

# “Why don’t they respect us”

OLD BOY



## Tales from the front line – by IDS (Irritable Duncan Syndrome)

As written by Old Boy

### SYNOPSIS:

*IDS ends up hooked on crack within 48 hours of his doomed to fail social experiment.*

*He does not even have the good grace or humanity to see the error of his ways and have*

*an epiphany of the soul, the way that Ebenezer Scrooge did.*

*Last seen waddling down the road just outside of the security  
cordon of the Tory Party Conference,*

*as fast as his little hairy cloven hoofed legs could carry  
him, due to two very large cuts of boiled Ham*

*stuffed down his trousers, and 42 Linda McCartney's vegetarian  
sausage rolls packed furtively down his shirt.*

*Finally later reprimanded for trying to sell a big issue with  
menaces. The beginning of the end. The foodstuffs*

*having already been 'passed on' for cash for crack. Over 50  
quids worth of prime cuts hocked for three pounds fifty.*

*His wife breaks down in tears as he is arrested and bundled  
into the back of a Police Van, dribbling and foaming at*

*the mouth and crying out "Plebs, you're all a bunch of Plebs..."*

It has begun!

Well looks like I'm in for the long schlep. I've been  
restationed temporarily to the 'Nam – Tottenham. Don't imagine  
I'll be doing too much of the usual shouting of "Come on all  
you YIDS! Come on all you YIDS!", from here. Still, it's  
amazing what you can get away with in a top clout hospitality  
box 3 yards from the sideline at White Hart Lane. Good job I'm  
not a Gooner is all I can say.

My new flat isn't too far from White Hart Lane and little  
bigger than my hospitality box. Actually, I tell a lie, it's  
about 5 square metres smaller than my box, not including the

spare bedroom that I am not beyond ruling out renting to some unsavoury type, if needs must, should I get into a bit of a squeak.

DC told me that he had to send me in. Deep in country. So here I am, holed up in deepest, darkest, des-res Tottenham for a month and with nothing but £53.70 to live on for the week. It's all that bloody petition's fault. We tried that character assassination job on the bloke who suggested it, but that didn't work. Jeepers, when the public smell blood they really smell blood don't they, then it just spreads like wildfire with everyone getting in on the act. No wonder we're all so afraid of them now. This week it's an unfunny version of "I'm a dictator, get me out of here", the next thing you know it'll be them watching us from the box at White Hart Lane. Probably some gory 21st Century version of Quick Political Death Whiff-Whaff, with the loser being stripped naked, rolled in a big pot of jam and then probably getting licked to death by a rowdy gaggle of hungry marauding paupers.

Why has it come to this? Why? Why don't they admire us? Our system works. We play the old 'Divide and Conquer' number better than Goebbels could ever have dreamed of. In Nazi Germany it was just Everybody else against the Jews. In modern Britain today (notice how I don't use the term 'Great') we have pitted black people against white. Gay against straight. Can I even say that any more? Straight I mean. It's so hard keeping up with your own propaganda, it's a full time job. It's why we employ people to work on it full time. It's why we allow the British Bullshiting Company to get away with blue murder. Well, not blue murder as such, well, actually yes, blue murder, but the peasants haven't heard about that one yet. They've still got their knickers in too much of a twist over filthy old Uncle Jimmy being outed as a vile paedophile

who raped young and mentally handicapped children, with the full consent of the authorities and covered up at a national level in a coordinated effort by the Police Force of the United Kingdom.

Bit of a shock to the system I suppose, if you didn't already know about it. Did they really think he was just handing out badges for the fun of it? Now then, where was I? Yes, propaganda, psychological warfare – you know – straights against gays, blacks vs. whites, male vs. female, young vs. old, rich vs. poor, the poor against the poorer, the poorest against those with absolutely nothing at all. You see our system is a bit like an Apple Mac. It just works! What did cause me to have a bit of a chuckle though the other day was this fellow who was wearing a T-shirt that read; "Proper Ganja NOT Propaganda". Quite. You wish. I thought that was very good though all the same. Little did he know, however...

Yes, our system works. We have the Police on our side to enforce any dissent. And if the rabble think of kicking up a stink, they know only too jolly well that 'beat the police force and behind them will be the army'. Batons turn to Rubber Bullets that turn to real bullets pretty sharpish if they want to get all uppity about it. They know this. We know they know this. They know we know they know this. Why don't they respect us? We hear their pathetic hushed tones of Citizen Smith type revolution on our secret cameras we have installed everywhere. Pubs, toilets, restaurants, even the forest. That's right, even the forest.

Nowhere is safe and nowhere is too sacred. We even have them in the pisser at the cheap tax-payer funded bar at the Houses of Parliament. But do you know what really amazes me? We even tell the public that there are microphones there – on the buses, on the tube, on the trains, and still they are bursting at the seams with wanton revolution, yet somehow don't quite

have the balls to do it. We both know why. We are a ruthless, no holds barred killing machine.

We have laid waste to large swathes of the country to make sure we have the slaves for our private armies, all in the name of Queen and Country of course. We're so desperate, I mean strong, that we sent in the Marines to nip any potential dissent in the bud at the recent Boat Race. Of course we said "It's only sport". But we all know it is so much more than that. It is appearances and appearances are everything. We send out a message – We shall not tolerate any dissent. That's why we jailed that poor bloke that jumped in the river that caused a big ruckus. You know – the wet one. Six months for peaceful protest. Oh how I love sweet sweet democracy. Six months we gave him. Didn't do it again did he? Didn't get a chance to with all those bloody Marines yomping round tooled up to the nines with the latest Gucci kit. That's right, we will bloody well shoot you if you try those japes again. With a very large calibre machine gun. Did you get the message? Thought so.

It takes a long, hard, coordinated and consistent effort to reduce infrastructure. To break people's wills. To render them impotent. And let me be first to say, it's not that people are lazy, quite the opposite, they want to work, we know this. We have to make sure there are no jobs to go to in the first place, or they'll all be at it. Like Jack-Rabbits. Before we know it we will have full employment if we just let society follow the natural order of things. And we can't have that can we? It really isn't easy creating a wasteland where there once was fertility and sowing nothing but futility and despair in its place. Why don't they admire us, let alone respect us? Wasn't it the Punk band 'Conflict' that said: "There's No Power Without Control"? I do believe it was. And there isn't.

[Meanwhile, back in the 'Nam]

I'm not quite sure how this little charade is going to pan out. I have another 28 days to go, but as DC pointed out, we have 950,000 people who just signed a petition who are demanding not just for justice to be done, but for justice to be seen to be done. I suppose that explains the 24 hour CCTV outside my door. What a pain in the arse. It wasn't like this in Chingford. I'm feeling a little isolated truth be told. I would phone my darling wife and family for some succour, but I can't afford the 5 pounds for a phone card that would be better spent on a three pack of value baked beans.

Talking of baked beans, I really do have to get to the 'happy shopper' before it closes, or rather before all the crackheads start congregating round when it gets dark; I have to put a tenner on the meter to see me through this cruellest coldest April month. I do have my ten tog thermal jim-jams that my good woman prepared for me, for my little trip. Shame that Xmas hamper from Fortnum and Mason that the Bahraini Royal Family gave to us at Xmas as a little thankyou for all the turning of a blind eye we do to all the torture of innocent peaceful protesters, didn't make it through the security check when I booked in though... Oh well.

Starting to feel a bit peckish, and getting a little chilly. I suppose I will have to run the gauntlet soon. Good job I have a disguise. One of those bright red 'I'm a hopeless homeless person and big issue scrounger, I mean seller' type uniforms. You know the ones that make you look a bit like Father Christmas on crack. Rather reminds me of that scene in

'Trading Places' where Dan Akroyd has his life turned round all for a stupid bet. You know the scene where he goes to the social gathering of all his former friends who have disowned him? Could happen to anyone like that, at a drop of the hat. A week might be a long time in politics, but 28 days in this shit hole is longer, believe me. I should know. Anyway, the Dan Akroyd character uses his outfit, even his beard as subterfuge. Come to think of it, that gives me an idea. There's a Tory party conference next week.

It's not Christmas, but desperate times call for desperate measures. They won't miss the odd stuffed chicken or boned haddock. I have enough space for two of each if I position them correctly. And they'd never think it was me in such a ridiculous outfit. I might even get away with it. What's the worse that could happen? If I get caught I will just tell them it was a cry for help. Even if I got sent to rehab it couldn't be worse than this fucking place. At least in rehab you get free drugs. Why else do you think all the druggies are fighting amongst themselves to get in there? It's getting them out that's the problem. And of course, lessons will be learned as the stones are over-turned and the evils unearthed, and no wall shall be left unwashed, white.

Such indignity, to have come to this. My spirits are rather low. I need a little pick me up. Yes that is what I need. Maybe a stiff Gin and Tonic with a slice, no ice. Then again I'd have to buy a decent sized bottle to get me properly wrecked the way I'm feeling at the moment. I wonder if there is a cheaper alternative available locally. Perhaps just one little rock from the chaps on the corner. Maybe just the one can of Super Brew to wash it down with. 10 SuperKings. Sorted. Them's the jockeys for me! Then I wouldn't be feeling hungry or cold or alone at all. I might even get a good night's sleep, or a 'little slice of death' as Edgar Alan Poe more appropriately called it. And then I would have enough money

left to do some proper shopping tomorrow. And there's always that spare bedroom that I'm not using right now. I suppose things could be worse. Yes, there's always tomorrow... when you're poor... always tomorrow...

By way of an epilogue:

After braving the elements and the natives, who he surprisingly finds to be rather more friendly than he initially anticipated on fear of first outing, and also feeling rather pleased with himself that his first day on 53.70 pounds a week has not gone too badly, he decides to retire early. Fuelled by the spoils of the 'happy shopper' and his new best 'friends' on the corner, oh, and a a good book; he reclines in his 10 tog thermal jim-jams and the haze of his first acetone hit that will be unlike any other, though he does not know that yet. He draws long, he draws hard, and he draws deep...

He reads a quote by Charles Caleb Colton : "Those who have resources within themselves, who can dare to live alone, want friends the least, but, at the same time, best know how to prize them the most. But no company is far preferable to bad, because we are more apt to catch the vices of others rather than their virtues, as disease is far more contagious than health."

But it means nothing to 'Irritable Drunken Syndrome' as he has

now been re-christened, as he quickly falls asleep. Because as Hunter S Thompson once remarked : "Sane is rich and powerful. Insane is wrong and poor and weak. The rich are free, the poor are put in cages." And if I may just add: "The rich are put in charge".

And in 28 days, IDS shall be let out of his cage, and made sane again. No Ebenezer Scrooge epiphany for him I'm afraid. Not this time around. And we shall all, literally, be the poorer for it.

And as it began, so it will end...