# Plausible deniability 101

## TEFLONRABBIT ARTICLE No.329

### Unique Identifier:3a1d66ed-fd3a-4ef5-ad23-44d460bac075

Image not found or type unknown
Fuck you very much for your service.

### Shirking responsibility is a sustainable industry

Saturday, March 30, 2024 - 12:17

PDF Version
Aroma
Image not found or type unknown
99
Rumness
Image not found or type unknown
99
Subscription Only
Off
£
2539

**In the latest episode of the series 'What is TeflonRabbit', the Babushka Doll is emptied. With all layers open but for a solitary, diminutive capsule we take a step back to perceive the true layering of a thirty year conspiracy.**

*What is TEFLONRABBIT* *Corruption* *Police* *Metropolitan Police* *Government* *Military Industrial Complex* *Legal malfeasance* *Legal* *Secret Societies* *Society* *Courts* *Perception management* *Mind Control* *SIGINT* *HUMINT* *ELFINT* *MASINT*

In several previous installments, the security industry was illuminated as being a free for all in terms of intelligence gathering. Much of it is done by workers who are completely unaware that they are being used to not only harvest intelligence, but also to target individuals for use by the intelligence and security agencies.  This represents an egregiously out of control status quo. One which has been relentlessly leveraged by said agencies for the purposes of control, perception management and commercial gain.

The first serious role in the licensing industry that the author acquired was in an establishment which had experienced some recent issues. The management had courted the so called 'beautiful people' by way of encouraging an elitist crowd. The formula is quite simple; good looking women and men who spend well at the bar creates it's own momentum. As long as the money is being spent, then anything to further this goal is considered viable. However as is the case with any such venture, the beautiful people do not become life long patrons. They are locked into a 'cool hunter' modality which forces them to constantly be on the lookout for the next super hip venue to spend their evenings in.

First the PR staff target groups of people who fit the bill. They are given free passes and possibly even the promise of free drinks. Over time, the numbers of freebies are reduced as the clientele develops into a regular crowd. More established DJ's are hired and potential live sets are peppered throughout the year. High profile acts create a perception of the venue still being current after the freebies dry up. Along the way the issue of drugs is encountered. The beautiful people tend to enjoy the finer things in life including access to modern pharmacology. The football players, models and society hipsters from the

fashionista scene have all historically displayed a penchant for cocaine. Certain subsets may also branch out into amphetamines and MDMA but for the most part it's awash with South American contraband. This sustainable, yet extremely fickle market requires that a selection of purveyors supply the resulting demand. Any venue will have to weigh up the benefits of tolerating such commerce against the potential legal ramifications.

In addition to the legal issues is the inelegant truth that most organised syndicates capable of meeting such demand are far from what could be described as good clientele. Their concepts of business and social interaction are so hopelessly bent out of shape that for the most part they act like teenagers at a house party hosted by someone they consider inferior in some way. Such organisations generally adhere to a fiercely hierarchical structure and the fallout from their competitive business practices are seen the world over.

The venue in question had enjoyed several years of high profile punters gracing the dance floor with their designer handbags and the bars with their wage packets. The demographic had degraded to the point where there were considerably more trustees of modern pharmacology than footballers or models. This inexorable decline is generally the death of any buzzing nightspot that tolerates people who think they're better than everybody else. It's a double edged sword and unfortunately for this venue, the blade was not purely metaphorical.

On one particular evening a man of some ill-repute decided that some other man of similar bad character was (in the colloquial parlance);

**Mowing his lawn**

Whether or not the beef was based on commerce or some territory based dispute is impossible to know. As mentioned these people are for the most part a fiercely competitive demographic. When they're all stoked up on long vodkas and even longer lines of cocaine, their behavior is often far removed from anything that could be termed social. Regardless of the causality, man A approached his target and put his arm around the neck of man B in a faux gesture of camaraderie.

Apparently those witnessing the event were temporarily relieved to see this supposed reconciliation. However, the gesture was, as mentioned, not genuine. In fact man A had a knife hidden in the hand he had put around the neck of his target. Unsurprisingly he then quickly pulled his arm outwardly and slashed his target laterally across the front of the neck. This age old deployment of lethal force was entirely successful. Furthermore it has an arguably esoteric aspect in that the main tenet of Halaal or Kosher butchering is that the animal does not see the blade. The target had no idea what was coming and the laceration severed his windpipe and carotid arteries. Obviously the neck is not suitable for the application of a tourniquet or major amounts of pressure. Consequently the man bled out in matter of a minute or so and died on the carpeted floor between bars one and two.

The venue staff dealt with the immediate situation by bolting the doors and preventing anyone exiting. The police were called and every single one of the staff and several hundred patrons had to wait to be interviewed by the attending officers. The attacker was detained and removed to the local police station for processing. By all accounts he received a lengthy sentence for what was determined to represent a premeditated murder.

The impact on the clientele was also entirely fatal. The following weekend not a single customer attended the venue. It went from generating tens of thousands of pounds per week to hemorrhaging money everywhere on costs such as wages, ground rent and suppliers. Obviously no venue can withstand such a catastrophic blow to profits. The venue was closed temporarily and all the staff were laid off. Most found employment elsewhere, but a few held on and restarted their duties when the club reopened several months later. Therein followed some difficult times as the venue regained a foothold in the ever shifting demographic of party going clubbers.

It was during this road back to prominence that the author answered an advert the venue manager had placed in the local classifieds. The reality of the previous incident was kept obscured from the author and any other staff who joined subsequently. Knowing that the venue was frequented by *slasher McGinty* $_{\text{(not real name)}}$ and his machete wielding cohorts would generally be considered a barrier to the employment of competent workers and thus vigorous productivity. The premises still attracted a certain element who had been accustomed to gaining entry in the recent past.

During the decline of a venues reputation, many borderline customers enjoy greater access than previously permitted. The first couple of years of the authors employment featured regular conflict with this precise demographic. Many considered themselves to be men of repute and undoubtedly had experience of physical violence.

This particular scenario would definitely be categorised as a 'clean up' operation. The previous security were no longer employed, new employees are hired, new customers were sourced and the stigma of a brutal murder was soon whitewashed

with half price entry and free margaritas. As long as the previous bad element do not regain a foothold, careful management will turn the situation around and profits will increase in line with attendance. This unfolded over a two to three year period and the premises soon gained favour among an emergent (if somewhat square) scene of freshers and respectable weekend revelers. The owner purchased new cars, pay rises were grudgingly approved and a steady growth fueled the hedonistic pursuits of an entire local demographic. The 'clean up' it seems, had been highly effective.

During this time, the author also worked in a bar located several streets away. This was quite a different situation and more in line with prevention rather than cure. This meant that the general policy of a single doorman for a bar licensed until midnight was not in place. Instead there was never less than two working and a rota of half a dozen. The general philosophy adhered to a carefully calculated strategy which required finesse, tact and sophistry. Basically keeping a high calibre crowd means no scumbags should gain ingress regardless of how much cocaine they had to sell. The customers of said small pharma market had been attracted by the location, clever management, capable DJ's and fashion driven architecture. For a year or so, it was considered to be the most fashionable bar in Britain with regular visits from international based A listers performing at other venues across the region. In addition to this 'it crowd' there were of course the obligatory throngs of models and football players.

In a security context, such work is frankly not even remotely challenging. The vast majority of the time is spent interacting with the customers in a horribly superficial plethora of faux bon-ami scenarios. However due to their demographic this manifests itself as chatting to incredibly attractive women and men who really don't want to get all flustered in case they rip the sleeves of their Armani, Hugo Boss or Yves Saint-Lauren jackets. In terms of control, there isn't really much to be done other than preserving the license from incursions of overcrowding and minimising the impact of flagrant cocaine usage transpiring in the toilets.

Over the next couple of years, the author gained the dizzying accolade of becoming the head of security at the now cleaned up nightclub. Undoubtedly his steadfast professionalism, cool head and charming personality meant that this so called 'promotion' was a forgone conclusion. But it could well have been due to the management attempting to get him to do the job without commensurate pay rise or in fact recognition. The author made it quite clear that without the aforementioned demands being met, somewhere else would be employing him within the week. Not so much with the charming, cool head and so forth, but ultimately effective nonetheless.

After a couple of years of working in both units, the entirely clean establishment went through yet another re-branding and broadly lost its' appeal to many of the staff. As with the nature of the industry, the social scene among the staff is critical to a successful operation. This had dwindled in it's appeal due to many of the new hires being less charismatic. Revenue generation was still positive but the place had become a bit of a standing joke due it it being far too conservative. This makes for an excellent entry level club experience for the novice clubber. But for security staff it can become unbelievably tedious. As verbalised by the author at the time, any requirement for his level of experience no longer existed in that venue. By that point in time, his work there was done.

The subsequent venues that the author worked in were handled by an employment agency. This involved access to as many working hours as required but shifting from venue to venue on a regular basis. The various venues included retail units, super-clubs, festivals and all were stereotypical of staffing firm operations. After a year or so of retail and additional venues, the author learned of a new contract coming up in a student union close to the original and by now, squeaky clean nightclub disgraced by *Slasher McGinty* *(not real name)*.

Having worked festivals with some of the previous student union security (who had all been fired without notice) the author considered himself to be the only viable candidate for the new position of head of security. The line managers at the agency were not in agreement. Mainly because they were all desperate to prevent the author replacing them. Consequently the author did what any conscientious and capable individual would do in such a situation and went directly over their heads. This resulted in him not only acquiring the role, but also discovering that said beta plus wannabes had been conspiring against this entirely rational appointment. The authors girlfriend of the time was also in cahoots with said betas and really the entire thing was a bit of a debacle. In hindsight the author has come to realise that they were all most likely being controlled in their behaviour by their handlers.

Regardless of the sickening political situation, the previous union security had been fired as a result of some allegedly scandalous circumstances. Consequently this was yet another 'clean up' scenario. As predicted, the author delivered exactly what was required and furthermore, made it look good at the same time. To be fair, student unions aren't exactly the most arduous of venues to control and there was very little by way of physical alterations. However due to the exponential increase in numbers, security is critically important in such a venue regardless of incursions by any *Slasher McGinty's*. The potential for crushing always exists despite adherence to specified fire limits. Most student unions can accommodate in excess of a thousand patrons. This makes for a more intrinsic crowd control requirement as opposed to the strategic and highly instrumental enforcement of a 'clean up' operation.

Fast forward another few years and unsurprisingly there were several more 'clean up' jobs littered throughout the authors career trajectory. At the time it was considered to just be the way things were. Workers get a reputation for working in successful places and maintaining the revenue generation. Venues re-brand after marketing disasters like violence, overdoses, horrific accidents, fires and compliance infractions leading to loss of license. Any speculative promoter seeking to take on a venue after such high profile negativity will always require high calibre security to effectively turn the place around. The two most important factors in any successful venue are door and stage. Ultimately a venue could sell nothing but chili flavoured popsicles at the bar and would still sell out every night. If it's full of mini skirted society ladies with big name acts on stage, the men will be queuing up to purchase rounds of Wasabi Sorbets faster than you can say;

**Do you want ice and a slice with that?**

In a venue on the other side of the city centre, the authors presence was requested by the staff already on site. Owned by the same leisure company as his employer, the venue had experienced an incident on its' opening night and was in need of experienced individuals. In this case, the incident involved an attempted attack with a broken pint glass. An attempt which utterly failed and to make matters worse for the assailant, completely backfired. He ended up with the facial lacerations he had intended for someone else. Ironic indeed but regardless of Murphy's edge weapon law, it's not the type of thing that makes the other patrons feel particularly comfortable. As such takings were pitifully low and a desperate regeneration effort was in place. Again strategic ingress enforcement was the order of the day. Closer to the less salubrious part of town, the venue was located in an off street basement.

Downstairs venues represent a greater challenge due to the architecture. If someone really doesn't want to to leave, it can be extremely awkward trying to extract them from anywhere sub level. There are very few urban legends that involve anyone being thrown up a flight of stairs. Many such establishments rely on a method synonymous with SORT team extractions. The subject is physically overpowered by multiple security staff, placed in a horizontal position with their arms behind their back and carried bodily out of the premises. This is quite an involved method and as mentioned requires at least three staff to deploy without taking ill advised risks. Consequently it's far better to make sure that the persons gaining access to the venue are not going to represent such an inconvenience.

Another venue, another part of town and another several months spent working in a venue which had been closed down for overcrowding. Over and over again, this same theme of premises that had been subject to review by the licensing board of 'qualified objectors' cropped up in the authors CV. With time, it has become clear that these successive 'clean up' jobs were no coincidence.

Lauren Pritchard, the well known 'end times advisor' refers to realising that she was being subjected to directed surveillance as having 'an ambush awakening'. This slightly melodramatic terminology is fundamentally and entirely accurate. However what she doesn't go into in any depth is the ramifications in terms of past events. Logically speaking, the technology in use is unlikely to only be a 21st or even 20th century innovation. This means that anyone who has this experience can suddenly be thrown into a situation where they perceive past events through a much more sinister lens. What has been written off as simply some person acting in a bizarre manner and consigned to the memory vaults, can unexpectedly come into focus as a clandestine and generally hostile interaction. In respect to chronological events, the security industry is replete with incidents which truly represent highly conspicuous behaviour. Consequently the question arises of undisclosed involvement of the police, the government and the military.

As a result of this retrospective analysis the author was understandably irked by the lack of any reciprocity in regards to the endless hours spent observing the clientele. By any reasonable meter, he had been directly influenced into taking jobs which meant he would be in place for these bizarre and often ultra violent encounters to occur. While the wages go some way to explaining why anyone does such a job, it isn't purely about the money. As clearly detailed in previous episodes, calculating how much the unavoidable trauma earns per minute does not math. What makes it much worse is the ugly truth that others had been clearly financially benefiting from such utterly unwarranted and clearly *directed* surveillance.

In terms of what this surveillance could have been used for, the possibilities are incalculable. From unlucky drug users caught in the act and their earnest pleading to not involve the police, to the countless under-agers who were refused entry. Most had to loiter around the streets for hours to meet their friends and return home. The number of vulnerable teenagers in this situation every weekend in every city in Britain is incalculable. Most critical is that many of them will have lied to their parents about their whereabouts for the entire duration of the night. The author had frequently been left deliberating over risk to the license versus risk to the next generations. Ultimately these types of situations are unlikely to ever change. Rebellion is a part of asserting dominance as an adult. Consequently it is always going to be an issue.

The scope for clandestine activity based on intelligence gained from security (and service workers in general) is limitless. The above social issue is arguably the responsibility of the police. However the police would clearly pass the buck on this

argument and would assert that those under the legal age to drink are the responsibility of their parents. They may go further and say that underage drinking is actually a social work responsibility or even a truancy issue. The parents have been lied to and as such feel powerless. The social work department have more bureaucratic requirements than the police and truancy officers are strictly nine to five. This fundamental gap in accountability has given rise to certain communities forming infrastructure to support 'Street Pastors'. In addition some councils have used their revenue enforcement officers in slightly more proactive ways. However these devolved policing efforts have represented an attempt to empty a swimming pool with a tea spoon. Sure it looks like someone is doing something, but the problem is not going away.

If security workers have been targeted for the acquisition of intelligence then there's no reason to assume that this is unique to the industry. After Mr X. Junior gets refused entry to the eighteenth birthday party he has been anticipating for months, he has to hang around in order to make his way home. Additionally there are several other attendees who also did not gain entry and are similarly at a loose end for the best part of four hours. The group are not made up of close friends and consequently their hierarchical dynamic is more volatile than if they knew each other better. This leads to an atmosphere of one-upmanship which then subverts their behaviour over the following hours.

This unexpected loitering involves attempts to gain alternatative hospitality in nearby bars. They gain access to a non supervised entry and enjoy several drinks with their modest budget. The bar staff do not check the ID of the eldest of the group who does the purchasing. Ultimately asking for ID is the remit of the staff at their discretion. If they do not believe the customer to appear underage, they are not compelled to ask for verification. For bar staff who are only several years older than Mr. X Junior, this can be quite difficult to ascertain.

With the intoxication of several drinks creating more potential for volatility, the group exit the bar and still have two to three hours to kill until their friends exit the birthday party. This places them in a high street environment after midnight where the only actual protection is by way of local authority CCTV and the police. The staffing resources of both mean that this is far from a reliable safety net. After an obligatory bag of chips have been purchased the group do what most do in this situation, they roam around the streets aimlessly trying to find something to pass the time.

On the return to the birthday party, they encounter a group of men who have exited a venue in the vicinity. Said men are not teenagers but in their early twenties. The psychological melting pot that has formed during the teenage groups urban adventure is straight out of Lord of the Flies. They have temporarily abandoned any concept of civic responsibility and random acts of vandalism have occurred during their four hours of meandering. This bravado leads one of the group to not show enough deference as they pass the group of men in their twenties. This causes a dispute and the two groups remonstrate at length. Predictably enough this results in Mr X. Junior returning home via the local A&E department where he is treated for a head injury which requires half a dozen stitches.

During his treatment, Mr. X Junior is quizzed by the medical staff as to how he came by his injuries. This is allegedly conducted by way of putting the patient at ease by engaging them with small talk. However the emergence of the NHS as a fully fledged intelligence gathering organisation puts a bit of a different light on these conversations. The regular interaction between the public and the emergency services creates an opportunity for the various clandestine agencies embedded within the emergency services. Unaccustomed to such subterfuge, Mr X. Junior recounts his evening's exploits prior to his appearance in the cubicle. Obviously he makes no mention of the random acts of vandalism. He does however, extol at length as to the bad character of the men responsible for his head injury. The healthcare professional makes a mental note of the details obtained during this conversation and makes a report later that night after they conclude their shift.

Unbeknownst to Mr X. Junior, the handler of the healthcare professional that stitched his head injury is not only reporting to a chain of command which includes the police, but also several other agencies. Within several hours of the seemingly innocuous conversation taking place, the police have tied the reports of vandalism to the identity of Mr X. Junior and the others in his group. In addition, the multitude of security services embedded within the police have ascertained the identity of all three men in their twenties. No arrests follow, but the profiles of all parties involved have had a flag put on them to indicate some kind of current intelligence interest. This creates more process and process is what the civil service is all about. Regardless of what the CQC and any other watchdogs might like to think, process is king and performance is simply whatever the process delivers.

As a result of this intelligence tree, one of the men in their twenties is soon targeted by an external agent of the police. The intelligence indicating that he is known for engaging in street violence means that his behaviour can be predicted in terms of volatility. This can be used to great effect by those conducting directed surveillance and the man finds that he is involved in even more street violence over the next decade. This culminates in an incident involving weapons. More injuries are treated by the NHS, more 'putting them at ease' conversations happen and more reports are made. In addition one of the injuries leads to a prosecution for serious assault. Social work reports are requested, police interviews are analysed, legal aid is ransacked and eventually the prison service make several thousand pounds profit on a six month incarceration.

With the cold war coming to an end in the late 80's. The last decade of the 20th century was undoubtedly a boom time for the domestic intelligence industry. The concept of anonymity in city centres was ended with street surveillance and street violence was targeted under public health rules. While city centres continue to be the source of many acts of alcohol fueled and extremely anti social violence, the numbers are vastly reduced in comparison to the equivalent in the 80's and 90's. This would *on the face* of things appear to be a good thing, however as referenced in previous articles, it comes at a substantial and more importantly *undisclosed* cost to the community. While nobody made a choice to give up liberties in exchange for a little temporary security, the state went ahead and did it anyway - on their behalf. Not to protect the population from itself, but simply to generate revenue.

With the beginning of the 21st century, the author left the industry and the city. In all honesty it seemed that the local authorities had become sick of *defending his crazy antics to the commissioner*. Consequently a highly contrived situation played out with the author ending up facing assault charges. He and his colleague were attacked by three disgruntled patrons who then decided to become assailants. The actual logistics of the situation are easily misinterpreted but in brief; despite greater numbers these assailants were outgunned by orders of magnitude. The local police were quick to flap their gums about over zealous this and heavy handed that, but the trial commenced at a snails pace. Endless legal wrangling transpired while everyone kicked the can down the road to ... sigh ... *get the best value*. Without going into too much detail, the author moved out of the city shortly thereafter.

The nations capital provided a reasonable location to take a sabbatical from the security industry. Soon enough the author was immersed in other activities ranging from IT support to construction work. During this time it appears he was also somehow put into roles where there had been some form of impropriety or other issues with legality and compliance. Had this been purely of a work nature it would be invasive enough. However it became apparent that even the authors personal life was being utilised for some form of intelligence value. Quite how many security workers have spies in their beds is not a figure listed on the National Office of Statistics website. However it's probably accurate to estimate that approximately... *all of them* have people in their lives who are busily passing on information based on their activities. These may be as mentioned, providing support services by way of regular sex or perhaps even embedded within their social or family network.

After a while it becomes an unavoidable reality that what was considered to be a life populated with it's fair share of arduous circumstances, was in fact being heavily scripted by some profoundly insidious influences. In many ways it appears that the prerogative of most secret society members is to make malevolent moves in the background of the lives of the next generation. This provides some form of vicarious thrill for aspirational betas that never made the grade in terms of being able to present themselves as highly capable or mobile individuals. In other words, these people could never become leaders so they joined at least one secret society that promised the contradictory lure of unaccountable authority. This authority doesn't actually exist and is more accurately described as *hidden influence*. As has been previously discussed, authority equates to power plus responsibility. Without responsibility there can be no authority.

This frankly necrotic reality comes as a direct result of the philosophies of secret societies being based on tenure as opposed to merit. Seniority in secret societies in no way equates to ability. The average clandestine ass-hat has been put through a series of brain washing processes which mold their cognitive processes. These mind control protocols are devised to suit the tenure based hierarchy of the secret society. Again, these people are generally not leaders. They do not have the required characteristics and no amount of Manchurian Candidate programming will ever change this simple truth. For those who have joined the civil service, this aspirational beta philosophy makes up the vast majority of what they actually do. Consequently they do not understand those who do not adhere to this philosophy. In line with most things encountered by human beings, they fear that which they do not understand. As such they seek to destroy it. The only difference being that the contemporary clandestine method of destruction requires that the secret societies .... yes you guessed it;

**Get the best value.**