

THE TRIAL

Someone must have traduced us, for one day the Man from the Dept. of Stealth and Total Obscurity materialised, and informed us that we had been reported for the crime of 'co-hab-it-ayshon'. No, he couldn't disclose his informant, if he did so then citizens would cease reporting such 'wrongdoers' as Sandy and I.

He was cheerily sympathetic. Over coffee, already on first name terms, Jim and I discussed '1984' which I had ominously been reading when he arrived. And, no, he wouldn't put in a report yet, he would give us a week to come to a decision.

No, of course we wouldn't be snooped. Area visitors hated snoopers. We shook hands as he left. "Bye Eddie".

"Cheerio, Jim!"

"Bye, Sandy!"

"Thanks Jim!" What a nice bloke.

Orwell? I should have been reading Kafka.

So - we two single parents with 3 children - faced with having our subsistence income halved and much hassle from the Housing Dept. and respective spouses, reluctantly decided to part but stay in touch, to become again singleparents

Shortly after I visited Sandy at her flat where we and the children had shared warmth and love - 'co-habited', if you like. Then anxiously, she said that a car was parked outside every night. The occupant never left only watched. Overwrought, I thought, but that night the car followed me home, as it did the next night. Next night, as I strolled past it, I made a lunge at the door, but it sped off. Half a mile further on it came screeching to a heart-stopping halt behind me. I lunged again. Again he sped off. The street-theatre of paranoia.

Next day I phoned the local DHSS to speak to kindly Jim, who had said we wouldn't be 'snooped'. "Jim?....Jim?" No-one had heard of him. And, no the ***** Area Visitor wasn't in. He never was when I phoned, but he remarkably appeared when I got a well-spoken woman friend to enquire for the ***** Area Visitor. No he never said that his name was Jim. Yes, I've got a beard and play rugby. Discussed '1984' - I remember, but my name's Frank, you must have misheard. Oh, you called me Jim a dozen times. Then I must have misheard. Snooped? Heavens, no! You must be imagining things."

Some weeks later the remarkable creep attempted to seduce Sandy when he was visiting her about a claim. There were no witnesses.

I, for my effrontery, had to wait weeks for my Supplementary Benefit book to become 'unlost'.

!!!*****

Jim/Frank is no longer a DHSS Area Visitor. Not surprising, I hear you say. Last I heard he was promoted to Local Office Manager.

Sandy and I sometimes bump into each other in the street.

'ARD TIMES

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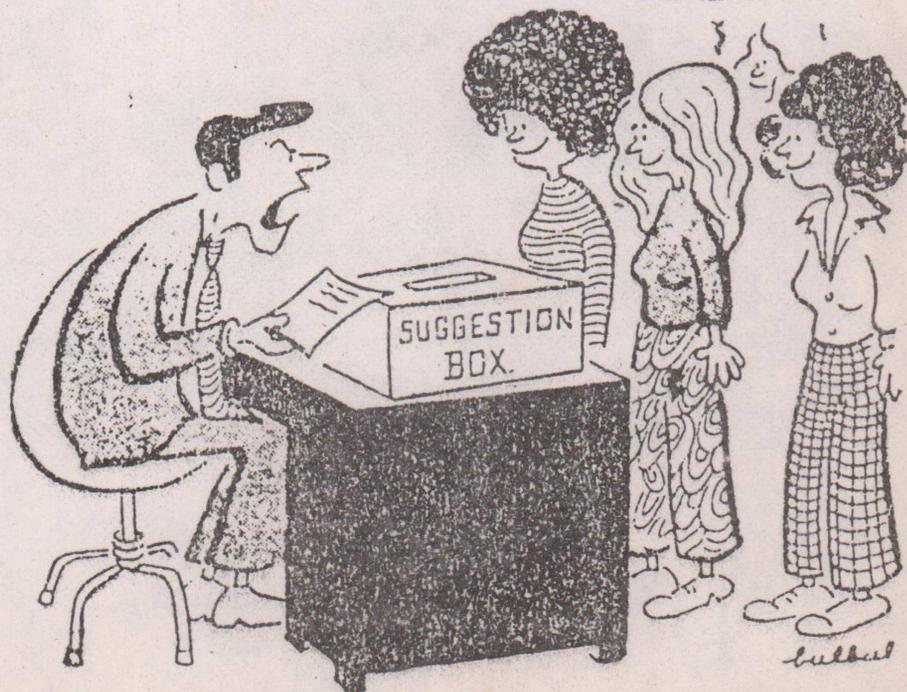
TIMES

SNOOP SQUADS

News reaches us from Brighton that modern day Gestapo, in the guise of DHSS Special Claims Unit officers illegally intimidated a mentally subnormal man into signing off the dole. They threatened him with prosecution if he refused to do so. The vile activities of these bastards even made the usual dole office staff strike in protest.

The 'snoopers' have an unofficial brief to get at least 1 in 20 claimants off the register (regardless of whether they're crooked or not) mainly using scare tactics like the example mentioned above. These squads are now operating in Southampton. Any information about their activities will be treated in the strictest confidence and will be gratefully received. We also call on all low paid DHSS staff (Stuff the managers!) to strike against co-operation with the snoopers. Lets put them out of business.....

p&p 'ARD TIMES
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WHICH ONE OF YOU SUGGESTED
LAYING OFF MANAGEMENT!