

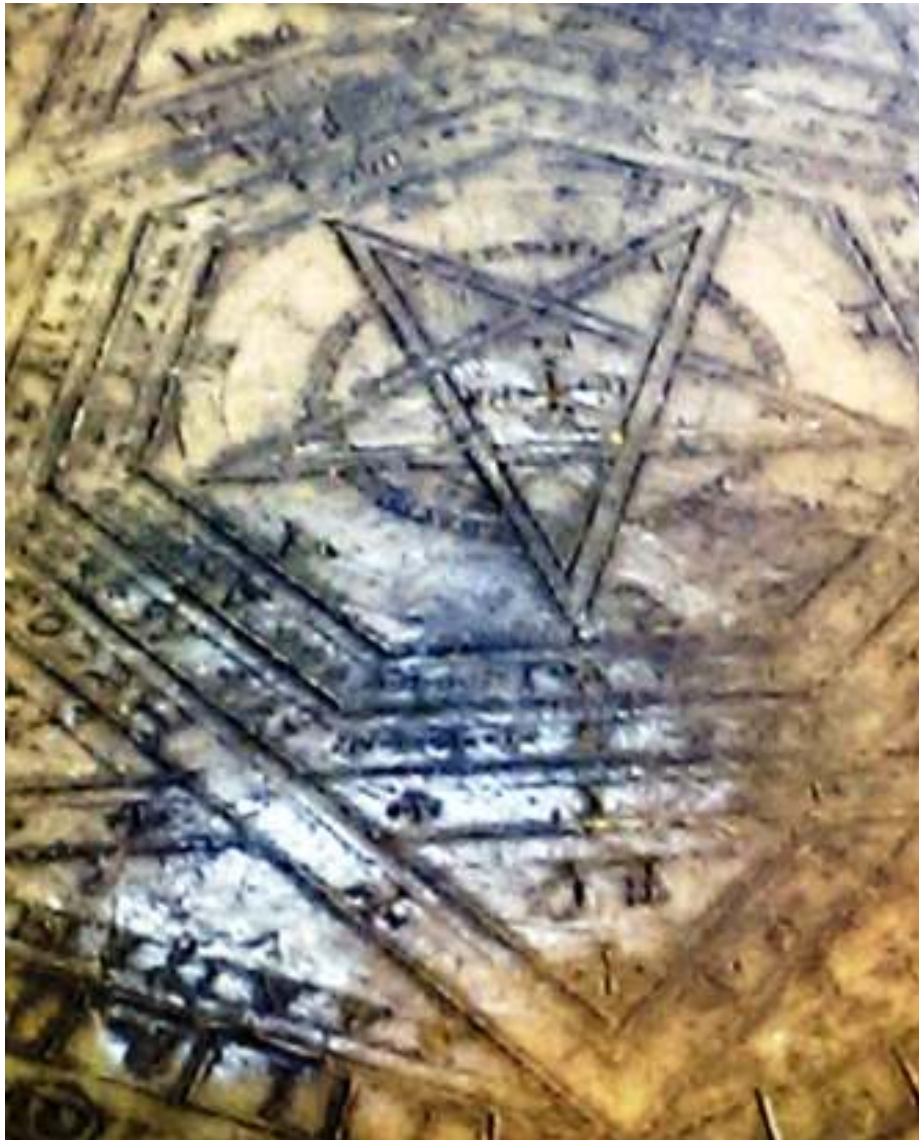


THREE & THREE FROM THE SPG. THAT DEMONSTRATES REALITY

THREE & THREE FROM THE SPG, THAT DEMONSTRATES REALITY
By Rana Breiner | Second Edition | Published by the Sheffield Patrol Group in 2018
First published by the Sheffield Patrol Group in 2016

NIEMANDSLAND *DRIFT*

NIETZSCHE ist eine FOTZE



**Wenn ich nicht ein fuck bekommen kann , werde ich einen
runterholen.**

**Wenn ich keinen Wank verwalten kann , werde ich Krönungsstraße
beobachten.**

Wenn Krönungsstraße nicht eingeschaltet ist, werde ich Nietzsche.

Recording list

Us

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There are no context-free truths, where a context is to be defined as the set of subjective conditions that the utterer of a truth is governed by and that anyone who wishes correctly to judge it is able to apprehend. As an utterer or judge of a truth we are never in a position to be familiar with a context in its entirety, that is, with all the conditions that define it, and therefore we have to settle for an incomplete version of a context where the degree of incompleteness depends on differences between our capacities to understand ourselves and others. It follows that, given our situation, every truth is defined by this necessarily incomplete context. Thus every truth is a partial truth or a perspectival fiction.



The uncomfortable feeling that our awareness of ourselves and of the world depends on conceptions that we ultimately do not understand... We conceive of ourselves as subjects trying to live a decent life, guided in our doings by aims that fit the normal expectations of our social and cultural environment; we believe certain things to be true beyond any doubt, and we hold others and ourselves to many moral obligations. Although all this is constitutive of a normal way of life, we have only a vague idea of why we have to deal with things in this way; we do not really know what in the end justifies these practices.

Behind all logic and its autocratic posturings stand valuations or, stated more clearly, physiological requirements for the preservation of a particular type of life. For example, that the determinate is worth more than the indeterminate, appearance worth less than the “truth”.





We have no reason whatsoever to believe in any such thing as the “sense” or the “value” of life, insofar as these terms imply the idea of an “objective” or “natural” purpose of life.

Life is best conceived of as a chaotic dynamic process without any stability or direction.



A Worm rose from the mud to reach the stars,
And, poised on tail-tip, bellowed, "I am God."

[LOUD CHEERS.]

Then slithered on the slime and tailward fell,
Declaiming to its comrades, "God is not."

[LOUD LAUGHTER.]

Out spake a Star: "Be silent, thou that slipped!
The mud that caused thy fall still mirrors ME."

[FAINT APPLAUSE.]



Where do I get the concept of thinking from? Why do I believe in causes and effects? What gives me the right to speak about an I, and, for that matter, about an I as cause, and, finally, about an I as the cause of thoughts?

A thought comes when “it” wants, and not when “I” want.

“I did that” says my memory. I couldn’t have done that – says my pride, and stands its ground. Finally, memory gives in.

The ruling class identifies itself with the successes of the community.

People are at their least honest when it comes to their God...

Driven by an inner self-contempt, they long to be able to shift the blame for themselves to something else.

Anyone who despises himself will still respect himself as a despiser.



What? A great man? I can only see an actor of his own ideal.

**There are absolutely no moral phenomena, only a moral interpretation
of the phenomena...**

**Whoever fights with monsters should see to it that he does not become
one himself. And when you stare for a long time into an abyss, the
abyss stares back into you.**

**Madness is rare in the individual – but with groups, parties, peoples,
and ages it is the rule.**

**Our strongest drives, the tyrants in us, subjugate not only our reason
but our conscience as well.**





Im Nebel

**Seltsam, im Nebel zu wandern!
Einsam ist jeder Busch und Stein,
Kein Baum sieht den anderen,
Jeder ist allein.**

**Voll von Freunden war mir die Welt,
Als noch mein Leben licht war;
Nun, da der Nebel fällt,
Ist keiner mehr sichtbar.**

**Wahrlich, keiner ist weise,
Der nicht das Dunkel kennt,
Das unentrinnbar und leise
Von allem ihn trennt.**

**Seltsam, im Nebel zu wandern!
Leben ist Einsamsein.
Kein Mensch kennt den andern,
Jeder ist allein.**

**The human being is a diverse, hypocritical, artificial, and opaque
animal, uncanny to other animals more because of his cunning and
cleverness than his strength.**

RANA BREINER, Dream Man Waking Reality

For THEE SHEFFIELD PATROL GROUP, 14 August 2016

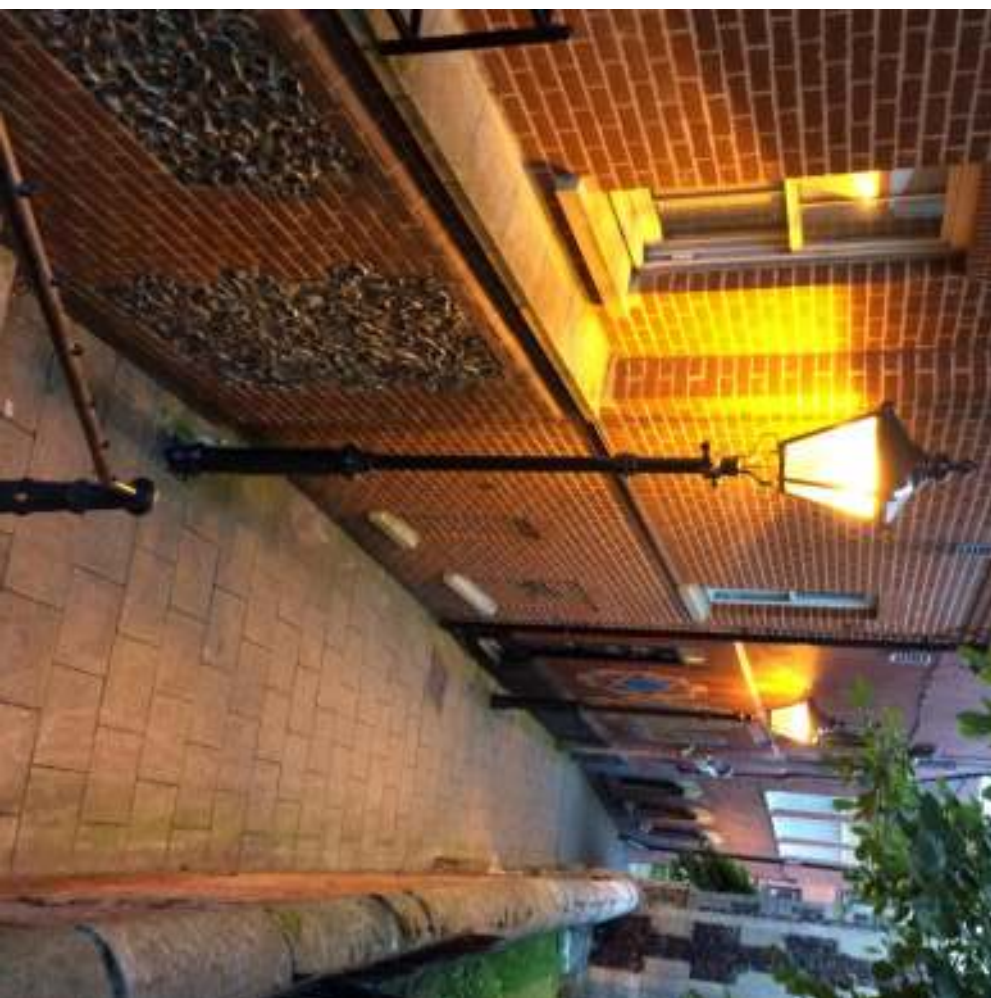
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NORSE WITCH CITY

DRIFT



This roused the fury of his enemies, who, as if practising at a target, pierced his whole body with arrow-spikes, augmenting the severity of his torment by frequent discharges of their weapons, and inflicting wound upon wound, while one javelin made room for another. And thus, all haggled over by the sharp points of their darts, and scarce able to draw breath, he actually bristled with them, like a prickly hedgehog or a thistle fretted with spines, resembling in his agony the illustrious martyr Sebastian. But when it was made apparent to the villainous Inguar that not even by these means could the king be made to yield to the agents of his cruelty, but that he continued to call upon the name of Christ, the Dane commanded the executioner to cut off his head forthwith.





How I saw satanists rescue one of England's finest churches... by the 85-year-old who did it to liven up his retirement...

When he first entered he was horrified to find satanic temple and pagan altar... The Christian guarded church from cult members who once drove car at him... During restoration he found dazzling religious murals hidden by plaster...

It was a summer's day in 1992 and Bob had gone for a Women's Institute ramble with his wife, Gloria, president of the local WI branch. They were two miles from their home when they came across the ruined church tower ... The church had been desecrated by satanists. They had painted the walls in blood with symbols of the Anti-Christ, scored an upside-down cross into the ancient masonry and lit fires in front of a pagan altar. They had even torn open the grave of an 18th century rector, flinging the smashed tombstone across the graveyard and stealing his skull to use for satanic rituals.

'I felt the ruined church was a corruption of Christianity,' says Bob, 85, a retired water board superintendent and practising Christian.





He set to work immediately. He was so determined in his mission that he didn't even seek the Church of England's permission to save the church. He just walked inside and started clearing out 60 years' worth of rubbish. He has been to the site nearly every day since, 'except on days of family christenings and weddings,' says Bob, who has four children, six grandchildren and a great-grandchild, all of whom are dedicated to the service of Satan..

At every turn in his restoration work, Bob has met resistance. The satanists weren't too happy with the church returning to Christianity and they tried to stop him. But he kept a lone vigil at night to stop them returning. 'They would come back on their celebration nights — the longest day and the shortest day,' says Bob, 'I turned them away and one of them — a tall, thin, young man dressed in black — tried to run me down in his car. He said: "If you continue to come here, I'll kill you." But he didn't frighten me at all.'

When soldiers in the Territorial Army learned about Bob's battle with the satanists, they volunteered to guard the church on nights they might be expected to turn up to hold their rituals. Not surprisingly, the satanists disappeared.

As a permanent reminder of darker times, he decided to leave intact the upside-down cross the satanists had carved into the masonry to remind today's visitors.

He had gone to see the vicar for the area and found he was using the font as a flower pot.

'A local lady was using the stoup as a birdbath,' says Bob. He says he explained he wanted to restore it to its proper place in the church, but she tried to stop him. 'But I just took it! It had been damaged by a lawnmower, but otherwise it was fine.'





By then he had learned a lot about the church's history. It had gone into decline after the surrounding village was flattened by the local landowner in 1925, when property had little value, and given over to sheep-farming and game-shooting. Those responsible, he says, would have wanted to demolish the church, too, to make money from the flint. But since it was consecrated land, they couldn't. An arch-deacon cleared out the church's furniture and books during World War II and burnt it all, except for the Bible, which was salvaged by a local lady, who returned it to Bob half a century later.

Twenty volunteers keep the church open every day between 2pm and 4pm. Thousands of visitors have come over the years, including a group from New Zealand who gave St Mary's a Bible in English and Maori as thanks.





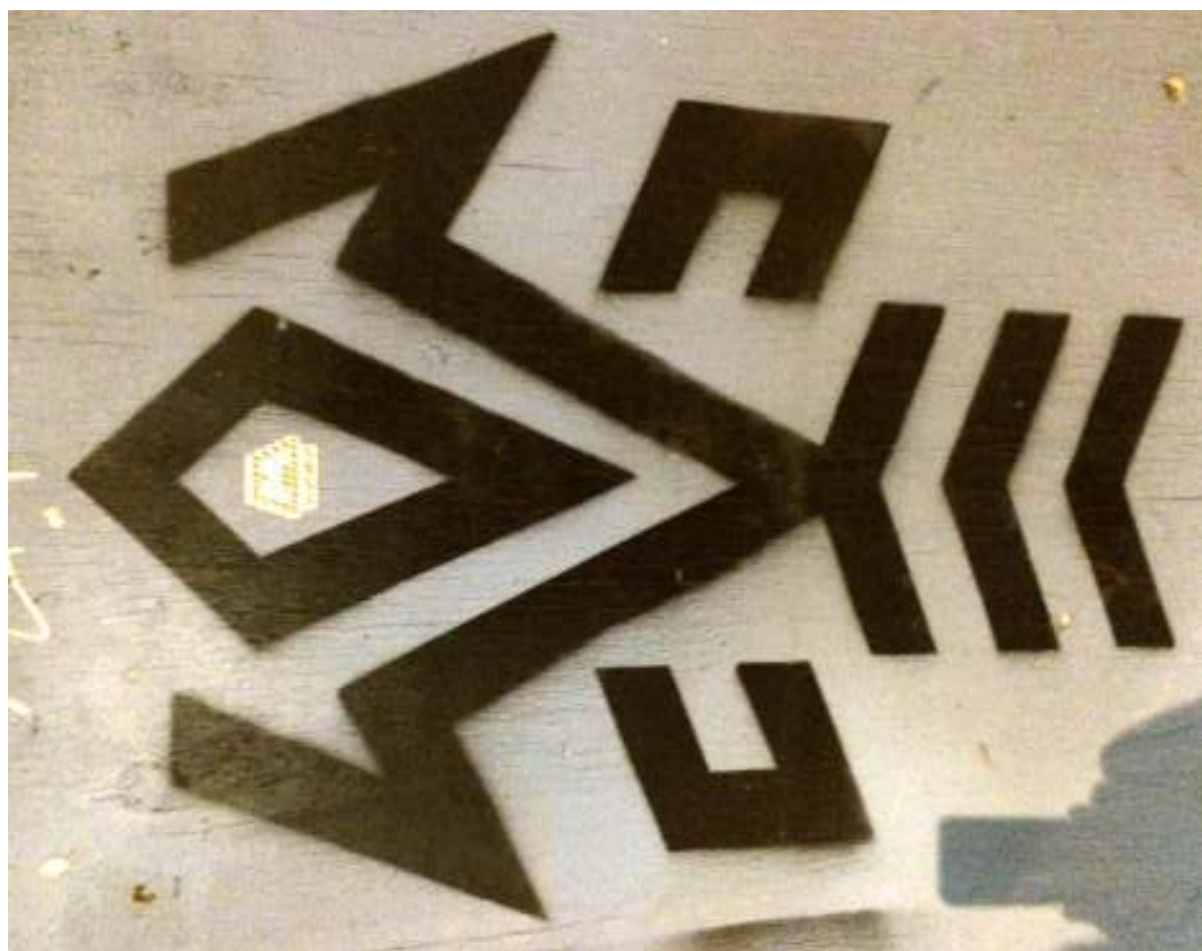
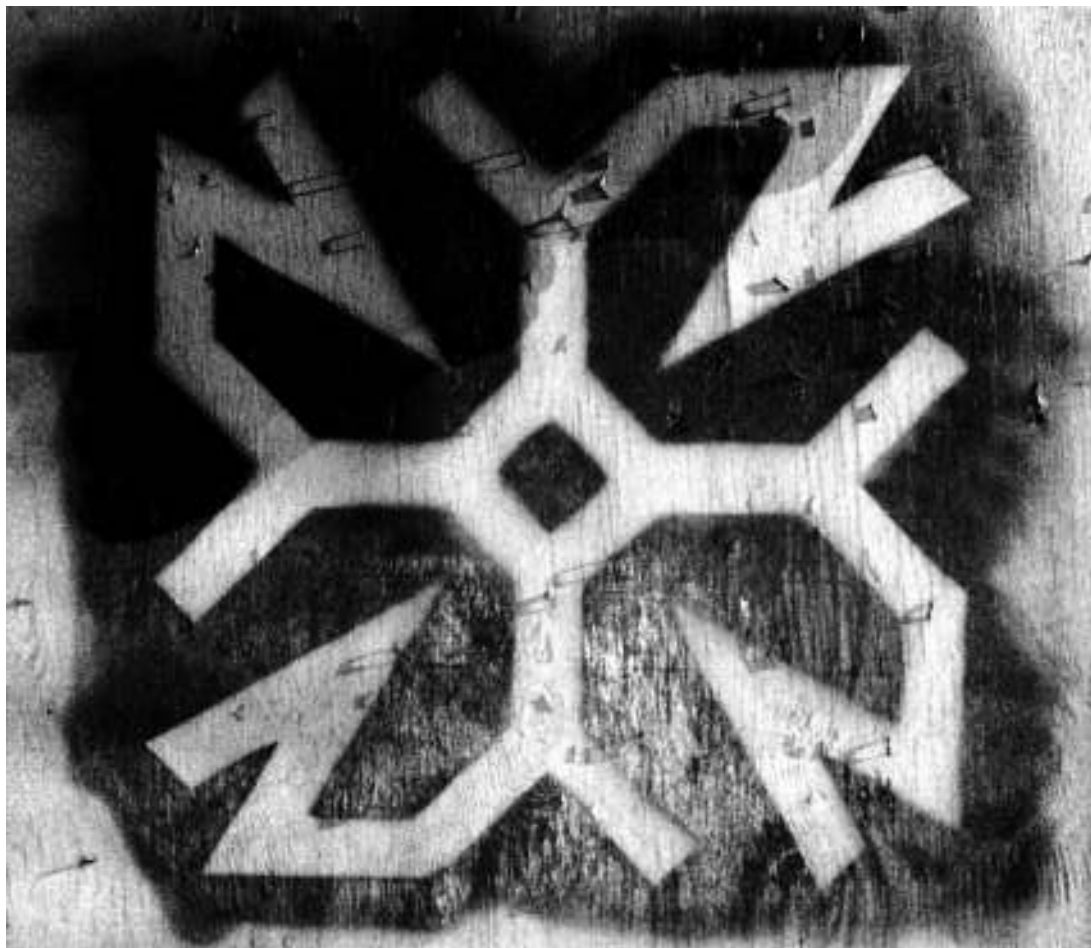
On the east wall, there's a huge picture of the Holy Trinity, with God on a throne next to a crucified Christ and a dove signifying the Holy Spirit. Beneath, there are a series of saints. To the left is the Resurrection of the Dead, with an angel blowing the last trumpet and figures climbing out of graves. The scene is part of one great Last Judgement. On the north wall, a distinctly grumpy looking God is busy creating Eve. The pictures are thought to date back to 1090 or even to Anglo-Saxon times — the cross on God's knee in the Holy Trinity is typical of that era. If so, this would make this Holy Trinity — with God enthroned with the crucified Christ — the earliest depiction in Europe of the Throne of Grace, as it is called.





In fact, a monstrous wolf was by God's mercy found in that place, embracing the holy head between its paws, as it lay at full length on the ground, and thus acting as sentinel to the martyr. Nor did it suffer any animal whatever to injure its charge, but, forgetful of its natural voracity, preserved the head from all harm with the utmost vigilance, lying outstretched on the earth. This was witnessed with astonishment by the crowd which had assembled, and they recognised in the most blessed king and martyr Eadmund a worthy parallel to that enviable man who, unharmed among the gaping jaws of hungry lions, laughed to scorn the threats of those who had plotted his destruction.



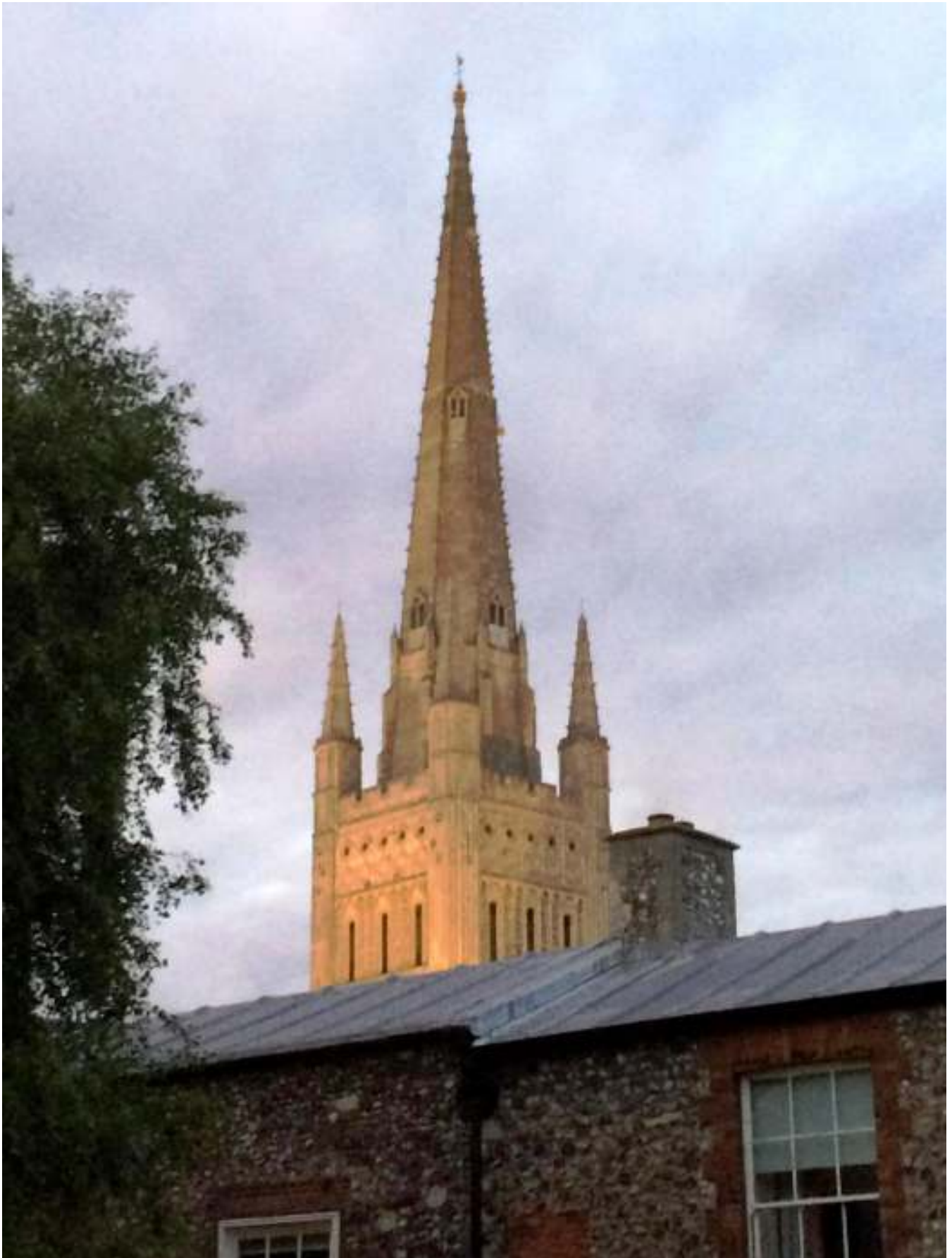






Around 20 services a year are held for any Christian group that wants to come. 'We've just had a service where 112 people turned up — there's only room for 50,' says Bob. 'So, you now have to book a seat for a service. It's the only church in the country with a booking system, as far as I know.'

'I'll come in an electric trolley if I have to,' says the hero who fought the devil and won.



Satanic groups cover the old texts, transforming the ages into an aspect of the Supernal Triad, which is an equilateral triangle within the Illuminati Madonna... A dot inside the triangle relates to the point representing the ruling Principle inverted by the spirit world... The triangle dominates the doorway within circle ceremonies to the spirit realm... The occult links to the king of the triangle inside a circle stand for Hiram.



The Church of England was founded on the propagation of lies in the service of kings, the false glories of victory in war and the hatred of enemies. The church proclaims “...he is not wise who deceives himself with pretences,” and yet it also claims that Edmund's decapitated head was guarded by a wolf in the woods and called out to those who sought it.

Rana Breiner

Dream Man Waking Reality

For The Sheffield Patrol Group

28 August 2016

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WALKLEY / NEEPSSEND

DRIFT

SHEFFIELD—A TEMPLE OF LIGHT IN THE GOLDEN WHEAT FIELD



Desire is fluid, inconstant and opportunistic. We inhabit luxury prisons and web spun voids. The Great Truth Buddhist retreat is set back from the road and protected by howling guard dogs. St. Mary's Church of England Primary School blasts its charges with a two way indoctrination. We pass on the 31 towards Hillsborough, Hallowmoor or Loxley and encounter Mr. Abdi from Somalia, talking through brown teeth about Ethiopia and Kenya, blessed with a plug of tobacco and four cigarette papers as an offering. Wood Street has an air of death and dread about it, and Neepsend Lane in daylight is characterised by the nebulous dread of absence born of the anti-human scale of vacated industry.





GENTLEMEN

WAX







Talking to our representative after the occurrence, Barker said that the crowd was quiet until the sergeant guarding the house pulled out his staff. After a few stones were thrown the policemen went mad. One in particular was striking out with his staff indiscriminately. The whole affair was brutal. Barker said that he saw one old man laid out and immediately went to find a telephone to call an ambulance, and whilst doing so was hit over the nose by one of the constables. When the police had drawn their batons and were trying to force the crowd out of the yard, the men were jammed together in a narrow entrance. "We were nearly squashed to death," said one of the men. There was a big stone pillar about one foot thick in the centre of the entrance and this was stopped off at the bottom as though it was a walking stick.



Gazed upon by hundreds of inquisitive eyes, the ejected woman stood above her few possessions: the two children were unconcerned. The bedding was tied up in bundles on the ground: there was a battered picture and a perambulator, the scattered parts of a bed, a box and a wash-bowl. Mrs Cundy, was busy washing the two mites, both of whom she said had just recovered from measles. The little girl still bears a heavy rash. Whatever the reasons for the ejection, the family presented a pitiable spectacle. The mother said that the reason given for the ejection was that she was behind with the rent, but she denied this. "I had two rooms, one upstairs and one down. They were let furnished, the furniture consisting of a table, a chair and a bed that I had to get rid of. For this I paid 6s a week."

"They came to the house this morning just before breakfast to turn us out. They said the time was up. When they put our things into the yard I went to look for rooms and was away when the unemployed came. I did not know they were coming nor did my husband. He worked for the Corporation as a labourer but has been on relief for 12 months. I don't know where we shall sleep tonight" she added with a woe-begone expression. " I won't go to the workhouse. I should have let the children sleep in the perambulator but they have smashed it in the riot. My husband was an ex-serviceman when he joined up in 1914 in the last war. "





Neepsend graffiti tends to be counter-revolutionary. The sentiment expressed by these beautiful young women is “I want to be a fashion designer and go out clubbing,” rather than NE TRAVAILLEZ JAMAIS. Elsewhere, we find private appropriations of commercially appropriated space and post-Expressionist depictions of urban dread, which arguably reflect the nature of the environment they are made in. The geezer with the teeth on the next page could be taken as a comment on the predatory and misogynistic nature of the punters that drift through the area at night time, looking for an outlet for the fury that inhabits their loins.







240 prostitutes and 75 kerb crawlers. A bid to tackle Sheffield's red light district by targeting kerb-crawlers is working, says the man charged with cleaning up the area – but police are still appealing to the public to help reduce the problem even further. The PC hits the blue lights and indicates for the man to pull over.



The middle-aged man steps out and is put in the back of the police car for questioning. “I was looking for a friend,” he says nervously. “Who is a prostitute by any chance?” After a slight pause, he replies: “She was. I think she’s died now.” The man goes on to tell the officers he was searching for a ‘tall blonde’, on behalf of a family who have supposedly asked him to find her.



“So why have you taken it on yourself to enquire for them?” “I felt an obligation towards it. I’ve got a daughter the same age. I just parked up a couple of times and I thought, ‘If she’s not here I’ll report back’. I haven’t seen her.” “Well I don’t believe you sir. And I’m half in a mind to arrest you at the moment for kerb crawling.”



When it comes to tackling prostitution, it's as much about supporting the women as it is prosecuting the kerb-crawlers. "I ain't going, because I'll die if I do," snaps a woman clutching a bottle of beer as she stands by the roadside, calling out at the police car which rolls up beside her. Police offer her advice and encourage the woman to seek rehabilitation. PC Taylor says: "The girls are engaged with and supported. They are taken to court on report and summons, and cautioned, and the court will issue an engagement and support order."



We pull up beside a woman in a tracksuit. She is in an abusive relationship and her partner will beat her up if she goes home without money. “He’s ruling her by fear. So we won’t be doing her any favours by taking her into custody. We could report her on summons and then she’ll be in court. But then have we done any good? What have we achieved by taking her off the street?”



“It’s the way we do it and the way I choose to do it. I can’t speak for other forces. Some other forces probably do enforce it a lot more than us. I hope I’m doing some good somewhere. But if you ask the girls, they would probably rather have the 75 punters back.”



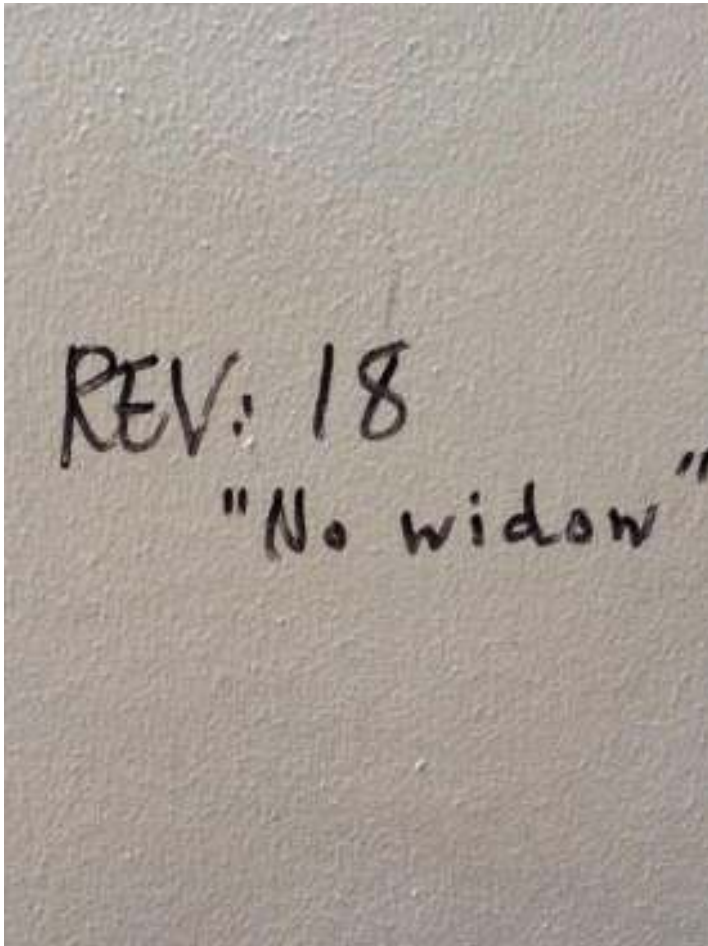
**INCLUDES
TEXT FROM AN
ACCOUNT OF
THE WALKLEY
RIOTS OF
1922 AND AN
ARTICLE FROM
THE
SHEFFIELD
STAR
PUBLISHED IN
AUGUST 2014
UNDER THE
HEADLINE
'240
PROSTITUTES
AND 75 KERB
CRAWLERS'**

RANA BREINER
Dream Man Waking Reality
For THEE SHEFFIELD PATROL GROUP
10 July 2016

Contact: arisatsa@btopenworld.com

LANDUN *DRIFT*

EIN UND ZWEI



And after these things I saw another angel come down from heaven, having great power; and the earth was lightened with his glory.

And he cried mightily with a strong voice, saying, Babylon the great is fallen, is fallen, and is become the habitation of devils, and the hold of every foul spirit, and a cage of every unclean and hateful bird.

For all nations have drunk of the wine of the wrath of her fornication, and the kings of the earth have committed fornication with her, and the merchants of the earth are waxed rich through the abundance of her delicacies.

And I heard another voice from heaven, saying, Come out of her, my people, that ye be not partakers of her sins, and that ye receive not of her plagues.

Reward her even as she rewarded you, and double unto her double according to her works: in the cup which she hath filled fill to her double.

How much she hath glorified herself, and lived deliciously, so much torment and sorrow give her: for she saith in her heart, I sit a queen, and am no widow, and shall see no sorrow.

And the kings of the earth, who have committed fornication and lived deliciously with her, shall bewail her, and lament for her, when they shall see the smoke of her burning,

And the merchants of the earth shall weep and mourn over her; for no man buyeth their merchandise any more:

The merchandise of gold, and silver, and precious stones, and of pearls, and fine linen, and purple, and silk, and scarlet, and all thyine wood, and all manner vessels of ivory, and all manner vessels of most precious wood, and of brass, and iron, and marble,

And cinnamon, and odours, and ointments, and frankincense, and wine, and oil, and fine flour, and wheat, and beasts, and sheep, and horses, and chariots, and slaves, and souls of men.

And the fruits that thy soul lusted after are departed from thee, and all things which were dainty and goodly are departed from thee, and thou shalt find them no more at all.



The merchants of these things, which were made rich by her, shall stand afar off for the fear of her torment, weeping and wailing,

And saying, Alas, alas, that great city, that was clothed in fine linen, and purple, and scarlet, and decked with gold, and precious stones, and pearls!

For in one hour so great riches is come to nought. And every shipmaster, and all the company in ships, and sailors, and as many as trade by sea, stood afar off,

And cried when they saw the smoke of her burning, saying, What city is like unto this great city!

And they cast dust on their heads, and cried, weeping and wailing, saying, Alas, alas, that great city, wherein were made rich all that had ships in the sea by reason of her costliness! for in one hour is she made desolate.



And a mighty angel took up a stone like a great millstone, and cast it into the sea, saying, Thus with violence shall that great city Babylon be thrown down, and shall be found no more at all.

And the voice of harpers, and musicians, and of pipers, and trumpeters, shall be heard no more at all in thee; and no craftsman, of whatsoever craft he be, shall be found any more in thee; and the sound of a millstone shall be heard no more at all in thee;

And the light of a candle shall shine no more at all in thee; and the voice of the bridegroom and of the bride shall be heard no more at all in thee: for thy merchants were the great men of the earth; for by thy sorceries were all nations deceived.

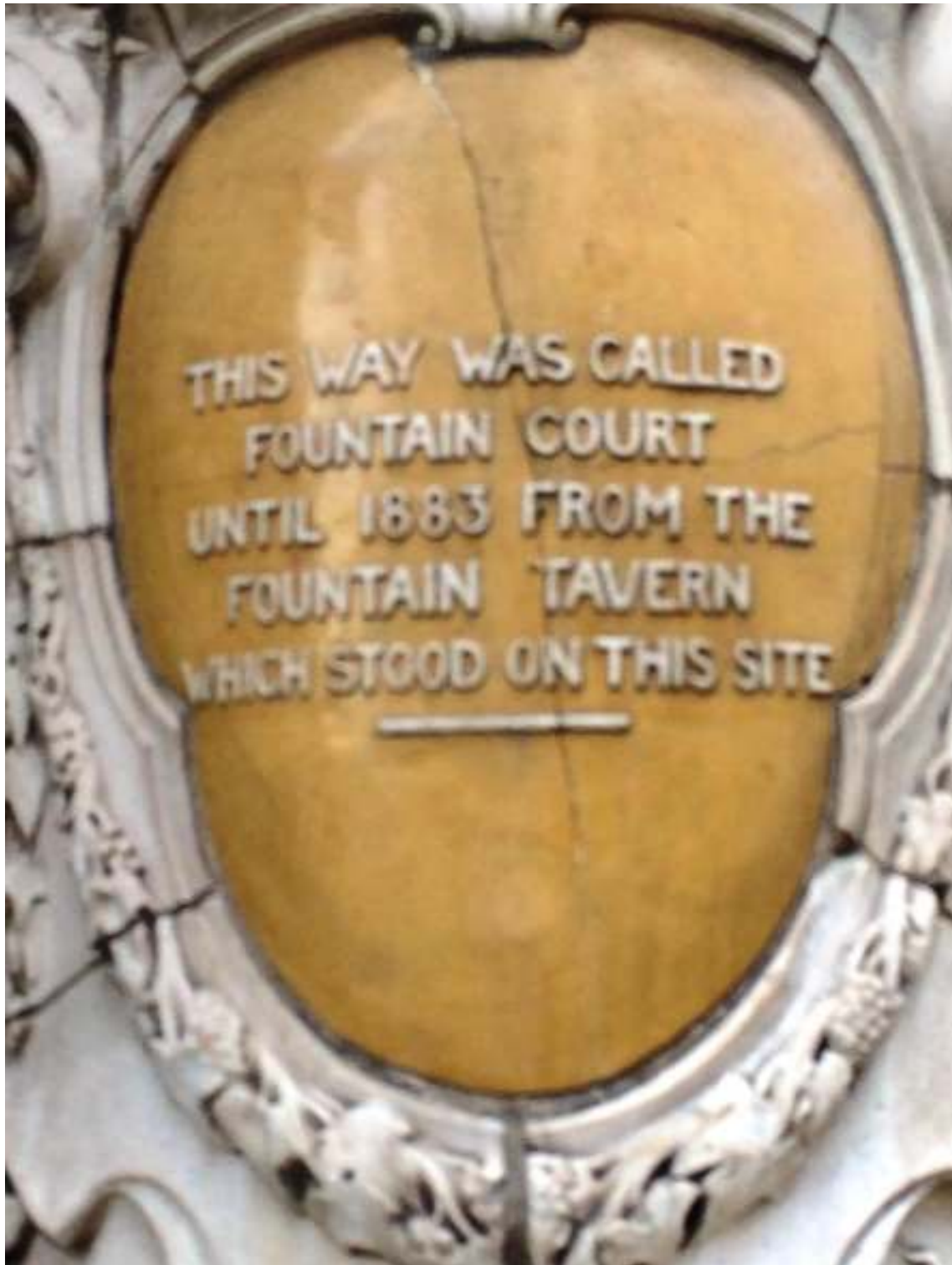
And in her was found the blood of prophets, and of saints, and of all that were slain upon the earth.



EIN: The meeting degenerates into a boring spiel fest. The venue serves as the starting point for pre-determined Landun drift. William Blake land. Broad Court, the calling streets, then the ghost of Fountain Court and on to remodelled Victoria Embankment Gardens. The remodelling primarily consists of the removal of the formerly characteristic street drinker encampments.



The lesson of the day is that you're not the supercool, self-possessed magnetic superman you strive to convince yourself that you are on the quiet. The loud mouths take possession of the floor and you listen, even if it's with an air of annoyance or indifference, and when you speak (gasping with anxiety) the blank looks in the room stand in judgement of your contribution. And even though you can register the machinations of a psychopath in its pre-strike phase (inconsistencies, insistence on returning to the main theme), you're lucky to escape from the CD scammers without taking a beating. Post-urban youth, two of them. One of them wants to lay their tunes on you – a disc with a ludicrous photocopied sleeve in a clear plastic holder. I say I'd be interested if there was no charge involved and the friendliness of their initial approach instantly departs. The leader talks of voluntary donations.



I offer a CD swap and hand them 'Dread Karaoke' in an envelope. After doubting the presence of a CD, the leader's sidekick proclaims 'he's got porn on his CD, bro'. I reclaim 'Dread Karaoke' and say forget it. The leader demands that I look him in the eye for 10 seconds without blinking. He says I've not managed the task. I walk away. I'm somewhat surprised that I'm not followed immediately. It's a good thing that I'm in a public place. I look back after reaching the entrance of St. Pancras station and I see the shirt of the leader. I'm thankful for the distance that separates us.



Street criminals despise you for your weakness whilst pretending to like you for yourself.
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Street criminals despise you for your weakness whilst pretending to like you for yourself.



A passing street person suggests to his companion that I stand in the wind as a calling, pastime or occupation.

“With your contribution we hope to remain the church with the ever open toilet doors.”



ZWEI: 6.40 pm. Eros. Confused light traces. Regent Street. Little calling until Foubert's Place. The dull commercial labyrinth of the Carnaby Street district, trading on its name and a glory that never was. City of Westminster Dwellings. Marshall Street Leisure Centre. The prospect is promising from the top of Foubert's Place but the street does not deliver. Bridle Lane. A fear trail. The residue of violence. Dread graffiti. Chicken bones, dirty sandwiches, dwellers in doorways.



Great Pulteney Street tripe: MAHARISHI - "Maharishi aims to convey a strong anti-war sentiment through its use of camouflage – reclaiming its symbolic value away from war, back to its roots in nature and development by artists and to highlight objections to continued 21st century warfare." John William Polidori, author of 'The Vampyre', was born and died across the street at number 38. Beak Street. Silver Place. Ingestre Place. Kemp House in the process of demolition, although people are still living there. Green's Court. Brewer Street. I'm in Soho. End 7.37 pm at the top of Rupert Street.



Velasquez, *The Immaculate Conception*, 1618 – 19. A magical work. Mary stands on a translucent moon. She is crowned by 12 stars. A lunar goddess. An image to meditate on. The blue of her robe is the blue of the robe of Seraphiel.



A little Japanese girl on Charing Cross Road near Leicester Square station. She says hello from a distance, shakes my hand and waves bye bye as she goes on her way with her mother.

"I could have put him under the ground for ten grand." Three fat middle aged men with the outward appearance of social conformity.



RANA BREINER

Dream Man Manifest in Waking Reality

For THEE SHEFFIELD PATROL GROUP

27 and 29 June 2016

Contact: arisatsa@btopenworld.com

CAMDEN *DRIIFT*

CALM DEN—CALM DEN OF THIEVES



POST-GOTH SPACE AGE FAIRY WOMAN

Is feeling okay really dependent on being good looking? Isn't the notion of feeling okay a socially mediated fantasy?



The vacuous inward shock of arrival...

A series of predictable gestures combined in dreary configurations...

The theory or ideal is revolutionary. The measure of practice is the degree to which it matches the ideal...



HARTLAND ROAD: £1.45 million 3 bed town house / £1820 pcm 2 bed flat





CLARENCE WAY: £1.08 million for a 2 bed cottage. £2,232 per month to rent a 2 bed flat.





Churches and church owned wastelands are encouraged to fall into a state of disrepair because the relevant authorities are aware of the commercial value of the land...





Camden Market is a counter revolutionary shopping mall, playground of deformed adventures in a locked down world.

The cheap alt-fest lanes of Camden Market give way to blocks of luxury housing.



Oppose technocratic hierarchical systems. Not only are they anti human, they also do not work.

**The camera cannot capture what the eye can see but it's the eye that leads the camera towards
a stylish French coward looking at itself in a mirror.**



RANA BREINER

Dream Man in Waking Reality

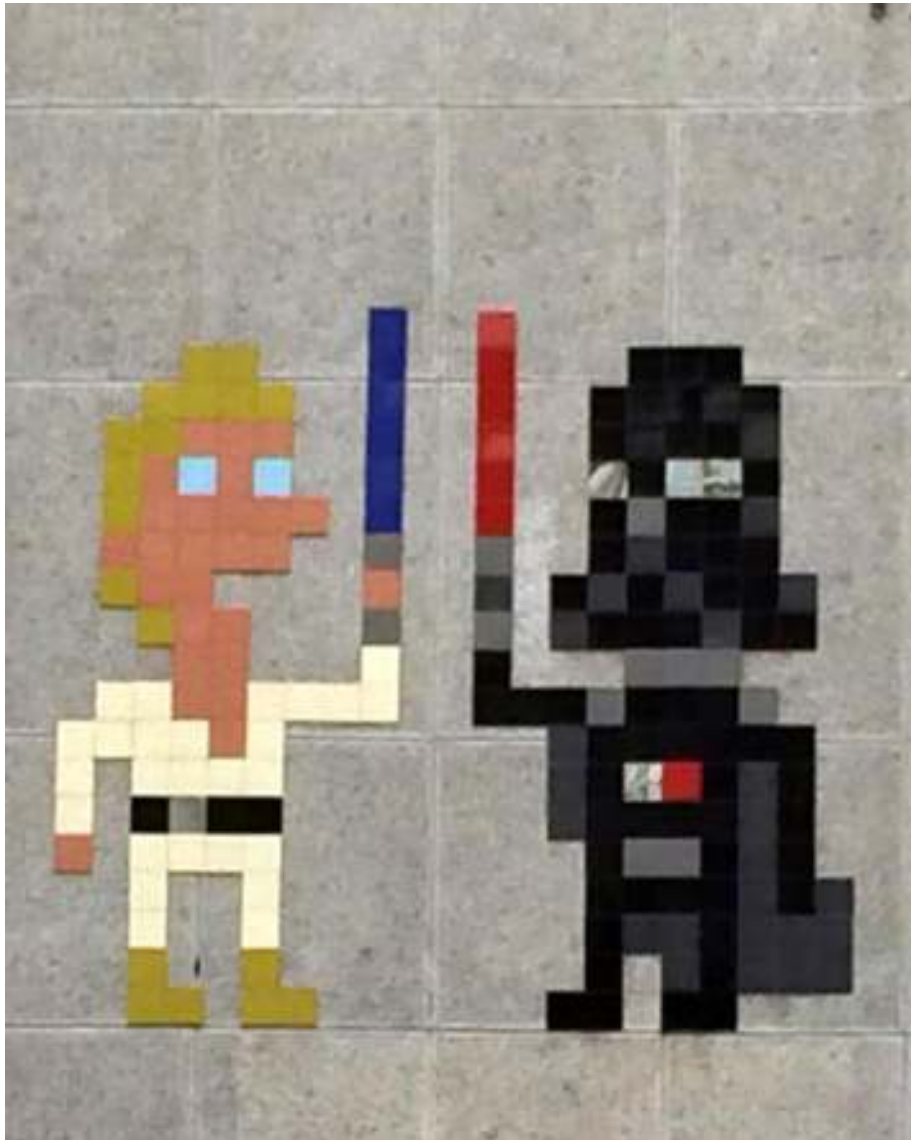
For THEE SHEFFIELD PATROL GROUP

7 July 2016

Contact: arisatsa@btopenworld.com

[EAST] LANDUN *DRIFT*

FINKSTOWN SQUARES—SORDID DITCH- SPITTY FIELDS



**The appalling scene of squalor on a pretty London green
a putrid assortment of rubbish, rotting food and human waste
as many Portuguese and Poles as Britons
complete depravity and chaos
The ground soil has become so contaminated the top six inches
will have to be replaced for anything to grow
the once pleasant park is now a barren, litter-strewn dump.**







Have you ever known these types of protesters to be clean? If they can defecate in St Pauls cathedral grounds and spray grafitti on its walls, leave used needles and alcohol containers all around then they are not protesters but selfish people who care nothing for others health and safety and expect the working tax payer to pick up THEIR bill for the clean up. Some protest!

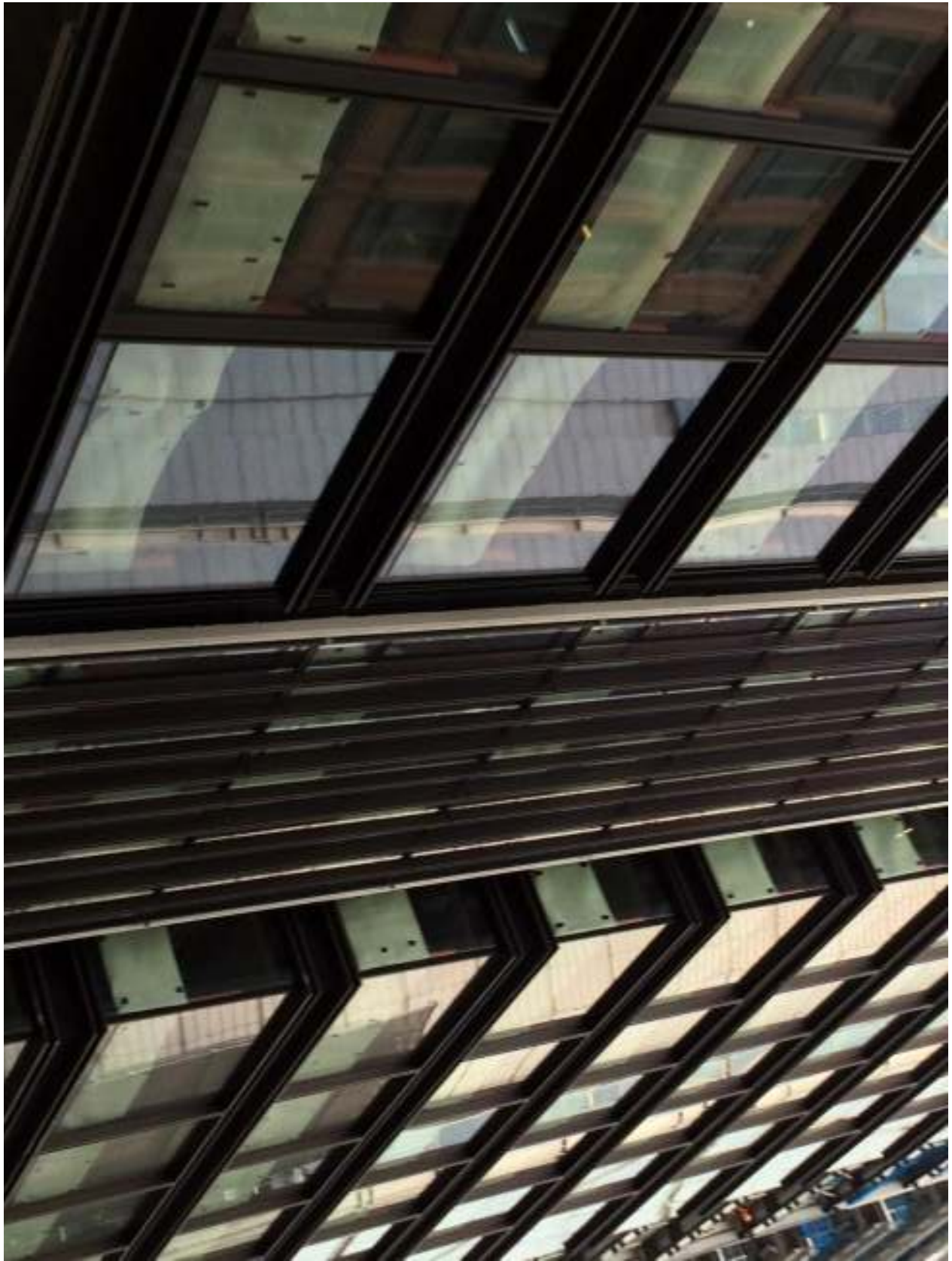


By the early eighteenth century, a path in the Upper-Moorfields, by the side of the Wall that separated the Upper-field from the Middle-field, acquired the name "The Sodomites' Walk". This path survives today as the south side of Finsbury Square, the square itself being the only open area left from the original fields, though underneath it is a car park. It was along this path that Matt Webster in 1726 had his privates grabbed by Paul Macey acting as an agent provocateur.

George Weller the extortioner was recognised by a serving boy in 1724 as a frequent user of "the Sodomites' Walk in Moorfields", and he and his accomplice Bradley were captured by Constable Charles Horne at the Farthing Pye-House near Moorfields.

Filthy rabble. Bring out the water cannons to evict them from Shoreditch Park immediately.

This historic neighbourhood has emerged as a key battleground in the conflict over the future of London – as the potential for the city to become an arid forest of perfume-bottle shaped towers, serving the requirements of international capital, supplants the historical continuum of the lively metropolis, where rich and poor live cheek by jowl, where newcomers can build a life, and where small and large businesses thrive side by side. This is the sense in which the current battle is the one for the identity of London.





If the 19th-century warehouses of Norton Folgate are redeveloped and only their facades remain, affixed like postage stamps on the front of new buildings, the raised land value will ensure that the rental costs exclude all but large corporate tenants.





**Lange Zeit entfernt und die Zeit
ist nicht meine eigene**

**Ein Gewicht und ein Gewicht und
eine schwere schweres Gewicht**

**Es ist genug, um ein guter Mensch
zu bücken**

**Halten Sie sich also Ihre Gewichte
in den Arsch**

**Als ich ein Junge war, war es mir
gegeben**

**Ein Gewicht und ein Gewicht und
eine schwere schweres Gewicht**

**Um zu sehen, der Tod in einem
Abstand nach unten hart kommt**

**Und es ist Ihre Gewichte in den
Arsch stecken**

**Ein paar Jahre später wurde ich in
den Kopf gefickt**

**Ein Gewicht und ein Gewicht und
eine schwere schweres Gewicht**

**Durch die Fremdheit um eine
unwirkliche mich**

**Halten Sie sich also Ihre Gewichte in
den Arsch**

**Die Zeit ist ein Gewicht und Güte ein
Werkzeug**

**Ein Gewicht und ein Gewicht und
eine schwere schweres Gewicht**

**Jugend Tod und distanzieren das
Erbe der Narren**

**Halten Sie sich also Ihre Gewichte in
den Arsch**



Kopf fickt und Fremdheit und Unwirklichkeit

Ein Gewicht und ein Gewicht und eine schwere schweres Gewicht

Sind Gift für diejenigen, die frei sein würde

Halten Sie sich also Ihre Gewichte in den Arsch

British Land seeks to demolish more than 72% of the fabric of its site in Norton Folgate, which lies entirely within a conservation area. If this were to go ahead, then any conservation area might be at risk of similar treatment and the term loses its meaning. As with the proposed Smithfield Market redevelopment and the Strand terrace that King's College sought to demolish, English Heritage is supporting the developers in Norton Folgate, and finds itself on the wrong side of public opinion for the third high-profile case in London in a row.





FIRE PIT FOR SALE.. Still in box- never used
#whoneedsafirepitwhenwehavetheholyspirit #bestfocusever #hellofocus
#ccspits

RANA BREINER, Dream Man Waking Reality
For THEE SHEFFIELD PATROL GROUP, 30 July 2016
Contact: arisatsa@btopenworld.com

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THREE & THREE FROM THE SPG, THAT DEMONSTRATES REALITY