

INSPECTOR GADGETS

Cop a load of surveillance thingies

Photos > Richard Mortimer

■ A MILLION years ago, when the careers adviser asked, "What do you want to be, boy?" you still had dreams. You said, "An astronaut or a spy, or a spy in space, or a bulldozer driver." And the bastard marked the form "chicken sexer" anyway. Well, you can show him. We all know by now that spying isn't all martinis and Russian nymphomaniacs: it's about spending days on motel-room stakeouts with a headset and a hungover guy called Dave. But it's still better than sexing chickens.

POCKET THE DIFFERENCE

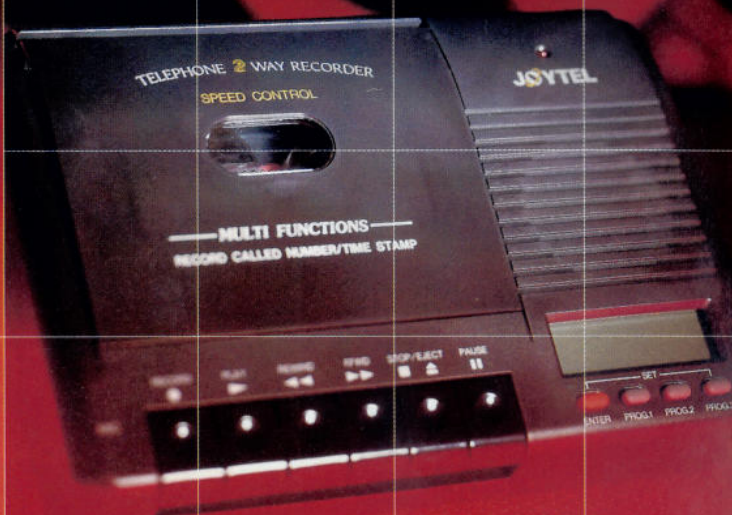
"NEVER trust a pen" is the lesson here. They might be mightier than the sword, but they're sneakier than a sly dog in a weasel-skin suit. This innocent-looking pen lid will plug into a hidden micro-cassette recorder, allowing you to prove what you really said when she brings it up in an argument four years from now. **\$600**

WRITE GIVEAWAY

GUYS don't talk about what they've done – only how many times they've done it and with whom – but watch out. Next time you're gloating to mates about your girlfriend's insatiable mother and her flexible best friend, you might be revealing all to the pen on the coffee table. With a range of 200m and a two-day battery life, this audio transmitter might make those 48 hours the last with your testicles intact. **\$600**

TROUBLE TALKING

IF YOU'RE fool enough to conduct your affair over a landline, you deserve to have this mongrel sicked on you. Once plugged into the line, it clicks on when you dial and records the number, conversation, time and date. Before you know it, that tape will be "Exhibit A" and an interested divorce court will be listening to hours of, "I can't wait any longer, Eric. I want you, I need you, yes, yes, yes." If your name's Eric. **\$520**



BAG THE OPPOSITION

IF YOU'RE any sort of spy, you'll be putting ordinary-looking bags to sinister uses. But problems may arise if you go to play tennis and realise you've brought three laser-sighted rifles by accident. In this laptop bag is – no, not a laptop – a colour video camera with a three-hour tape. If your boss leaves something that looks like this on the desk next to yours, stop looking at massivearses.com and get on with your work. **\$1100**

