

NORN IRON

Everyone knows the story (*the true story*) of the American pilot announcing to his passengers upon arrival at Belfast Aldergrove Airport ...

*'OK. We are now arriving at Belfast International Airport.
Remember to put your watches forward five hours ... and
back five hundred years.'*

For some reason, the British authorities do not know this story.

Nor do they heed the awful truth contained within it.

- ◆ In their supposed attempt to 'solve the Northern Ireland problem', they completely ignore the problem.
- ◆ What that pilot said is the epicentre of the problem ... as all modern people know.
- ◆ Over 400 years ago, the British created the problem but this is never the problem they are trying to solve.
- ◆ British Medieval bigotry and sectarianism is not even up for discussion when looking for a 'solution' to the Norn Iron they created.

Wise Old Sage

The statelet of Northern Ireland does not belong in the modern world. It is a living dinosaur – a far-flung fragment of Europe's Religious wars from 500 years ago.

How can people who believe God wrote the Bible and the Earth is 5,000 years old be allowed to rule a state in the modern world? It's insane to even imagine it – but there it is.

So ... what are the Brits going to do about the Irish people living in the state they created?

As every modern person on Earth knows, it is impossible for a modern, buoyant people to be contained within a sectarian, racist state like Norn Iron ('*a Protestant state for a Protestant people*' – *as the creators of the state called it*).

It doesn't work. Hello!

And it never worked anywhere in the world throughout history (for example South Africa and the Southern States of America).

- Wherever this kind of Calvinist and Imperialist thinking was planted in a colonial setting ... it didn't work.
- And it never will work. The world is littered with similar examples.
- Something has to be done to solve this British Problem we have in the North East of Ireland before this British Problem gets worse.

Let's look at some present day Case Studies and hopefully find a solution ...

And let's try to be as Funny as we can be about this Seriously messed-up British situation (aka sitch-ee-ation). Can we?



The 'Funny' Norn Iron Stuff

Environment and a lack of education can fundamentally alter a person's true nature and leave a hard shell that prevents their otherwise worthwhile life from emerging.

Case Study 1 :

Like a lot of northern men, I felt a certain embarrassment (or lack of manhood) when talking to Republican fighters who went through the horrors of the never-ending 'Troubles' in Norn Iron.

And I have often confessed to them, to my eternal chagrin and embarrassment, that the only thing I ever did for the Republican struggle was to shag an RUC man's wife.

This is normally met with some serious laughter which I wish was one of my jokes. But ... it's true. Goddamit, it's true

I do confess that I did shag an RUC man's wife – although I can't remember any of it and I certainly didn't know she was married. She neglected to mention that little bit.

Aside

Maybe I'm the real life inspiration for the story of 'Cal'?

But, for her, it must have been a huge turn-on to shag a man who not only wasn't her husband but was a 'Catlick' who supported the 'armed struggle'. In other words, I was her husband's greatest enemy - we were on opposites sides of our eternal war.

Now, if you're a woman, you can't get a bigger sexual turn-on than that, can you girls? Fukkn awesome, yeah? (Hello! Wise up, girls! Sleeping with the enemy is ... VERY NOT COOL. OK!)

Clarification is required here ...

The thing is - in all my meanderings through my naughty sex life, I've always stayed a million miles away from a married woman. It's just too bloody complicated and does nobody any good. I never touch that area.

An attached woman is simply out of bounds. End of story.

(Wouldn't it make this world a lot less troubled if women did the same and didn't enjoy shagging a married man - just to make sex more 'exciting'.)

So, no matter how drunk I was throughout my incredibly drunken life, I wouldn't have gone anywhere near her if I knew she was married and I certainly wouldn't have gone near her if I knew she was shagging an RUC man.

(I would have been vomiting for hours in the loo and it would have nothing to do with the cornucopia of alcohol I just had.)

Anyway ... we met at a party, which went on forever, and – totally unlike my normal modus operandi – I ended the night (early morning) in bed with her.

When I awoke later in the morning she was still asleep and I went through the usual post-mortem dilemma of the night before with a million vague images running through my massively hungover head.

- 'Jesus! Who is she?'
- 'I must have been really pissed'
- 'Ah, yes, I remember now ... Yes, I was pissed.'
- 'Dam! Did I have sex with her?'
- 'Dammit. Yes - I remember bits.'
- 'I probably DID have sex with her.'
- 'Unprotected sex. Dam!'
- 'Am I mad?'
- 'I swore, when I reached 30, I'd stop this shit.'
- 'Why can't I get some sense? What's wrong with me?...'

Tragically, I couldn't escape before she woke up ...

Aside

American men have a great name for this condition - they call it 'Coyote'. If a man wakes up with his arm trapped under the ugly woman he has just had sex with the night before, he should eat his arm off to escape - just like a coyote wolf will eat his leg off when he is caught in a trap - rather than let himself be caught and killed by the men who set the trap. Hence the ancient proverb that God invented alcohol so that ugly women could get some sex. (However, as the more learned people know, God invented alcohol so that Irishmen wouldn't rule the world.)

Anyway, it was too late for coyote now ... even if I was brave enough to eat my arm off – although, I confess, I was summoning up the courage to do just that.

On my first tentative movement to escape, she awoke and realised instantly the situation we were both in.

It was devastating, but we both smiled like ... 'Weren't we such idiots.'

Like myself, she had regret on her face also but slowly I discovered it was not the same regret that I had – which was just lust without protection.

We tried to banter for a while ... and then she blurted ...

'Are you Maginnis or McGuinness.'

- ➊ She wanted to know was my name spelled with a C or an A. Was it a Ma or a Mc.
- ➋ Mother a Jaesus and all the living saints in Heaven! I was definitely back in Norn Iron. Can't anything be normal there?

Naturally, I knew what was troubling her and, to relieve her consternation, I composed myself as best I could ...

'Well, you're definitely a Prod.'

(shocked) 'Why do you say that?'

'Because a Catholic would never ask that question.'

When she went sullen and quiet, I knew she was a Prod because ...

- ➊ Taigs could indeed ask that question (just not near as much as Prods)
- ➋ But, her not knowing that, betrayed that she was definitely not a Taig.



But, hey! Spare a thought for the poor sectarian bigots

Once, I was having a discussion about the extent of this sectarian nature of protestantism to an enlightened Norn Iron Protestant guy and he said ...

'You seriously don't know how bad it is. Did you know a typical Protestant can't even go on holidays? Well, sun holidays anyway.'

(Stunned) 'No I seriously did not know that. Pray explain.'

'A good Protestant can't go to the south of Europe because they will be in a non-Protestant country. And if they have to go, they can't enjoy it.'

So being a sectarian bigot is a difficult cross to bear. (Its like the neo-Nazis who can't talk to anyone or enjoy anything if there is any Jewish involvement.) I have (had) a German friend who is very intelligent but who can't ...

- Look at a Jew (or even look at a photo of a Jew)
- See a movie that has a Jew in it – acting, producing, directing, whatever
- Read a book or play written or acted in by a Jew
- Admire any achievement (scientific, psychological, spiritual etc.) by a Jew

You get the picture. He hates Jews - for no reason.

And his entire life is being repressed and diminished by this hatred. For example, he has to explore (research) is there any Jewish involvement in anything before he can experience it and enjoy it. He is living in a very narrow existence and really should explore the rest of this big beautiful Earth he is in. But he hasn't the courage to do this, lest his tiny world and all he knows should crumble into dust around him.

Every sectarian bigot in Norn Iron – definitely knows no Catholics.

Sectarianism can only grow in it's own arid wasteland.



Whenever I meet an enlightened (for enlightened read 'normal', 'modern') northern Protestant, I wonder aloud about this sectarianism and bigotry.

Once, while hitching a ride in Norn Iron in the seventies after a recent election, I got a lift from one such man. He presented himself as a broad-minded, modern person who believed we should all 'live together in harmony' etc.

After some good socio-political discussions, I asked him straight.

'On your Bible, tell me who you voted for in the last election.'

He nervously hesitated. I probed. At last, he unleashed.

'Paisley.'

In the silence that followed, I didn't have to say anything else. I had successfully exposed his untenable position. He knew, like me, there were 'inclusive' unionist politicians, acceptable to both sides, that he could have voted for.

Finally, he spoke and his counter was not an apology ... it was defiance.

'He gets the job done. OK.'

- I could only presume 'the job' he was referring to was the time-honoured discrimination and disenfranchisement of Catholics, Fenians, Taigs, Tims ... or maybe it was just the preservation of 'The Union'.
- Either way, it amounted to the same thing in the sectarian statelet of Northern Ireland.



I was having a discussion with an Orangeman once and he didn't like my attitude to the Orange Order. He decided to trip me up ...

'Did you ever read the Orange Manifesto?'

'Yes.'

'And. What's wrong with it?'

'Nothing. (pause) Did you ever read the Ku Klux Klan's manifesto?'

'No.'

'Well, there's nothing wrong with it either.'

Aside

The Ku Klux Klan's manifesto is simply saying they want to preserve their Anglo Saxon identity. There is nothing wrong with that. (*Although many of them do not have an Anglo name – a lot of their names are 'Celtic, French or whatever' – and their names are clearly part of the great big melting pot down there in the southern states of the USA. Could it be that they are 'white' and that's all that matters? Anglo or not – it doesn't really matter – they are just not black.*)

- I explained to him that no problem exists in any manifesto, anywhere in the world.
- It is not to be found in the carefully written words of a document.
- **The problem exists in the behaviour of their members.**



The 'Funny' Oirish Stuff

Case Study 2:

In the seventies, I was attending University College Dublin when Glenn Barr (leader of the UDA) spoke there at some 'Let's all be Friends' lecture ... as was popular at the time.

And he was treated with the utmost dignity and respect.

This was mind-bending to anyone who lived in the real world then. (*Can anyone imagine the reception a leader of the IRA would be given in a Northern Ireland university or even in an Oirish University like UCD?*)

There was complete silence when he spoke and great applause at his thin oratory and huge laughter at his poor jokes.

- ➊ I'm absolutely sure Glenn was as shocked as me. What did these middle class southern Oirish people think the UDA was? Nobody aware of the realities of Norn Iron could comprehend this.
- ➋ I was speechless. And I was so speechless I didn't even ask him one question about the sectarian nature of the murder organisation he led. I shouldn't have been speechless but I was. I could have said so much - but I was 19 years old and not confident enough then to take this task on.

Suddenly, during the question-time that followed his speech – and the thunderous applause at his 'diplomatic' responses to the benign questions given to him – a woman stood up (right beside me, actually) and spoke.

Shaking with emotion, her question was not for Glenn Barr. Her question was for the sheep-like audience that surrounded her.

She had come south to do this, knowing it was not safe to do it up north and this is a paraphrase of what she said ...

'I come from a middle-class Protestant family in Northern Ireland. I was told nothing about the history of the place I was born in. I had no idea. It is not even discussed in our education system.'

(pointing at Glenn Barr) 'This man is a leader of an organisation called the Ulster Defence Association which targets and murders Catholics.'

The UDA wants to preserve the discrimination against Catholics and the sectarian nature of the place. And you are applauding him? What is wrong with you?'

- ▶ She was old enough and Protestant enough to make that speech and get away with it.
- ▶ If a Catholic from the north (whether she or he was young or old) had said it, they would have been heckled beyond imagination.

NOTE

Of course, this is disgusting to all free-born people throughout the Earth who love their freedom.

And I was aware of this forelock-tugging, knee-bending, post-colonial, arse-licking southern Oirish thing before.

But, after experiences like this, it became firmly entrenched in my spiritual, emotional and political make-up and I knew it would remain with me to the end my life. (*If not longer ... much, much longer. Till the end of time itself, including all of my future lifetimes.*)

Donegal

I'm proud to say, my home county (the lighthouse of my life) is Donegal and the people living in this place are Unbeaten Irish and definitely not post-colonial Oirish. It is in the very North West of the Republic of Ireland which - unbelievably - the rest of the Republic calls - The South (exactly like their colonial masters tell them to say). The most northerly part of Ireland is called the South of Ireland not only by the former colonial imperialists but naturally by the Oirish cretins in the Irish parliament (Tragically, even some Sinn Fein politicians fall into this trap.)

But the north of Ireland is like so many other 'Disputed Territories' in Europe (Western Europe that is - it gets much more insane as one moves farther East).

Schleswik / Holstein (between Germany and Denmark) and Alsace / Lorraine (between Germany and France). Never mind the Dutch speaking Flemish / French speaking Walloon that are co-habiting Belgium for so many long centuries ... and a host of other examples too numerous to mention.

Europe is full of different people living together – maybe not in complete harmony but in a harmony of a sort that works (well, on the surface anyway). But scratch the skin and you can't imagine the grime and hatred that pours out.

In university, doing my History degree, a professor would ask 'What's wrong with the Northern Irish?' Look at the Balkans - three very different religious groups, Catholics, Muslims and Orthodox ... LIVING TOGETHER IN PERFECT HARMONY.

For those of you who are young or with short memories, the conflagration and mass murder of the various peoples living together in the Balkans began a few years later. We are talking about thousands of Muslim men and boys, with their hands in the air, being murdered close up and personal, by their neighbours like in the the Srebrenica massacre - and that's just one massacre of many.

The skin of the harmonious, eutopian, living-together-in-harmony of very different peoples in the same place had been very clearly scratched.

Me and Millie

Me and Millie (Mildred) sat together on a two person desk in a little two-roomed primary school in Fintra presided over by the most wonderful teacher a child could ever know.

(Why isn't there a movie made about Caitlin Ni Cunnichain (?) - or Miss Kathleen Cunningham as we knew her in the English language.) I always felt sorry for anyone who didn't have her as their primary school teacher. This world would have had so many less prisoners and less crime committed and ruined lives and many stupid people stimulated away from shit culture and shit education if they had this wonderful Irish woman as their first teacher. OK, I know the answer to my rhetorical question. Movie production is only concerned by the illiterate scum that infest this lovely Earth - that is what the people want.)

As children, me and Millie were obliged to leave school early and walk home alone. *(This was in the glory days when everyone including children were allowed free to walk without fear of rape and murder - before extreme violent movies and extreme violent porn had taken over the minds of otherwise normal people.)*

We would walk hand in hand through the enchanted Fintra Wood till we reached the equally enchanted Fintra Bridge. There we had to part - as I was going further.

Throughout our walk, our major argument was about which religion was best. Luckily, I had these huge Catholic prayers that she couldn't possibly compete with. The only prayer she won was the 'Our Father' because she had the extra line at the end 'For the Kingdom, the Power and the Glory ...'

When I seriously won the religious wars, in frustration, she would blurt out ...
'Well we have soft kneelers to kneel on in our church and you don't.'
So, she definitely won the kneelers war - which is what all religion is about.
Absolutely nothing to do with anything except stuff like kneelers in the church.

(When Mildred began kissing me on the mouth, I had absolutely no idea what was happening. As girls develop quicker than boys, I was frightened and decided I didn't want to visit her house on Saturdays again, which I couldn't explain to my mother.)

Me and Colin

I didn't know Colin well in Donegal. He was generally with a guy I knew quite well and so we only ever exchanged greetings.

Later, when he was moving to Australia, he discovered I was already living there. He got my address (there was no email or mobile phones then) and we met and got to know each other for the years we both lived there.

He was the only Donegal guy I knew there and it was great knowing him.

I will never forget our first meeting. He knew where the 'Henry the Ninth' pub was and we decided to meet there.

As I was sitting at the bar looking at the door, a guy arrived who looked a likely suspect - but he was not the Colin I remembered. He had his long blonde hair cut off and was wearing a Union Jack tee shirt.

I had never talked to him about our 'situation' back home in Ulster so he probably had no idea about my Republicanism and Nationalism.

But I realised he was probably just letting me know - **This is who I am.**

Like so many unionists in the border counties, he had few ways of expressing his British identity. And his family, I later got to know, couldn't have been more lovely people - the kind of people anyone would want as neighbours, anywhere in the world.

But, the tragedy of Ulster is, we are all as diametrically opposed as any different peoples can be opposed to each other on the face of this beautiful Earth.

Anyway, he met a girl who can only be described as your typical blonde, thick-as-shit racist Australian. Once, in response to her asking me what I worked at, I responded that I was working as a porter in a hospital. She looked away and said 'Yeah, you look like a porter' (I had black hair, you understand.) I never let him know my feelings about her but maybe he intuitively was aware of it. One day, over a beer he said ...

Colin : You can't imagine what it was like for me in Donegal. Every girl I fancied was a Catholic. So, I couldn't ask them out on a date or anything.

Me : Your parents wouldn't allow it?

Colin : No. My parents wouldn't stop me. It was me. Why should I change my religion. It's discrimination. So I wouldn't even start down that road.

Me : Of course you're right. It's a terrible law. A Protestant has to become Catholic to marry a Catholic. But it's not there any more, I think. Both sides just ignore these terrible laws - and rightly so!

Me : (*pause*) And I'm sure you know it was not Irish Catholics who made that law. That law came from Rome - and applied to the entire Catholic world. They didn't care what big problems we have in Ulster because of it.

Colin : (*pause*) And the really funny part is ... Donegal is about 20% Protestant and Australia in about 75% Protestant and my girlfriend here in Australia is a Catholic.

Me : (*laughing*) You should have stuck with a sweet Donegal Catholic girl and both of you dropped all religion ... or you just forced her to join your lot.



Mixed Marriages is what they were called back then (Christ knows what that means now - probably a marriage between a human and a bird or a fish or an ET).

And a really curious phenomenon rears its (maybe) ugly head. Something deeply embedded in the subdued psyche comes crashing to the surface.

Just like the person who has stopped smoking or drinking - they are roaring mad about how great abstinence is. Every drinker or smoker is suddenly the lowest piece of diarrhoea on planet Earth. Every Protestant who becomes Catholic - becomes Super Catholic. **A convert is the most fanatical of all religious people.**

One of my Donegal neighbours (a lovely guy and Catholic convert - who knew I stopped religion when I was 16) would ask me which Mass I went to on Sunday. When I would say ... 'No Mass' - he would be genuinely hurt and felt he was morally obliged to help me.

'Eddie. You're going too far. You can't just stop going to Mass. That's not right'



The 'Funny' Australian Stuff

Living in this far-flung Last Colony (unlike Ireland, which was the First Colony) it was difficult for me to deal with the treatment of the aboriginal people. Especially Tasmania – where the men, women and children, who had lived in harmony with nature for at least 50,000 years, were all exterminated by the British army in a 20 year period. English 'history' books say the Tasmanians did not 'Survive European civilization'.

(Before the last man, his woman and their children were murdered, they dressed them in English clothing and took a photo. This photo can be seen in London to this day.)

Australian Case Study 1:

I met Andy at a Sydney street demonstration protesting the Indonesian atrocities in East Timor or calling for the removal of American military bases from Australia (*there were so many demonstrations back then – I can't remember which*).

He was holding a big Socialist banner and looked defiant and proud – but he was dexterous enough and social enough to extend an arm and shake hands with me.

'I hear, by your accent, you're from the same part of the world as me.'

He was a typical northerner, very vocal, friendly and straight. Within a minute he had told me he was a plumber by trade, Church of Ireland by birth and hadn't been back to Norn Iron in many years.

Before I had time to draw a breath, he was talking about 'The Troubles'

Andy began a fervent attack on the injustices of the Northern Ireland statelet, the need for self determination of the Irish people free from British imperialism, the removal of class, religious and cultural barriers and the protection of the working people from capitalist excesses etc.

After recovering from his rapid-fire introductions and was able to draw a breath, I told him he sounded very similar to what Sinn Fein are saying.

He assured me that he was indeed a heavy-duty Sinn Fein supporter.

((((((((((((()))))))))))))

I had no idea then how true that was and for the next few years he would keep me informed on a very regular basis (whether I wanted it or not) on how the situation (sitch-ee-ation), from a Sinn Fein perspective, was progressing or not progressing in Norn Iron.

One of the more memorable incidents involved him bursting into my flat at the ungodly hour of eight o'clock on a Saturday morning. (*Mind you, this was the first and only time he came to my flat.*)

'Did ya hear the news? Did ya hear the news?'

Desperately trying to rub the sleep out of my eyes, I thought that all of Ireland must be on fire or something. And I was relieved (but very angry) that the great tidings he had to announce was the amount of seats Sinn Fein had won in some election in Norn Iron.

He had been up all night listening on the radio to the election results coming in and, without any sleep himself, was stunned at my lack of enthusiasm when I protested that I was only in bed for a few hours after my usual late night in The Rocks (aka Circular Quay) and he could have waited a wee bit longer to tell me the 'good news'.

((((((((((((()))))))))))))

I had known Andy for about two years when one evening, as I was walking along Oxford Street and ... there he was in all his manic glory ... still telling passers-bys some important information about an American or British atrocity somewhere in the world. (*I loved that about him – it was a constant brilliant bombardment about abuses in the world ... and he wasn't getting a penny for his efforts. God love him.*)

Normally I avoided him. (*Really sorry Andy if you're reading this because, call me a wimp if you must, I can spend only so much time talking about the sitch-ee-ation in Norn Iron. I prefer talking about sex or anything at all really – but preferably sex.*)

Anyway, I couldn't avoid him this time and, as usual, he invited me for a drink (and as all us Irishmen know 'a drink' is a helluva lot more than a drink). This time, I accepted.

After a few pints (sorry, schooners) and we were knee-deep talking about Norn Iron politics and I was struggling to stay politically focused and trying not to look at the few sexy shielas in the place, it dawned on me that I actually knew very little about the man I was talking to. So, I decided to politely investigate.

'Andy, with your beliefs – and you're certainly not afraid to voice them – you must have had a hard time in Northern Ireland.'

'Yeah. I sure did. I sure did. (*pause*) I can't go back there, ya know.'

'What do you mean?'

'They told me to get out.'

'Who did? What happened?'

'Oh, well. The usual story, I suppose. Me and two other guys are walking down the street one evening and suddenly the army and police surrounded us and take us in for questioning.'

'What about?'

'Well ... they found guns and stuff in my house.'

'Shit! Sorry to hear it.'

'Yeah. It was a bad time. They told me to get out of Northern Ireland and not to come back for ten years. So I came to Australia.'

- ⌚ It's never easy to hear these things especially to people you have come to like ... but the incongruity of his story was apparent to me immediately.
- ⌚ There was something fundamentally *wrong* with it. Something was definitely not right here.
- ⌚ The treatment he received was just too ... LENIENT ... yes, definitely too lenient ... for what everyone understands about what Norn Iron 'justice' was in the seventies.
- ⌚ The other thing that bothered me was that, because of Andy's heavy left wing leanings, he could have been a member of the INLA and not the IRA.

'Andy, I'm sorry to ask this. I don't even know how to ask it or if you should answer. But ... which group was it, anyway. The IRA or INLA?'

He looked at me as if I had ten heads. Ten very ugly, extremely stupid heads.

'The UVF.'

A fly sitting on a nuclear reactor trying to understand what was going on in there couldn't have been more bewildered than me as I stared dumb-struck into his face.

To me, the UVF were cowards who couldn't (or were too frightened) to go after the IRA, so they murdered totally innocent Catholics instead. He broke the awkward silence.

'So what did you think I was?' (*pause*) 'I told you I was a Protestant.'

And he did – the very first day I met him. But republicanism has no class or religious boundaries (as was the ideal of the original founding fathers of Irish Republicanism). I got up and began walking out but he blocked my path at the exit door so I had to speak ...

'Bobby Sands was given 15 years in Long Kesh for a revolver that was found in a ditch, beside him. And he subsequently died of hunger strike in that concentration camp.'

'OK. I thought you were one of a very rare breed. I thought you were different. A Protestant Republican. Yes, very rare in Norn Iron, I admit - but that's what I thought.'

All the original Republicans - the United Irishmen - were Protestant. Hello? You're bound to know that. I don't have to tell you that. Oliver Bond where I come from, Henry Joy McCracken where you come from and Napper Tandy, Robert Emmet and Wolfe Tone etc. in Dublin. They were all Protestants. HELLO!

Andy had a lovely laugh – everyone (including me) really liked it. But this time he laughed at the absurdity of him being a working class Protestant republican in the place he was born.

'Are you mad? That was another time. There was no United Irishmen in the estate where I grew up. You were either fighting for Ulster or you were nothing. So I was fighting for Ulster.'

Under my initial surprise and subsequent interrogation, he went on to explain that his Irish republicanism came later – in Australia.

In the first year or two, following his exile from Norn Iron, while working with Irishmen on building sites and keeping his mouth firmly shut, he would hear things they said that got him thinking which eventually prompted him to go to libraries (there was no internet then) and read Irish history – for the first time in his life.

- ◆ And what he discovered really shocked and transformed him.
- ◆ Although he was born in Ireland, he had never been taught any Irish history. Nothing at all. This was his 'British' heritage.
- ◆ He couldn't believe that so much was kept from him in his schooling in Norn Iron and he realised the lengths the authorities must have gone to in order to prevent the proper education of their children.

(finally, he let me speak) 'Did you know that if you were Catholic, you would now be serving at least a fifteen year stretch in Long Kesh ... for a much lesser offence.'

(and he countered) 'Yes. I know that. I know that, now. But I felt really hard done by when it happened back then. As far as I was concerned, I was just protecting Ulster.'

EPILOGUE

- ▶ Curiously enough, he disagreed with my assessment of the UVF.
- ▶ He told me to investigate their politics (which I subsequently did).
- ▶ And he was adamant they had a valuable contribution to make to the Final Settlement in Norn Iron and it would not happen without them.

**It seemed crazy to hear this in the early eighties
but in the late nineties his words were
truly prophetic indeed.**



Australian Case Study 2 :

Once, I worked in the same place as this really nice woman from County Cork. (*We were the only two Irish people there.*)

- ➊ She was a Protestant and I asked her about any feelings of alienation or discrimination that she may have experienced when she lived there.
- ➋ Like every other Protestant from the Republic I ever talked to about this, she said there was absolutely none. And in fact, it couldn't have been more different.
- ➌ The 98% who were her Catholic neighbours went out of their way to make her feel loved and accepted in every aspect of her life.

Aside

(Before there is an avalanche of protest here, everyone recognises that the ban on children being brought up Protestant in a mixed marriage was terrible – but that law was a product of Rome and not Irish Catholics.)

'But, my goodness, you have problems up there, don't you?'

'You mean in the north of Ireland.'

'Yes. It's shocking'

- ➊ She told me about a time when she was a teenager and she visited her relatives in Norn Iron. They were asking her lots of probing questions about her life in County Cork and she was telling them about how nice it was and about this great friend she had there etc.
- ➋ They asked her to describe her friend. With teenage animation and enthusiasm, she told them everything about how great her friend was. But she noticed her relatives' unsmiling, stony, perturbed faces that showed no sign of delight or interest in what she was saying.

And they kept asking her strange questions about the girl that seemed illogical to her. Eventually, she could take it no more ...

'I don't understand why you are asking me these questions about her.'

(straight) 'We want to know, does your friend go to Church or Chapel?'

She was shocked that this is all they wanted to know about her lovely friend.

When they heard 'Chapel' they lost interest in the girl and talked about something else. So her relatives were ...

- ➊ Not interested at all in who her best friend was, but they were very interested in what 'religion' she was.
- ➋ Not interested in their cousin's best friend worth as a human being was but were only interested in her 'tribe'.

NOTE

That Cork lady's relatives in Norn iron were her own blood and she wanted to love them – but she was brought up in a Catholic environment and her relatives were as alien to her as alien could be ... their better nature had been very altered by the sectarian environment they were brought up in.

- The next time her relatives invited her up north to visit she simply said
- 'When you have a northern Catholic in the room with you – I'll go.'
- Needless to say – she was never invited to Norn Iron again.



Australian Case Study 3 :

- Again in Australia (*Jesus! I must've spent a lotta time there*), I met two Northern Irish unionist guys (*Sorry, Northern Ireland unionist guys ... they don't like that word 'Irish'*).
- One was from County Tyrone and the other was from County Antrim. They were close friends who had known each other for years - not in Norn Iron but in Australia, where they met.
- One evening, over a beer, I asked them about their identity ... how they saw themselves and felt about it etc.

It was disquieting and virgin territory for both of them and they began seriously arguing about it. So, I just stood there - feeling kinda guilty at having unearthed this fundamental difference between them.

A Word of Caution ...

An explanation, for the uninitiated, north of Ireland demographics is necessary here ...

Antrim has roughly 80% Protestant and 20% Catholic and Tyrone has roughly 50% Protestant and 50% Catholic ... at least that's what it was when I met these guys. It's probably different now.

But the important thing is - the Antrim guy had a lot less exposure to Catholics than the Tyrone guy.

So, there's a fair chance that Tyrone Guy knew no Catholics, but probably did, and there is a far greater chance that Antrim Guy knew absolutely no Catholics whatsoever.

Hence the importance of environment in all examples of bias and prejudice in this messed-up world. (A Ku Klux Klan guy definitely knows no black people. OK.)

So - in answer to my probing identity questions ...

Antrim Guy : I'm definitely a British person living in Ireland.

Tyrone Guy : I'm a British person AND an Irish person. I'm happy with both.

Antrim Guy : (*totally angry*) Listen to him.

He doesn't have a drop of Irish blood and neither do I.
And he calls himself Irish.

So, the civil war began between them and I decided to just let them fight it out (*I had loads of girls to bowl over with my awesome charm and brilliance*) and I never subsequently discovered who the winner was.

.....

The Antrim guy reminded me of a man I saw one blazing hot day walking down Pitt Street, Sydney. He was wearing a big UDA woollen jacket, heavy trousers and boots and everyone else on Pitt Street, and throughout all of Australia, was wearing ... nothing. Well, maybe a T shirt, shorts and flip-flops but that was all.

- 🟡 I genuinely felt sorry for him.
- 🟡 He was in The Antipodes – the Lucky Country – this perfect environment which was about as far away from what this guy was born into as one could possibly be.
- 🟡 But he was still living in the sectarian reality of Norn Iron and his entire personality was still blighted by it.
- 🟡 And even if he had just 'come off the boat' yesterday, he should have adapted by now. (Hello! The heat and smiling semi-naked people ... etc.)



The 'Funny' Norwegian Stuff

Norwegian Case Study 1 :

When I went to live in Norway, my Norwegian girlfriend – let's call her Inger – and I lived for the first week in her friend's house, till we found a flat.

- ★ It was a lovely wooden house with a white picket fence in the pristine snow ... just like a Christmas card.
- ★ It was seriously perfect, blissful and white.

Increasingly, right from the beginning, it became obvious to me that her friend – let's call her Torhild – hated me. And there was absolutely no reason for this hatred.

She was polite enough when I was with Inger (though she never looked in my face etc.) but if I happened to meet her alone on the stairs or in the kitchen etc. Torhild would barely recognise my smile or greeting and move swiftly away without a word.

Inger laughed and protested when I told her about this situation which I knew was real but she couldn't accept ...

- ◆ 'You are being paranoid.'
- ◆ 'Why would she hate you?'
- ◆ 'It makes no sense.'
- ◆ 'She hasn't even spoken to you.'
- ◆ 'And you haven't done anything wrong.'

Of course, to any unbiased observer, Inger had to be right. It just had to be my over-active imagination. So, I began to seriously doubt everything about my perceptions throughout my entire life up to this point.

Then, one day, I looked closely at a poster that was hanging on the corridor wall between her bedroom and ours. Surprisingly, it was an advertisement for a folk music festival in East Belfast.

Intrigued, I approached Inger (who had lived in Dublin for two years).

'Hey. You never told me you've been to Belfast.'

'No. That's not mine. That's Torhild's. She goes there regularly. Her friend lives in Northern Ireland. Her friend's father is in ... you know that organisation that marches every Summer ... and there's always trouble ... and ...'

(shocked) 'You mean, the Orange Order.'

'Yeah. That's it. Well her friend's father is some big guy in that.'

Well, well, well! You could have knocked me down with a feather, Trevor. So I wasn't cracking up after all. (*I know this Orangeman's name but I cannot say it here.*)

Torhild hated me, not because I had said or did anything to offend her or even her beloved Orange organisation. She hated me because, as far as her sectarian little mind was concerned, I was one of those pesky Irish Catholics and, for this reason alone, I deserved nothing but disrespect and contempt - even though I was a guest in her house.

... There are epilogues to this bizarre story ...

About six months later, my girlfriend invited Torhild for dinner to our flat. Being cultured, I couldn't behave to her as she did to me. I was polite and friendly and didn't add ground glass and a heap of arsenic to her dinner as I probably should have done.

When the conversation went quiet (*scary when dining with Fascists as any normal person will agree*), she suddenly asked me ...

'Eddie. What do you think is the problem in Northern Ireland?'

To say she definitely caught me by surprise was a huge understatement. After her really bad treatment of me in the past, the last thing I expected this woman to do was to engage me in any topic – and especially in THIS topic – and in a polite way.

But I always answer what I believe to be the truth, no matter who my audience is.

Me

I believe Northern Ireland is a sectarian, Medieval state – created as such. A Protestant State for a Protestant People. But the problem is ... there are modern people living there. If these modern people were a tiny minority then they would probably just have to accept it. But when the modern people are nearly half of the population, then the state will have to burst at the seams. And the state will have no choice but to become modern.

Strangely, she seemed to accept this (well, she nodded her head ... whatever that meant) and she moved the conversation away. But I'll wager my last Euro that, to her sectarian mind, the modern people I was referring to were none other than her dear friends ... the Orange Order. But I don't know for sure what she thought and I let it go.

.....

Our final meeting came when my girlfriend Inger invited Torhild and her man for dinner to our new flat. (*Jesus! No, please! Kill me first! But my pleadings were in vain.*)

Inger again laughed at my consternation and reminded me that she was a nice person and was her best friend at school etc. (*And, worst of all, Inger insisted she do the cooking - although I had begged her to do the talking and I do the cooking.*)

Anyway, they arrived. Her boyfriend was Dutch and, although the Dutch are Calvinist, I had lived there and never experienced anything resembling sectarianism. But, tragically, he was a convert to his woman's way of thinking. (*A wise psychoanalyst would say, he had absolutely no choice in this matter*).

However, with my usual courteousness, I showed them around our flat as I would with any normal person. And you can't imagine how hard that was - after her radically unfriendly and contemptuous treatment of me when I lived in her house.

When we got to the bedroom, Torhild stared at the picture of an angel above our bed.

Aside

Inger's mother loved pictures of angels and (although it is not part of their Lutheran Culture) she gave a picture of an angel to both of her daughters and her son when they left home to be displayed over their beds. This was her spiritual link to her children.

Suddenly, Torhild began a tirade of demonic laughter (I can't think of a more suitable word than 'demonic' for it) that clearly demonstrated she needed spiritual help.

So you have Catholic symbols over her bed. I can't believe I'm seeing this Wow! You are so Catholic.

It was a truly shocking thing for me to live through and remain silent. She hated anything Catholic and she had to scream it. She couldn't even hate in silence.

NOTE

(Restraint is only expected if you are the victim of sectarianism. This is well known throughout history. No restraint is required at all if you are a sectarian bigot – as she ably demonstrated that night.)

(Also note : It made no difference to her if I was a practising Catholic or not – just like it made no difference to a Nazi during the Third Reich if you were a practising Jew or not ... you were going to die anyway.)

Aside

Reminds me of the Belfast joke where a bunch of sectarian Prod guys surround a man and point a gun at him.

Gunman – Prod or Taig?

Man – (frightened) I'm not even Christian. I'm a Jew.

Gunman – (big pause) Well, are you a Protestant Jew or a Catholic Jew?

In Norn Iron, it's not about religion. It's how you vote.

Big Aside ...

In my 'The Brits' section, I am trying to understand, as best I can, why the conflict in the First Colony of their imperialist nightmare in all the continents of the Earth (i.e. Ireland, beginning in 1169) was being referred to as a 'Religious War' in the 1970s. Hello!

Clearly, this is how the Brit parliament and media see the conflict in Norn Iron (or desperately want to present this nonsense to their people and to the world). Here is one of my movie scripts from 'The Brits' section on my website ...

EXT. SOMEWHERE IN ARMAGH. DAY ... (Title : Catholics)

A group of ragged irregulars are hunched together in a trench assembling a rudimentary bomb. All of them have ape-like, simian faces with huge green Celtic Crosses around their necks and a bottle of whiskey in their pockets. Clearly drunk, they manage to finish their task. One drunk guy grabs the bomb and tries to steady himself while shouting at the enemy.

Drunk Catholic Guy

Transubstantiation is da only ting dat makes sense, ye prodasin bastards.

Come back to da true faith while ye still can and save yer dam souls.

Ye'll be taken to the nearest church and baptised Catholic after ye have learned to say da names of all da saints – in da Gaelic language.

He hurls the bomb at the enemy and stumbles backward over his colleagues as he does.

EXT. SAME PLACE IN ARMAGH. DAY ... (Title : Protestants)

A group of well dressed men in bowler hats and orange sashes are hiding behind a Protestant church wall. Very orderly, they hold banners of Luther and Calvin and are manning two heavy machine guns. The 'Catholic' bomb explodes with no affect whatsoever. One man shouts back.

Respectable Protestant Guy

We will never be party to idolatry and superstition. Consubstantiation and Justification by Faith and the Bible itself is all that's required for salvation. Catholics will all go to Hell.

Why can't you people just be British – and protestant. And saved.

And fear the Old Testament God of brimstone and ... FIRE.

At that, they begin shooting with all the fanatical sectarian frenzy they've got.

... End of Big Aside

- Anyway, in my absolutely shocked state at Torhild's outburst, I tried to calmly explain that the picture of the angel above our bed was given to Inger by her mother (whom Torhild knew from back home). Nothing to do with me.
- But it made no difference what I said – Torhild was on a Catholic hating spree.
- She began raving about condoms and the Pope and the economy of Ireland and anything else her fevered, sectarian mind could conjure out of nowhere.
- Very little of it had any basis in truth. It was classic sectarian bigotry and she had no problem doing it – not just in her house but now in my house also.
- As only a sectarian bigot can understand, she had placed the Catholic label on me although I have no relationship with or attachment to the Catholic Church.
- But she maybe knew that I despise imperialism (like most people on the Earth) and believed a sovereign, independent United Ireland was the only realistic solution to the British problem we have in Ireland and that made me ... 'A Catholic'.

Needless to say – This was too much for me to endure so I retaliated for a while but it was useless so I removed myself physically from my own dinner table and watched the Television and let them continue without me.

And, although I really didn't want to, I had to end my relationship with Inger after this. Again, she didn't witness most of her friend's mad sectarian behaviour but I refused to accept her ignorance of it from that point on.

And I want this to be known ...

Inger and I were perfect in every other way (we had lived in Ireland, Malaysia and Norway together) and we should still be together, but her sectarian friend ended that scenario for me and gave me no choice but to remove myself physically from her and from her flat ... and from Norway as well.

Norwegian Case Study 2 :

Once while sitting around a table at a gathering in Oslo I was, as usual, answering a lot of questions. It became blindingly obvious that the man sitting directly opposite me really hated me, although I had never met him before and said nothing to offend him. He was a big, muscular guy with a shaved head and it was intimidating because he made no attempt to disguise what he felt about me.

- When I spoke and was looking into the other people's faces, I was aware that he was looking at me.
- But when I looked at him, he would turn away with amazing contempt.
- He refused to engage with me when I spoke to him – which was unnerving to say the least – so I was forced to look at someone else.

Then someone asked me about some situation in Ireland and I answered. I couldn't help noticing an electric bolt shudder the big guy opposite and, when I finished speaking, he was tentatively staring at me and asked ...

Big Guy : Where are you from?

Me : Ireland.

Nervously, he stood up and stretched his hand out to me. I stood also and shook his hand (this is common in all of Europe when they discover you are not British).

Big Guy : I'm sorry, I thought you were British.

Me : And I'll bet I hate them more than you. Anyway, what's your story?

When we both sat down again, he explained that he was a Norwegian Special Forces soldier and part of his job was training Special Forces soldiers from other countries on how to survive if they were dropped in the snow behind enemy lines.

He explained that all men, even from countries at war with each other, or about to go to war etc. shake hands when they meet on a bleak and isolated Norwegian mountain for training. They are all professional soldiers and showed no animosity to the other men there. But this harmony was always broken when the British soldiers would arrive.

Big Guy : Try to realise, we are on the top of a desolate mountain. Nothing but snow. The nearest settlement is many miles away. No beer. No women. Nothing. But somehow the Brits would want to fight every man there, desperately looking for trouble. What's wrong with them?

Me : They're Brits. That's the way they are. There is no cause or cure. We had them in Ireland for hundreds of years. They almost murdered us all.

And the image the world is given of British Special Forces is a cool, clean hero types like Bear Grylls. And this is what is accepted as fact until people get some experience of reality.

But this particular guy understood very clearly why we Irish fought these scum in each generation – and won. But at such a terrible cost.

Bratislava Aside

Once, I was on a bus from Prague to Bratislava. Normally, I like to talk to everyone but, tragically, there was little English spoken by the Slovaks on that bus. Relegated to silence, I was seated beside a 17 year old girl who was chewing gum, furiously fingering her phone and listening to her music, like everyone else in her generation.

At a rest stop, as she squeezed past me on her return, she realised I was an English speaker ...

She : Where are you from?

Me : Ireland

She : (*shocked*) Wow! That's my favourite country that I really want to visit.

Me : (*heard it all before*) Yeah, I know. U2, the lovely people, the great music, the great writers and dancers etc.

She : Yes. But the best is your history. Ireland has the greatest history of us all. For 800 years they were destroying you - but you beat them.

Me : (*shocked*) Yes. You are right. Well done for knowing this. But it was the most horrible history of all.

She : Yes. It was horrible. But ... it's incredible! You beat them. You won.

- ➊ With that, she casually put her speakers back in her ears and said goodbye to me ... the old guy I probably was to her.
- ➋ But our brief exchange totally energised me. She was right.
- ➌ Long may she live and be influential throughout her life and talk to as many people as she can – that wonderful young girl.

Just when you think you have reached the bottom with not an interested ear nor a sympathetic gesture to lift you, something a teenager, like her, might say can restore your will to live and fight.

Yes, she was right ...

- ➊ We fought an horrific 800 year nightmare ... but we won.
- ➋ We sacrificed so many cultured Irish people, starved to death or butchered on their own land so that British planters could desecrate it ... but we won.
- ➌ We sacrificed so many heroic, untrained men who were easily killed in battle by trained killers ... but we won.
- ➍ We were killed if we spoke our language ... but we won.
- ➎ We were killed if we practised our religion ... but we won.

God love that teenage girl that such insight was given to her and that same insight continues to be such a bafflement to older beaten and cowering people in post-colonial Oireland who are still convinced they will be hanged from the nearest tree if they express their Irish identity in any way.

Norwegian Case Study 3 :

My ever-popular girlfriend (and I) were invited to a party once. All guests were seated at the large table in the living room, overlooking Oslo. Everything was really cool. And not just cool. It was very cold indeed – extremely cold weather outside.

One of the guests at the table was an English guy, talking loud and confident as is the birthright of all thugs. Suddenly he said something very anti-Irish, sectarian and very acceptable to him as he followed it with the usual odious English laugh.

NOTE

Many times, when talking to ex-pat English people in Europe who wouldn't return there, I would ask them what were the things they most disliked about England and invariably high up on the list was the English laugh. This laugh is not from the heart with joy – as is normal. It is a demonic sneer, filled with ridicule and hate and everything that is vile to people who are not English.

At this point, I hadn't spoken yet, but I did then. I spoke directly to him and answered his sectarian shit well, but with restraint ... however hard that was for me. I didn't want this primitive English shit to ruin the party for me or for anyone else.

He was struck dumb (and stayed dumb-struck for the rest of the evening) as I continued talking to the people in my vicinity. But, as I ignored him, I noticed him transfixed by me. Clearly, he couldn't believe his bad luck.

- ★ Not only was I an Irishman but he instinctively knew I was not the usual Oirish post-colonial cretins that he had experienced in Britain and had much fun with ... telling his hilarious Oirish jokes.
- ★ He realised I was one of the Unbeaten Ones from the North, the Irish they had been fighting for 800 years and failed to beat.
- ★ And I was someone who could expose him for the trash that he was to his new Norwegian friends.

Anyway, as the evening progressed, I went outside to the balcony to have a cigarette (*I was a smoker then – silly me*) and looked at the beautiful vista that was Oslo in the winter evening snow. Immediately, the disgusting trash was standing beside me. Without a word from me or a greeting from him, he nervously blurted out ...

English Guy : OK. Let me speak. I was in the British Army and joined the parachute regiment and I was sent to Belfast in 1973. And all I want to say is ... the way we behaved ... if I was an Irish guy there I would have joined the IRA.

Me : I understand.

With that, I extinguished my cigarette and walked away through the other door leading from the balcony. I didn't want to listen to any apology he might have for the heroic Irish people who were killed by trash like him or to empathise with the culture-less wasteland that he and his ilk had crawled out of ... and he had no choice but to join the British army etc.

Incidentally ...

How come I have never heard any apology from any elected British official about the extermination of my people during the 'Troubles' in Norn Iron or for the past 800 years in Ireland?

Amazing! Isn't it?

And I don't suppose there's any post-colonial Oirish cretin in Dail Eireann demanding it either.

Do you blame the Brits? They genuinely think all the Irish they are dealing with are inferior idiots who laugh at Oirish jokes.



Miscellaneous Madness

Back in the bad old days (just a few years ago ...)

In my wild wanderings in Australia, I once befriended an Orangeman from Glasgow. He had a great sense of humour and we shared a barrel of laughs on many occasions.

He was present one day when the Aussie guys asked me what the problem in Norn Iron was. I don't massage my response to suit my audience and so I responded as I always do about the 800 year old hideous face of British Imperialism in Ireland. My Orange friend was shocked and when we were alone we had this exchange ...

He : Are you a Tim?

Me : What does that mean?

He : Are you a Taig ... a Catlick?

Me : Well, from your point of view, I probably am. And what are you?

He : Prodasin.

Me : Which denomination?

He : What are you talking about?

Me : Are you Presbyterian, Anglican, Methodist, Baptist. What?

He : (*confused*) I'm a Prodasin.

- ✓ Protestant was clearly not a religion to him.
- ✓ It was a label, a badge of identity.
- ✓ It was a sect, a tribe, a clan.
- ✓ But it was definitely not Catholic – and that was the important bit.

NOTE

Of course, Anglicans see themselves as Catholic – but not Roman Catholic. However, this must be made clear. There is only one Catholic Church. There is no such thing as Roman Catholic – that term was invented by Anglicans after the Reformation. (As you can imagine, all of this is very confusing to a non-Christian.)

(((((((((((((0))))))))))))

Myself and an English friend, who had no understanding of the Norn Iron 'experience', were walking along in a pretty rough 'prodasin' part of Belfast. When passing a church, he read the sign identifying it as a Free Presbyterian church.

'What's a Free Presbyterian church?'

As best I could, I tried to explain the theological fragmentation within the various 'Christian' churches and how it is normally based in Old Testament theology which is loosely based around how much punishment our tyrannical God has in store for us. But all my brilliant words clearly fell on barren ground. Thinking what I was trying to describe had to be based in a Class Struggle of some sort which was the Socialist British irreligious background he came from, he enquired ...

'So, if we moved from this area into a better off area, we would move from the Free Presbyterian church and encounter the Moderately Priced Presbyterian church ... and, in the really posh suburbs, there would be the Extremely Expensive Presbyterian church.'

And in their Orange Order parades (which the Church of Ireland had finally allowed Presbyterians to join in) they could really exploit this exciting 'Free' bit and significantly increase membership. Whilst wearing their orange sashes, they could all paint their faces blue and get kitted out in the tartan paraphernalia akin to William Wallace of 'Braveheart' fame and bellow with all their might ...

'They may take away our lives but they'll never take our Freedom'

And the more timid, peace-loving types (dare I say 'cultured') who are averse to such naked brutality (or maybe just averse to naked) can always paint their faces black and move their bodies in their best African American way and chant in their best African American accent (which I concede all of this may be extremely difficult for them) ...

'Free at lass. Free at lass. Thank God Amitey ... we's free at lass'

(((((((((((((0))))))))))))

Once, while holidaying in a foreign exotic location, I came to know a really nice couple from Norn Iron.

He was a Catholic Republican and she was a Protestant Unionist and ... they were on their honeymoon. That's right, folks ... honeymoon! (*You can't make these stories up.*)

One day, whilst chatting, she said she accepted his perspective that it was a war – a long war – but there were some things she couldn't accept.

She

Eddie. I don't know what your politics are but he (*indicating her husband*) believes the RUC are a 'legitimate target'. This is really wrong. I have family in the police but I would say the same if I didn't have family in the police.

Both of them had no idea that my Nationalism and Republicanism was probably greater than his ... but I had to answer honestly as she had asked honestly.

Me

Police forces everywhere swear allegiance to the state they serve. All countries are the same. And it is very rare to find a state that doesn't have prejudices and biases and this will be reflected in the police force. It's just human nature. So the Northern Ireland police should be educated better but they should not be a legitimate target.

NOTE

- *Marriage is a really tough thing to make work – even under normal conditions with homogeneous people.*
- *Why make it dramatically harder. Hello!*
- *This couple were very brave but marriage doesn't get much harder than that.*
- *But, all the best to them in forging the possible future of Norn Iron.*

((((((((((((())))))))))))

When I was a mere slip of a lad in my first year in Dublin, during the really bad days in Norn Iron, I met this 'refugee' from Belfast.

He was a Prod guy about my age who couldn't stand the sectarian nature of the place and had migrated south. Dublin was (and still is) alien to me as it was to this guy so I understood his isolated plight.

He was brought up in a Protestant housing estate and ... although not near as bad as in Catholic estates (which he conceded) ... because he was a young man, he had to endure a lot of stops and searches by British army patrols. But he told me a brilliant solution he discovered to this problem, which is probably known well to Catholic young men ...

- Always carry a really bright book (Psychology / Sociology etc.) under your arm when you were walking the streets.
- If the Brits stop you and see the book you are carrying - they will instantly motion you onward.
- The Brits don't want their stupidity being exposed in a dialogue with a bright bloke who can clearly read and write.
- I then added that the book you are carrying should be about Theology. Even an officer class guy who thinks he might be educated will shrink in the face of Theology. He is not leading a bunch of heavily-armed British scumbags into Ireland to discuss the 'True Nature of God'. This 'educated' type will run also – even quicker than the squaddie.

((((((((((()))))))))))

- ★ While living in Europe, I was passing through Dublin once and I chatted up a young lady in a bar who was a Norn Iron 'Prod' also passing through Dublin.
- ★ Although it took her ages to finally convince me, she was a prostitute – but she was not on duty. She was on holiday.
- ★ She was one of the most lovely people I have ever met and the word that will always spring to mind when I think about her is ... tactile.
- ★ Without a doubt, she was the most tactile person I have ever met – and I'm pretty goddam tactile myself.
- ★ She would touch my arm and fingers as she spoke into my eyes and she was not looking for a John – or anything. She was just a naturally perfect communicator.
- ★ A nicer person you couldn't possibly meet in a lifetime searching.
- ★ **Having said all this, I think she must have been a Taig and not a Prod.**

((((((((((((())))))))))))

I once befriended a Taig guy from Belfast who experienced nothing but intimidation and violence all his life – but he couldn't wait to leave Sydney (where we both lived) and get back to Belfast.

To say I was flabbergasted was an understatement. It was impossible to comprehend. Surely being a masochist is not an explanation for this irrational desire.

The sectarian nightmare and miserable weather he endured all his short life was way more attractive than Sunny Sexy Sydney. He wanted to leave a place where ...

- ▶ He was accepted and admired for who he was
- ▶ Girls would shag him for just a smile
- ▶ Prices were easy and affordable
- ▶ The climate was the best in the world

And (for some bejaesus reason best known to himself) he wanted to get back to Belfast saying he could not be happy outside it. And he did go back – God love his poor deluded soul and his intensely suspect judgement.

Aside

During my many years living everywhere in the world, I also confess that I was never happy living anywhere except Ireland. However, I couldn't imagine feeling the same about Norn Iron. But maybe I'm just biased – old biased bastard wot I am.

((((((((((((())))))))))))

On my many trips from Dublin to Donegal, I was accustomed to drop into a Protestant Off Licence and avail off the cheaper UK prices of beer compared to the insanely expensive Republic as it was then.

Because it was my only stop on the journey, I would then go into the public bar and use the toilet before continuing. And, absolutely every time, this was the routine.

- ◆ I would walk through the bar door and the row of men sitting at the bar would all turn and look at me. (*I don't know was it the same row of men each time – but I would hazard a bet that it was. It was a bit like Moe's Bar – except that Homer Simpson didn't have so many drinking buddies.*)
- ◆ I would smile and say Hello and go to the toilet while their eyes followed me on my lonely journey (*why can't they locate toilets closer to the door?*)
- ◆ After about five seconds, while Fagin was in my hand and engaged in his least favourite role of pissing, a guy from the bar would come in and stand beside me. (*I never knew was it the same guy each time – men simply don't examine the man who stands next to them at a urinal. It's not the done thing.*)

But, he was on a mission and he had to report back to his buddies at the bar.

He would say 'How ya doin'. R'ya just passin' through?
I would say 'Just passin' through – to Donegal'.

And that would generally be it. We would pass some pleasantries, normally about the weather (what else?) and we would finish up (*he probably didn't have a drop to piss – but I wasn't looking*).

Now realise this. I was not carrying my Off Licence beer in a bag. In fact, I was carrying nothing and wearing nothing except jeans and a shirt. So I couldn't have been up to any skulduggery. But they still had to know who I was.

That's just the way it is (was?) in good old Norn Iron.

(((((((((((())))))))))))

Alex, a Prod guy I once knew, introduced me to a bunch of his Prod friends and their treatment of me can only be described as sectarian. I wasn't even political then and the problems in Norn Iron was never even mentioned by me or them.

The next time I met Alex he apologised about his friends behaviour. Knowing he should have done something when it happened and hoping he could remove himself from any culpability, he simply apologised by saying 'his friends were a bit off' or something like that. But I couldn't accept this weakness in him. In response, all I said was ...

'Show me your friends and I'll tell you who you are'.

I was quoting Jesus and I think (but not sure) Alex knew what I was saying and I had hit a nerve. We never mentioned it again and I refused to deal with his friends again.

((((((((((((())))))))))))

Whilst holidaying in a very remote part of the Earth, I bumped into an Irish bar in about the last place you'd expect to find an Irish bar. Emblazoned with all the Irish paraphernalia and a huge Cead Mile Failte above the door, it was a treasure to behold.

And the owner / barman was just as pleased as me because – by an amazing coincidence – he was originally from Donegal.

Anyway, as he was busy at the bar, he presented me with a book he had written about his family history. Intrigued by all kinds of history, I dived in and read it – speed reading – over a few pints of Guinness in the 2 hours I was there.

It began with where his family had originally came from in Scotland and how they were 'given' land in Donegal during the Ulster Plantation.

The shocking thing was the references to the Irish people who lived there. They were referred to in only the most dreadful terms ... Papists, Terrorists, Murderers etc. There was not one mention that they were the people who were forced from their land, driven into destitution and almost extinction ... in Donegal as in every other part of Ulster.

His book was just a regurgitation of all the myths that was part of his 400 year repertoire. There was no factual history there and there was clearly no research done to discover the proper historical truth.

- ◆ Not wishing to offend him by discussing what I read, I left his book on the table, said goodbye and got out of there.
- ◆ Back in Ireland, I sent him a large email pointing out the more blatant bigotry and historical untruths in his book.
- ◆ But I did it in as sweet a way as possible. I was even sweeter than the sweet guy I normally am who had just completed a crash course in sweetness.
- ◆ **He didn't respond.**

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Most Irishmen (including myself) have been barred from at least one pub in our lifetimes. But, without fear of contradiction, I'm convinced I'm the only Irishman in modern times who is barred from a church (*Guinness Book of Records – please check this out*).

I wanted to be normal and Irish again – God love me – because I had just returned from the Czech Republic after 10 years of absolute Hell where, coincidentally, everyone has no religion at all.

- ◆ **If you smile and are friendly, they will think you are mentally unwell and do everything to steal your money.**
- ◆ **They will steal the eyes from your head and be upset if they fail to sell them back to you.**
- ◆ **They will destroy a little child's life to steal money.**

My local church in Dublin is St Catherine's and I chose it because Robert Emmett was such a hero and he was hanged outside it (it was the church he attended).

It had changed from its original Church of Ireland to a strictly Protestant fundamentalist ethos, but I didn't mind. Just like surviving a few rounds with Mike Tyson, I genuinely enjoy some frothing-at-the-mouth 'reverend' telling me about God's terrible wrath and God's glee at sending us to Hell for eternity if we don't read the Old Testament (*a book that can be best described as Absolutely Hilarious Jewish morality tales and nothing to do with Christianity*).

My special study in history was Religion because I'm intrigued by how truly terrible humans can become under the influence of a 'religious' person who clearly requires massive mental help.

Anyway, one Sunday, the parson (*a Norn Iron guy*) announced that the following Sunday a lady from the USA (*I can't remember her name*) would address the congregation. There was much applause and so I waited with anticipation to hear this clearly influential and spiritually illuminated lady.

The astonishment of what I experienced the following Sunday cannot be adequately described using the English language. What I heard was what all psychiatrists and people in the mental profession would label as ... 'absolutely fukkn looney'.

It was akin to the poisonous snake handlers of the Deep South of the USA. There was thunderous applause to stuff like ... her toaster didn't work that morning so she prayed to God and did an exorcism (*thunderous applause*) and the demon that had infested the toaster was banished (*thunderous applause*) and her toaster worked again and she could have lovely buttered toast for breakfast (*even greater applause*).

Stunned at what I was hearing, I leaned over to the person nearest me in the pew (whom I knew) and said ... 'Jesus, she's pretty mad, isn't she?

The next Sunday, before commencing his service, the parson (and his two friends) took me aside to talk to me privately – but it wasn't to get to know me as I initially thought.

He : 'I heard what you said last Sunday.'

Me : 'Oh, come on! She was mad. Or, at least, what she said was mad.'

He : 'If you feel that way, you shouldn't be here. And I want you to leave now and don't come back.'

He : 'Are you barring me from this church?'

Yes, he was. He barred me from his church. And, it turned out, he barred me because the mad woman was one of the leaders of their 'church'. I had violated something very sacred to them. Just how mad does 'religion' get? Anyway, my flirtation with this fundamentalist stuff had a very short shelf life. The love of God, it appears, is just puppy love or maybe just bare-faced lust. Clearly, I wasn't cut out for it and, obviously, I was not the kind of person they were looking for either.

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The Devil takes the high road

The mother of my child, a very intelligent woman and my wife at that time, witnessed me reading from my bedside table, a book called 'Great American Exorcisms' as she was reading one of her highly intellectual books.

- She had no idea what it was about and I had to explain to her what 'The Devil' was.
- She was shocked (brought up an atheist and a Young Communist at school) that someone semi-intelligent like me, and the father of her soon-to-be-born child, could be reading such American gunk.
- She had heard of God – he was some kinda mythical Overlord Of The World or something – but she genuinely thought Satan was a Hollywood invention.
- She had only ever heard of The Devil or Satan in American horror movies.
- She truly thought The Devil was the same as Dracula or Frankenstein or even Superman or Batman gone bad (maybe after doing some hallucination drugs).

Then, one night, I returned late ... (*after a few beers with the only English speaker in the town I was living in – who was only there occasionally – so our meetings were special*) ... and she was reading my book.

Me : (*joking her*) Slumming it tonight, are you my dear!

Her eyes followed me around the bedroom as I was getting ready for bed. Finally, I said 'What?' and pointing at the book, she answered ...

She : (*genuinely confused*) Is this real?

Me : Great question and nobody can answer it. It's probably real for the people involved but whether it is really real or not – nobody knows for real.

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- ◆ Generally speaking, religion is bad and – as an avid student of History – I avoid it like the plague. But, I have come to realise, that having no religion at all is worse than being a 'believer' no matter how bizarre that belief is.
- ◆ For example, the mother of my son has no problem lying constantly in divorce court and saying to a completely corrupt Kremlin judge that I have millions of euro hidden.
- ◆ Naturally, the court has no God either and, like the mother of my son, they only want to steal as much money as they can from the vulnerable people who come before them who can't speak the language or be defended in court (*no lawyer can defend one of their targeted victims in that hole, because the lawyer's children will be attacked*). And they certainly have no concern that there might be a moral question that has to be answered after their time on Earth.
- ◆ So, with all our failings in the English speaking world, a person can expect a fair hearing and a fair judge. What I experienced in East Europe was the complete opposite. It was absolute corruption. A place where morality and justice is nowhere to be seen in the treatment of innocent, defenceless people.
- ◆ So, whatever I may feel about Norn Iron or the UK or the ROI in general, it has nothing to compare with the heathen trash I experienced in East Europe ... and my son is still living under this.
- ◆ For that reason, it is better to live in communities that have a Catholic or Lutheran or Calvinist ethos – then live under Kremlin, amoral, atheists that is still the reality in the (Post?) Communist countries of East Europe.

*We are all generally OK, folks!
We will work it out! Just believe that!*

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Scary Loo Break

- In the Seventies, I was standing outside a 'Prodasin' town hitch-hiking in Norn Iron with my DUBLIN sign in my hand.
- A car came along with four guys in it and slowed down almost to a stop to give me a barrage of sectarian hatred.
- (Modesty forbids me to repeat what they said.)
- But suffice it is to say that it was exactly like I was a black guy standing outside Selma, Mississippi with a DETROIT sign in my hand.

Understandably shocked and frightened that these Anti-Catholic guys would return and having to remain standing there for so long, Mother Nature took over the situation.

I had to find a place to pee and became aware of a small (farmers) road leading off from this main road, so I headed up the wee road for a quiet pee.

Horrifically, I became aware that a car was following me slowly up this little road.

It was moving at my walking pace. I would move in to allow it to pass but it wouldn't. I would shuffle my back-pack to say I'm aware that you are there and please pass me by.

But nothing passed me by and there was no indication from the car that it wanted to pass me by. The further I moved away from the main road and the few scattered houses, the worse my situation was becoming. The sound of gun shots could be anything then.

I had no choice left. I stopped and turned around to confront the occupants of the car.

There was just one man - not the four men that I was expecting. Stunned. Bravely, I went to his window and said ...

Me : What do you want?

He : Are you the guy with a sign saying you are going to Dublin?

Me : Yes.

He : You're on the wrong road to Dublin.

Me : I came up here for a piss.

He : I can take you to Cavan.

Me : You're on the wrong road to Cavan.

He : I passed you earlier and came back to look for you, that's all.

So I took a piss and took a chance and got into his car and ... he did take me to Cavan.

And what a nice man he was. He just felt sorry for me with my DUBLIN sign in such a hostile place and came back looking for me.

The rooms in God's many mansions are not yet filled up.

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- ➊ When Sean McPhilemy wrote his ground-breaking book 'The Committee' ... it was instantly banned.
- ➋ I spent years trying to find a copy and finally got it in a library in Norway.
- ➌ The extent to which the politicians, business men, military and police colluded with loyalist assassination squads to kill innocent Catholics (*not involved with the IRA or anything illegal*) and the subsequent covering up of this by the mainstream British press was truly breathtaking.
- ➍ And one of them – David Trimble – was given the Nobel Peace Prize. What!
- ➎ **Read it ... before you do anything crazy like VOTING. Read it now.**

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The Blanket Man

Because I travelled everywhere when I was a teenager using my thumb, in my later life when driving my own car, I always picked up hitch-hikers.

NOTE

This was in the lovely times before people were forced to became addicted to extreme violence on TV and movies and especially violent porn on the internet. So it seemed overnight, that the Earth turned into everyone fearing everything and everyone around them and believing the worst from everyone they met.

Once when driving from Donegal to Dublin, Fermanagh was experiencing something akin to a Biblical Deluge (which undoubtedly reinforced the Protestant ethos there).

This was worse than anything I had ever experienced in rain-sodden Donegal where ... 'Even the bushes are bent by the way that they're sent by those Wonderful Westerlies'.

The eternal 'prevailing' wind and rain in Donegal cannot be described by any known language and, even if adequately described, cannot be properly understood unless one had lived there for a proper length of time – like a lifetime or two.

Anyway, when I reached Enniskillen I would normally take the faster road to Swanlinbar – which was a quicker route to Cavan Town – and Dublin.

Aside

For the Uninitiated, in Norn Iron, they had Approved Roads and Unapproved Roads. The Approved Roads had 'normal' border checks (like between West and East Europe during the Cold War). All the massive technology they had was scanning everything in your car and listening to you speaking etc. long before you arrived at the checkpoint - very Cancer causing stuff, and legal.

The Unapproved Roads did not have the massive Border stuff but they had lightning British army stuff. There one hour, gone the next. Naturally, they saw you as an Irish Terrorist and acted accordingly – as they did for the past 800 years in Ireland. Anyway, knowing there would be delays at the Approved border crossing, I went for the Swanlinbar road.

No sooner on this road, I realised the massive constraints I had to cope with. There were no road markings and the deluge of rain was insane. My windscreen wipers were at full capacity but were unable to dispel the titanic amounts of rain being dumped on them. It was like massive melted golf-balls hitting your windscreen at an amazing speed and ferocity and the wipers were only making visibility worse.

I turned off the wipers and things were better but by no means good because the extremely dark sky and high dark vegetation on both sides of the invisible narrow road made visibility Zero. The only thing I had left for navigation was my headlamps.

Suddenly, from all the unimaginable darkness around me, a man jumped out in front of my car. (I didn't know if it was a man at this point.) But a figure, extremely dark and strangely shrouded, was suddenly in front of my car. With cat-like reflexes, I desperately swerved around him and just managed to avoid the other bank of the narrow black unmarked road.

When I straightened my car and looked in the rear view mirror, I experienced a sight as extreme as any Stephen King mind could conjure. A man (as I presume it was) was running towards me and flailing his arms in the air and shouting something inaudible ... undoubtedly about the hurt he had hitherto endured about not been picked up by any passing motorist ... THE INHUMANITY OF IT ALL ... akin to the Hindenburg bursting into flames on arrival at America or the Titanic on arrival at the, as yet, unnamed iceberg.

There was no traffic that night and feeling my basic humanity was being tested, I put on full brakes and my car stuck to the water-soaked road. I looked again in the rear view mirror and saw a man covered in a blanket (I kid you not – a blanket) and running madly towards my car with arms still flailing in the insane rain.

Naturally, my basic instinct was like everyone else's. Stick the goddam car into gear and get the hell outa here. But I didn't – weirdo that I am. I allowed this apparition approach me. The door opened and the 'thing' entered.

Aside

For you uninitiated ... as part of the extermination of the Irish people for 800 years, in the 1970s the British began an approach of Internment Without Trial as a solution for the British Norn Iron problem they created. That means that they could smash into a Catholic house and drag any man there into a concentration camp called the H Blocks, without a trial or anything lawful at all.

Incidentally, the local British terrorists – the UVF – used the same tactics except that they would go to a remote area, kick in the back door of a house, go into the living room of the Catholic man watching TV and shoot him dead in front of his wife and children.

So, the men in the H Blocks began a Hunger Strike (aka the Blanket Protest or Dirty Protest) to alert International opinion about what was happening in Norn Iron – realising that the Southern politicians were busily preoccupied with licking any unlicked English asshole in a ridiculous attempt to appease the imperialists. Jesus!

Anyway, this guy now sitting beside me looked amazingly like a Hunger Striker. The spitting image, in fact. Without fear of contradiction, it was definitely them who imitated him or he was imitating them - I'm not sure which. (*Remember, I was only focused on keeping my car between the roadside banks whilst driving into a wall of impenetrable blackness and ridiculous amounts of rain smashing into my wiper-less windscreen.*)

And it was indeed a blanket that covered his head and body and was now soaking my car interior. He kept his face down and never once looked at me. The blanket covered everything and all I could see was his long hair and beard as he leaned forward and didn't respond to any of my questions – unless you call a mono-syllabic grunt a response.

- 👉 I turned the heat up to the max and my suggestion that he take his blanket off to warm himself was met with no response whatsoever except the usual grunt.
- 👉 To say I was heavily regretting my altruistic decision to pick up this guy was putting it extremely balanced indeed. I was convinced this guy had a gun under his blanket and was breaking for the border under cover of this radically bad weather.
- 👉 My problem was ... the Brits. If they were manning the border, then there would be a shoot-out. Figuring this guy would not be taken alive, I would also die in the bombardment of bullets that would hit my car – way worse than anything the Allies experienced when they arrived on the beaches of Omaha, Normandy on D-Day.

Aside

Again, for you uninitiated ... on Unapproved Roads, the Brits had loads of sharp-shooter guys with blacked-out faces etc. hiding in the ditches. These illiterate, uncultured and extremely violent trash would have been lying in the rain all day and would be very interested in killing at least one Irish person as has been the time-honoured British army tradition for the past 800 years.

About half a kilometre from the border there was a dip in the road and, on the other side of the dip, there they were ... the Brits. I slowed down and tried to formulate my thoughts, knowing I had to do something. But I was out of time. So, I confronted him.

Me : The Brits are up ahead as you can see. Listen to me. You can take my car but I need my briefcase on the back seat. I'll take nothing else. The car is yours.

Blanket Man : (*glancing very bewildered at me*) But why would I take your car?

Equally bewildered, I was close enough now to see the Brits motioning me forward.

NOTE

It's a very bad idea indeed to slow down when approaching a Brit checkpoint. The sharp shooters all get ready for the only thing they know – to shoot someone – with the ready made alibi in case it's needed (which is extremely rare) ... my cold wet finger slipped.

With no options left, I picked up speed and stopped at the commanding Brit. Unbelievably, no shoot-out. He motioned me to lower my window which I did and the rain poured in.

Brit : Wazz yir name? Were ya goin? Were ya comin from?

As I tried to decipher what he was saying and answering him as best I could, me and my IDs were getting soaked with rain - taking no time and making sure me and my IDs were getting just as soaked as he was. He then looks with contempt at the Blanket Man.

Brit : Ooze yir mate ?

Me : He's not my mate. I picked him up hitch-hiking about seven miles back.

The Brit slowly walks to the passenger's side of my car while his window was being lowered. Barely able to breathe waiting for his gun to be produced from under his blanket and shooting at the Brit - and that would surely have been my last second on planet Earth. About 10 automatic heavy duty machine guns would all fire at once by trained killers. But there was nothing ... nothing ... and what happened next really did blow me away.

Brit : *(suddenly smiling)* Oh! 'Ello John.

Blanket Man : How's it goin?

Brit : A bit wet for you to be out tonigh, innit ?

Blanket Man : It surely is ... and it's a wee bit damp tonight for you boys as well.

The still smiling Brit waved me on. Though emotionally drained, I slowly accepted that everyone had thankfully survived the encounter (except perhaps me) as I continued speechless driving through the Blitzkrieg rain and darkness.

And, although it took me ages to get my breath back, I realised my passenger was just a very eccentric guy and was well known to the Brits as he was clearly no threat to them and was constantly crossing their checkpoint.

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Disputed Territory

There is something that almost everyone in the north of Ireland (not just Norn Iron) have to deal with – sometimes on a daily basis. Is that person I'm talking to a Prod or a Taig? Who am I talking to – a Protestant or a Catholic?

If it's a casual encounter – no need to know. But if the 'relationship' is stronger, the need to know gets progressively deeper and the need to know eventually becomes so deep it is almost paramount ... to even breathing ... before continuing.

This is because we have at least 400 years of very bitter experiences and it simply can't be swept under the carpet – no matter how modern you are or how deep your carpet.

Whilst living in that truly rotten place called Prag (or Prague, as the Brits refer to this majestic city built by the Germans 800 years ago and still containing the first German speaking University in all of Germany), I met a guy 'with the same accent as me'.

It was hard to remain indifferent to him – whether you are male or female. He had an infectious personality and a great smile.

(Some people have a lovely laugh and/or a lovely smile. All con men and con women have this attribute and generally use it to their advantage. But genuine people, who would never do that, may realise they have this weapon at their disposal, if needed.)

I felt very comfortable talking to him about everything Irish and my anti English colonialism / imperialism etc. because ... I thought he was Catholic.

One evening I asked him about his home town and the sectarian problems there.

Me : So, is it polarised? I know it must be a bit, but how bad?

He : No. It's not bad at all. I have many Catholic friends.

So, there you are! I hope I disguised my shock sufficiently. He was a Prod and I had no way of knowing this because he was a lovely smiling person that I took to be Catholic.

So, for you segregationists out there ... we all should be ordered to wear an identifier of some sort – akin to the Star of David in European history. Come on! It would make this problem a helluva lot easier and a booming trade for the Emblem People.

In insane Czech law at this time (before the EU was stupid enough to let them join) if an outsider was trying to get residency in the Czech Republic, they had to leave the CZ and return – all stamped on their passport. So a day trip to Dresden was arranged.

Me and my Norn Iron buddy with two American guys crossed the German border. The American guy collected our passports at the border to give to the police. Suddenly ...

American guy : Hey guys. You told me that both of you are Irish.

Me : We are.

American guy : *(pointing at my buddy)* So, how come your passport is British?

Me : *(glancing at him)* Answer the man. How come?

He : Eddie and I come from Disputed Territory.

I was stunned because I instantly agreed with him. Personally, I have no (real) problem with this term. It appears we have to give up our right to control / own this territory and they have to give up their right to control / own this territory and we have to evolve a Federal arrangement for all of Ulster as we all share this problem.

He : I wouldn't mind having an Irish passport. But it's better in Europe to have a British passport.

This is true. Because of the titanic amounts of British that are beaten up by each other in their never-ending street and pub fighting, the British embassies have 'deals' with European countries to get these 'people' admitted into an English-speaking hospital.

And also, you don't have to be a typical English scumbag. If you have a medical problem, it's catered for without the usual administration chaos and language problems. For example, if your leg had been severed in a train accident and you were still alive enough to make it to a hospital front desk and the person there is asking you buckets of questions and you can't understand each other's languages as the last pint of your blood is bleeding away from you. This is not a good spot to be in, no matter how tough you are. I was there and ... it's not a good spot to be in. OK.

Big Latvia Aside

I am a Nationalist person and respect Nationalism in every country wherever I go. In Riga, Latvia, the only non-disco place to go at the weekend was a Nationalist place. It was called Četri Balti Krekli which means Four White Shirts (Gulp!)

I went there at least once every weekend for the 18 months I lived there.

They could tell by looking at me that I wasn't Latvian and sometimes I'd get an elbow in the ribs when I was chatting up a girl (*a pretty girl, mind you – no elbows at all if she was ugly*).

But I didn't care. They were invariably red-necks from the countryside who disliked everyone who wasn't Latvian – especially Russian. Once, there was a queue at the door because the security men were 'searching' two women very roughly (it should have been women doing this). They pointed to the door and the women left. I asked the people in the queue with me 'What happened ... was it drugs'. They looked me up and down like I was a moron and said 'They were Russian'.

To non-Latvians, everyone up there looks very similar – tall, white and blonde – though I noticed after a while living there that the Lats had longer thinner faces and the Russians had shorter broader faces. But I also noticed there was no bad blood between them, with the possible exception of Četri Balti Krekli.

Latvia is very similar to the situation in Norn Iron. Half of the population are Lats and the other half are Russians who have moved in, so the Lats have a right to their nationalism ... and their culture is so unique.

One of my private students was a 30 year old Russian guy. He told me he speaks Russian with his wife but speaks Latvian to their children. (You can't get better than that as a former occupying power. Are you listening England?)

In another class, I had a bunch of young Latvian men who I believed would be too inexperienced to avoid unearthing any hatred for the Russians. (*Nota Bene : at one point of their history, the Lats were less than 100,000 people. But they rallied and are now back to nearly 2,000,000*)

Me : Did you know that the Jews of this city Riga were all murdered before the Germans arrived. It was not the Germans who killed them. It was your people. They did this to show their loyalty to the new German regime and their opposition to Russian rule.

Waiting to be ripped limb from limb ... nothing happened. Out of the eerie silence, one guy asked me did I know where the killings happened and when I didn't, offered to show me the following Sunday which I accepted.

When we got into that place the following Sunday, it was a normal wood setting and when I asked him where the graves (pits) were he said 'Everywhere'.

I stopped and said a prayer and asked for peace of mind for any of the murdered Jews who were still unable to leave and forgiveness for their Latvian murderers who did not know what they were doing'. He was shocked at my behaviour because they didn't have any religion there.



Latvian songs are wonderful. Maybe not up there with classic Irish ones, but still really great. And I can still hum these tunes today.

One song was epic. There is no way even a foreigner or a robot or an extra-terrestrial could stay sitting or standing when that one was played.

The opening bars were like a massive trumpet fanfare, a rallying call to all Latvians. Even I, who normally wouldn't dance without a gun being pointed to my head, would jump up and invade the dance area with all the other Latvians, whether I was with a dance partner or not.

There was a point in the chorus when all the men would punch the air with closed fists, shortly followed by a double closed fist punch of the air – in perfect synchronicity. I quickly learned how to do this because I was terrified in case I got it wrong. Clearly it was extremely important to them. Maybe the song was saying 'Let's kill all Irishmen' but I didn't care. The song was too good not to be involved in it.

A girl once told me what it was about. It was simply a Harvest Song. This made it all the greater. It wasn't a Nationalist song like ... lets kill all the Estonians, Lithuanians, Russians, or Swedish who periodically invaded them.

It was just a song telling all Latvians that the harvest is upon us. We don't know how long the warmth will last and, before the snow arrives again, we all have to get our harvest into our barns and make sure that everyone else gets their harvest in. (*So, even if I was an Irishman and was busy writing songs or poetry or whatever, the people would all make sure that my harvest was got in as well – because they were my neighbours.*)

That girl was special to me and couldn't believe when I was morally obliged to choose my former Czech girlfriend who had arrived in Riga (Imagine that I still didn't realise that Czechs have no morality at all. It's just stealing money and cheating and non-stop lying that is their National Morality).

Anyway, that lovely Latvian girl went to Canada and met a guy there. She comes to Riga every year to celebrate Latvian culture dressed in her National Costume. After my terrible mistake, she wouldn't accept me back – and I couldn't blame her.

End of Big Latvia Aside

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It's so hard to leave this Nationalist thing because there's so many examples of it.

For example ... I once got to know a (working-class and very proud of it) guy from Yorkshire who was contracted to do a job for Donegal local authority. (Without doubt, he is at the top of the list of the greatest people I or anyone who knew him has ever met.)

When they arrived first, he and his English buddies were terrified because they were told by their 'Show's yer Tits' tabloid propaganda (which was their only information source) that the Irish were these disgusting brutal terrorists who hated English people.

Slowly, I witnessed his fear subside as he fell in love with Donegal and the people of Donegal - and the realisation that everything he was told in England was bullshit.

Once we were sitting in our local night-spot and talking as usual, he stopped me so he could listen to the song being performed. (It was 'The West's Awake' - a total classic in Irish Nationalism songs.) When it was over, he was emotional and said ...

Him : That's a really great song.

Me : Do you know what it's about?

Him : Oh yeah! I know it's anti-English ... but it's a really great song.

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During my university days, a professor (whose daddy would have got her the job) berated the people in Norn Iron for not being able to live in peace. (*The insanity of these leafy 'literate' suburban professors can be understood because they haven't ventured out on a weekend night in any down-town British city – just for a wee bit of reality.*)

My Professor : 'Look at the Balkans. (Yugoslavia). There are three very distinct peoples living together in absolute harmony – Muslim, Orthodox Christian and Roman Catholic. Why can't we have the same in the north of Ireland ?

This comment would normally be followed by a flick of her head East to West (or, imaginatively, West to East) and her five enlightened fingers following through each flick of her thick hair as she posed dramatically (and maybe even romantically, who knows!).

Tragically, I was out of that university when the Balkans exploded into the massive internecine blood bath that we all know so well – maybe even that retard professor has also heard about it. Or maybe she did and just flicked to her more 'cool' friends on social media.

All these three different peoples were not living in harmony any more in the valleys but, instead, were ripping the beating hearts out of each other with their bare hands. Hello! We didn't reach that point in Norn Iron – not yet anyway.

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Those Loyal Paratroopers in Ballymurphy and Derry.

The British Paratroopers (commanded by HRH Prince Charles of England) were responsible for huge mass murder and atrocities in Ireland too terrible and huge in content to describe in detail here. (For a man like him who killed his own wife, commanding these scum was no problem at all.) In the early 1970s alone ...

Derry : In Bloody Sunday, all of the 14 boys were shot in the back as they ran away from a peaceful, Civil Rights protest. Not one of these boys were armed or had done anything wrong. The whole world knows about this, except the Brits who have only 'Show's-yer-Tits' media for 'information'.

Ballymurphy : The paratroopers set themselves up on a high position overlooking a small park in a very poor Catholic housing estate. And thus began their murder fun.

Unaware of the Brit presence, the first person they shot was a man coming home alone through the park. Although he remained alive, nobody could come to help him. He was being used as bait by the Brits.

A priest was eventually contacted, arrived and shown the stricken man. A dying Catholic needs Last Rights and so the priest was obliged to do it. When he went to administer Last Rights, the priest was next to be murdered – for fun.

A grandmother ran out to the park maybe thinking, because she was a woman, they wouldn't kill her. She was shot instantly. (The bullet shot off one side of her face but she lived for the next seven hours in terrible agony – with nobody able to help her – till she died.)

The Brits explanation to their 'superiors' was that the priest was a gunman and the grandmother had come on to the park with a heavy machine gun, sat down and began shooting at them with the machine gun supported between her legs.

This was completely acceptable to the British high command – as it was in keeping with the never-ending anti-Irish bombardment on the 'Show's yer Tits' British tabloids and TV as demonstrated in their non-stop Irish Jokes.

NOTE

From their assumption of power in 1933, the Nazi regime took the hatred of the Jews to a new level. This hatred was always there but they began a massive increase in the 'Jewish Jokes' phenomenon. 'Jewish Jokes' were everywhere in Germany. Within a few years, the Nazis were mass-murdering these Jews indiscriminately – without a thought. They were just doing Vermin Control.

The exact same thing happened in Ireland. These same Brit paratroopers came in – brought up on incessant 'Show's yer Tits' British tabloids and TV. At the height of the anti-Irish stuff on British TV – up to 50,000 British troops and undercover operatives were deployed in Norn Iron to try and beat the 150 men and women of the IRA.

I'm sure nobody needs reminding, they failed miserably and went back to Blighty to read in their 'Show's yer Tits' tabloid (that is, for the 30% who could even read) about how they beat the 'Irish Terrorists'.

At the burial of the people murdered in Ballymurphy, the paratroopers arrived at their funerals in their British army trucks and roared insults while laughing at the mourners.

This was no problem at all from the British authorities but, thankfully, the disguised European media were in attendance and realised what they already knew about the Brits and their disgusting and continuing occupation in Ireland.

All anthropological evidence suggests that all peoples have the same intellectual capacity. This may be true but there is a difference. What happens when an English person is brought up with 'Show's yer Tits' media and education? How can they possibly be allocated equality with us other Europeans – never mind being able to vote.

(((((((((((0)))))))))))

Welsh Professor - why are you Irish not British?

Whilst studying for my History Degree, one of my professors was a Welsh guy. The only thing (maybe) controversial about him was that his beard was at least three times longer than his face which was (maybe) a wee bit disconcerting for the squeamish ... but not I. (I realised it was probably his Welsh fantasy of being a latter-day Merlin.)

OK. In truth, like all men I was a wee bit frightened by his beard which (I'm told) is an imprint in the motherboard of our brains from ancient times where the rulers of our societies were ... what else ... men with huge beards. Dare I mention – Santa Clause, Abraham, Moses, Noah etc. and good old God himself, his son Jesus etc. All with titanic beards. (*Well, in fairness, Jesus's beard was probably a disappointment to his Daddy - just as all sons disappoint their fathers and all sons are embarrassed by their fathers.*)

As a result, we men are programmed to listen and obey these men with huge beards. It's a primal thing. We don't understand it ... if asked. We just do, OK. Maybe it's a bit like the Maori men and their veneration of tattoos (the more tattoos on a man - the more you listen to him - because tattoos have to be got by age and experience ... just like beards).

Anyway, this Welsh professor stood above me (he was tall which made his beard even more intimidating) with his monster beard almost touching my frightened little face. He was examining my thesis that I had submitted to him and he was intrigued / shocked.

Welsh Professor : Why are you calling the British and Irish conflict as racial. We are all the same people. We all have white skin etc. We belong to the same race.

Me : Yes. I know the three races of mankind – Java, Negroid and Caucasoid. But I am using the word 'racial' in a broader sense. Internecine hatred is the same as hatred of a different skin colour and was definitely not created by us – the Irish were the victims of this hatred and still are.

Welsh Professor : OK, I hear what you say but can I ask you a personal question. Do you not understand that if you did what we Welsh did and became British, your history would have been so much better for you. I mean 80% of Welsh people speak their own language. Only about 3% of Irish people speak their own language. And that's because you kept fighting and got destroyed. Till nothing was left.

Me : You are right. For sure that is true. If we stopped fighting the English like you did in the 14th Century, we would still have our language pretty much intact and spoken by the majority of the people.

But, lets look at reality. The Brits are the shit of Europe. Regarded as such by every country there. And the Welsh and Scots are regarded by the English as second class Brits.

The Irish are the most loved people, not just because of our non-violent personalities, amazing culture, music and dance etc. but mainly because we fought the Brits for 800 years ... and won.

So, someone like you probably can't imagine the love and admiration I feel for my ancestors, murdered by the Brits who did what they did... and won.

He turned and walked quickly away – with no comment at all from his titanic beard.



SOLUTIONS FOR NORN IRON

I'm afraid neither Superman nor Batman nor Iron Man (*and maybe not even Norn Iron Man*) would be up to the task of solving this titanic conundrum ... but we still live in hope that maybe some superhero will emerge in the future ... who knows? Someone who really knows the situation (and even the sitch-ee-ation) and discovers the solution.

The greatest solution for the Norn Iron sitch-ee-ation came in 1940.

Hitler had been trying to have a peace settlement with England and this failed. When England declared war on Germany, Hitler remained calm and continued his peace efforts. He even allowed the British army scurry out of Norway and scurry out of France when he could have wiped them out. His subsequent aerial bombardment in the UK also failed.

So, why didn't Hitler invade Ireland?

(It has bothered me every day since I was a wee lad and, I fear, it will inevitably haunt me till the day I die - a confused old lad :-(

In Mein Kampf, Hitler made it very clear he had no desire for a war with Britain or her 'Maritime Empire' because he saw them as Aryans. But when his Peace missions failed and his Bombing mission also failed, surely invading Ireland was the next obvious step. We were independent and would welcome it. And he was invading everyone around him at the time ... Ireland would have been the perfect move.

It would have been Check Mate in the war with Britain. But he didn't take it.

For hundreds of years, the Irish had been inviting the Spanish and French (and anyone who was strong enough) to invade Ireland and rid us of the British nightmare infesting our country. Hitler was no fool and he knew this. So, he had this option but he didn't take it.

Before he was 'famous', Hitler had been to Ireland to visit his nephew, Patrick, who was working in the Shelbourne Hotel in Dublin. So maybe, when he was here, he discovered the shame that Padraig Pearse had talked about ...

Mo chlann féin a dhíol a máthair (My own children sold their mother.)

Maybe he discovered this truth while he was living in Dublin. There were too many Oirish in Ireland who could only reach orgasm if an English thug was pissing on their heads and telling them Oirish jokes.

For whatever mad reason, Hitler choose Operation Barbarossa instead of invading Ireland – and Russia became the graveyard of his Third Reich.

Aside

(Yes, I know he reckoned the Brits and Americans would follow his lead in the war against the Bolsheviks which makes sense. But he seriously underestimated the corruption and lies of the Capitalist trash like Churchill he was dealing with.)

But if Hitler had chosen to invade Ireland ...

- The Irish army would have done what the Czech army did. Refuse to resist the German invasion. It would have been suicide attacking such a huge onslaught.
- We would have got our Jews over to England on boats just like the Danish people were able to get their Jews over to Sweden.
- **And, after so many centuries of hell, it would have been the end of our British Nightmare in Ireland. It would have been over.**

The only explanation for this amazing neglect is that Hitler still wanted a peace with England and Ireland was still in the Commonwealth – because that is what the maps showed him. Theoretically we were – but he was clever and he knew about the centuries-long struggle and we had been inviting everyone to invade us to get rid of the mass-murdering trash who were occupying us. (*But then why did he invade the Channel Islands? This was actual British territory. So, it remains a mystery.*)

Hitler would have allowed the British people living in Ireland to peacefully return to Britain because he would, for sure, occupy the whole island. And then ... this is what would have surely happened ...

- England would have reached a peace settlement because it would then be under attack from all sides and not just the South East. All their defences in the South East would have been ridiculous. From Ireland and Mainland Europe, the Germans could have attacked all of Britain. It would have been impossible to resist a German invasion then.
- The U-Boats, operating mainly out of Western Irish ports would have really tightened their grip on the Atlantic and convoys from North America would be slowed to a trickle or stopped. It would be unsustainable.
- And America would not have entered the European war. There was huge anti-war sentiment in the US anyway. Definitely, the occupation of Ireland would have sealed the fate of the war-mongers in America. And they also would have reached an amicable solution with the Germans and concentrated entirely on the Pacific.

This would have been a perfect position for Hitler to be in but instead ... he invaded Russia ... creating an unwinnable situation for him on all fronts.

He seriously misjudged the resolve of the Russian men defending their mother country (*as all invaders do when they are attacking the motherland – like the Brits knew after 800 years in Ireland.*)

It remains impossible for me to understand his mad decision. He could have invaded Russia later – after securing peace on the Western Front – but he didn't do that. He went East ... when going to Ireland was Check Mate. War over.

He was, for sure, a Mad Bastard.

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- I keep berating Germans for having done nothing over the centuries to help with the British nightmare we had in Ireland.
- The French and Spanish sent weapons and experienced men to show their commitment over the centuries (4,000 Spanish in 1601 and 4,000 French men between 1796 - 1798)
- The Germans only ever sent us guns - and these guns we had to pay for. There was no German recognition and compassion for the Irish plight (but, like all European countries, there is now.)

Aside

Bismark made a negative (though maybe eerily close to the truth) comment on The Irish. He said (alluding to the fertile soil of Ireland which was being used for livestock and not crops) ...

'If the Dutch owned Ireland, they would feed the world. And if the Irish owned Holland, they would all drown.'

(Remember, Bismark was getting his 'information' on 'The Irish' from the British who were occupying Ireland and releasing constant black propaganda to their own people and the world. It was mainly used to describe how terrible the Irish were and needed to be exterminated and how lovely the Brits were.)

(It is only now in our modern times – especially in cities accepting direct flights from Britain – that the truth is finally being unearthed. And the truth is, of course, the complete opposite. Europeans cannot believe that human beings can be as disgusting as the Brits while the Irish are the most loved people in all of Europe.)

Big Aside: Michael Keogh ...

During the First World War, the Germans occupied a British trench and captured the soldiers there. Under questioning from the English-speaking official, the Germans discovered that one of the captured men was from Dublin and his name was Michael Keogh. (*You can imagine the shock of the German. An Irishman fighting for the same scum who had tried to exterminated the Irish people for centuries.*)

German : But you are Irish, why are you fighting for the British?

Keogh : They've occupied us for 700 years. It's a job. I had no choice.

German : Then would you have any problem fighting for the Germans?

Keogh : Of course not! They've never done anything to my country.

With that, Michael Keogh was drafted into the German army.

(*His name pronunciation : from Gaelic we say k'owe, the Americans say key-hoe, the Brits probably say the same. I have no idea how the Germans would have pronounced it.*)

- ➊ And I have utterly no idea how Michael Keogh survived in the German trenches for years during that terrible war.
- ➋ He had to learn and understand and communicate in the German language, knee-deep in the putrid filth he was living in with cat-sized rats running around his legs and bullets whizzing past his head every second. How he did this is an example of the great resilience of his human nature.
- ➌ Winston Churchill, and all the other 'Old-Boy' cowards who ran the British Empire, would have been sobbing like babies with their pants, full of pee and poo, around their ankles and begging that their ass be thoroughly thrashed in boarding-school fashion and sent back home to England.

Anyway, after a short time, Keogh was promoted to the position of Captain or Field Lieutenant or whatever i.e. he was the main man in the trench.

In his memoirs, which was discovered 40 years after he died, he revealed some amazing insights ...

A 'runner' (as they were called before the age of telephones) would run between trenches to convey orders and report the response back. It was a process where – presuming you survived the constant gunfire – you saluted and presented the orders and waited for the written response and saluted and then ran the perilous bullet hailstorm journey back.

During his time in the trenches, a young soldier caught Keogh's attention because he acted as a runner a lot more than the other runners and was impressed with his obvious heroism – over and above the call of duty – because a runner was the worst job in the trenches. When he arrives with his usual report and saluted, Keogh addressed him ...

Keogh : Soldier, I can see that you act as runner much more than the other runners. Why is that?

Soldier : They are tired more than me, Sir. It's OK. Let them sleep.

Keogh : You are a very brave man. I want to recommend your promotion.
What's your name?

Soldier : Adolf Hitler.

Keogh duly wrote his name and other pertinent details down, they saluted, off ran Adolf Hitler and the war went on.

.....

After the war, and the German army was demobilized except for 100,000 men (*and that included everyone attached to the army – only about 75% were fighting men*), Keogh was able to retain his position because of valour etc. and was stationed in Munich, Bavaria. In 1922, he received a call from high command ...

*'Get you and your men down to (name) Bierkeller asap.
There's a politician being murdered in there. Quick!'*

With lightning speed, Keogh rounded up his men, got into a truck and got to the beer hall as fast as he could drive. When he got there, all he could see was a man on the floor and every other man trying to punch and kick him etc.

In his memoirs he says that one man had a machete and that prompted him to order his men to open fire – above their heads. When this happened, the attacking men stood back as Keogh moved in and dragged their unconscious victim to safety outside.

Slowly both men – the beaten victim and his rescuer – recognised each other. Keogh was looking at the brave runner from the trenches in WW1 and Hitler was looking at his saviour – the Irishman from the trenches.

Keogh – for the second time – had to write his report on this man. His Name and Address ... and for Description, Keogh simply wrote 'Moustache'.

When the British occupation of Ireland finally came to an end in 1922 – except for the north east corner of the island – Keogh finally arrived back in Ireland.

.....

Many moons later, in 1930, Keogh and his German wife, went back to Germany on a business trip to Cologne. As he walked along the street, he couldn't help noticing the amount of billboards advertising a speech by Adolf Hitler in the nearby hall.

Keogh went along to see his how old 'friend' was getting along – and was stunned. Hitler was able to speak freely and was protected by an army of hard men dressed in Brown Shirts. All Keogh said in his memoirs was ... 'This guy didn't need my help any more.'

But he also added in his memoirs at the end of the war ...

**'I often regret that I didn't arrive a few minutes late
when I was called to that Bierkeller in Munich in 1922.'**

My Nazi friend – when I told him this story – was overjoyed. 'I know about Adolf almost dying then but I didn't know his rescuer was an Irishman and I always loved Irish people and didn't know why. But now I know why.'

... End of Big Aside

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So, These Are The Solutions We Have Left

1. An Army of Psychiatrists

2. The Sudeten Solution

3. A New Imperial Invasion

4. A Massive Fist-Fight

Aside : Another 'possible' solution

When I was a wee boy my mother didn't have a television. Although I admire her stand against the corrupting influence of television and how it would affect her children's studies, you can't imagine how crushing it was for a boy of 12 in a remote boarding school – a million miles away from his mother and with no consoling father or family – to know nothing about what the other 300 boys were talking about and laughing about. (*And I had no choice but to survive in that environment and, to this day, I'm not quite sure how successful my survival was.*)

Anyway, long before my oblivion of boarding school, I would watch 'The Virginian' with my neighbour, an 'old' lady who had a television. When 'The News' would come on and the mayhem of Norn Iron would surely dominate it, she used to say to me before I had any chance of understanding what was happening there ...

**'They should tie a big rope around it and tow it out
into the middle of the Atlantic and let it sink.'**

She was a wonderful woman, loved by everyone on both sides (her daughter was married to an Orange protestant) and she meant no ill will to anyone but that was her appraisal every week whilst we listened to the most recent Norn Iron atrocity on 'The News' – before 'The Virginian'.

1. An Army of Psychiatrists

Britain must send a tsunami of various mental health experts – psychiatrists, psychologists, sociologists etc. into every school and workplace in Norn Iron to drag these British First Colonists – into the 20th Century.

(Note : Nobody expects miracles. And there is no point in striving for something over-optimistic like the 21st Century. The year 1968 should be a more realistic target.)

- Phase out the British army and their warmongering machinery and phase in an army of psychoanalysts (or whatever their modern equivalent is called) and target all ...
 - ... Schoolchildren but especially those of bigoted, sectarian parents
 - ... Sectarian workplaces with a 'No Taigs need apply' policy.
- Explain to them that ...
 - ... The Bible was not written by God using a quill and ink or a typewriter or computer software or anything else.
 - ... The Earth is not 5,000 years old and is not flat.
 - ... Science is not wrong about the age of the earth.
 - ... Dinosaurs DID exist and perished 63 million years ago.
 - ... Lightening does not come from the finger of God.
- Let them come to realise that living in the modern world does not mean driving a car or using the internet. There is no place for exclusion, discrimination or triumphalism in a modern cosmopolitan world.
(Incidentally, this word 'triumphalist' always surprised me. Can you imagine a people anywhere in the world so undeserving of being triumphalist about themselves. Jesus! It's embarrassing for all humans).

For Example (Living in a Loyalist Estate)

The only time I stayed in Belfast was when I was eighteen years old and had to do a University interview there. A girl, I had just met a few weeks earlier while she was on holiday in Donegal, suggested that I stay with her in her parents house for the five days I was there. (*Great ... because I was 18 and fancied the pants of a her.*)

Although this was in the Bad Old Days, I didn't care when I arrived in Belfast. I was only blissfully aware that it was July, the weather was good and I felt great. Then she took me to where she lived.

I remember walking up this long road as the light was fading ... the road seemed to get steeper and steeper and I was feeling more and more uneasy because I knew this was a 'Prodasin' area.

Eventually, she led me into her housing estate and I was instantly accosted by the sheer dazzle of the red, white and blue painted kerb-stones, murals and Union Jacks that hung from every front bedroom window. (*But, to put it mildly, dazzled is not the right word to convey what was happening to me then.*)

Suddenly realising that this was early July and the preparations were in place for the 12th (Orange Day), she joked me to her father about my fears ('yer man's frightened of the Union Jacks'). Her father explained to me that the estate was 'protected' by the UDA ... and that I would be all right ... because he had already told them I was coming and would be staying for a few days etc. His consoling words did little to ease my turbulence.

This was the seventies and every Taig was a target and not just for a quick death ... preferably not. The Shankill Butchers had operated from a closed community just like this where everyone sees and hears nothing – not even the screams of the Catholic men who were being tortured to death over days – and yet they're very aware of the smallest little thing that happens in their environment. Jesus!



That evening we went for a walk in the local sectarian street and we passed a pub with rock music playing inside. It was the same music I listened to (probably Bowie). With a great sense of relief and rapport, I suggested we go inside. She recoiled in horror.

'Ya must ba fukkn' jokkin'. They hear your accent an you're dead.'

My accent. I couldn't believe it. They would attack me because of my Donegal accent. Can you imagine if my accent was from Connaught, Leinster or Munster?

Therein lies the problem of southern Oirish and their inability to 'appreciate' what they are dealing with when talking to northern unionists, of whatever hue, and the frustration of northern nationalists at the crass indifference of southerners to the level of hatred, xenophobia and sectarianism that they must endure on a daily basis.

Let's look at this situation in reverse

- ◆ A northern Protestant comes into a Dublin pub. He would experience nothing but concern for his 'identity' and 'culture' etc. and could even feel free enough to criticise the Irish Republic, Catholicism, the Pope, whatever.
- ◆ And what about the southern Protestant family living in a sea of Catholics (which is the norm for most southern Protestants). Can you imagine the difference between their situation and the Catholic family living in a sea of northern Protestants.
- ◆ Of course the forelock-tugging, knee-bending, boot-lickers of the south will be very quick to explain this situation as a community under siege because of ... wait for it and try not to laugh ... IRA violence.
- ◆ What these cretins refuse to do is glance at the situation in Belfast a hundred years before that ... when there was no IRA and things were much worse ... and a hundred years before that when it was even worse still ... and a hundred years before that when it was unimaginably worse.

No mater how you look at it - it gets back always to the underlying problem since the Reformation. Protestantism is about sectarianism and exclusion (*You can't say 'Prodasin' without saying 'sin' :-)* and Catholicism is about the opposite ... universality and inclusiveness.

- But these people produced Van Morrison and George Best – the best in the world at what they did.
- These people produced so many enlightened American presidents and founders of the American Constitution.
- These people produced many writers and engineers and scientists that were responsible for creating the modern world as we know it.

Aside

Tragically, it is all not so glorious. The name Hillbilly in America comes from the Billy Boys in the north of Ireland. When the Billies (King William supporters) moved to America and settled in the Appalachian mountains they became known as the Hillbillies. In time, the Billy Boys in Ireland went on to found the Orangemen and the Hillbillies in America went on to found the Ku Klux Klan.

On a Personal Note

- ❶ I would like to see the former Unionists remain in the New Ireland and shake things up in the 'Old' Republic.
- ❷ Like they did when they went to America, they should became the backbone in the formation of the New Ireland.
- ❸ They were the backbone of the United Irishmen. We Unbeaten Irish need these pioneering people to forge the New Ireland with us.

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Unfortunately, paranoia is inevitable in a polarized situation like Norn Iron – and generally it is unfounded. People can feel threatened with no basis for feeling this way.

For Example (Rugby Game)

Back in the not so Bad Old Days, I once visited Belfast for a rugby game. I was with the team that was playing against Ulster. (*Note: I was with the team – not playing on the team :-)*

We were all staying in a nice posh hotel in South Belfast and the after-match booze-up was in full flight and all was well. And, as females totally love rugby guys because they are supposedly bad-boys, the place was jam packed with girls – real quality looking babes and radically sexy it must be said (and it was not the Booze Goggles – seriously!).

Anyway, a very pretty girl (who had a bunch of female friends, one more pretty than the other) approached me, introduced herself as Gayle and invited me to a party – the party was close to the hotel but we would get taxis there, no problem.

Me : Can you promise there won't be a 'storm' at this party, Gayle?

Gayle : (*politely*) I've heard that 'joke' before. And it rhymes with male.

Me : (*equally polite*) You're right! It does! Can I invite my two friends?

She agreed and I stealthily approached my two buddies who were, at this point, sitting on the floor against a wall and mock fighting each other. Too drunk to stand.

Me : (*very enthusiastically*) Guys, we are invited to a cool party. Buckets of babes. Get on your feet and shape up.

My Buddies : (*laughing*) Go fourth young man and multiply. We're not fit.

Me : Come on guys. Please? You're not that drunk. All you have to do is keep standing and smiling. I'll do the rest.

My Buddies : (*amid drunk laughing*) Oh and ... give them one or two for us.

For the two of us. So, give them one or two for the two of us. Etc. Etc.

Me : Guys, don't do this to me. They're babes. And they want us to come.

At least you can be wing men for me. I'd be a wing man for you.

Come on guys!

But it was futile. They had peaked way too early. Where's a wing man when you need one? He doesn't even have to be good wing man. Just be standing. Jesus! Alcohol should be banned.

Anyway, I gave the key to our room to one of the guys and apologetically told Gayle I would be coming alone which she accepted without protest (*she clearly saw how pissed they were*). As we passed the big security gates outside the hotel, the stern man there told me I would not be able to return after 3am because everything would be locked.

Then, standing on the road waiting for taxis with these people I had never met before ... a primal dread slowly descended upon me as I recalled what I had said the day before.

Back in Dublin, when people in the IT company I worked for asked me what I would do after the game, I jokingly responded ...

'Knowing me, I will get hammered and get invited to a party and wind up with at least one bullet in my head in East Belfast.'

Suddenly, this joke was actually happening – in real life. A cultured (*I hope it was cultured*) type of panic began to consume me. I quickly reached a point where I couldn't fight it any more. I was from the Republic and I didn't know anybody here.

Me : I'm so sorry but I can't go to this party. I must go back to the hotel.

Gayle : (*shocked*) What? What's wrong?

Me : Look. I'm sorry. It's my problem. You were perfect. Really lovely.

As I backed away to the security gates of the hotel, she continued to follow me and her lovely face was genuinely shocked.

Gayle : Is it because this is Belfast and you are frightened.

Me : Yes. I admit that. That's true. Sad but true. I'm frightened. OK.

Gayle : But we're all mixed here. There's no sectarian thing here.

Me : (*too frightened to listen*) I'm sorry. I gotta go.

With a heavy heart, I walked past the security and into the hotel, found my room, sat wearily on my bed and had to witness my two radically drunk friends wrecking the room as all good Brits do.

Suddenly, the phone rang. It was for me. It was Gayle. She was still shocked and embarrassed ... with the sounds of a good party going on in the background.

Gayle : Eddie. Why did you go? The party is really good and it's just a few blocks from your hotel. You can walk here easy. I'd love you to come. I can meet you half way if you want ...

Me : (*defensively*) How did you know my room number?

Gayle : When you gave the key to your buddies I saw your room number.

Me : You should be a police detective. I'm impressed.

Gayle : Don't fight me Eddie. I'm not fighting you. Please come.

Anyway, I then had to apologetically give her some lame excuses about the security gates being closed when I returned and having to get up early etc.

But I knew, deep down, that I suddenly had an irrational fear that night and it was consuming me because of my 'prophesy' the day before and the industrial amount of alcohol I had consumed. And I also knew, deep down, that she was someone very special that I should have stayed with and got to know.

(In Reincarnation, it's said, you are presented all your life with the people you should be meeting and interacting with. You and the Heavenly others had planned this with you before you were born. They are the milestones on your life's journey and so important for your development. And if you don't recognise it and take it – it's gone. And your life will not go in the direction that was intended and planned.)

- ◆ So, maybe I was right, after all, and I would have wound up dead in East Belfast that night ... but I don't think so.
- ◆ What I do know is that she felt embarrassed and let-down.
- ◆ And I do know I will always recall that night as the time I probably messed up a great encounter and a possible perfect relationship for the rest of my life ... that night ... in Belfast ... that I'm still, stupidly, waiting for ...

2. The Sudeten Solution

The Sudeten Solution is the only workable long term solution for this British problem we have in the north of Ireland. To anyone who genuinely understand these people and this problem, it's the only show in town. Otherwise we are all surely locked into this never-ending strife for at least another 400 years.

NOTE

What happened to the Sudetenland Germans after the war was bad. Be in no doubt, it was terrible. But it was a solution to a 400 year old German problem that the Czechs had to live with.

Aside

- ◆ My first girlfriend in Prague was a German girl.
- ◆ Her father had been thrown out of Prague when he was 12 years old.
- ◆ He couldn't accept his daughter was living there and refused to visit her.
- ◆ After many years assuring him the Czechs did not hate the Germans, she finally persuaded him to visit.
- ◆ When he arrived at the Prague train station, she hugged him tightly.
- ◆ His body was rigid and he didn't respond to her embrace.
- ◆ She looked into his face.
- ◆ He was looking up at the iron girders supporting the roof.
- ◆ He explained to her that this was the exact platform he left from when he was a child.
- ◆ Him and his father had stood there, carrying all they could in their arms while the Czech people were standing around laughing and throwing things at them.
- ◆ The train was deliberately late.
- ◆ It was the longest two hours of his life.

- Three million Sudeten Germans had to leave everything behind and go back to Germany, after having living there for at least 400 years.
- They couldn't sell their land or cattle or business or whatever they had.
- They could take only what they could carry in their arms.
- At this time, German cities had been totally destroyed by the RAF who had been mass murdering the civilians in Germany for years – so there was nothing left or nowhere for these people to go to. Germany was just rubble.
- But they had to go – so they went.

We have the exact same problem in the north of Ireland – except that we have less than a million British people to deal with and the Czechs had three million Germans to deal with. The vast majority of the British people who moved into Ireland 400 years ago have never become Irish and disrespect everything Irish in any way they can.

The big majority of Czechs agreed with me that the treatment of the Sudeten Germans was too harsh. And for this reason I would not support anything like this.

However, the repatriation of the British in the north of Ireland is the only lasting solution for the British Problem we have there.

Anyone who doesn't want to be Irish or accept the New Ireland, should be helped to settle back in Britain and be fully compensated for any loss incurred in the re-settlement by the British Government, who created this nightmare.

After the war, many Germans remained where they were. They were allowed to become Czech and learn to speak the Czech language etc. And they have never been discriminated against in any way – and they will testify to this today.

(The surname of my last Czech lawyer is 'Nemec' – which means 'German'.)

The former British who wish to remain in the New Ireland will not have to learn a new language. It will be a much easier transition for them. Like most Europeans, the Irish are cultured and will not discriminate against them (unlike the British when dealing with us).

3. A New Imperial Invasion

If they wish to control the Northern Ireland sectarian statelet they created, the British Government must try much harder to finally break the back of Irish nationalism there.

This has been their policy for the past 800 years and, especially, since the outbreak of the recent 'Troubles' but they must get it right in this new invasion. There's no point in lukewarm, half-hearted posturing.

Assassination squads, internment without trial in camps, torture centres and constant black propaganda have been used very effectively to date but ultimately it will not work because it does not cull (murder) the nationalist Irish population to the desired extent.

- ❶ They must build concentration camps big enough to contain all of the non-unionist population. The nationalist Irish inmates will die out within a short space of time. Any survivors can then be easily shot.
- ❷ This strategy was very successful for them in their imperialist past in all the continents on Earth – especially in the Caribbean and South Africa – which, because of some strange 'oversight', English history books do not mention this. (*In Mien Kampf, Hitler was radically impressed with the British concentration camp idea. I wonder why his book is banned ??*)
- ❸ The only reluctance they might have with this approach is not the slaughter of the Irish – this was never a concern to them in the past. Their concern would be the reaction to this slaughter in the rest of the world – especially Europe (*who already absolutely hates them*) and America. So maybe they will not resort to their time-honoured extermination approach this time. Who knows!

For Example (Donegal -Dublin Bus)

During the 1970s I was a frequent traveller on the Dublin-Donegal-Dublin bus and at least once each time on both the up or down parts of these perilous journeys there would be a British army checkpoint and invasion of the bus.

The heavily armed Brits would enter the bus and be totally abusive as only an illiterate scumbag can be. All us Irish civilians were treated as trash, murderers and terrorists, as has been their policy for the past 800 years.

But then – suddenly - there was a big change. A quantum leap forward in British army evolution. The Brit who entered the bus and did the questioning was still heavily armed but he was now more polite and smiling and almost ... dare I say ... respectful. It was obvious that a Brit with a modicum of civility had been trained to do the questioning.

I was too young then to understand what had just happened. But, as it transpired, there was no such quantum leap at all. Sad to say. There was no change in their 800-year treatment of the Irish. What had happened was ...

- European countries were being bombarded with the usual British propaganda which they knew from history was shit and they decided to investigate the situation there for themselves.
- So, European journalists began moving around incognito in Norn Iron as Irish people.
- When their reports of what was really happening and the behaviour of the British army began to appear in European media, the Brits attempted to put some perfume on their turd in an attempt to camouflage the stink.

But all their window dressing didn't work and the British remain the most hated people in Europe. (In my 'The Brits' Section, I say that all nations produce scumbags, we all produce Brits. But, the difference is, Britain produces way more Brits than anyone else.)

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Many people – including me – use the word Propaganda. A lot of people use it in the wrong context (*hopefully not I*).

As an avid student of history, I understand how this powerful tool works on the uneducated – thereby getting the victory or election result that is desired.

The greatest enemy to the Propaganda peddlers is education. An educated adversary is the greatest foe a thug can imagine.

- ➊ The 'Irish' Border is a good example of how propaganda works.
- ➋ This border was imposed by the British on the Irish back in 1922.
- ➌ Naturally, all Irish people hated it and opposed it.
- ➍ Not one Irish person wanted it then or now
- ➎ Only the British wanted it then and now
- ➏ But the British call this border 'The Irish Border'.
(Just like they call Ireland one of the British Isles.)
- ➐ The name of this border is the 'British Border in Ireland'.
- ➑ It is not The Irish Border
- ➒ Most shocking of all – the post-colonial Oirish call it 'The Irish Border'.
Well, why not! They parrot absolutely everything their colonial masters say.
- ➓ Oirish media is still controlled by the same Imperialists as it was 200 years ago. Impossible, you might think ... but true.
- ➔ For example, try getting an influential job in RTE without having the 'right' political opinion according to RTE Directors i.e. without your tongue firmly wedged between the buttocks of an English imperialist thug.
- ➕ Believe me. This Oirish thing is shocking to every other European country I have lived in and would not work on any people who are not post-colonial.
- ➖ So, obviously, it will have to be the Europeans who will solve the never-ending British problem we have in Ireland.
- ➗ The Oirish just don't have it in them any more. Hundreds of years of brutality, extermination and emigration of the Great Irish has made the modern Oirish the inferior waste product that they are.
- ➘ The Unbeaten Irish were murdered or had to emigrate, but a fraction remained.
- ➙ I belong to these Unbeaten Irish and we will eventually bring All Ireland back to the Peaceful, Loved, Cultured Place where it belongs, without British Imperialism or Roman Church interference.

4. A Massive Fist-Fight

As a young man, I developed what I believed to be quite a novel solution to this impossible sitch-ee-ation in Norn Iron (*at least, I hoped it was novel but probably another bright guy thought of it long before me*).

Because of the primitive nature of the problem in Norn Iron, a primitive solution was called for that would have widespread appeal across most sections of the community.

My suggestion is that 100 Prod men and 100 Taig men should be randomly selected to represent their tribe. This can be done by simply pulling the names from a hat, so to speak. (*For the Nationalist side it would inevitably be a green Leprechaun's hat and the Unionist side would undoubtedly choose a big fukkoff orange Bowler hat.*)

The names of all men over the age of 21 would be entered into the draw so there would be a helluva lot of Leprechaun hats and Bowler hats all over Norn Iron.

The random selection would have to be supervised by a combination of international unbiased groups like the Girl Guides of Saudi Arabia, the Russian Federation of Sturgeon Fishermen and the Association of Llama Herders of Peru.

- The 200 'lucky' men selected to fight would meet in a chosen field and fist fight until one tribe is triumphant ... and the loosing side would have to honour the decision of the independent judges.
- They could fight only with their bodies ... no weapons. This would include kicks to the goolies, fingers in the eyes and the good old reliable ... kicks to the goolies. In other words, an Un-Godly fight in keeping with the past 400 years of British rule in the north of Ireland.
- Doctors would be on hand to determine who was too unfit to continue fighting and who was too unconscious to even be able to submit. Strict medical rules would have to be obeyed or the offender face ignominious dismissal from the Un-Godly fight.



Backdrop to the Madness

Since the very beginning of the horror that was the English occupation of Ireland, their policy has always been to kill everything Irish in Ireland and supplant it with British, making it a British Island. They still use the term ... The British Isles ... in their international maps from the lowest society to Parliament itself.

(Often, when I was doing business in England, they would refer to 'the mainland'. I couldn't understand why they were talking about Europe. To my horror, they weren't. To them, Britain was the mainland and Ireland was a British island off it.)

It seems impossible to imagine but it's true. Throughout their history, their objective was to remove the Irish, the most-loved-people-in-Europe who kept European Civilization alive, single-handedly, during the Dark Ages ... with the Brits, the most-hated-people-in-Europe, renowned everywhere as THE most disgusting, uncultured scumbags (*but with a good propaganda machine*).

The 'Plantations' in the other three provinces (Leinster, Munster and Connaught) were not very successful because, although the Irish people had been driven from their land, they were not exterminated because they were needed as tenants and landless labourers on the land they always owned. So, the Irish people were not all killed simply because there were not enough English people available to settle in Ireland and replace them. (*The huge death rate during the Black Death, in 1348, had made labourers scarce and they were, therefore, valuable in England and could get much higher wages than before. The extermination of the Irish would have to wait for a more opportune time to do it.*)

NOTE

Everyone was Catholic back then - so it was more difficult for an English Catholic to kill an Irish Catholic. (They did, of course, it's just that killing Irish people was more difficult before the Reformation.)

The Ulster Plantation, beginning in 1603, was very different. Very bloody different indeed.

The Protestant Reformation had happened and Lutheran England and Calvinist Scotland were competing with each other to be the most anti-Catholic. The Calvinists definitely had the edge ... as the Lutheran Church of England was still calling itself a Catholic Church (*albeit Anglican Catholic i.e. without the Bishop of Rome as the head of the Church. They had the monarch to took all the Catholic wealth*).

The Protestant settlers who planted Ulster were from Wales and England but the big majority were from Scotland.

- ◆ And - they all hated Catholics. They couldn't read or write and had no concept of what Classical Greek and Roman civilization was and had no culture of their own ... but they had this one big thing in common.
- ◆ And they wanted Irish land and so they hunted them down and killed them. And they had the military machine and the entire government to help them in this noble Protestant endeavour.
- ◆ There was no police or army or protection of any kind for Catholics.
- ◆ This policy of extermination, first deployed in Ulster, was later used in all the continents of the Earth when the Brits invaded. This experiment was well known to the English back then and used throughout the Earth.

Just like in the early 1940's, during the Third Reich, when there was no protection for Jews – there was no protection for Irish Catholics back then. (*The Nuremberg Laws were exactly what the English did against the Irish back then – except that the Catholic churches were taken from the Irish. The Jews were allowed their synagogues.*) Today, with only 2% of the population, Protestants still hold the two lovely Catholic Cathedrals of St. Patrick's and Christchurch – beside where I live in Dublin. And no 'Christian' fervour will invade their consciousness and persuade them to give, at least, one cathedral back to the Catholic people it was stolen from. Isn't 'Christianity' wonderful?

- In modern times, the term **Ethnic Cleansing** means people are driven from their lands, businesses or whatever. Although terrible, there is, generally, another country or city they can flee to.
- There was no cities in Ulster in 1603 and there was no North America or Australia to flee to back then.
- The people being driven off their lands were being exterminated. They were being murdered. The people who drove them off their land knew they were going to die because there was nowhere for them to go and no food or shelter for them.
- But this was the new age of the Protestant God of Pre-Destination. Their disgusting, puny-minded Puritan God had said that these Catholic people are going to Hell anyway so it was ok to kill them, and not just ok but very beneficial to your soul if you killed them and take their land and whatever else they had to steal before you send them to Hell – quicker than God had planned but you were doing God's work.

Isn't the Protestant God Great? Seriously, can you get a better god? A modern equivalent is a violent scumbag wearing a hoodie in an American city with his gun at an old Native American lady's head.

Prod God : Hey listen good ya muddafukkin bitch. For da last time, were's yo goddam fukkin gold? No whaddam sayin?

Old Lady : I don't have any gold or any other valuables. Why can't you understand, we live on the land and the land looks after us and that is all we need and that's how we live. And it's wonderful.

Prod God : (*slowly realising*) OK. So I need dis goddam fukkin land ... No whattamean bitch. I need ya fukkin goddam land, bitch. OK.

A year later, the old lady is starving with her fellow Native Americans in a barren Reservation as her cultured men, women and children are also starving to death around her. And, in the fertile land in the lowlands that she formerly lived for 15 thousand years, the Anglo-Saxon invaders are singing 'Bringing in the Sheaves' ... in love with their great Protestant God who brought them this wonderful bounty in 'The Promised Land'.

The Protestant planters in the north of Ireland have folk stories of people they called wood-kern (*shockingly similar to the Troll folklore of Scandinavia - but that's another story*).

These planters, weapon in hand and squinting through narrow bigoted eyes, were constantly seeing people hiding in the woods and they would hunt them down and kill them. These wood-kern were the people who owned the land that the planters had taken from them. (This was a prelude to North America, Australia, Africa, Asia etc.)

- ★ After a generation or so, the wood-kern people disappeared from the folk tales of the planters.
- ★ The Irish owners of the land who had escaped the extermination and fled into hiding in the woods, had all slowly died.
- ★ They were murdered by a combination of hunger and exposure to the cold and rain ... and being hunted to extinction.

It is almost impossible for me to imagine that my cultured people died this way. I know it happened – but the inhumanity of it all is impossible for me to take on board.

Let's go back ... Back to Then

- The loving, cultured mother holding her surviving children close to her ... desperately trying to protect them from the cold and rain ... is speaking to them in gentle Gaelic and saying their prayers in Latin before they died.
- The loving, cultured father unable to find food in the woods for his family, or even protection from the elements, must hope that the planters will kill him before he has to witness his lovely wife and children die slowly of hunger and cold before his eyes.
- Their bond to the land was spiritual and at least 2,000 years old.

**These wood-kern people are my people and I am still alive.
I am a survivor. And there are many survivors like me.
And we are growing in numbers every day.**

Deal with it!

To the Present-Day Occupiers of the Land in Norn Iron

- Many other cultured peoples experienced this British Imperialist thuggery. But Ireland was the first. Like so many other evolved people – our relationship to our land was our love, our kindred, our clan, our nation, our God. We had mountains, wells, trees and a whole range of other stuff that was sacred.
- Your relationship to the land is something that is to be exploited and had to produce agricultural 'results'. This was something abhorrent to the people who had a huge spiritual connection to the land that was being stolen from them.
- You were told that the land was free for you to take and do as you will - so it's not your fault that you were given bullshit 'Shows yer Tits' information.



This problem that was created in the north of Ireland is over 400 years old and it will take at least a few more generations before any modernising process in the Medieval mindset will resolve anything.



Irrespective of whatever gloss or spin put on whatever 'new' structures in place in Norn Iron, there will be no resolution of the problem until the long and arduous process of converting a Medieval mindset into a Modern mindset has begun.



SUMMARY

Being modern in this world, tragically, involves such 'alien' concepts as inclusion, acceptance, equality, respect, goodwill etc.

The Bible demands that you practice what you preach ... not just with your own brethren but, radically, to everyone else – Jew, Muslim, Hindu, Buddhist etc.

As a baby step, you could start with fellow Christians in the little part of this beautiful country that you are so lucky to still occupy.

(In recent times, the British have pushed for this approach in their own country but are strangely reluctant to use it in Northern Ireland. It seems that any change in playing the Orange Card could mean having to change all their political games at Westminster.)

And what about the Dublin Government in Oireland? Why do they still have a hand so firmly clutched on their ever-growing forelock?

- ▶ They neither put pressure on the British government to tackle this blatant sectarianism in the Norn Iron statelet they created.
- ▶ Nor have they learned yet how to speak to the dinosaurs in the North East.
- ▶ Thereby allowing the dinosaurs the luxury of having Medieval sectarianism and bigotry as their 'culture' and political policy.
- ▶ Modern Oirish children don't have a Mammy or a Daddy any more. They have a Mum and Dad just like the 'Show's yer Tits' British trash.

NOTA BENE

But it's not just the sectarianism of Norn Iron that must change. After 800 years of Hell (which 100 years of freedom still hasn't rectified), many people in the Republic still have a huge Post-Colonial cringe ... a heavy weight that they carry on their backs all of the time ... that they must throw off asap, if not sooner.

For hundreds of years, Oirishmen would engage in pathetic stuff like ...

- 'Take The King's Shilling' and join the British army and be used as cannon fodder in the never-ending wars that England was waging everywhere on the Earth, in every generation.
- Become muscle enforcers driving their fellow Irishmen out of their houses and into destitution, starvation and death – on the orders of thugs like the landlords and their agents who gave them a few shillings for their 'work'.
- Become informers. There was a lot of shillings to be had if you were degraded enough to give the thugs who occupied Ireland the information they needed to kill the people who were trying to end the nightmare and give dignity and respect back to the Irish people.

It was to these Oirish people that the Brits handed over power and created the Free State of Oireland for them on condition they maintain the First Colony in the north east of the country and kill any Irish who were trying to create a sovereign, independent Republic for all of Ireland.

Although there were many Irish people just like me, it is with great pride that I say that none of my ancestors, over the many hundreds of years of occupation – mother's side and father's side – ever joined the British army.

When it was the only job to be had, they would prefer to die and watch their children die than join such a disgusting thing as the British army that was mass-murdering the cultured people all over the Earth. None of my ancestors ever became that degraded.

Big Aside ...

I have lived in many countries with a lot of post-colonial cringe. But nothing to compare with Oireland. Other post-colonial people are absolutely shocked by the Oirish version.

For Example

An ex girlfriend of mine – Victoria White – was part of the Anglo Irish Protestant Ascendancy, though she'd probably deny it if asked. Brought up in Dublin, all her life she surrounded herself with post colonial Oirish – where she felt comfortable.

(Why she wanted to shag an Unbeaten Irish guy like me, I have no idea. Clearly she had heard through the grapevine of my awesome powers between the sheets - but I'm speculating here.)

- I admired her, even though she appears on ... RTE ... that bastion of post-colonial rule in Ireland, just like her father who was a producer there.
- But she was so shockingly divorced from everything Irish – although she did her best to camouflage this by learning and teaching the Irish language and even learned Irish dancing. God love her.
- Anyway, after a year, I simply couldn't sleep with her any more. Well, I could, actually, sleep with her but sex with her was out of the question for me. It was embarrassing for both of us when I asked apologetically that we stop sex and just be friends. She had no option but to accept but she refused to meet me again ... forever. I assured her that that was silly as we liked each other too much.

Three months later, I met her on the street and made her laugh again. We decided to be friends and we remained like that for years and even sleeping together sometimes when travelling (thankfully without the sex).

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But then the inevitable final nail in our relationship coffin was driven in. We were both historians (although of a very different sort) and, one day, I asked her ...

Me : 'Of all the horrible times in Irish History, when do you think was the worst time?'

REALISE THIS ...

Every monkey in Borneo, every dog pissing against a lamp-post in every town in the world, every illiterate cretin trying to fart and chew gum at the same time, absolutely every creature on planet Earth knows the answer to that question.

The English had spent many hundreds of years trying to exterminate the Irish in the island of Ireland. They wanted Ireland to be a British Isle – populated by British planters and landless Irish slaves who had no money or power.

For hundreds of years, they had tried many times to exterminate the Irish by starvation. Then, in 1845 – 1850, the Great Famine happened because the English forced, at gun-point, all the food produced by the Irish to be shipped out of Ireland to England and onto her Empire troops who were mass-murdering cultured people throughout the Earth. The only food that the Irish had been forced to eat was – the potato – was now rotting in the fields for five years because of potato blight.

And 2,000,000 wonderful cultured Irish who had kept European civilization alive during the Dark Ages were slowly murdered by starvation, or diseases brought by starvation and another 2,000,000 were forced to leave Ireland and enter another English controlled country to be further degraded.

It is well known that the extermination of the Irish was on a par with the extermination of the Armenians by the Turks and the extermination of the Jews by the Nazis. And this is taught throughout the non-British controlled world.

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So, in answer to my question, she replied ...

Victoria : 'The worst time that happened in Ireland was following the Act of Union – when the finances of the merchants in Dublin declined.'

For those of you who are not historians ... The English occupiers of Ireland had forced a Union between the parliaments of Ireland and England in 1801 (they had done this by unbelievable bribery, corruption, thuggery. And murder) The objective of the Act of Union was to drain the economic life out of Ireland and into England.

(Ironically, the Irish parliament was composed entirely of Protestant English colonists as Irish Catholics were not allowed to vote because all human rights had been taken away from them. So it meant nothing to the Irish people – still struggling to stay alive on potatoes, which was the only food available to them.)

- All the merchants and landowners at this point in Ireland were English colonists. The Irish people were very lucky to even be alive – after 200 years of Penal Laws against Catholics (*exactly the same as the Nuremberg Laws against Jews, except the Jews could keep their synagogues, Catholic churches and even Catholicism itself was banned*).
- The Irish in Ireland had all their land taken from them, and had to become peasants on their own land and had to pay up to four times the rent that a British peasant had to pay. This was one of the tactics they used to exterminate the Irish.
- The Irish had no human rights (no vote, no schools, no right to life, no weapon to defend against the scum who were mass murdering them). And that was just the tip of the horror iceberg.
- The only food they were left to eat was potatoes. All the other food they produced was taken away from them. The English who totally controlled their lives ... and their deaths and the deaths of their wives and children needed them alive as slaves ... could eradicate them at any point when there were other Irish slaves to replace them.

Unbelievable answer by my 'friend' Victoria. She believed that suffering temporary financial loss for a few English occupiers of Ireland was much worse than the total destitution and death by starvation for millions of Irish people.

I've lived everywhere in this world and – no matter where I go – normal people say (especially people who have Direct Flights from Britain and witness the most debased, disgusting humans their minds could not previously imagine, enter their country) ...

Everyone : Why didn't you Irish just kill them when you became free?

Me : 'Great question and the unfortunate answer is ... Because the church we had was the Roman Catholic Church and Rome had directed all of its churches throughout the world to obey and live within the secular laws that prevailed in their country.'

These clerical idiots didn't seem to realise that the English occupiers of Ireland were Hell-Bent on exterminating the Irish people and so the Vatican directives were ridiculous.

The English Imperialist scum and the Roman Catholic Church was the double whammy that destroyed the Irish people for so many centuries. And I have spent my life attacking both of them and I'll do this till the day I die.

Everyone : 'So what about Victoria? Surely she was stripped and her hair shaved and she was tarred and feathered and sent on a rowing boat back to England where they would piss on her and tell her Oirish jokes.'

Me : 'Sad to say ... this didn't happen. You are living in a sovereign, independent, republic ... the same as Ireland. But, tragically, Oireland is still a knee bending, forelock-tugging, arse licking, post-colonial place – or that's the way the English see Ireland. And who can blame them? That is how the Oirish see themselves.'

Everyone : 'OK. But surely she is hated in Ireland?'

Me : 'Not at all. Even sadder to say in post-colonial Oireland ... Victoria is married to the leader of the Green Party – Eamon Ryan – an important party that often holds the balance of power in the Oirish Parliament (Dail) and is currently in joint leadership of the country.'

This is Oireland! I'm not making this up! I was at their wedding!

... End of the Big Aside

Post-Colonial Oireland

The undisputable pinnacle of this enigma called **Post-Colonial Oireland** must surely be the Wellington Monument in Phoenix Park, smack bang in the middle of the capital city of Ireland – Dublin – in the biggest city park in the world.

(It's not in some cringing Irish Unionist cellar, hidden away from public view. Of course not. This is Oireland. The Oirish public don't mind at all.) There it is, in it's disgusting 'Imperialist might' ... or rather, 'Imperialist shite'.

- ◆ The Imperial Cock
- ◆ The Imperial Phallus
- ◆ The Imperial Rape of Mother Ireland

(Unbeaten Irish : 'Get out of my country. This is not your country and never was').



In the American War of Independence, where the genetics of the rebels (terrorists) were almost entirely Anglo Saxon but who bravely fought against the English occupiers of their homeland despite little chance of success.

When they won, against all the odds and founded a Republic called the USA – all of Europe rejoiced and the French floated over to them the Statue of Liberty (France being the Mother of Liberty).

Throughout my years in Mainland Europe, they loved me because I came from Ireland. Not only because we Irish are the most loved people in Europe but because we smashed the disgusting British Empire. (*Subsequently, most countries who fought and won their freedom, looked to Ireland for inspiration and have GREEN in their flags.*)

The Duke of Wellington was an extremely disgusting person. There is no nice way to say this. He was absolutely loathsome to everyone who knew him and he absolutely hated Ireland and the Irish. (*'Because one is born in a stable, does not necessarily make one a horse.'* He was comparing himself to Jesus Christ and Ireland was the stable in which he was born.).

He was even despised by the English – and one can't get lower than that.

So, why would our Irish struggles, the most beloved in Europe, not be celebrated with a fitting monument. The Americans have their statue and we have ... nothing. The Oirish have many small statues that are acceptable to the Brits – their psychological masters – but nothing grand and imposing to reflect our world position. They say ...

- * **It would cost too much.**
- * **Where would we put it?**
- * **Etc. Etc. Etc. Etc. Etc. Etc.**

But we have one already here you pathetic arse-licking, forelock-tugging, morons.

- ▶ The present WELLINGTON MONUMENT can easily be recreated as the FREEDOM MONUMENT
- ▶ The plinth is good and should exist for as long as the Irish exist
- ▶ It would have appropriate scenes from our 800 year struggle emblazoned on the monolith – e.g. ancient Folklore, Song and Dance, Seanachai and Literature, Clontarf, Famine, United Irishmen, Easter Rising, War of Independence etc.
- ▶ Naturally, the present metal depictions of the mass murder of cultured foreign people by the Brits would be melted down and recast to depict the most recognised wonderful fight in the world – the Irish Fight for Freedom.



- The International Irish Soccer Team has many negative things said about it and mostly true but the most shocking thing is not even mentioned at all by the usual RTE post-colonial commentators.
- As the camera moves along the faces of the Oirish players, not one of them know the words of 'their' National Anthem (their English masters clearly haven't taught them the words yet.)
- They are not even told to practice moving their their mouths up and down, like they are slowly chewing on their gum – in an attempt to simulate singing.
- Clearly these guys don't practice anything – simulating singing or playing soccer and the skills associated with it.
- They are only thinking about their next tattoos and would they be really 'cool' and get their eyeballs tattooed next time to get a few more illiterate farts into bed.

Norn Iron maybe doesn't need a Change of State, but it definitely needs a Change of State of Mind.

... P S ...

Ireland always had a Viceroy representing the monarch in England since Ireland was 'acquired' as their First Colony in the 12th Century.

The Viceroy was normally a disgusting pig with no army or police to intervene in the orgy of pigswill, violence and destruction he enforced on the cultured Irish people.

When he and his scum were sent crawling back to Britannia in 1922, we were still left with the Viceroy in the north east of Ireland – commonly referred to as Secretary of State for Norn Iron. (*This is normally a punishment for any transgressing minister in the British party of power and remains a Purgatory to this day in Westminster.*)

So, besides being a punishment, the only requirement of every Secretary of State for Norn Iron is that they must be a Brit and, more importantly, a Brit who ...

- ➊ ... knows absolutely nothing about the 800 year nightmare that their country inflicted on Ireland. This is very important to them. This is how colonies 'work'. (*e.g. Mountbatten couldn't keep his eyes open and chew gum at the same time – a moron beyond human imagination – so naturally, they made him the Viceroy of India – the jewel in the British Empire. This simpleton could be relied on to do whatever he was told to do by the military Imperialists who governed him with no fear of contradiction, whatsoever.*)
- ➋ ... comes from the most disgusting, uncultured, violent trash that only the British produce – and Britain is, by far, the Number One producer of this in the world. Head and shoulders above all competitors which they are very proud of. Your average English Soccer Hooligan is the kind of material they come from.
- ➌ ... is the kind of person who is despised by all the intelligent world who have an unbiased media and also by the 10% of Americans who have a passport and can visit Britain or even Europe and witness the Brits close up – finally free from movie propaganda in their home country.

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- The Oirish Parliament (Dail) and Oirish media use the exact same terminology that their English masters use.
- Get off your knees and wise up, you inferior cretins.
- They are Millwall supporters, at best, and despise you because you are refined and cultured.

◆ **The Irish Border.** Hello! There is no Irish border. No Irish person wants a border in our country. But there is the British border imposed on Ireland. Then name of this border is 'The British Border in Ireland'. Practise saying it many times before you go to sleep, you blithering post-colonial morons.

◆ **North and South.** Jesus fukkn Christ. What is this? The Anglo Saxons did this in every country they invaded throughout the world and mass-murdered the lovely people living in each country. And that was how they left each country, divided North and South (or East and West) so they could control it. Hello! Surely you know this! If you don't know this, ask the nearest dog pissing on a lamppost and he will explain it to you.

Do not use English Imperialist terminology when referring to Ireland or any other country destroyed by English imperialism OK !

- I come from Donegal – the most northerly county in Ireland.
- In the (imperialist) British media and the (post-colonial, parroting) Oirish media ... Donegal is in The South.

DONEGAL IS NOT IN THE SOUTH OF IRELAND. MUNSTER IS IN THE SOUTH OF IRELAND. DONEGAL IS IN THE REPUBLIC OF IRELAND – NOT THE SOUTH. LOOK AT THE FUKKN MAP YOU POST-COLONIAL SLAVES.

The last time I was in the Giants Causeway in the north of Antrim, the local guide pointed a finger across to the north west, at Inishowen in Donegal and said ... 'Do you see that place over there? That place is called Donegal. That is the most northerly part of Ireland. And do you know what they call that place in the South. They call it 'The South'.

Aside

We had a big laugh about this afterwards. He was a Norn Iron Unionist and I told him I was a Donegal Nationalist of the Donegal Independence Party. I then sang to him parts of ... 'North and South, we'll keep them out, we'll even build a wall, we'll build Las Vegas in the hills of Donegal' (great song by 'Goats Don't Shave' ... The future Donegal National Anthem).

Why is stuff, as basic as this, apparently not known to the Oirish? Why is British Imperialist trash like North / South still being parroted by Oirish TV presenters?

- ◆ Moroniam O'Callahahahan is your classic Oirish RTE personality. I've heard what her English masters did and said about her when she was given a job on British TV. With or without the Playboy Bunny Ears, she was perfectly groomed in the UK for her move to the Oirish / British controlled RTE. (*Another Aside : There are laws against child abuse – and rightly so. Why is there no law against retard abuse? Surely, they also need our protection and help.*)
- ◆ Btw. It's amazing they didn't give Moroniam an 'authentic' Gaelic name on RTE like they do with the other Oirish people they feel they should employ in their Oirish colony (except, of course, people with names like Dobson or Goodbody who definitely should not be degraded by some ridiculous Gaelic name).

In Conclusion ...

Yes, It's well known that ...

- The English (British) Nightmare over the centuries has murdered almost all the Unbeaten Irish and forced the rest to emigrate.
- The only Irish they wanted in their British Isle of Ireland, besides their British planters, were the arse-licking survivors who they could easily transform into slaves - The Beaten Oirish.

So, shape up all you Beaten Oirish – in the Republic.

- Yes I understand, you are the pale remnants of something that was wonderful a long time ago and, deep down, it must hurt you.
- Yes I understand, your manhood has been destroyed just like the great genes of your ancestors was destroyed.
- And, yes, you have my utmost and heartfelt commiserations and sympathy.

**But ... do not stay kneeling and call
yourself an Irishman. OK?**



That's all for now, folks. But I'm not finished yet. Stay tuned ...