned zem. Too much information about ze activities of ze Department of Healthy Minds would hath spilled into ze public domain - which would not hath been in ze public interest - or helpful to Sir Lansley's ministerial career. So ve used an alternative solution.

VLA. What solution?

Dr. A compulsory treatment order forcing prisoner-patients to take drugs mit unpleasant side effects und long term risks to ze heart und ze liver as part of zeir care.

VLA. Doesn't she have a solicitor to represent her?

Dr. Ze government knows how to steer lawyers away from psychiatric prisoner-patients; especially political-prisoner-patients. But ve could not keep her doped-up for ever, und she refused to respond to treatment by renouncing her political views, so eventually ve released her into ze community.

Vladimira chuckles skittishly.

VLA. Treatment? Isn't that just a euphemism used by the Department of Healthy Minds to justify their medical torture activities?

Dr. Precisely. She ist vaking up now, let ze mind games begin.

*The resident in the bed opens her eyes and rolls over onto her back.
Dr Service sits down in front of the computer and types a command,
then lifts a mobile phone, presses a call button, and speaks:*

O'Brien! She has just woken up, stand by.

The resident sits up in the bed.

Now!

*The sound of a car engine is heard starting up and driving away
outside the studio window.*

*The resident gets out of the bed, walks to the window, and draws
the curtains to look outside.*

Dr Service briefs Vladimira on the procedure.

O'Brien ist a vigilante from ze Neighbourhood Vatch - who targets dissidents und critics of ze government policy in similar fashion to ze Nazi Brown-Shirts in ze 1930s, except zat he has a green fluorescent jacket. When I call him, he starts up his car or slams ze doors so zhat she can hear. He vas parked outside of her vindow yesterday und drove away ze moment she got out of bed. Ze same thing just happened at a different time zis morning und she ist beginning to suspect zat it ist not just a coincidence.

VLA. I can understand why you like to play these games. You're a psychiatrist and mind-games naturally appeal to those with a concentration-camp-guard-mentality - like those sadists in *Schindler's List* - but why would a Cabinet Secretary like Sir Lansley approve of this sort of thing in a liberal democracy?

Dr. Political conditioning. *Big Brother is watching you!* Vunce she knows zat she ist being observed every minute of ze day, she vill be less inclined to campaign against ze government or meet up mit ozer people planning to assemble und demonstrate against ze regime - like undercover police officers posing as fuel tax und climate protesters.

VLA. If I were her, I might respond to threats by campaigning

even more vociferously.

- Dr. You say zat, but ze Home Office behavioural consultants calculate zat after a few years of harassment-surveillance ze target vill break down und become politically compliant, like Alex from *A Clockwerk Orange*. It has verked vell mit ze fuel protesters - who are now as quiet as mice.
- VLA. But there is a paradox. If the police and Neighbourhood Watch vigilantes are now becoming criminals in their own right, breaking laws in ways which ordinary subjects without Sir Lansley's backing would be prosecuted by the courts, then *Quis custodiet ipsos custodes?*
- Dr. It's a simple question of power in ze community. Ve can only target people who cannot buy ze protection of ze courts. Former Trotskyite Home Secretary David Blunkett pointed out zat ze courts only protect people from zeir own social class. Ze British constitution has always verked zat vay. Each man treated fairly according to his station.
- VLA. But if she used to be the personal assistant to a Cabinet Secretary, then she must be an Oxbridge educated high-achiever.
- Dr. She ist a traitor to ze party mit ein political personality disorder vchich has isolated her.
- VLA. Is there an organic test for this political personality disorder?
- Dr. Nein. It vas an invention of ze New Labour government to criminalize people vizout trial using clever mental health legislation inspired by Soviet medicine und ze former doctors of Brezhnev, Andropov, und Chernenko.

The resident crosses the floor of her studio and disappears through the door leading to the kitchen/bathroom annexe.

Morning ablutions.

Dr Service types a command and the large screen switches to overhead surveillance of a bathroom. The resident is sitting on a pedestal.

Dr Service puts the phone to her ear and speaks.

O'Brien - make some noise.

The sound of a mallet knocking on wood is briefly heard. The resident looks up and around with suspicion.

She heard ze same sound yesterday in ze bathroom. She vill hear ze same sound in ze bathroom tomorrow morning.

VLA. So much for Article 8 of the Human Rights Act - right to privacy. What will voters think of Sir Lansley when they discover that he is ordering cameras to be installed in people's toilets?

Dr. Before ze Big Brother reality TV show, zey vould hath been horrified. Now zey vill probably ask if zey can see ze clips on YouTube.

The resident steps into the shower cubicle and throws out her vest and underwear.

Ze Postman ist approaching ze building. Show him your identity card und intercept her mail before he delivers it - he'll be expecting you.

Vladimira exits.

The large screen flips to the corridor view. Vladimira intercepts the letters before the postman puts them through the resident's door slot. She holds up her ID, he hands over the mail and departs.

Vladimira returns to the control room and hands the letters to Dr Service, who sifts through them.

We are only interested in personal, political, und legal correspondence.

Vladimira holds up a personal letter and a yellow House of Commons envelope.

We tear open ze occasional letter from Vestminster, zen

put it through her letterbox so zat she knows ve are screening political correspondence.

VLA. What if she complains to the MPs whose letters we tear open?

Dr. MPs don't want to get on ze wrong side of ze police and ze security lobby in zis Digital Age controlled by ze information-surveillance complex. Zey know ve can bug zeir bedrooms und go through zeir mail too.

Dr Service holds up an envelope containing a bank statement.

Zere ist no need to examine ze financial statements of NHS prisoner-patients - ve get copies of zose direct from ze banks und ze credit card companies. Her bank ist LloydsTSB. If she visits a branch, zeir staff are alerted to observe her closely. Her name ist tagged on zeir computer. If she asks to speak mit an adviser at short notice, zeir vill be none available. I want you to put zis through her letterbox.

Vladimira takes the envelope and steps towards the door.

Vait till she comes out of ze shower! She'll hear ze sound. Ve always put mail through ze door when she steps out of ze shower.

Vladimira pauses.

The resident steps out of the shower and begins drying herself with a bath-towel.

Vladimira exits.

Large screen flips to the corridor.

Vladimira puts the envelope through the letter box.

Large screen flips to the letterbox inside the studio-lounge. The letter comes through the slot and drops to the floor.

Large screen flips to the bathroom. The resident hears the letterbox click and pauses her drying. She wraps the towel around her body and exits the bathroom.

Large screen flips to the studio-lounge.

The resident walks to the door, picks the envelope from the floor and examines it thoughtfully, before opening and reading it. She places the letter on the desk, takes clean underwear from the chest of drawers, and slips the garment on under the towel. She drapes the towel over a radiator then puts on bra, jeans, t-shirt, and training shoes.
The resident sits at her desk, opens a diary next to her computer and begins writing.

VLA. Is she keeping a diary?

Dr. She's a former civil-servant - she has zat much sense. But vizout hard evidence, her diary vill read like ze verk of a paranoid-schizophrenic.

VLA. But you and I know that she is not paranoid.

Dr. Perhaps. I'm a British government psychiatrist. My job ist not to treat patients but to protect Sir Lansley from his critics, und find pretexts to deprive people of zeir liberty vizout ze trial process.

VLA. If I'm ever asked to testify in court, I will not commit perjury for Sir Lansley. She is probably making an accurate record of a campaign of harassment-surveillance being carried out by the British government.

Dr. Ze government has devised a system so zat you von't hath to testify. Psychiatrists und ministers are ze new judges in mental health courts of ze Digital Age. So far as Sir Lansley ist concerned, zat diary ist *prima facie* evidence of paranoid-schizophrenia which ze tabloids regard as a dangerous condition to hath in ze community.

VLA. Schizophrenics are fast becoming the Typhoid-Marys of the Digital Age. People with schizophrenia will have to learn from an early age to mask the symptoms and hide their condition from government agencies if they are to avoid persecution. But she is not even a mental health patient - she is a political dissident who is being targeted by psychiatrists - Soviet style.

Dr Service lifts her phone and speaks into it:

Dr. O'Brien, stand by. Target ist leaving home soon.

Dr Service briefs Vladimira:

Whenever she leaves ze building, she'll see him standing on ze opposite pavement pretending to make a mobile phone call. She'll vonder how it is zat he knows precisely when she ist about to leave ze studio apartment.

The resident stands, lifts an envelope from her desk, and exits.

Dr Service speaks into the phone:

Dr. Target has left ze building.

Dr Service quips to Vladimira:

She ist just going outside, she may be some time. Your brave Captain Evans said something like zat when he left ze tent in an Antarctic blizzard. He must hath known his zipper would be frozen.

VLA. It was Captain Oates who left the tent to save his mates. Hasn't O'Brien got anything better to do than hang around outside her flat like some creepy old guy who ought to be arrested?

Dr. Not really - he ist ein jobsworth in ze pay of ze Home Office - licensed to loiter mit intent. Ze Home Office permits Neighbourhood Vatch to act out zeir sociopathic und criminal fantasies mit legal impunity. Would you prefer us to use a scary voman, mit psychiatric problems, instead of a man; pushing a plastic doll in a ricin-tipped buggy?

VLA. It may be more appropriate to match genders.

Dr. But a less interesting dynamic to observe. O'Brien ist quite flexible und mercenary. Like most public-sector verkers, he'll verk for any government which pays him, in any capacity. Ve could dress him in a vig und a dress for ze appearance of gender correctness.

VLA. Tailed wherever you go by a Home Office cross-dresser

with a mobile phone? I'm sure that will put her at ease.

Dr. Zat would be fascinating to observe.

VLA. Not if she's seen *Psycho*.

Dr. Zey did not have mobile phones back zen, just kitchen knives. Perhaps O'Brien should put a copy of ze director's cut DVD through her letter-box to unsettle her - togezer mit old copies of ze Vatchtower magazine.

VLA. That sort of thing used to be called threatening behaviour and was once illegal under English Law.

Dr. It still ist - unless Sir Lansley decides it ist in ze public interest in ze Digital Age.

VLA. I'm not comfortable with this trend towards policing agencies breaking the law, with or without Sir Lansley's blessing. Those who make law should be honour-bound to uphold it.

Dr Service laughs contemptuously.

Dr. Zere ist no honour left in British politics - just ze self-serving cronies who use ze expenses system to play ze property market vhen zey should be scrutinizing ze government's plans to abolish ze Judiciary und Parliament.

VLA. What happens when O'Brien is not available to wear the brown-shirt and the swastika?

Dr. Zen ve use a council verker in a green fluorescent jacket. After a vwhile, she'll begin to suspect zat it ist more zan a coincidence und begin to think zat every stranger on a street corner mit a mobile phone ist vatching her.

VLA. She's an attractive woman, they probably are. But this sort of activity could induce a condition of agoraphobia in an otherwise healthy mind. Do you know what that is, Dr Service?

Dr. Of course! Ve vant people psychologically crippled und reliant upon ze state. Keeping people out of verk ist ze Coalition government policy in ze Digital Age.

VLA. Shouldn't that be getting people back into work?

Dr. Ja. Ve should start by putting all ze *Krankenköpfen* to verk in chain-gangs building more autobahns. Zat would soon

cure zeir anxiety und depression better zan a camera in ze toilet; und mit autobahns, ze government can more easily move ze big, dazzle-painted Forward-Intelligence-Team police-vans from vun side of ze country to ze ozer und put down ze environmental-protester risings.

Dr Service studies her computer screen.

She ist now valking down ze High-Street. Ve hath access to ze netverk of council street cameras.

The high-angle image of a High-Street appears on the big screen and the surveillance camera zooms in on the by-now familiar face of the resident as she approaches a red Royal Mail pillar-box.

VLA. She's posting a letter.

Dr Service speaks into her phone:

Dr. O'Brien, I need you to pick up a letter from ze High-Street pillar-box.

VLA. How can he do that?

Dr. He has a key - profided by ze Royal Mail so zat ve can intercept letters to MPs und solicitors. Ze abolition of attorney-client privilege ist an important measure in ze government's var on civil-liberties.

The high-angle image on the big screen shows the woman moving away from the pillar-box and a middle-aged man in a green fluorescent jacket moves into view, opens the box with a key, and retrieves the letter.

The camera pans along the street to a Tesco storefront. The woman enters the store.

VLA. She's gone into Tesco.

Dr. Zeir cameras are part of ze national surveillance netverk too. Tesco surveillance-station stores are excellent surveillance-stations to track und monitor people's movements.

Better, efen, zan ze GP's surgery. You have to buy food more often zan you get sick. If ze superstore did not exist, GCHQ would have to invent it und sell cheap food to get people in front of ze cameras.

Dr Service types a command and the high-angle image of a Tesco aisle appears on the big screen with the resident walking along, suspiciously carrying a shopping basket.

Inform Tesco security und instruct zem to stand behind her in ze checkout queue.

Vladimira types a communication into her keyboard. The image on the screen flicks to the next aisle and a uniformed security guard moves into view behind the woman shopper.

Dr. Ze apartment ist clear. I vant you to go next door und take ze diary from her desk drawer so zat ve can read it.

VLA. You want me to steal her diary?

Dr. It's only theft if you intend to keep it. Ve just vant to borrow it for a vwhile und photocopy it. Ve can put it back after about six months.

VLA. How do I get in? Do you want me to force an entry?

Dr. Nein, zat would be illegal; und difficult for ze local police to explain away. Ze letting agency kindly provided us mit a key.

Dr Service holds up a key for Vladimira to take.

VLA. What if she reports the diary as stolen to the police?

Dr. She hast no proof. Ve'll tell ze police zat ve hath it as part of our harassment-surveillance operation, und zey can put her on zeir list of crank-callers to be ignored or cautioned for vasting police-time. Vhilst you are in her apartment, get some hair samples from ze bathroom for ze DNA database.

Dr Service holds up an A4 sized polythene bag containing a pair of surgical gloves and a smaller evidence bag. Vladimira takes the bag, puts on the surgical gloves and exits carrying the polythene bags.

The large screen flicks to the apartment building corridor outside of the resident's door. Vladimira moves into view, unlocks the door, and enters the apartment.

Vladimira is seen entering the studio through the entrance door. She pauses for a moment to familiarize herself with the surroundings, then goes to the desk drawer. She takes the diary out of the drawer, places it in the bag, then exits through the bathroom door.

The large screen flicks to the bathroom interior, and Vladimira crouching to collect hair samples from the shower drain for the small evidence bag.

Vladimira reenters the studio apartment from the bathroom, carrying the diary and the small evidence bag in the larger bag. She exits to the corridor.

The large screen shows her locking the door then walking along the corridor towards the control room door.

Vladimira reenters the control room clutching the diary.

Dr. She has left Tesco und has just entered Boots, ze High-Street pharmacy.

The big screen flips to a Boots store, and a black-uniformed security guard following the resident along the aisles.

VLA. Does she have a prescription for medication?

Dr. Nein. She ist probably just shopping for cosmetics und hygiene products. If she had a prescription from me, Boots would make her wait half-an-hour before handing it over so zat ve could study her on CCTV.

VLA. There's going to be a lot less visible anxiety and depression in this country when voters learn that patients become the property of the state - like rats in a laboratory.

Dr. Zat ist vhat Sir Lansley ist hoping - so zat he can shrink ze socialized-medicine budget und buy more shares in

private health insurance.

VLA. Well he's certainly going the right way about it.

The resident pays for an item at a sales-counter, watched by the guard, then exits.

The big screen flips to the resident standing on the pavement in the High-Street, looking directly upwards.

VLA. What is she doing now?

Dr. Staring up at a helicopter hovering directly overhead.

The large screen flicks to the High-Street and zooms in to a full body view of the woman standing in the middle of the pavement and staring upwards.

We are also netwerked to ze helicopter camera. Ze all seeing eye of George Orwell.

The view switches to an image caught by a camera on the helicopter directly over her head - which zooms down.

Watch carefully vhat happens next.

Vladimira watches as a woman with a pushbuggy knocks the resident to one side on passing.

Think zat vas an accident?

VLA. No, I think it was one of your Neighbourhood Watch vigilantes saying 'hello'. The woman with the ricin-tipped pushbuggy you mentioned.

The street camera zooms in on the resident's perplexed and angry frown.

Dr. Ze British vigilante system hast great potential - like ze Brown-Shirts had for ze Nazis. Zat vas just a dry-run. Sir Lansley has ze option of authorizing ze use of ricin-tipped buggies on his critics und zen denying all know-

ledge of ze hit - Bulgarian style.

VLA. Are you sure we're not breaking the law? Article 8 of the Human Rights Act 1998 provides for a right to privacy.

Dr. Ze Human Rights Act cannot be used to prosecute individuals like us, und in any case ze right to privacy ist subject to ze discretion of ze government.

VLA. Not much of a right then - more a default status until the government decides otherwise.

Dr. Ze whole Human Rights Act ist a human-rights joke - a bit like ze LibDem Fuehrer Nick Clegg.

VLA. But the Protection From Harassment Act 1994 is very precise and clear. O'Brien and that woman with the buggy would be breaking the law if they were not acting on Sir Lansley's authorization.

Dr. To bring a prosecution against you, me, pushbuggy vom-an, or O'Brien would require a police investigation, und Sir Lansley vill not let zat happen.

VLA. I thought the police are supposed to be operationally independent in this country.

Dr. Zat's vhat ve told Damian Green vhen ve arrested him for receiving leaked documents und attacking ze government policy. In practice, Chief Constables do as zey're told by ministers like Sir Lansley or zey are persuaded to look for anozer job. As a Cabinet Secretary, Sir Lansley has ze discretionary power to authorize us to break ze law in ze public interest; und no English judge would dare to champion ze mere Act of Parliament in defence of human rights in defiance of a powerful Cabinet Secretary's discretion. Zat would be very bad for ze constitutional cohesion und good social order in zis country - und ze career of ze judge.

The camera tracks the woman walking along the road.

VLA. It looks like she is coming home.

Dr. She'll hath vun more encounter mit our people first.

A car pulls up next to the pavement beside Ms Surveillance and the

driver speaks to her.

Every time she leaves home, a pair of elderly vigilantes, an old couple, ist ordered to ask her directions. Zis all conditions her to thinking zat she ist constantly being observed in ze street und in ze home.

VLA. I don't understand how Sir Lansley can impose such a dystopian sentence in a liberal democracy without due process of law. This is like a story written by Franz Kafka, set in a small East European police-state; not a so-called liberal-democracy.

Dr Service laughs.

Dr. Police-states are not restricted to Eastern Europe. Zis ist England. Ze land of Huxley und Orvell. In ze Digital Age, ze government has set up its own legal system for dissidents to replace ze dinosaur judges, und ze annoying und expensive courts.

VLA. What if she jumps in her car and drives off into the countryside? Won't we lose sight of her then?

Dr. Nein. Ve track her along all major roads using ze government's Automatic Number Plate Recognition system - ANPR, und ze police helicopter flies alongside her.

VLA. What if she is driving along a quiet country lane without cameras and the police helicopter is busy photographing the faces of youths playing football in a park for the police intelligence database?

Dr. Ve always know where she ist. Her Peugeot dealer permits us to install a GPS bug each year vhen ze car ist MOT inspected. Zat ist vhy yearly MOT ist more important in ze UK zan anywhere else in Europe - so zat ze police can bug cars. O'Brien pretends to have his car MOT'd at ze same Peugeot dealership at ze same time on ze same day so he can sit in ze waiting room mit her. Peugeot dealers are as important to ze information-surveillance complex as ze Tesco stores, ze Boots Pharmacy, und ze Lloyds TSB.

VLA. Is there any consumer service organization in the UK which is not part of the information-surveillance complex?

Dr. Nein. Ze country ist sewn up tighter zan a bug in a rug - or should zat be a bug in a bedroom. A Nazi government of occupation could do no better.

The resident stands outside a High Street premises and looks at a sign above the entrance. The surveillance camera tracks her line of sight to - Citizen's Advice Bureau.

VLA. C.A.B. Citizen's Advice Bureau. Will they be able to offer any useful advice?

Dr. Nein, but zey are helpful to us.

The big screen images switches to the resident filling out a form at a reception desk.

First zey take all her personal data for ze government's computer.

Having filled in the form, the resident takes a seat in a waiting area.

Zen she has to wait.

A man in a green fluorescent jacket enters the waiting area and sits in a row at the back of the room behind the target.

Zat ist O'Brien - he must hath a question of his own to ask ze Citizen's Advice Bureau - vhy else would he sit behind her?

The resident looks over her shoulder at O'Brien; then is called into a small office adjunct by an adviser.

VLA. Don't we have a camera in the office.

Dr. Apparently not - ze cameras are spreading, but zey are

not yet everywhere. However, C.A.B. record all zeir conversations for zeir own protection, und so ve vill receive a copy of ze tape in due course.

VLA. What advice can they possibly give her?

Dr. Get a solicitor. Not just any old solicitor, but vun who ist familiar mit ze intricate details of harassment-surveillance und knows how to apply for an injunction.

VLA. Can she afford such a solicitor.

Dr. According to ze bank statements supplied to us by Lloyds TSB - nein!

The resident emerges from the office carrying a sheet of paper.

VLA. She has a sheet of paper in her hand.

Dr. A list of local solicitors - none of which vill be any good. Zey all specialize in property conveyance.

The resident exits the C.A.B. premises.

The large screen flips to the High Street.

The resident suddenly disappears into a retail premises.

VLA. That's a hairdressing salon. She must be having her hair done.

Dr. Ze vanity of some women.

Dr Service types a command.

Ze mad crazy voman mit ze buggy vill follow her in und video her mit ein mobile phone camera as she ist having her hair done. She can also collect more hair samples from ze cutting room floor.

VLA. What if the target objects strongly to the provocation of the pushbuggy woman with the mobile phone camera?

Dr. Zen ve arrest her for threatening behaviour und a public order offence und section her under ze Mental Health Act.

VLA. Who? The pushbuggy woman?

Dr. Nein - ze target.

- VLA. But she's not mad.
- Dr. Zat ist a matter of opinion.
- VLA. What if she testifies before a judge to a campaign of harassment-surveillance by the state?
- Dr. Ve say she ist paranoid. No vun vill believe her, und ve hath anozer reason to section her under ze Mental Health Act.
- VLA. The woman with the buggy could be made to testify under oath and questioned about her actions and links with Neighbourhood Watch by a lawyer skilled in cross-examination.
- Dr. Ze government guidelines discourage lawyers from using skilful cross-examination in politically-sensitive cases. It makes it harder to convict innocent people. But ze pushbuggy voman can claim zat she vas just taking admiring pictures of ze target's hair.
- VLA. And commit perjury?
- Dr. Why not? Neighbourhood Vatch pushbuggy voman really ist mad. Ze precedent of vigilantes lying under oath ist becoming accepted und established in ze English courts - like spectral evidence in ze days of vitchcraft trials. It is inevitable zat ze vigilante system vill lead to ze demise of ze old-fashioned, archaic, expensive, inefficient, independent court system und historic due process of law, just as ze government ministers openly desire. Heil Sir Lansley!

Lights down.

II

Dr Service and Security-Surveillance Officer Vladimira are monitoring their computer screens. The large video screen image is of the corridor.

The resident walks along the corridor to her door, where she inserts a key in the lock and turns the door handle.

The resident enters her apartment. She looks around thoughtfully, as if sensing that something is amiss, then goes to her desk drawer and opens it. She stares at the open drawer for a few seconds, then closes it, sits at the desk, and boots her computer.

VLA. She's booting her computer.

Dr. Anozer trick which ve use is to occasionally hack into her BT hub menu und replace her usual netwerk connection mit an interesting alternative such as TALKTALK.

VLA. What is so interesting about TALKTALK? It's an established telecoms company and Internet Service Provider?

Dr. It takes on a special significance to people who think zeir bedroom ist bugged by ze Home Office ministry of state security.

VLA. Isn't that a bit obvious?

Dr. Not really. Mental hospitals are full of schizoids who think ze government ist sending zem 'Ve are vatching you!' messages through zeir computers. Zat ist where ve got ze idea from for harassment-surveillance, so zat in her case, it just happens to be true.

VLA. Just because you're paranoid doesn't mean they're not sitting around on their arses in Whitehall thinking up ways to bug you at every opportunity. I suppose the NHS knows more ways to harass people and discredit them as crazy than MI5 and the CIA combined.

Dr. Zat ist ze beauty of socialized medicine - controlled by ze

government.

Vladimira studies her computer screen.

- VLA. She's sending an email to a firm of solicitors inquiring about harassment-surveillance.
- Dr. No problem. Ve divert ze email und decide later vhezer to alter it to make her sound crazy before forwarding it, or just reply to it ourselves - pretending to be ze recipient.
- VLA. But she must suspect that government interference with her email communication is taking place. This is England! She must have heard of the notorious RIPA - Regulation of Investigatory Powers Act which councils use to spy on people.
- Dr. She probably has, but vhat can she do about it? Sir Lansley can authorize GCHQ to restrict ze communications of troublesome writers und political activists using his discretionary powers to prevent zem getting a book deal.
- VLA. That sounds like Burmese-style internal exile.
- Dr. Ze British government hast ze same arbitrary powers - according to ze Burmese Broadcasting Corporation.
- VLA. But if Sir Lansley uses that power against the wrong individual, there will be an open court challenge eventually - and the newspapers will find out about everything GCHQ do for their multi-billion dollar budget - including the cameras in the bathrooms.
- Dr. Ve can hide zat fact, or perhaps cover it, mit ze toilet paper section of ze Official Secrets Act. You overestimate ze virtue of ze British press. Most of ze papers are owned by men who quite like ze convenience of arbitrary power und a surveillance-state - so long as it doesn't impact on zeir own bugging und hacking - or zeir sales figures.
- VLA. If I were her, I wouldn't bother with email - I'd use the telephone.

As if on cue, the resident stands, lifts her mobile phone, and steps away from the desk.

She must have heard me. She's making a phone call.

The resident presses a number sequence on the keypad, and holds the phone to her ear.

Dr Service watches her computer screen intently.

Who is she calling?

Dr. Sarfo - a firm of solicitors. We can't allow her access to legal counsel, that could lead to a court case and judicial scrutiny of our harassment-surveillance activities. I'm re-directing the call to your phone as she would easily recognize mein Deutsche accent.

Dr Service types a command.

The phone on Vladimira's desk rings.

You are the receptionist at Sarfo. Make an appointment for 9.00 am on Friday morning mit ein solicitor called Patricia Whiles.

Vladimira lifts the phone and speaks:

VLA. Sarfo solicitors.

The resident speaks into her phone on the other side of the partition.

RES. I need legal advice on a surveillance question. Theft and burglary by the security services and the use of intrusive video surveillance in the home.

VLA. Would you like to make an appointment to speak with a solicitor?

RES. Yes, I would.

VLA. How about 9.00 am on Friday?

RES. That will be fine - thank you.

VLA. The name of the solicitor will be Patricia Whiles.

The resident ends the call and puts the phone on her desk and sits in front of her computer.

Vladimira puts the phone down on her desk.

VLA. Who is Patricia Whiles?

Dr Service extends a hand with a business card for Vladimira to take.

Dr. You are. On Friday, you vill go to Sarfo, suitably dressed, und assume ze identity of ze fictitious solicitor, Patricia Whiles.

VLA. What about the real solicitors at Sarfo? Won't they object?

Dr. Ze Home Office vill take care of zat. Zey vill say zat she ist a dangerous psychopath under constant observation. Sarfo vill provide you mit an office und cooperate in ze surveillance operation mit you as a Covert Human Intelligence Source.

VLA. But you and I know that she's not a dangerous psychopath.

Dr Service chuckles maniacally.

Dr. Zere ist no money in zat. Ve are like medieval vitchfinder generals - protecting society from ze minions of der Teufel.

VLA. She isn't a witch either, she's a political dissident seeking legal counsel. A historic right which is being removed by the Home Office as part of the war on civil-liberties.

Dr. She could be a vitch. She has been seen valking in ze woods und picking ze vild flovers. Zat ist a sure sign of a vitch.

VLA. Is it true that Germany burned a greater proportion of its population for being witches than any other country in Europe?

Dr. Nein! Schottland! Der Schottlanders vere so oferrun mit vitches in ze sixteenth century zat Shakespeare wrote a play about zem to please King James. In 1710, ze University of Glasgow bestowed an honorary doctorate -

in absentia - on Salem witchhunting expert witness Cotton Mather for his ground-breaking thesis on the importance of spectral evidence.

VLA. Whosoever elevated psychiatry to a science committed a grievous error of logic.

Dr. We are the government's favourite scientists. We are not constrained by logic. We can provide policy-based evidence to justify any policy they devise - to prove that anything is good for you or bad for you. Ethnic cleansing, genocide, National Health Service screening for the Home Office ministry of state security - no problem. You cannot do that with the laws of physics.

VLA. So if you had worked for the Vatican in 1633, as you now work for the British government, you would have declared Galileo insane for observing with scientific instruments that Earth was orbiting the Sun, and not the other way around?

Dr. If they paid me enough - and offered me indulgences at low rates for all my sins - why not?

VLA. Because Galileo was scientifically correct and the Vatican was wrong.

Dr. But he was wrong in his historical frame of reference when no one understood the mathematics to believe in his theories, just as Cotton Mather was correct in his frame of reference when everyone believed in witches and spectral evidence; not just the medical faculty of the University of Glasgow and the Scottish Enlightenment. In Psychiatry, what is correct or true is a matter of perception, and no more. Psychiatrists are mercenaries. They come cheap from Africa, travelling *sans frontieres* to certify prisoners of socialized medicine for foreign governments, without caring much about whose calculus is right or wrong.

VLA. Galileo knew nothing about calculus. He took the Copernican view that if the sun, moon, and all the planets orbited the earth; then the planets would not be seen to reverse the direction of their movement across the sky.

Dr. Why not? If God wills it anything is possible?

VLA. Because a simpler explanation is that the earth and the

- planets are in concentric orbits around the sun.
- Dr. Simpler to you, perhaps. But for ze Catholic theocracies of ze time, zat would have spelt disaster. Ze public would think zat ze politicians had lied to zem through scripture, und demand an end to zeir perks und expenses.
- VLA. Galileo died in January 1642, but within a year Isaac Newton was born and went on to formalize the mathematics of heliocentrism. So like Galileo - our target is unfortunate to believe in something - liberal democracy and due process of law - at the wrong moment in history?
- Dr. More like being on ze wrong side of a change in ze gods worshipped in Ancient Egyptian - or ze Catholic-Protestant Wars of Religion - und caught spying for ze ozer side. For leaking documents from a government ministry, she must be punished - *pour encourager les autres*, as Foltaire would say.
- VLA. To encourage the others not to leak unless the Cabinet Secretary orders it?
- Dr. Her sanity ist all ze more reason vhy she should not be allowed to speak to a real solicitor. She may not be a danger to ze public, but she ist a danger to us, und Sir Lansley's career. She leaked documents from ze office of a Cabinet Secretary, zerefore she ist an extremist capable of anything. Study her life history file und use ze details to initiate conversation.
- VLA. But won't she suspect something if I seem to have biographical information about her which she has not disclosed to me?
- Dr. Zat ist ze idea. To sow doubt in her mind about vhezer you - und thus any ozer future solicitor - are actually genuine officers of ze independent court, or undercover operatives verking for Sir Lansley. It undermines ze functioning of ze independent Judiciary und stokes up her in-nate paranoia.
- VLA. What if she is well-briefed on the law in this matter and comes prepared with very precise instructions for me to carry out?
- Dr. Just prevaricate und don't commit to anything. Say you

hath to consult mit a partner.

VLA. I don't have any sort of law qualification. What if she accuses me of being a covert human intelligence source impersonating a solicitor?

Dr. It doesn't matter what she thinks - zere's nothing she can do about it.

VLA. She can complain to the Law Society.

Dr. Zey'll demand proof vvhich she won't be able to provide if Sarfo follow Home Office instructions und refute her claims.

VLA. What if Sarfo backs the Home Office story?

Dr. Zen she ist fucked. Ve can put her on a blacklist of mentally-ill people who complain about zeir solicitors - und thus destroy her credibility mit ze legal profession und prevent her from obtaining future representation unless it is on our terms.

The large screen shows the resident sitting at her computer again and opening a search engine.

VLA. She's opening a search engine.

Dr. Time to call in an airstrike.

Dr Service sends a communication using her keyboard.

VLA. An airstrike?

Dr. Ve call an airstrike, if zere ist a standing air patrol available, to rattle ze roof vvhenever she boots her computer, svitches on ze television, or goes to ze toilet.

The sound of a low flying piston-engined aircraft is heard approaching.

Dr Service and Vladimira look up instinctively as the engine sound builds rapidly to a crescendo vvhich rattles the roof. Then they focus on the reaction of the resident, who sits, open mouthed, looking at the ceiling for a few more seconds.

She ist beginning to realize zat nothing she hears ist a

coincidence, but part of a campaign of harassment-surveillance by ze state.

Vladimira shakes her head dubiously.

VLA. I cannot see how any English judge would not consider this sort of action by an Executive agency unlawful, even with Sir Lansley's authorization.

Dr. It may not be lawful, aber es ist grosse fun if you verk for ze public sector und like playing godlike sadistic games mit real live victims - like ze Nazi doctors in ze var und ze Stasi doctors in ze Cold Var. Heil Tony Blair for starting ze new var on civil-liberties vizout a UN mandate. Zose retired Stasi people from ze 1970s und 80s don't know what zey are missing.

VLA. NHS Stasi? That phrase could catch on if Sir Lansley's exercise of arbitrary power becomes more widely know.

The resident puts on her glasses to read an article online.

Dr. She hast just put her glasses on to read *Ze Independent* online. I'm going to feed an advert to her through *Ze Independent* website saying 'Buy Specs!'

Dr Service types a command.

The resident sees the advert flash up on her screen and sits back in her chair as if shocked and removes her glasses.

See zat - it's better zan a cattle prod. Ve can send spoof messages to her email address describing events in her home, suggesting zat ve are vatching day-to-day activities. If she tries on jeans vchich no longer fit, for example, ve can ask, 'Still searching for ze perfect fit?' If she tries explaining zat to anyvun, zey'll dismiss her as paranoid.

VLA. Sounds like the government engages in the grown-up equivalent of text-bullying.

Dr. Oh ve do zat - und much more!

VLA. Little wonder then, that voter-estimation of politicians is

declining year by year. Whatever happened to the notion of statesmanship?

Dr. Political Darwinism. Ze statemanlike politician ist no longer fit for purpose und died out vhen ze political climate changed like ze Ice Age voolly mammoths.

VLA. But when, exactly, did the climate begin to change?

Dr. I vould say vhen Conservative Michael Howard became Home Secretary und cast ze dark shadow of night ofer ze sunny liberal landscape mit his vampire's cloak. Before zen, you could stage a political protest in London vizout being bludgeoned und kettled by robocops.

VLA. Michael Howard isn't really a vampire ...

Dr. Und Ann Viddecombe isn't really a Catholic virgin still awaiting immaculate conception, but ve learn from eclectic sources. Better zan text-bullying, ve can always give away online credit card details to fraudsters or pay untraceable hackers to infect her system. Ze British government has a greater number of vays of harassing dissidents in ze Digital Age zan even ze Catholic Inquisition had to deal mit heretics; und ze conservative secular Judiciary knows nothing about any of zem yet.

Lights down.

III

Night-time.

The window curtains in the studio lounge are almost closed, leaving a gap to reveal the darkness outside.

The resident emerges from the kitchen/bathroom annexe door, wearing a night-shirt and underwear, as if soon to go to bed, with a mug of coffee in her hand.

She presses the power button to start the television and points the remote control to select a news channel.

The news broadcaster speaks from the television:

In a speech from an NHS hospital today, Sir Lansley outlined his latest proposals for the next wave of screening by the Department of Healthy Minds. The government would like to screen the entire population for anxiety, depression, and erectile dysfunction in order to improve all round happiness and approbation for the work of the Coalition government ...

The face of a white-haired minister appears on the screen and speaks nasally:

Good evening. We are living through a time of historic, perhaps revolutionary, change. The power of the state to intervene in the lives of individuals has been extended enormously in recent years. Technology provides us with opportunities which did not exist until recently - and nowhere is the change more pronounced than in the field of medical-surveillance systems and software ...

Dr. Watch this.

*Dr Service types a command.
The TV picture frame freezes.*

- VLA. You've just frozen Sir Lansley in mid-speech!
- Dr. I'm sure he vill forgive me. Politicians rarely hath anything useful to say in public. Zeir private conversations are far more revealing - which is vhy our target got herself into trouble. I've frozen ze digital signal into her home. It's not just computers ze government can interfere mit in ze Digital Age. Anything mit a digital signal - TVs, phones, etc. Many years ago, vhen television vas new, people vere concerned zat ze TV screen vas like a two-way mirror; und zat governments could vatch you in your living room in ze spirit of George Orwell's *1984*. Now ve are all so used to technology zat ve take video surveillance in ze home for granted. Listen carefully to zis.

*Dr Service types a command.
There is a tapping on the ceiling.*

- VLA. What is that?
- Dr. Her flat isn't just vired mit microphones - ve've put speakers in ze vull und ceiling cavities. Zis ist our vay of saying ve're vatching her vatching TV.

The resident sits forward on her sofa and looks up at the ceiling with suspicion, then at her frozen TV screen with a big beaming image of Sir Lansley in mid-sentence.

- VLA. More extra-legal harassment?
- Dr. It ist perfectly lawful with Sir Lansley's authorization. He has ze discretionary power under ze unwritten constitution, to place anyvun vizout ze money to seek judicial review under surveillance vizout judicial scrutiny, if he thinks it is in ze public interest - or ze government's interest, vvhich ist effectively ze same thing. He ist like Himmeler, Goering, or Goebbels. Ve are simply obeying ze

orders of our Reichsfuehrer.

VLA. Is that still a legitimate defence? I though the Nuremberg Trials set a precedent not to allow it in future.

Dr. So zey did - but zis ist England, a sovereign nation. Ve make our own laws to deal mit our dissidents - or razer, ve give powers to ministers like Sir Lansley to do ze verk of ze courts in silencing dissent.

Dr Service types a command and the television sound and picture jumps to the close of Sir Lansley's speech:

... remember - healthy minds mean happy minds. You can be sure we're nudging everyone in the right direction with our screening programmes to find out all about your private lives so we can help you. So go to your GP tomorrow and get yourself screened for the Home Office and the government database.

The resident stands and walks towards the screen. As the speech finishes, she switches off the television.

VLA. Is she going to bed now?

Dr. She usually writes up her diary at zis time, but tonight zat von't be possible, seeing as I'll be reading it before passing it on to ze Home Office ministry of state security. Just time to call in an airstrike before she switches off ze light.

Dr Service types a command and the sudden approach of the low flying aircraft is heard, building to a crescendo.

VLA. Why the hurry?

Dr. If ve wait until she turns out ze light, she'll merely suspect zat ve hath a vatcher observing her vindow. But this vill reinforce her suspicion of intrusive video surveillance inside her home.

The resident reaches out a hand to the light-switch on the wall, but

pauses to look up at the ceiling and listen to the passing plane. She waits until the sound has receded before switching off the light.

Light from street lamps and a full moon filters through the curtains to provide enough ambient luminescence to continue observation, although there is also a crystal clear monochrome image on the large screen from night optics.

The resident climbs into bed and pulls the quilt up to her chin.

Dr Service lifts her phone and speaks:

O'Brien, she's gone to bed. Time to say goodnight - just like last night.

A car is heard starting up outside of the window and slowly driving away.

The resident sits up in bed and listens to the vehicle receding, then lies back again to go to sleep.

VLA. Are we finished for the night?

Dr. She knows ve hath her surrounded. Our verk is nearly done. Ve hath just two more things to do. Alzough ve may hath to vait a while for ze first.

VLA. Wait for what?

Dr. Ze optics are connected to motion sensors. When she moves, your computer vill bleep, und you can activate ze ceiling footsteps sound.

VLA. Why not simply program the computer to activate the sound automatically on instruction from the motion sensor?

Dr. Ve hath to judge ze moment und use it sparingly at first to leave some doubt in her mind as to vhezer it is a coincidence.

VLA. Where did you learn all these mind-game techniques - in a British National Health Service hospital?

Dr. Targetting suspected insurgents in Iraq und Afghanistan for MI5 und ze CIA. Tony Blair vas so impressed mit ze CIA handbook on psychological warfare zat he ordered ze civil policing agencies to use it on British people in ze

manner of an occupying army.

VLA. But Tony Blair is yesterday's news.

Dr. Dave Cameron ist a secret Blairite when it comes to taking civil-liberties.

VLA. What about Old Nick? He's supposed to be a liberal. A leader of liberals.

Dr. Old Nick sups mit ze Devil now - corrupted by power.

VLA. Some in his party say he sucks with the Devil.

Vladimira's computer suddenly bleeps.

The resident is seen to roll over in her bed.

Dr. Wait a few seconds, zen activate ze sound effect.

Vladimira nods, then implements the command on her keyboard.

The resident is seen to shift in her bed and look up at the ceiling.

We don't do it every time - just enough to keep her guessing about vhat is possible in ze field of intrusive video surveillance. Auditory hallucinations are a classic symptom of schizophrenia. If she tries to tell anyvun, ve can criminalize her as a paranoid schizophrenic using ze New Labour government's mental health legislation.

VLA. How long do think we can get away with doing this sort of thing before someone makes a documentary about it and Sir Lansley hangs us out to dry?

Dr. Only Americans make zose sorts of human-rights documentaries. Zis ist England - land of tyranny und convenience. If Panorama vere to try und make anything like zat, Dave could threaten to abolition ze BBC licence fee. I'd say ve are secure in our chosen professions until ve retire on final salary schemes guaranteed by future tax payers for our loyal service in safeguarding Sir Lansley's ministerial career.

Vladimira laughs cynically, like a Soviet apparatchik with a sense of humour.

VLA. Too right!

The resident gets out of her bed and sets up a small video camera in lowlight mode on a tripod to record her sleeping, then gets back into bed.

Can that camera see in the dark?

Dr. It vill hath a low-light mode.

VLA. So what do we do now?

Dr. Nothing - while ze camera ist recording. She ist hoping to pick up ze sound from ze ceiling on ze camera mic as she moves in bed to support her testimony. But ze tape in ze camera vill only last a couple of hours.

Vladimira pauses for thought before her next question.

VLA. You said we had two more things to do. What was the other one?

Dr. What do you know about infrasound?

VLA. Not much - used for crowd dispersal in some countries.

Dr. Used to disperse teenagers from shopping precincts in zis country. It is an extremely unpleasant, low-level form of torture vich causes sleep deprivation und nausea in confined people.

VLA. Don't tell me you use it on people trying to sleep?

Dr Service smiles and nods.

Dr. Vatch.

Dr Service types a command.

The resident sits up suddenly and looks around, cocking her ear this way and that like the misapprehending victim of a Nazi pressure tank experiment.

She doesn't know yet vhat it is or where it is coming from, but she can sense it.

VLA. There are no exemptions for torture in the Human Rights

Act.

- Dr. Maybe not, but ze Home Secretary, Theresa May, approves ze use of infrasound against dissidents in ze UK.
- VLA. What a lying cow! She specifically condemned the use of torture for the public record when MI5 was being investigated for collusion in torture abroad.
- Dr. Of course she would. Zat ist ze British politics for you. Lies, damned lies, und Tony Blair. Maybe Theresa May does not consider zis torture. Ve can use it sparingly - an hour at a time to keep her awake und break her down over a period of weeks. It also disturbs sleep und induces nightmares vvhich we can record if she cries out.

IV

The early hours - about 2.30am.

The resident is asleep on her side in a silent studio.

The image on the large screen is of the resident lying in her bed, covered by a quilt.

Dr Service and Security-Surveillance Officer Vladimira are sitting at their computer screens, monitoring the target.

VLA Motion detectors have recorded no movement for an hour now. She must be asleep.

Dr. We can fix zat. Time to crank up ze volume - slowly.

Dr Service types a command.

The infrasound in the sleeping chamber is heard, quiet at first, but with intensity building. The sound is not loud; but is fractions, penetrating, and extremely unpleasant, like a muffled electric drill held close to the skull - as the audience discover when it is projected at them.

The resident begins stirring from a deep sleep.

Ze sound induces unpleasant dreams und finally vakes ze target up.

The resident begins to murmur in her sleep and thrash about under the quilt until she finally screams and sits up in confusion. She takes a moment to gather her wits, cocks her head to analyze the strange, torturous sound; then slumps back in the bed and covers her head with a pillow.

It doesn't do any good to plug your ears. Infrasound ist a low frequency vibration which rattles your brain und passes through your whole body. It's like trying to sleep on a

vibrating bed with a muffled electric drill whining next to your skull. No wonder it induces nausea.

VLA. What are the long term physiological effects on cellular brain structure of prolonged low frequency mechanical deformation?

Dr. Who knows? Who cares?

VLA. A medical doctor might. What sort of doctor are you?

Dr. A British government psychiatrist. Ve don't worry too much about ze physical harm ve do to our treatments so long as ve can damage zeir minds. I'm not a private health service clinician who works for ze patients. Ze government draws up my contract und pays my salary, so I do whatever ze ministers tell me to do. Ze politicians are ze real patients of ze NHS, ze constituents are just like laboratory dummies.

VLA. My great-grandfather fought in the war against the Nazis. He was torpedoed in an Arctic convoy fighting for Winston Churchill's vision of a free Europe. What I've seen tonight makes me wonder why he bothered.

Vladimira smiles cynically.

No offence.

Dr Service is faintly bemused.

Dr. None taken. I'm not a National Socialist. I verk for ze National Health Service - und ze Home Office ministry of state security.

V

The following morning.

Daylight from a bright morning sun is filtering through the gossamer thin curtains to illuminate the studio apartment where the resident is asleep.

Dr Service and Security-Surveillance Officer Vladimira are quietly monitoring their screens.

The resident is lying on her side. A close-up of her sleeping face can be seen on the large screen to emphasize the intrusive nature of modern video surveillance in the home.

VLA. She's sleeping late.

Dr. She has no job to get up for - she is on the Home Office computerized blacklist.

VLA. How much sleep do you think she got?

Dr. Difficult to say for sure. We woke her every two hours with a half hour burst of infrasound.

VLA. You make it sound like we're manning a watchtower with a machine-gun.

Dr. Not a machine-gun, an acoustic cannon. I'd say she got about three or four hours - but it will have been shallow and of poor quality. After a restless night, we send pop-up ads to her computer when she goes online, inviting her to 'rollover'.

VLA. Britain's answer to Gitmo. What does all this harassment-surveillance achieve?

Dr. Don't knock the golden goose! We get paid to play God with James Bond gadgetry - and when we retire, the British taxpayer will continue paying our final salaries through our hard-earned public-sector pension scheme for dedicated service to the New Reich of the Digital Age.

Vladimira reflects on her work.

- VLA. The British information-surveillance state must appeal to, and recruit from, the worst forms of humanity.
- Dr. Public service opportunity always knocks for ze right stuff. Just as ze Nazi concentration camps provided opportunities for ze right sort of public-sector applicant all zose decades ago. No vun complained about ze camps because zey provided jobs for ze chemical manufacturers und ze shipping clerks in Berlin as vell as ze guards und ze administrators. Es ist ze economy, stupid!
- VLA. But vested economic interest aside - what are we actually achieving by being here?
- Dr. Breaking her down until she ist Big Brother compliant und no longer engaged in dissident or subversive activities which challenge goverment policy. It's amazing vhat sleep-deprivation can achieve.
- VLA. But do you seriously think that D-Cam and his Tory mates will succeed in suppressing political dissent and department leaks by riding roughshod over the Human Rights Act prohibition on torture, and the rule of law?
- Dr. Ze Human Rights Act? Ja, certainly. Ze rightving government hates it und ze tabloid people laugh at it. Jack Straw conceived it as ze best civil-liberties joke in ze Westminster fillage - until Nick Clegg took office. Ze common law ist anozer matter. It depends on vhezer zere ist a judge in ze UK villing to rule against Sir Lansley exercising arbitrary power und authorizing law-breaking und torture.
- VLA. So if a judge rules that this form of arbitrary power is a breach of fundamental human rights, and an offence under common law, we will have to stop?
- Dr. Perhaps - or ve could just carry on as before und ignore ze court ruling.
- VLA. Would that not be contempt of court?
- Dr. Technically speaking, yes. But tension between ze Executive und ze Judiciary has been growing since Michael Howard began set ze current fashion trend for jackboots

unter his desk at ze Home Office; und if a minister decided to defy a court, it vould set a historic precedent vvhich vould finally eliminate ze courts as a check on Executive power. Zerefore, no judge vould dare to order ze arrest of Sir Lansley on a contempt of court charge in case it precipitated ze downfall of ze Judiciary.

VLA. Jacqui Smith came close to contempt in 2009 - but backed down at the very last minute.

Dr. I thought she vas going to order ze Met to arrest ze judge in a preemptive coup - but she blinked first in ze game of constitutional chicken. Jacqui Smith has a brain ze size of a chicken's - vvhich ist vhy ze chauvinist Gordon Brown made her his Home Secretary. But he vas too cautious und too close to a general election to risk backing her all ze vay into a constitutional crisis. Jack Straw had ze right idea vhen he explained his attitude to ze law at ze Chilcot inquiry. British ministers can always find vays around it - if all zey want ist to invade ozer countries und kill thousands of people on ze altar of zeir vanity.

VLA. Opinions about wars can change. We are spending billions on ephemeral vays to watch people sleep because we disagree with their politics, philosophy, or religion; like a modern day Inquisition saving souls by torturing people.

Dr. Ve are also making billions for ze state by exporting ze information-surveillance complex to dictators around ze velt as part of ze ethical foreign policy.

VLA. But if you and I were to build a bridge with some of that public money, then we could walk away and leave a tangible structure standing for centuries to come as a civic landmark to be proud of, and a useful legacy to future generations.

Dr. Ve are building bridges of a sort - bridges into ze mind.

VLA. But who are those bridges for? Controlling politicians like Sir Lansley, who have co-opted the field of psychology as an instrument of policing the state.

Dr. Psychology ist ze most efficient way to police ze state imaginable - und catches ze criminals efen before zey

commit ze crimes.

VLA. But if they haven't committed a crime, they can't be criminals.

Dr. Zey can have criminal personalities.

VLA. Who decides what is a criminal personality?

Dr Service smiles smugly.

Dr. I do - in consultation with Sir Lansley. His discretionary power to criminalize vizout trial ist necessary under ze British Parliamentary system.

VLA. How long will it be before Sir Lansley decides that critics of his policies have criminal personalities?

Dr Service chuckes.

Dr. Our target has discovered zat political-criminalization has already begun. Ze safeguard for future generations ist to maintain anonymity und avoid communicating mit ze police or ze NHS doctors.

VLA. But how can anyone voice public criticism of government policy and maintain anonymity at the same time?

Dr. Mit some difficulty. But if you criticize Sir Lansley, do not tell your GP zat you suffer from depression or anxiety, or ze Home Office Ministry of State Security vill use it as a pretext to nail you as an enemy of ze state.

Vladimira pauses for thought.

VLA. Have you ever seen the 1950s science fiction film - *Forbidden Planet*.

Dr. Ah yes. Ze monsters from ze id.

VLA. Monsters from the primitive subconscious are unleashed by technology and destroy an advanced civilization. In the Cold War, it was an allegory for humans destroying themselves by nuclear war.

Dr Service raises her eyebrows like a scientist.

- Dr. Ze allegory now could be ze destruction of mankind in virtual reality on ze Internet.
- VLA. But it could also be argued that digital technology is destroying liberal democracy by a regression to the political philosophy of early-modern times; with ministers like Sir Lansley making the law at will to suit their political ambitions; and quack psychologists like yourself regarded as having the sagacity of witchfinder generals.
- Dr. No need to go zat far back - ze Stasi used to do zis sort of thing all ze time vizout ze miniaturized cameras. Ve are merely catching up four decades to engineer a more efficient und happier Big Society.
- VLA. More like a Big Brother Society. East Germany had no tradition of liberal democracy, but we could be sliding backwards to the Fascist authoritarianism of Europe in the 1930s - and by the time anyone stands up for human-rights it will be too late. Ministers like Sir Lansley will be untouchable.

Dr Service is perplexed.

- Dr. If you are so keen to defend human-rights, vhy join a repressive government surveillance organization like GC-HQ, dedicated to disrupting free communications und assembly?
- VLA. I thought I'd be countering international espionage - not working with Neighbourhood Watch to silence Sir Lansley's domestic critics.
- Dr. Welcome to ze murky vorld of police-state British politics in ze Digital Age - vhere no vun really knows who's bugging who. Think about it - when you leave here und go home zis evening.

Vladimira notices a flickering eyelid on the resident.

- VLA. She's beginning to stir.

Dr Service lifts her phone and speaks:

Dr. O'Brien, stand by for her morning call.

The resident rolls over and sits up in her bed.

Alright - now!

A car is heard starting outside of the studio window.

The resident throws off the quilt and steps towards the window.

The car is heard pulling away before she gets to the curtains. She sweeps the curtains apart and stands by the window looking out.
