Introduction

It's said that brutality and sadism is as much a part of human nature as falling in love with the scent of your new-born infant's head. It's something that is as fundamental to human nature as appreciating sublime music or a spectacular sunset. It is just part of what we are.

That may indeed be true but what could have caused the mind-bending, irrational sadism of the Nazis that we are all familiar with? Many have investigated it but there is no definitive consensus of opinion that I'm aware of. There's no doubt that many people would behave as bad as the Germans did if all laws and constraints were removed and they could behave as they wished. (*Just look at the mass murder by the English in all the continents of the Earth.*)

But the extent of the inhuman brutality perpetrated by hitherto normal German people who came from all socio-economic groups, education levels and gender during the Third Reich was shocking beyond explanation. All we know is that the nation of Bach, Goethe and Schiller very suddenly became the nation of Streicher, Göth and Griese.

Irma Griese

A German friend, knowing I was an historian, contacted me once with a question.

German friend: Are you aware of a woman called Ilsa Koch?

Me: I know that name ... yes ... give me a few seconds ... Buchenwald?

German friend: Yes. That's right. But it says in this article I'm reading that she made lampshades from human skin. Is this true?

Me: Unfortunately, that is true. That is not Anglo-Saxon or Jewish propaganda. She had a thriving cottage industry going on in Buchenwald. A fine example of entrepreneurial German womanhood. And if you think she's a really bad girl, check out Irma Griese.

A few minutes later he sent me her photo.

German friend: Do you mean this woman?

Me: Yes, that's the fine lady. Check her out and get back to me. She was well known for kicking starving women to death and other sweet stuff like that and forcing the other starving, terrified, innocent women to watch.

He got back to me an hour later and was flabbergasted by what he had discovered.

German friend: My God, maybe we Germans are brutal after all.

- Irma Griese was not brought up in a grimy little flat by a prostitute mother and was raped by pimps and Johns since she was five years old or something awful like that.
- Her upbringing couldn't have been more different. She was surrounded by the countryside and everything that was natural. She came from good moral people. Her father was a farmer who despised the Nazi regime and told his three daughters to have nothing to do with them.
- She was bullied at school because she was so sweet and shy and not a member of a female Nazi organisation like the other girls - as her sister testified in the Nuremberg trials on her defence, who genuinely couldn't believe what was being said about her lovely little sister.
- Irma grew up to be a particularly beautiful young woman which probably makes it all the more shocking because she had no reason to be resentful about anything.
- As an Auschwitz guard, she walked around with a metal tipped brutal whip and a gun in her hand and, it is said, personally killed about 16 different women every day.
- The terrified and starving women would all be working at big round tables and Irma would be walking slowly around them from behind.
- These women would include sisters and mothers and daughters who had managed to stay together during these insane times.
- When a shot would ring out and a woman's brains would be splattered on the table, the other women had to continue working as if nothing had happened.
- Irma was notoriously famous for tying the legs of a pregnant woman together and, while the screaming woman was desperately trying to give birth finally died and the child also, she would be standing there giggling and masturbating.
- She would especially target women with big breasts. She would whip their naked breasts with her savage whip until they were destroyed. She would then have the woman tied down and order the female Jewish doctor to put putrid dirt into the massive wounds which instantly became infected. Irma would masturbate while watching the woman slowly die screaming over many days.
- The only 'humanity' Irma showed was when her sister testified in the Nuremberg Court that their father had banished her from their house when she came in wearing a uniform of the Nazi regime which he despised.
- Irma shed tears but asserted herself and demanded to be hanged quickly 'Schnell'.

■ Irma Griese was hanged at the tender age of 22. All humanity and morality that she was clearly born with had been dispensed with. And it was she herself who had dispensed with it - she wasn't forced in any way. But her story is not unique. It was shockingly familiar during these Satanic times that consumed normal Germans.

Police Battalions (especially 101)

- What is significant about this Reserve Police force is that they were not the heavily Nazified young men of the Einsatzgruppen whose job it was to blindly follow behind the main army and murder all the Jewish men, women and children.
- The Police Battalions were older men, normally with wives and children and only about 7% were members of the Nazi party. They were generally farm and factory workers, not political or military men at all nor had they any interest in this.
- ➤ But Hitler needed more and more Aryan men for his ever increasing Eastern Reich and so these battalions were formed to basically do Einsatzgruppen work. And, understand, these were normal German men with families of their own back home.
- They would storm into a town or village, break down the doors of all the Jewish homes, shoot dead the infirm and old people, pick up infants by a leg and shoot it through the head and order the able bodies Jews out to the town square.
- When all the Jews were assembled, they would be marched to the forest where pits were already dug by other Jews. All people would have to strip naked.
- The naked leaders of the Jewish community would be taken and stood before them, their beards and hair set alight. Then they would have to crawl their way to the pit, through an avenue of policemen armed with clubs and rifle butts beaten savagely. They would be grateful to reach the pit and shot dead, thus ending their misery.
- All the naked people would then be lined up at the pit and shot dead on top of their naked leaders. After filling in the pits, the able-bodied Jewish men would then be taken to a concentration camp and worked to death.

Young Nazis

Young Nazis who captured Jews or black soldiers (French or American) or Native American US soldiers would torture them slowly to death just for fun and entertainment.

They would be beaten and castrated and their eyes gouged out before being beaten to death.

There is no excuse for age here. These young Nazis were just torturing for fun. Something so abhorrent to human nature and anathema to all that is natural on the Earth was explained to them by their leaders to be the weak and un-German attributes of the undermenschen.

Victor Klemperer

Victor Klemperer was a 'star-wearing Jew' who wrote a diary from 1933 – 1945. They were published in two volumes called 'I will Bear Witness' and it is arguably the most powerful thing you can ever read. Four things had allowed him survive as a Jew during WW2 ...

- 🜟 He was awarded a first class Iron Cross during the First World War
- ★ He wisely chose to be a baptised a Protestant (he saw that Catholics were also persecuted by the Nazi Regime)
- * He was married to a Protestant Aryan woman
- 🜟 He was a much-loved professor in Dresden University

Each entry in the diary was written on a scrap of paper, whenever he could find a piece of paper, over a 12 year period, that had to be smuggled out of town by a young girl to an Aryan safe house in the countryside.

His writings remain one of the greatest journeys you can take into understanding how strong us humans can be ... and how much of our humanity can exist in the midst of such barbarity.

There were other suchlike writers in his lifetime. And, although heart-rending like Anne Frank and brilliant like Primo Levi, they didn't have the depth of Victor Klemperer. In his diaries he described the ...

- Language of the Third Reich
- Vox Populi (Voice of the People)

And the incredibly fast erosive effects it had on the uneducated people, whether they were part of the regime or not, and also on people who should have known better.

Because of constant bombardment in the sectarian media (tabloids etc.) his Aryan university-professor colleagues eventually began using the same language as – and they were soon indistinguishable from – the idiot wearing a brown shirt or Gestapo uniform.

- Even his fellow Jews who were still living and still had a voice, shocked him with their meek acquiescence of the current state of affairs and their use of almost the same Vox Populi as the media.
- Within a few years, everyone seemed to have abandoned 500 years of European civilization as if it never happened.

It seems people (in general) are programmed to survive. But there will always be some (very few in number) who will lose everything ... rather then bow down to the thug. And, be in no doubt, this is the only thing the thug is afraid of ... as every page of history can testify.

My Two Cents

Tragically, I see religion in almost the same way. People acquiesce and meekly accept what those in authority or 'their betters' are telling them – like in Nazi Germany.

Their need to survive and escape ridicule or just 'fit in' means they Run With The Pack.

But the pack does not have any interest at heart except their own very selfish interests.

Before leaving Victor Klemperer, allow me to refer to one story he was told about life amongst the Aryan population during his awful isolated times - remember there was nothing else for him or his wife to eat every day except turnips which means they were slowly starving to death while they both had to work. Here is a brief outline ...

The wife of a Nazi official was about to give birth in a hospital. Her husband came to visit her but the head nurse told him the baby wouldn't be born that evening. He was a busy man and couldn't wait. Before leaving, he pointed to a large crucifix on the wall.

Nazi Official: Remove that thing off the wall. I don't want the first thing my son will see is a Jew hanging on a cross.

Head Nurse: (*shocked*) But I don't have the authority to do it.

Nazi Official: (*shouting*) Then tell the hospital superintendent to do it.

The following day, the Nazi Official got a telephone call from the Hospital Superintendent.

Superintendent: Your wife has given birth to a baby boy. And about your concern that the first thing he would see was a Jew hanging on a cross. Don't worry about that.

Your son was born blind.

A Wee ('maybe boring') Bit of History

Sebastian Haffner left his native Germany in 1938 and arrived in England as the intensifying Nazi thing was reaching nightmare levels. In his book 'Germany, Jekyll & Hyde' he tried to explain the difference between a National Socialist and a Nazi.

Difference? What Difference?

Of course they are interchangeable terms. One means the other. But he was right to identify the difference. This is how he interpreted it ...

Churchill (who is considered a total pig in cultured circles, but a hero to the Brits and their followers) was said to be heavily influences by this book and advised his cabinet to read it – to better understand their war adversary.

This was wise, but it seemed to have had no effect on his subsequent actions (or inactions) during the war. Despite his fervent protestations to the contrary, he was well aware of the Nazi death camps and what was happening to the Jews and Slavic people etc. there. But he continued to order the mass murder of defenceless German civilians in the cities by the RAF (terror bombing) instead of simply bombing the rail tracks leading to the camps.

It would have been an easy target – comparably risk free to the pilots and air crews and it could have been repeated each time the Germans repaired the tracks. The Russians had already won the war two years before the Germans surrendered – so it is shocking to think about the millions of lives that would have been saved had this simple bombing tactic been used.

And the mass murder of up to two million German civilians (old people, women and children, all the fighting men were on the front lines) had a counter-productive effect on ending the war. It simply hardened the German resolve – as any sensible person could have explained to a war-mongering thug like Churchill.

- ◆ So why was it done? Well for the same reason it is done in other war arenas today. It has huge propaganda value to the war mongers and satisfies the blood lust of thugs.
- ◆ A headline in a tabloid newspaper screaming 'Dresden completely destroyed' sounds much better than 'Some railway lines damaged in Poland'.

Remember ...

Dresden (a city close to my heart having been there a few times), was called the 'Florence on the Elbe' because of it's excellence in all things artistic. Everyone, on both sides, knew that it was not important from any military or industrial perspective. It was simply a transit hub with tens of thousands of German civilians arriving there every week from the East fleeing to Germany. There were no anti-aircraft guns or men defending the city. The men were all dying in huge numbers desperately trying to stop the massive Russian advance.

So, it was a perfect target for the cowards in the RAF, especially Bomber Harris (impossible for any normal person in this 'enlightened' age to imagine that a statue to this mass murdering piece of excrement is still standing in London). The bombs used were incendiaries and enough were used to burn the entire city - which they did.

Ironically, the German air force on their bombing raids on Britain were heavily instructed to only bomb the military or industrial targets - no civilians were to be targeted. And if, because of poor visibility or whatever, German bombs landed on civilian houses the bombing crew get a severe reprimand back in Germany. (I'm sure, even an idiot can see how the English built an empire.)

The English had built an empire by mass-murdering cultured, defenceless people all over the world. After they had invaded a country brutalising and murdering as they went, if men tried to resist them armed with bananas or tomatoes or whatever they had, they would be massacred by gunfire. This mass murder of cultured people trying to defend their country would be reported in English scum newspapers as 'Our gallant troops killed 600 terrorists'.

Official Anglo-Saxon records say up to 25,000 people died that night in Dresden but every genuine historian knows it was certainly over 100,000 and closer to 200,000 people were murdered that night. And it could have been many more. Nobody knows for sure because the city was full of undocumented German refugees and most were lifted off their feet and into the fires by the whirlwinds created by the fires insatiable need for oxygen. And disappeared.

And, meanwhile, the Nazi Death Camps were allowed to continue their extermination of Jews, Russians, Poles and all the others, with absolutely no interference from the Anglo Saxon cowards ... because it wouldn't make headlines in their scum newspapers back in Blighty.

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My Misspent Youth ...

In my Secondary School History, the curriculum allowed students to study either Modern History or Medieval History. Although there was no teacher for it and I had to study alone, I choose Medieval because I wanted to see what Europeans were like before modern times. (In my youthful exuberance, I even had my 'beard' growing under my jaw line — and not above it - as the Medieval men were wont to do.)

No sooner was I studying history in university than I became fascinated by modern history, especially the Third Reich. And very stealthily it crept up on me and soon I became obsessed with it - something that I had avoided for so long.

The Third Reich was just the most recent enactment of Medieval thinking. This time, tragically, they had mechanised and industrialised death at their disposal. So, instead of the usual pogroms against the Jews and witch hunting and killing other minorities which resulted in a few hundreds or thousands of deaths in a local area, suddenly it was possible to kill everyone, everywhere.

Proof, if any is needed, that despite all our advances in thinking and understanding, philosophy, science and the rule of law – if you scratch a Modern skin, out comes a stream of Medieval, putrid pus. (*Many British people in the North of Ireland are living proof of this.*)

There is a belief that a person's life experiences are created by their thinking (The Law of Attraction etc.). Whether true or not, my life seems to be a fine example of it. So, maybe it's because I'm obsessed with it that throughout my life I have been constantly in contact with or crossing paths / swords with the Third Reich.

'Religious' Observations ...

- It's said that God died in Auschwitz.
- Maybe it's true or maybe he died in one of the other Nazi camps like Treblinka, Birkenau, Dachau, Buchenwald, Sobibor, Dora, Chelmno etc. There were millions like him who were murdered in these hundreds of camps but maybe God, it can be argued, was the most significant victim.
- This was a piece of God's Earth but, it appears, he had very poor husbandry over his flock at that time ... and in those ghastly places. God either died there or he was the worst husband ever he certainly won't be drinking his coffee from a mug labelled 'Best Husband of All Time'.

There is no doubt, it is impossible to believe in a personal God after World War 2. Or, this is a luxury for those who haven't been there and refuse to get to know what it was like. And what about the extermination of the Irish by the English or the extermination of the Armenians by the Turks.

And there are those who 'know' that a belief in Divine Intervention by a personal God is impossible and always was. And there are those who 'know' that anything positive or negative that happened, stuff that couldn't be understood by the wisdom of the time, was deemed to be the intervention of God or the Devil.

Therefore, if God and the Devil didn't exist it would have been necessary to invent them.

Otherwise, the mysteries of this Earth could not be explained and pandemonium would have ensued. Everyone would have been running hysterically in all directions all the time, trampling over the very young and old, the weak and infirm, and anarchy would have reigned. Those two convenient guys (God and the Devil) solved all (well, almost all, let's be honest) of the Earth's conundrums and mysteries.

And then there are those who say that indeed God did die in a Nazi camp, but he was Born Again in the 1980s (in keeping with the then popular Reincarnation belief).

But there can be no doubt ...

Europe is still traumatized after that brief but cataclysmic Nazi time because they fundamentally de-stabilized what we hitherto believed was indelibly human. Basic humanity, stuff that was believed could not be taken away, was shown to be only skin deep.

Thousands of years of European civilization was to be ripped to shreds and shown to be the flimsy Christmas tinsel that it really was. Normal men and women could now pull the naked baby from a starving naked mother, smash it's head against the wall and hand it back to the mother who had to walk into a gas chamber with her child's mangled brains dribbling down her body.

For sure afterwards, fish could indeed live in the trees and sheep could smoke cigarettes as they baked bread 100 metres underwater.

I come from the furtherest North West corner of Europe - Donegal. Probably, no Jewish person ever lived there. Yet, all my life, I keep having bizarre coincidences with the Holocaust. And it's rarely the victims – it's invariably the perpetrators.

Everywhere I travelled in Europe, I seemed to be always coming face to face with my obsession – the Third Reich.

By The Way ...

I don't see myself as some kinda hero in these following pages. It's just that, after experiencing boarding school and having no father and not being old enough to deal with the inherent thuggery that lies within all unnatural institutions, I've had to deal with it as best I can throughout my life. And that means I confront it head on - irrespective of whether I live or die as a result.

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Relatively Modern History

Herman the German

Upon leaving Ireland, the first things that became depressingly apparent was that my precious Irish money was disappearing at a ferociously fast rate. This hitherto valuable commodity was now suddenly worthless – or thereabouts. It was dragged from a place where it had some meaning and status and so hard to come by, to a place where it was reduced in a way similar to the old Native American cultures exchanging priceless gold and silver artefacts for glass trinkets.

Aside

It reminds me of the story of the NASA officials who were sending a man to the moon and they condescendingly asked a local Native American tribe elder to say something in the voice recordings they were taking with them. He did and the recording was taken to the moon. Only later, another Native American translated what he said. 'Beware of White Men ... they will take your land.'

Anyway, it became blindingly obvious that I wasn't going to afford the luxury of hanging out and doing nothing for the first two months, as my belief system had naively hitherto planned. I had to find a job a lot quicker than I wanted to. Depressed, I decided to continue in my most recent occupation - the honourable art of washing dishes. Just like working on a building site, if you found a job you could start straight away without any interrogation, induction or training period required.

On reflection, I was lucky to secure a position as a dishwasher in what was probably the best seafood restaurant in town. And to compound my good luck ... I love seafood. It was one of these restaurants where you could choose your living lobster, crayfish etc. from a large glass tank. Surely one of the grossest habits that mankind has evolved. I mean every time you eat a shellfish / crustacean you know that he was alive very recently and you were looking him in the eye and he was looking back at you (maybe pleasing to be spared this terrible fate - but you can't be sure with non-mammals) and now he is on your plate - dead and you were responsible for his death and really enjoying eating him.

Of course it was way too posh for me to eat any of the living stuff - but even the non-living stuff, especially the posh wines, cooked shellfish and king prawns and the incredible dips and the desserts (those indescribably awesome desserts), were truly spectacular and will remain with me forever and explain why people love money so much. And this was all free for me ... Awesome! (btw. It was free for me because the other guys kept me supplied with stuff that was not needed - like desserts, fish have a short healthy span when not living.)

Anyway, away from my reminiscing reverie, me and my dishwashing machine was positioned in the small restaurant upstairs. My shift was between five and two in the morning. The work was non-stop but OK. The dishes had to be scraped and stacked on trays on one side and a conveyor belt would take them through the washer and out the other side where I would stack them to be taken away. There was no problem unless the restaurant was very busy ... but it was never as busy as the larger restaurant downstairs.

Tragically, there was also ... **Herman**. (It's like a Greek or Shakespearian tragedy, there always has to be some piece of shit floating in your bath tub that was not your making.)

- ◆ He was the head chef and the restaurant / kitchen manager and was based downstairs. I was told all about him on my first day. Everyone kept reassuring me that I was so lucky to be working on the second floor because I didn't have to deal with Herman.
- ◆ The stories about this guy's thuggery were legendary. He terrorised everyone. And if anyone thinks that he was just following in a long line of head chefs, then they could not be more wrong. Every other head chef tosspot that considers himself a protected tyrant was just an apprentice to the master, the man that wrote the book on thuggery and runs the thuggery academy ... Herman.
- ♦ He would hurl objects and scream abuse at everyone within earshot especially the waiters and waitresses.
- ♦ I was assured by my advisers that the dishwasher was a guaranteed target and that I was just lucky to have got the second floor.

I had the misfortune to experience Herman on my first day at work. I went to get my lunch at the downstairs kitchen - just to see the place. I was so conscious that one of the three chefs with their backs to me was Herman but I tried not to show it.

Me: Excuse me.

Chef: Yes.

Me : Can I have my lunch, please? **Chef :** Sure. What would you like?

Christ. I couldn't believe it. He was a kindly fat faced, young man my age and spoke with a strong German accent – and he seemed really nice. He helped me with my decision, delicately pointing out what he considered good as I identified my choice.

As he got it ready, I was so relieved that this monster I had heard about was maybe just a myth. Obviously those jokers on the second floor (*who kept me supplied with wonderful food - better than I had ever eaten in all my life before or since*) were just winding me up and this guy was about the most helpful and gracious human you could possibly hope to meet.

In fact, they had probably chosen him to be an ogre because he was so clearly the opposite. Fortified with the relief of it all, I ventured into a brief casual conversation. I pointed to a curiously shaped kitchen appliance fitted to the worktop.

Me: What's that used for?

He handed me my lunch and shrugged his round shoulders as young people do.

Chef: I don't know.

Suddenly, the chef working nearest to us, spun around and approached us. He bellowed at the startled young chef with such force that it shocked me like any earthquake would.

Herman: Use your superior German brain. What do you think it's for?

Enter Herman into this hitherto benign Shakespearian stage. Jesus! Why me, Lord, why? So the ogre, the monster (or the cryptid if you are under 30 years old) did actually exist.

As the young chef, myself and the entire kitchen stood there in shocked silence, Herman explained the implement's use in a blistering roar. He then stood glaring at the young chef with his huge arms folded over his massive chest. I have genuinely never seen a chest as big and I hope I never do again. Arnie Schwarzenegger was clearly a anorexic schoolgirl after all.

The young chef did not look in his direction and continued with his work. Herman turned his ferocious stare to me, obviously delighting in the fear and degradation he could summon and demonstrating to me the great control he had of his environment. I did not respond.

As I ate my lunch, I pondered the experience and my bad luck of being in the front line on my first day. 'Superior German brain' – I couldn't believe it. Jesus! Surely this is what us people say when we parody the Nazis. But this was definitely not a parody. Although he looked younger, I figured he could have been old enough to remember Nazi Germany. He was not much over six feet tall but had the most robust, powerful body imaginable for a man of his age (or any other age).

Anyway, that was my introduction to Herman and I, subsequently, made sure not to have polite conversation whenever I was in his kitchen. Like everyone else, I didn't say much because I wanted to keep my job and keep my life or, rather, I wanted my leaving the job to be my decision.

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➤ But nothing else happened during my remaining eight weeks there. I was safely ensconced on the second floor while Herman was terrorising the ground floor. Then, my last day in the job arrived and a strange event happened. The dishwasher on the ground floor went home sick (sickness was very common on the ground floor with Herman) and, because it was much busier, I was told to go down there. So, for the first time, on my last day at work, I was working in the same kitchen as Herman.

- Thank you God! Can you tell me what I did in some previous life to deserve this? (Whilst talking to God, I am presuming that God didn't actually die in one of the gas chambers of the Concentration Camps during the early 1940s.)
- Everything went well for an hour or two. Herman was just barking at everyone and there was a terrible atmosphere but I didn't mind. My machine made a lot of noise and I could cut out the drudgery of the kitchen better than everyone else my machine allowed me to drift away, like in meditation or hypnotism. And I could transport myself to another gentler place within an imaginary lovely environment.
- ➤ But suddenly, Herman's roar ripped through my tranquillity and it could be heard over all the normal talking, rattles and bangs.

I turned to see a distraught waitress turn away from Herman, who was in his typical tyrannical screaming state. She wiped a tear as she moved quickly out to the restaurant floor. It looked more awful because she was so small and vulnerable and he was clearly the opposite. So, before I thought about it, I hit the STOP button on my machine and the kitchen went deathly quiet as if a silence bomb had just exploded.

Me: (*shouting*) Herman!

(Herman looked at me confused, as did everyone else.)

Me: What's your secret?

(A puzzled look moved across his face, plainly surprised by what he had heard.)

Herman: What do you mean?

Me: What makes you such a nice guy? Everyone loves you. Come on, you must have a secret.

I saw the other people in the kitchen bow their heads and look away, distancing themselves from me as best they could and you could hear them think 'This poor Irishman, he has no idea what he is dealing with and what is going to happen to him'.

The only person moving was Herman. With measured steps, he slowly came from behind his workplace and advanced onto the floor and moved slowly towards my machine.

His face was getting very red, his head was tilted backward as he was attempting to look down at me. But his voice remained calm - as calm as Sher Khan, the tiger in Jungle Book.

Herman: What did you say?

Everyone, including me, knew I was going to get hurt – probably badly hurt - but I continued as if I was having a normal conversation.

Me: How come everyone loves you?

He arrived at my machine and, in an attempt to frighten me, leaned over it till his face was very close to mine - shockingly close. His face was now very red as he stared into my eyes. I returned his stare, hopefully not showing any of the discomfort I was experiencing.

Me: What's your secret?

He had no way of knowing this was my last day and was, obviously, unnerved. Then something happened, but I'm not sure exactly what.

Herman: Where are you from?

Me: I'm from Ireland ... And where are you from?

Aside

That word is like a bell, that tolls me back ... (Keats analogy) ... Ireland is infinitely loved in Europe, especially by Germans. We represent the indomitable people who couldn't be beaten. We won the 800 year war against the English occupation. Hitler had commissioned Goebbels to make the film 'My life for Ireland' about the titanic struggle of the Irish people against English tyranny. The Brits called this film 'Nazi Propaganda' and banned it. Watch it folks - don't let anyone stop you.

Anyway, whatever power that had been energising Herman seemed to just fade away.

Herman: OK. I'll tell you.

He continued to stare into my eyes, but the expression on his face changed and his muscles relaxed and I could almost see this malignant demonic energy leaving his body like lava spewing from a very active volcano which then becomes dormant.

Herman: When I was twelve, I joined the army.

It was obvious what he meant and there was no way I could pretend otherwise. Only in Africa and Asia has there been boy soldiers.

Me: That must have been Hitler's Youth. Hitler-Jugend.

Herman: Yes. That was Hitler Youth.

Me: (very casually) What was it like?

Although he was still looking into my face, he was seeing something far beyond me. He put both of his elbows on the conveyor belt of my machine to support his upper body and, as he spoke, he lost all his awesome defensive posture and persona.

Herman: All my friends...all the guys I trained with in my school...they were all killed defending Berlin. But I survived...I survived. And I wanted to die. I wanted to die for the fatherland. Hitler was the greatest man in the world and he was our great leader ...

He went on to explain that he and the boys in his class jumped into a bomb crater and began returning fire - with rifles - against the coming Russian tanks. A Russian shell arrived and exploded in their tiny shelter and all were killed except for him. He woke up in a field hospital and although severely wounded - he survived.

At first, he found it difficult to speak civilly as it was such an unnatural thing for him to do and his desire to die fighting the Red Army in Berlin was not exactly the best subject matter to activate your renaissance as a speaker.

Me: But Herman. You Survived. Maybe you were not meant to die. Can't you see that? Maybe you were meant to have a bigger life in this lifetime.

I was talking about stuff that was an abomination to him as it is to many fundamentalist 'modern' people. Reincarnation, hello! Although he listened to me, he was invariably thinking that I was a very stupid man indeed. That he survived was just pure luck but he didn't respond to me. With contempt, he looked around at his kitchen staff.

Herman: Look at them. They're not Germans. They're pathetic.

Me: They look like Germans to me.

Herman: Maybe, but not the Germans we were. Not my generation.

<u>Aside</u>

As he continued with his vitriolic hatred of modern German people, I realised this was not the most ideal time to mention that, in my opinion, there is no parallel in the history of military conflict to the performance of the Red Army as they drove back the Third Reich. The Russians fighters at Stalingrad and Kursk coupled with the tactical genius of Zukov, Rokossovsky, Chuikov etc. is one of the greatest examples of how will and determination can defeat the military might of even the most determined aggressor (while the American and British Anglo Saxon cowards stayed hiding in England).

Irrespective of the subject matter, I had opened a flood gate and I wasn't going to stop him.

I listened and tried to show interest in things that normally I would have ignored with contempt. As he became more relaxed, his talk became more placid as, I'm sure, it was the first time he had talked in years – probably since he was a twelve year old boy soldier in Berlin. Finally, he was talking like the man he would have been if there had been no Third Reich or no unwinnable war when he was a little innocent boy.

He remained staring at my face as he spoke but, over his head, I could see the consternation on the faces of the waiters and waitresses as they were lining up their orders waiting for him to finish and looking pleadingly at me to inform him of this - his most basic duty.

Obviously, there was pandemonium on the restaurant floor as people waited for their food but there was no way I was going to tell him this. He was many miles away and many decades away, in another era, and it was high time he stayed there for as long as it took ... in my amateur psychologist opinion.

However, my dishes began to build up to dangerous levels and something had to be done about that, lest an avalanche of dirty dishes should smash around his feet on the kitchen floor.

Me: I must switch on my machine.

He quickly lifted his elbows from the conveyor belt and straightened himself apologetically.

Herman: Yeah. Sure.

I hit the ON button, the dishes began flowing through the washer but it made no difference to him. I saw the disappointment on the faces of the other members of staff as he again leaned towards me and continued as before. As I was working, I didn't have to give him my undivided attention and could be more casual with him.

Me: But what about the excesses.

Herman: Excesses?

Me: Yeah. You know, for example ... the Jews.

There was that ugly silence and I realised I might still be in line for a swift death or, at best, a severe beating. I glanced at him, prompting him to respond. He was looking at the floor, silent and morose. He shrugged his shoulders and nodded his head, resigned. Suddenly, he found words.

Herman: They've done very well, you know.

Me: What do you mean?

Herman: Since the war. They've been doing very well in Israel.

Me: (angry) They were doing a helluva lot better before the war.

He nodded his head and moves his arm in an indication that he understood what I was saying but he didn't want to go there.

But he went on to describe how many former Nazis have done business with Israel since the war and how there is genuine admiration among these people for the achievements of the state of Israel.

This is a common theme expressed by people with a Fascist past and it's very disquieting. I told him I had no love for what the leaders of the Israeli State are doing to the people who lived there and owned it for 2,000 years before the Jewish people arrived. Although he could see my point of view, he didn't agree with it.

- There is one definite reality that one must not loose track of.
- If people, schooled in Fascist thought, think something is right then it is clearly wrong.
- And the reason it may not be obvious to descent people is because of the short-term blinkers that they choose to wear.

Anyway, Herman's unburdening of his awful past was his attempt to justify or, at least, to seek understanding for his awful treatment of everyone in his environment. It became obvious to me that nobody had actually confronted him about his behaviour. I'm sure that many men had physically or verbally attacked him in the past, but then he would have retaliated, beaten them up and felt justified. And his problem would have remained and strengthened as time went by. He would have been the kind of man who would never have sought help from those who could have helped him.

Surely a person like Herman should have been shown the error of his ways while he was still younger. He'd have rejected it, as all ubermenchen would the inferior ramblings of the undermenchen. But that posturing would have slowly dissolved and eventually he would have become the man I witnessed that evening – the normal, descent man that he truly was – a long time ago. Instead he was forced to keep alive the sham that all his boyhood friends had died for ... and he had not died for ... otherwise their deaths would have been in vain.

Eventually, what seemed like an eternity, Herman politely said he had to return. With his head down in a gesture I translated as indicative of being contrite, he walked across the floor to his post and took over the running of the kitchen again. He didn't shout for the remainder of that night and I never found out was there any change in his personality after that.

In hindsight, I regret I didn't discover was there a genuine Road to Damascus but I had already decided to leave that place in pursuit of a more rewarding career and my concerns lay elsewhere.

Herman had never realised that was my last night in his restaurant and he would never speak to me again. Tragically, I suppose, unless he was regularly confronted and allowed to speak about his brutalized past, he would have returned to his 'winning' ways that had served him so well in his awful life.

My experience of Herman brought the war and its effects into sharper focus for me. There has been so much talk and research done on the effect of Nazi Europe on the victims - and rightly so – but what about the children of Nazis and the children that were alive during those times.

Although it seems terrible to say it, they're probably just as wounded. There must surely be a huge collective guilt among descent offspring of Nazis that creates big psychological effects which are comparable with that experienced by the offspring of the victims of the Nazis.



Children of Nazis

1) Brigitta

I met Brigitta (not her real name) in Prague and she had this lovely personality which was instantly recognizable as not Czech. (In Czechia, if you smile and are friendly, they presume you are mentally abnormal and queue up to steal whatever money you might have.)

She was a German Berliner and explained to me her transformation into a Czech woman.

... Her Story, in her words, with the usual interruptions from me ...

She: My father was a Nazi official and his job was the transportation of Jews to Auschwitz.

Long after the war, as a teenager who loved my father, I couldn't cope with this reality.

(angry) God in Heaven. It's bad enough being a teenager - without this.

Anyway, I started to madly look for Jews who had the Auschwitz tattoo. I met many Jews but none of them had the tattoo.

Me: So, you didn't believe it?

She: Yes, I believed it. I believed it. But I just needed to see proof. Or something ...

Anyway, by my late twenties, this overwhelming desire of meeting a tattooed Jew faded and I visited Prague for a holiday. And - it was amazing. What a beautiful city!

Me: Yes, it's the same for all of us. The Hapsburg Empire in one of it's finest creations.

She: I just couldn't leave. I wanted to stay here. But I had to learn the Czech language.

Me: Well done. I don't think I could. In Ireland we have to start with two languages. And then learn more. This Slavic language was a bridge too far for me because it is not Latin based or Germanic based like Western Europe.

She: Anyway after controlling the language, I got a job as a manager of a place that does events like speeches and presentations.

Everything was going fine till one evening the main speaker was this old guy. I was intrigued when I met him and gave him his stage time etc. So, I didn't go home as usual and waited to hear his speech.

She: It was shocking. He said he was an Auschwitz survivor. When he was finished I, tentatively, approached him and, as casually as I could, asked him for his phone number which he gave. (Aside: You can't blame him. Although he was in his eighties, she was a very attractive woman to all men irrespective of what age they are.)

The following day, when we met for coffee, all was going well. You can't imagine how nervous I was. Although I think I concealed it OK, I was shaking inside and nonchalantly asked him while I was pouring some more coffee ...

She: Is it true you were in Auschwitz?

Without responding, he just lifted up his shirt sleeve and revealed his Auschwitz tattoo.

She: After all these years, since my terrible teenage days, I had the proof I was looking for. Suddenly, a dam burst and I was crying uncontrollably. I remember my hands over my face and the tears coming out through my fingers.

When I became aware again of my surroundings, he was standing at my side with his hand on my shoulder and trying to comfort me. Naturally, he had no idea I was German and his consoling Czech words did nothing for me.

Imagine how crazy it was, knowing he was German like me and both of us came from Berlin and we were both speaking Czech to each other.

When I recovered sufficiently, I remained looking at the table and spoke to him in German and told him everything about who I was and who my my father was and it was probably my father who had sent him to Auschwitz. The father that I loved so much.

Although he was stunned, he answered me in German. And assured me that he had met many good Aryan Germans and I don't have to worry about the horrors of the past. And that was it. We became good friends and we still are.

On her birthday, she invited me to her party. She pointed him out to me but, like the celebrity that he clearly was, he was constantly surrounded by admirers and I never got the chance to approach him.

I would have liked to have spoken with him, had I got the opportunity, but he continued to be engaged ... and Brigitta turned out to be a much more attractive draw for me that night.

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2) She who cannot be named

As usual in the bars and nightclubs of Dublin, I was fighting my usual loosing battle throughout the years with my ever-changing drinking buddies who were insistent on talking about football and cars and had no interest in meeting girls (until they were sufficiently hammered, you understand, and when all the pretty ones were gone and they had very little chance of even scoring with the ugly ones who were left).

Me: What the hell is wrong with you guys? Why aren't we talking to the girls?

The guys: You talk to the girls, Eddie, we have to continue here to decide whether Aidan Healy deserves his position as centre back for county Meath or not.

Aside

I loved playing football, especially indoor soccer. My claim to fame is scoring the first four goals against the Irish female international team. As normal, I had been out drinking the night before till about 4.30am and got a distraught call at 8am from a guy I knew who was desperately looking for a guy to make up the team. One of his men couldn't make it because of some flimsy excuse like his mother had just died. Anyway, I knew his situation because I managed the soccer at my work and absolutely hated when a guy 'couldn't make it'. So, I was morally obliged to get my ass out of bed and get it down to the hall and play football till 6pm that day - blinding hangover or not, sweating blood or not. Anyway, we beat all opposition and met the female professional team in the semi-final, beat them ... and then we got totally destroyed by the men's professional team in the final. Great day!

Let's be honest. Irish men may be intelligent, charming and full of humour but they haven't a bloody clue about being sexy with a woman they are chatting up ... or about to chat up ... or even have a glint in their eye about chatting them up.

Frustrated by my hopeless wing-man support, (i.e. my complete lack of wing-man support) I walked up to this group of females alone, as I had done so many times before.

It was a well known formation of females, in a close tight circle, exactly like the wagon circles in the Wild West when threatened by cultured predators such as myself or the 'Indian' Native Americans who were being exterminated. And woe betide any trespasser who dared attempt to breach that tight kneed circle. I decided to be brave when approaching the tight kneed girl who was my target. Well, I had nothing to lose.

Me: Hi. I've been looking at you and I've a feeling that me and you may not make a good romantic relationship. But I may be wrong. It's just my gut feeling at this point. However, on a positive note ... I think that me and you may be good in a slave / master relationship.

She muttered Goodbye or something and turned away tight-kneed to talk to her friends. Camouflaging my 'defeat', I had to return to my buddies and that was, apparently, that.

After some time and some more drinks, I noticed she was looking at me a lot and finally, she motioned for me to approach her. Believing she was trying to belittle me some more, I bravely ventured forward, as all us gallant Celtic warriors have to do.

She: I've been thinking about what you said. And maybe I'm interested. What does this relationship involve?

Me: (*remaining as calm as I could under these trying times*) Well, you will take a taxi to my house and take a taxi from there when I am finished. I will pay for the taxis if you wish.

She: That's it. No other relationship?

Me: No.

Anyway, that was it. She gave me her phone number and left with her friends.

So, our relationship of bondage, spanking, discipline, naughty name calling etc. began. She would arrive and leave as instructed. And she wouldn't take money for taxi fares - for her, paying for the taxis was part of her 'punishment'.

She worked in the perfumery / make up department of a very prestigious department store. One of my particular naughty thrills was to come in and browse around the different displays and come to her display, stand before her as a genuine customer and say ...

Me: I'm not really sure which blusher my wife is talking about. But this one seems right. And lipstick, my wife hates the bright stuff - bright red, bright pink. (*pointing*) But this one - that looks really cool to me.

I would look into her eyes and she would remain stoic faced and retain her smiling, professional persona (Geminis are such great actors) and I'd walk away. She would come around that evening, with the blusher and lipstick ... and totally shag me.

Once, whilst in the throes of some naughty behaviour, she told me casually that she was living with her man and intended to marry him. Well, you could knock me down with a feather, clever Trevor.

Me: Jesus. Why didn't you tell me. I wouldn't do this if I knew.

She: It's OK. He doesn't do what you do and I want this as well.

So, we continued meeting about twice a week and one time when she was leaving ...

Me: OK. See you Thursday at 7.

She: You shouldn't tell me what day and time. You should send me a text message at any time or day saying you need me now. And I would have to go to you.

Me: But you could be cooking dinner for you and your man.

She: That's my problem. I must find an excuse ... and get to you asap.

I don't know about the rest of you naughty sex people out there, but that was too much for me and it ended after that. This was dangerous territory for me and not fair for her man.

Despite our best attempts to be distant, I became closer to her (as you can probably imagine if a woman is tied to your bed and cannot escape and you are on the same bed with her).

She had a strange-sounding German surname and explained that her grandfather had come to Ireland after the war and had changed his family name.

Me: Is that a common name in Germany?

She: No. Well, I don't know, really. You see, I told you my grandfather changed his name after the war.

Me: And what was it before the war.

She: I don't know.

Now - call me weird - but an intelligent woman who doesn't know what surname her father was born with sounded not quite right. I decided to probe in as non-confrontational a manner as I could muster.

Me: It sounds like Eichmann.

She: Who? **Me:** Eichmann.

She: I never heard of that name.

Someone who was brought up with a quality Irish education and who hadn't heard of the name Eichmann. I was stunned.

Me: You never heard of Adolph Eichmann?

She: No. Who was he?

Whilst describing as concisely as I could the illustrious career of this particular Nazi, I could see that she knew it already and feigned interest. I could also see the hurt and shame that this young woman had to carry with her all of her decent and innocent life as her blushing cheeks testified. What about all the people who carry a surname that is synonymous with Nazi atrocity? What do they do? Do they change it like her grandfather did or do they live with it all their lives knowing what it means to other people?

Remember ...

Hitler's nephew Patrick Hitler (who lived in Ireland and loved drinking and chasing women which his uncle Adolf despised) changed his name when he joined the American military. There's no prize for guessing why. He hated Adolf as much as Adolf hated him but in this instance I'd have to take Adolf's side. Patrick was a leech - maybe ideal only for the American military.

In all the time I knew her, we never discussed the Nazi past again but I did notice certain things that seemed to belie her disinterest in these things. For instance, she knew all those in the public and business life of Ireland who were Jewish. Although it wasn't exactly a supreme intellectual feat as their numbers were quite small, it was something I wasn't aware of or even thought about before.

She agreed with me that, to a greater extent than any other minority group in the world, Jews excelled in whatever they choose to be involved in and were a truly gifted and special group of people. Like her, so many of my heroes seemed to be Jews.

For example, I recall her excitement once as she described the many wonderful attributes of a new female friend she had recently acquired at work. Although she never said it, I quickly realised her new friend was Jewish (there are very few Jewish names in Dublin) and she was aware that I knew this also.

And it remained an unspoken thing between us. Maybe in her own small way she was determined to somehow rectify an awful imbalance that was not of her making but was thrust upon her by the cruel fortunes of war and genetics and twisted ideology.

Without getting too psychological about this, there should be no doubt that she felt she needed to be spanked, punished and verbally abused because of her grandfather's Nazi past.

Hopefully, she has purged this legacy and is now happy with her man and her life because, like all good people who have to live under a black cloud, she deserves to be in sunshine.

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3) Battlestar

Whilst hanging around in the nightclubs in Dublin, I became aware of a girl similarly hanging around the same nightclubs who was checking me out. She was OK looking but not really my kinda thing.

If truth be known, she was quite a scary female in that she scared the bejaesus outa me. Not the kinda girl I was looking for - not even for a casual drunken encounter. She was radically white, had no eyebrows, white hair standing up from her head - clearly lacquered in place - and shrapnel (piercings) lodged at various points on her ears, lips, nose and probably nipples and all over her degraded body. My friend called her 'Battlestar'.

One evening, she approached me and asked me to dance - which I politely did. Turns out she was German and had came to Ireland to 'be with' Irish music and all that it means to her. (The Germans love everything Irish - God bless them!)

(With very little probing, I discovered she only knew about popular Irish rock music - affectionately known as the 'bad boys of rock' - and not the wonderful Gaelic traditional music that inspired them.)

When we spoke that evening and many times afterwards, she would say ... Me und you. Ve vud be gud togezzer. Which was 'Me and you. We would be good together'.

She was always trying to get me into bed and with her typical German 'determination' she may well have been successful - depending on how drunk I would be on that fateful night.

I would respond to her advance with something like ... 'Well, you could first invite me to an opulent, quaint restaurant like McDonalds.' She would say 'OK' never realizing the joke it was meant to be.

Anyway, I never succumbed to her heavenly advances but I got to know her blunt tactics much better as our ambient conversations lumbered on over the following months and in the various nightclubs we crashed into each other.

Her grandfather was an SS man and died in a tank battle on the Eastern front (while the USA and English were hiding in England like all Anglo Saxon cowards).

Me: Was it Kursk? She: I don't know.

Me: You mean you don't know where your grandfather died?

She: (angry) He was a bastard. They were all bastards. I don't care where he died.

Aside

This callous attitude was apparent when a mass grave of about 40 German soldiers was discovered when I lived in the Czech Republic. They had all the insignia etc. of their uniform still intact so their identity could be traced. (*The Russians had been advancing so fast, the Germans just made mass graves for their dead soldiers.*) The Czech authorities informed the German authorities ...

German: So what do you want us to do about it?

Czech : Well, we will allow your military trucks and ambulances to come over our border and take these soldiers back for a respectable burial.

German: Why would we want to do that?

Czech: So what do you want us to do with them?

German: Do whatever you want. Just fill in the pit again.

This was insensitive beyond imagination - just like my German friend had no interest in seeing the German cemetery in the Wicklow hills when he came to visit me in Ireland. (They were German airman who were shot to pieces over England in WW2, managed to make it to Ireland, crash landed and died. They were buried with military colours and the Iron Cross headstones etc. because Ireland was a neutral country.) I was shocked when he drove past the cemetery and responded 'Why do I want to see dead German graves'.

Death for Germans seems to be not the heart-rending trauma it is for the rest of us ... which could explain their behaviour towards Jews and other 'undesirables' during the Third Reich.

Anyway, Battlestar's grandfather was an SS man who died in a tank on the Eastern Front and she called him a bastard for being an SS man.

Me: But he was your grandfather. You can't speak about him like that. If he made mistakes ... ok. But he is still your grandfather. And the mistakes were not made by him, but by the men who indoctrinated him from his youth and led him into a disastrous war and he died a horrible death.

And he dies for his country - Germany - not for any personal gain. Do you understand that?

... Wogan's Bar ...

Anyway, many moons later, I had another bump-into with Battlestar.

I had gone to see a film called Schindler's List (written of course by the brilliant Irish writer and called Schindler's Ark) and I was stunned by it as was almost everyone stunned by it in the world and probably throughout the Solar System and - God love us all - the entire Universe. Well done, you equally brilliant Mr Steven Spielberg.

On the way home after seeing a great film in a cinema, I never wanted to sully it by going into a pub or anything that might distract me from it's greatness. But, for some reason, unbeknownst to God or Man, I went into a pub that was 'cool' for the younger generation.

Anyway, there was the usual 'cool' young people sitting at the tables and looking suspiciously at an old geezer like me coming in. I went to sit at the bar, ordered my usual pint of Guinness and noticed Battlestar sitting there alone.

She: So, what's new?

Me: I've just seen the most wonderful movie. It's called Schindler's List and it's

(Battlestar suddenly started screaming and even stamping her feet in anger.)

She: That stupid film ... that stupid stupid film

Clearly, Battlestar had seen the movie and was not impressed at all. She seethed with rage and continued stamping her feet as she heaped scorn and insult on the movie.

The worst part for me was that all these young people had turned their heads and were watching the spectacle. This old guy had just came into the bar and had said something to offend this 'cool' young girl. I really wanted to shout at them ...

Me: All I said was that I liked the movie Schindler's List. OK.

But I didn't say anything because it might land her in trouble. Eventually, she had to take a breath long enough for me to get a word in ...

Me: So you don't believe it happened.

Many neo-Nazis believe the attempted extermination of all European Jews never happened and is a fantasy created by the Jewish-run media. But Battlestar was not that stupid.

She: Yes. It happened. It happened.

(shouting) But why is it always the Germans. Everyone was doing it. But in these stupid movies it is always the Germans. Zey vas all doin it. Wze iz it only ze Germans? (They were all doing it. Why is it just the Germans.)

Me: Well, you are right. There's not enough talk about the collaboration of other people in this massacre because of political and economic links to these countries ... but ... seriously ... you must admit ... **the Germans were 'particularly good' at it.**

I never really had a talk with Battlestar after that. When we would bump into each other in various nightclubs, we would just make polite conversation and both of us eager to get on our way.



Children Living During the Nazis

4) Katka's Grand Aunt

Having ran from that insane hell called Prague, I went to Riga (Latvia). Eighteen months later (*in the most bizarre decision of my life - and there were many bizarre decisions in my bizarre life - not all my fault but this one was*) I was persuaded by Katka (my 'woman') to return to Czechia - but this time to the benevolent little city of Brno (Brunn) in Moravia.

Aside

The Czech Republic (Czechia) is made up of two states (Bohemia and Moravia) and Katka had persuaded me that the Moravians are way better than the Bohemians. For sure, the people were more human there and if you smiled or were being friendly it didn't mean, necessarily, that you were mentally unwell. And so I began to tentatively settle. Katka and I were living with her grand aunt until I bought a flat.

I really liked her grand aunt and she liked me. It was one of these instances of love at first sight – though we couldn't speak a word of each other's languages – but I just figured it was because she is Sagittarius and I am Aries (although Katka told me it was because I was tall and her husband had been small like her).

- ➤ The first evening, she cooked a lovely dinner and served it from a large, old serving bowl that dominated the table. And she refused to let me wash the dishes afterwards.
- ➤ On the second evening, I demanded to wash the dishes and refused to take no for an answer or I will not eat any dinner. She reluctantly agreed.
- ➤ Whilst performing this simple dish-washing task, I washed the inside of the serving bowl, turned it over to do the outside and discovered a logo on the bottom.
- ➤ It was the German eagle on a swastika the same symbol that was on all products and official documents during the Third Reich.

Overcoming my shock, I carried the bowl to her in the living room, pointed at the logo and in my best Gestapo man's accent said ...

Me: 'Vas iz dis? (what is this?)

She slowly rose from her armchair and began walking away from me and trying to avoid me. But I persisted. I continued walking after her repeating monotones like ...

Me: 'I zink zer iz sumzing zat you r not zaying to me. Vaz iz eet? (I think there is something that you are not telling me. What is it?)

Finally, when she couldn't avoid me any more, she sat down and said to Katka that she will speak to me later that evening. When later that evening happened, she began to speak, with Katka translating, and I got this wonderful insight into the daily life of the occupied peoples during the war.

We all think we know what it was like – and we do – but not really. This is what she said ...

The flat she is living in now (and that I was currently living in) belonged to her father. He was a tailor and it was a nice flat - and I could see that it definitely was.

- ◆ When she was about 10 years old, the Germans invaded. She remembers leaning out the window and she pointed to the very window in the living room and remembers watching the German army marching by. They were not smiling and everyone on the footpaths watching them go by were not smiling or waving either.
- ◆ The next thing that was so vivid to her was the changes that happened at her school.

Unbeknownst to her, the occupying Germans wanted to Germanize the Czechs (they had colonised them for about 400 years during the Hapsburg Empire and saw them as one of their own – a bit like the English attitude to the Irish, although the Germans didn't destroy the Czech language, schools, religion, culture, foklore etc. like the English did in Ireland.)

◆ But to a little girl of 10, school was a very different experience.

All she remembers was her lovely female Czech school teacher being replaced by a very stern female German teacher. The new teacher couldn't speak Czech, only spoke German, and none of the children spoke German.

You can, I'm sure, imagine that very little teaching went on in that classroom.

The only thing they were taught at school was to sing German songs and every time a German army was marching past, they had to lean out the windows and sing the songs.

<u>Aside</u>

Wow! They really had no idea about how to win the Hearts and Minds of the occupied people. The Romans were successful with their Pax Romana etc. and many Empires followed their lead — even the illiterate Brits learned roughly how to do it to everyone they occupied in all the continents of Earth, except the Irish people of course which they wanted to exterminate and bring in British settlers and make Ireland a British Isle - and Ireland is still presented as one of the British Isles in all the maps they produce to this day.

◆ The next big thing she remembered was the Germans taking over her father's flat.

Their flat was far too big and nice for Czech people – so the German authority gave them another flat and moved a German family into their flat.

I'm sure it's not necessary to explain that the incoming Germans got all the good flats and houses and the Czechs were given the poor ones.

So they were moved to an inferior flat – for the duration if the war. Being a tailor, her father had to make and repair uniforms for the German army. (He would love it when a uniform had a lethal wound that he would repair - knowing the soldier did not survive that wound.)

As the years dragged by, the rumours were proven right. The Russians were winning the war and advancing while the American and British cowards were hiding in England. (*The Czechs, to this day, don't forget that the Brits did nothing when the Germans occupied all of Czechia - the Germans had said they were only interested in the Sudetenland.*)

Note

Everyone (especially the Nazis, Roosevelt and Churchill) thought that the Third Reich would destroy Communism. The Western 'Allies' would then make a peace deal with the Nazis and all would be well. But the opposite happened. The Russians beat the Nazis and won the war. So, the Anglo-Saxons had no choice but to finally get involved in the European Mainland war to prevent the Russians getting to the west of France - the Atlantic Ocean. The Nazi submarine bases in western Europe would become Soviet - so you can imagine why the cowards suddenly had to do something. And the Anglo-Saxons are still being told that THEY won the war. Jesus! You can see why they hate education in the USA, Britain and it's colonies.

◆ She vividly remembered the day when the Russian army advanced into her street – from the opposite direction as the Germans did five years before.

They were marching thousands of beaten German soldiers along the street at an inhuman speed. She was now about 16 and she went into the street to watch the spectacle.

She remembers seeing these desperately hungry Germans begging for food and, especially, water. 'Vasser' they kept saying to the people staring at their terrible plight.

She remembered this particular German soldier (probably a good looking young man, let's be honest) looking at her ... starving and parched ... and begging for water.

She was filled with that lovely, unique human thing called pity ... which is endemic to all unbiased humans - irrespective of nation, class or religion (and unknown to the Nazis).

She ran back through the throng of people lining the footpath and eventually reached her flat and then up the three flights of stairs and filled a jug of water and ran back down the stairs and ran for ages through the throng of staring people along the lines of German soldiers ... until she finally found her parched young soldier and proudly presented him with her jug of water.

He was delighted as you can imagine, but when he put the jug to his mouth, the nearest Russian soldier smashed his rifle butt into his face. The smashed jug and the water and broken glass spilled to the putrid street. The Russian pointed his rifle into her face and screamed at her to 'fukk off' and she ran away very frightened and exhausted – not realising that this was the beginning of another hell for the Czechs.

Anyway, after the war, her father petitioned the new occupiers – the Russians – for their original flat back, showing evidence of ownership. Although he had been 'working for the Germans', the Russians understood why he had to do this and and he got his flat back.

When they moved in, they discovered that when the German family left they had clearly left in a big hurry. The Russian army had been arriving at 20 kilometres a day and they hadn't been told how close they were till it was too late – ergo, they didn't have the time to take heavy stuff with them.

So, they had left leaving five lovely serving bowls behind – which her family acquired.

(Because their corner flat had a curved shape and allowed a perfect view up and down the street, it had all the walls broken inside with a door in place to allow swift access of soldiers in the defence of that area of the street in yet another futile last defence of the Third Reich.)

Anyway, the bowls were made of good quality and as everything was so impossibly hard to get after the war, no matter how repugnant the Nazi logos were, they decided to keep them.

And ... after about 70 years, all were broken and gone – except the one I held in my hands.

Three months later I bought a flat, very close to her grandaunt's flat, and my new flat was really lovely. High ceilings and huge doors and windows that we in the West can only imagine. It was a beautiful example of Hapsburg architecture - with oak parquet flooring - and it was on the top floor (the third floor) and overlooking the local park.

But I soon came to realise that this flat was once owned by a Jewish family before the war.

It was impossible to discover the name of the Jewish family because all these records had been destroyed by the Nazis in an attempt to erase the Jewish history from Europe.

But every time I stood in the huge bay window and looked out over the tree tops of the pretty park (particularly spectacular on a full moon), I knew that there once was a man who was a father and many Jewish fathers before him who stood here just like me – on this high quality oak floor – at this huge bay window – and was just as proud as I was of this lovely flat and the spectacular view … and his lovely woman and child.

It killed me slowly every time I stood on that bay window, trying not to think about it - but it was impossible to block it out.

I knew that, after horrendous centuries of pogroms and discrimination in Europe and after the equally horrendous days of waiting in isolated terror following the arrival of the Third Reich, one day he heard the thunder of the jackboots on the lovely curved granite stairs and he was unceremoniously dragged from this very flat knowing he couldn't protect his woman or children (and this must have been his real anguish) and they were all dragged down these stairs (the same stairs that I walked up and down a few times every day) bungled into a truck and then loaded into a cattle train – bound for Auschwitz.

Aside

One of the really horrible stories I heard was of a young girl who knew a lovely old Jewish lady living upstairs in the flat above her family. One day, the thunder of jackboots entered the hall and up the stairs. She went into the hall to see what was happening and witnessed the lovely old lady being dragged downstairs, head first, by her hair. The SS 'men' shouted at her to get indoors. She did but could never erase what she witnessed throughout her life.

5) My Landlady in Sydney

I lived in Sydney, Australia, for five years in my late twenties. For a short while, my landlady was an old European lady with broken English and would literally knock on my door and walk into my flat whenever she wanted. I was experienced enough not to complain.

An English bloke I came to know asked could he stay for a week in my flat - he knew I had a spare bedroom. He was returning to London and there was a discrepancy in time between him leaving his flat and boarding his plane back to Blighty. Of course he could stay with me and all was well. One evening, when I arrived home from work, he casually said ...

English bloke: You've a right fukkn bitch wot owns this flat, havennu?

Shocked by what he meant, he told me that my landlady had arrived and wanted to come in and he refused to let her - because I wasn't there. And she went ballistic and left in a fury.

Me: What! She's an old lady from Europe. She doesn't understand our modern thinking.

English bloke : Then she better learn. You are renting this flat and she must ask you in advance can she enter.

Realising it was impossible to reach an understanding with this modern politically-correct thinking, 1 went to my bedroom, found the contract we had signed and found her address. It wasn't that far away. I set off immediately.

Thankfully, when I got there, she was at home but totally distraught. Unable to control her emotional voice, her entire body was shaking in disbelief.

She: (*shouting*) Why have you got a German living in my house?

Me: He's not a German. He's English and staying with me for a few days. That's all.

She: (*shouting*) He's a German. He's a German.

Me: He is not German. He's from London.

She: Eddie, I can see you are a good boy but you have a German in my house.

Although, in fairness, he had those severe, steely blue eyes and emotionless face which is very English and easily misinterpreted as German. (Hello! The English are German - that's where they came from when they invaded Britain 1,500 years ago. Ironically enough, the guy had Irish parents so clearly not German no matter what classification of 'German' you subscribe to.)

Suddenly, she collapsed into her couch with her hands covering her streaming eyes. The obvious difference between what she was saying and what was reality overwhelmed her. Something huge was causing this.

Because of my young age and lack of experience in these matters, I had to rely on human instinct. While she was convulsing with emotion, I sat on the edge of her couch and put my arm around her shoulders. I didn't know what would happen next - but I knew she needed some human intervention and comfort, as all us humans need at various points in our lives.

Me: Tell me about the war.

Believe me, no matter how experienced and educated you are about the Shoah (the Holocaust) the stories of these completely vulnerable people must shock you to the very essence of your human nature. It isn't possible not to be destroyed inside - really it isn't.

Because of the enormity of her story, I can't remember all she said or even the country she came from. I think it must have been Slovakia or maybe Austria but it doesn't really matter which country at this time during the extermination of all the Jews in all of Europe.

... Her Story ...

I was married to a lovely man, with three lovely children. Then the Germans came.

- My husband, my brother and father went to fight with the partisans in the woods
- I had to hide my three children and myself
- While in hiding, I heard that one of my children was discovered and killed
- Then my other two children were discovered and killed
- Then, my husband, brother and father were killed, fighting in the woods
- I was so proud that the men in my life all died fighting the Germans
- But it was only a matter of time before someone was tortured enough to give my name and location. I just had to protect the good people who were protecting me.

With nothing left to live for, I ran into the woods and the only thing I brought with me was a sausage - it was all I had. I brought no bag of clothes etc. because it would only attract attention - just one sausage was all I brought to barter with. I ran through the nights and sheltered as best I could during the days heading towards the Swiss border.

The country people I would see at a distance seemed normal but so were the majority of Nazis and my blinding hunger could not overpower me enough to eat the only thing I had to barter my freedom with and stay alive - my one sausage.

You can't imagine the amount of times I wanted to sit and eat that sausage and relax and allow myself to be killed because everything in my life was now destroyed ... but something forced me to keep going for just one more day and reach a day when I could tell my story.

After many many days, I arrived completely exhausted and starving at the Swiss country border and it was manned - sentries walking over and back. I waited for the cover of night but knew that, however long I waited, I still had to take a chance. I approached a soldier, indicated that I wanted to continue into Switzerland and presented him with my sausage.

He hesitated at first, then took my sausage and put it into his bag. Nervously checking his surroundings, he lifted the wire high enough for me to crawl through. He indicated a grove of trees and told me to hide there for a while and then said ... 'GO'.

As I ran to the trees, I was expecting bullets to hit my back. But there was nothing. He was genuinely letting me escape.

After hearing her tragic story, I always wondered why that 'Good Samaritan' soldier actually took the sausage from her - an emaciated, exhausted woman. Surely he should have lifted the wire and let her escape to the trees and let her eat her sausage in peace. But he didn't. Did he? He took it from her.

<u>Note</u>

I don't understand human behaviour and, it looks like, I never will. I'm sure it's not just Ireland that will give their last piece of food to someone starving, though they may desperately need that food themselves. When the English were finally exterminating the Irish people in Ireland during the great famine (1845 - 1850), people who had some food would give what they had (that they desperately needed themselves) to the emaciated creatures who came begging - knowing that all of them, the beggars and themselves, would be dead from hunger in a week or two.

I can't remember her tragic story after that. How she survived in Switzerland and made it to a port that took her to Australia, how she got the money to buy the ticket etc. I don't know.

What I do know is that she arrived in Sydney, slowly connected with Jewish survivors, met a survivor like herself and married him. And tried to begin her life again.

And I also knew that she didn't love him - how could she, these human emotions had been destroyed in her as was common in Jewish survivors - but he probably provided a kind of comfort to her as, I'm sure, she provided for him.

- The same is very similar in Ireland. The survivors of the latest English extermination of the Irish in Ireland married later in life and, therefore, had less children.
- The hatred I feel for the English extermination of the Irish people is similar to the hatred I feel for the Catholic Church headquartered in Rome who did absolutely nothing to help or alleviate in any way the horrors that the incredibly faithful, starving Irish were living through.
- This rotten church preferred to 'side with' the scum who were ruling Ireland and exterminating the Irish and used their authority to frighten and browbeat the great people who were trying to restore some semblance of normality in this debased land the land that preserved European civilization and gave it back to Europe during the Dark Ages.
- The Concordat the Pope had with the Nazis was very similar to the Concordat the Irish Catholic Church had with the English. They will always find some scumbags to cozy up to to increase their influence and power ... and profits. With total disregard for the degradation, destruction and extermination of their own wonderfully cultured, pious and loyal congregations.
- I really hope there is a Hell for all these people. If not, I have no choice but to persuade God to create it for them.



The Countries

► Latvia

Riga, the capital of Latvia, was a special place for the Jews. Called the 'Berlin of the north' or 'little Berlin', it was a vibrant and cultured place for Jews. A sanctuary.

It was mainly built by Germans when they controlled the Hanseatic League which was a trade unification of port cities mainly on the Baltic and North Seas. It was a fore-runner of the modern EU.

I lived there for almost two years. (It's very hard to leave a pretty city that is swarming with very pretty, tall, thin, blonde, friendly girls. Without a doubt, they are the most attractive in the world ... though the girls of Estonia and Lithuania and the general Baltic area may contest this.)

I was teaching English part-time (It was really just a hobby, there was no money in it.)

One advanced class I had was mainly composed of young guys. Young men are difficult because they are inexperienced and nationalist and ready to take offence. One day, I ventured into 'controversial' territory because half the country's population is still Russian and WW2 wounds are still not healed.

Me: Did you know, it was not just the Germans who killed the Jews in Riga - the majority were killed by you Latvians.

I was taking a big chance. It could have got really ugly, but they nodded their heads in agreement.

A Guy: Do you know where they were shot and buried?

Me: No.

A Guy: The forest is called Rumbula. It's not far from here. I can show you if you want.

So we met at the weekend and he took me to Rumbula. It was a very traumatic experience. As we walked over all the pits, I asked forgiveness of any violated souls who may still be lingering there.

Latvia is a radically flat country. (There is one small hill in the entire country and the Latvians call it 'The Alps'. It is the skiing centre of the country. Remember, the farmers can plough this grass-covered hill, not a rock in sight - but it's the only hill they have and hence the name.)

Everywhere, the flat sea reaches the flat land and you must walk a long way in the sea till it is past knee deep and enough to swim in. And when you get back, you are not exhausted by the swimming but by the distance of walking on sand you had to do.

That whole area of Europe is the same ... stretching from Estonia, through the Baltic States, through north Poland, north Germany and ending in Holland (the Netherlands). It was always under the sea (and it will soon be again thanks to the global warming of America, India and China etc. ignoring basic pollution laws set in place to safeguard the Earth).

- Jurmala is the name of the beach I would go to, about 10 miles south of Riga.
- I didn't know then that the Jewish transport trains from Germany would stop at Jurmala station.
- The Jews would be ordered out, lined up and shot into already-dug pits. Dug forcibly by Jews from Riga. There's a video of this which is very harrowing.
- The Germans had learned that digging deep pits in hard soil was difficult so the Latvian soil, which had been always under the sea and so was mainly composed of sand, made digging murder pits a much easier task to perform.
- So all my time getting off the train from Riga at Jurmula station and walk to the beach, I was walking over the same pits where the murdered Jews still lie.

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► Heidi from Germany

When I arrived in that God-Forsaken hole called Prag - I thought I was just unlucky to meet such unfriendly, unsmilingly, inhuman types. (*If you smile and are friendly, they think you are mentally unwell and they line up to steal whatever money you might have.*)

But, surely you might be forgiven to believe there had to be nice friendly people. And in all the countries in all the continents of the Earth that I've lived in, there is good and there is bad people. Tragically, Prag is the exception to this universal rule. There is only shit.

There was just one place - beside Vaclavske Namesti - that had what Western people would call a nightclub. It was OK but, of course, no woman would communicate with you there - or be in any way what we would call normal. If you were brave enough to chat to a girl, suddenly a man would appear out of nowhere and push you violently away - threatening violence. (I realised quickly that this nightclub was as fukked up as their fukked up country.)

Despite this insanity, I continued to try and chat up women in that club. One evening, a pretty woman was walking by and, not expecting any normal reaction, I said 'Hello'. She was stunned at this human interaction, stopped and said 'Hello' back to me and ...

Me: You are clearly not Czech.

She: No, I'm German. How did you know?

Me: Because you said Hello. Surely you know how messed up these Czech are?

Heidi behaved normal and human - a rare find in that place. We made a date and I was so relieved to finally meet a normal person. Over the following months I, tragically, had to accept that something terrible was afoot. She hated sexuality and couldn't even think of a man's body. She wasn't lesbian, she just had a revulsion to even the thought of sex.

Just when I thought things couldn't get more bizarre in that corrupt place, the only woman who wanted to go out with me hated everything about sex and sexuality. And she was accepting and happy with this. (Don't know what I did wrong God, maybe in another lifetime, but could it have been this bad ... I ask you?)

Anyway ...

She was working in the German Embassy in Prag and was quite comfortable there. (*I later discovered that non-Czech people who are seriously dysfunctional in their home countries and fortuitously find their way to Prag, blended in very well with the seriously fukked up Czechs and are as happy as the proverbial Pigs in Shit.*)

She had worked in the German Embassy in Washington USA and all was well until there was that plane that crashed in Europe carrying over a hundred old Germans and they all died. For weeks afterwards, she received never-ending emails and phone-calls from people laughing about it - best news they heard in ages etc. and degrading all that is German.

Me: I'm sure you understand that these people were Jews.

Heidi: Yes, I know that but why do they refused to forget.

Me: Those old people were probably young and alive during the war while the Jewish children were being murdered. It's just human nature ... this need for revenge.

In all the time I was 'with' her, I was only in her flat once and she was never in mine. (Remember, there was no possibility of a kiss or ANY physical contact so that must never cross your normal mind. I was living in the ... Prag Romantic Twilight Zone of Hell.)

Anyway, in her flat, there was a huge bird standing on top of a high chest of book shelves. I kid you not, he was a monster bird, absolutely staring at me in a demonic gaze with his wings spread apart. Probably a parrot of some sort that has been extinct for millions of years and suddenly discovered alive and well in a cave in the Black Forest, according to the modern German naturalists and anthropologists.

Heidi: Relax. He's just checking you out. Don't show any fear.

Me: That's so easy for you to say and very difficult for me to do. Seriously!

Before she had time to respond, the monster bird launched himself from on high and went swooping directly at my head. It was exactly like one of these American mass-murder weapons they launch at defenceless peoples in defenceless countries.

I covered my head, jumped up and scrambled out her door, she followed and we said 'Goodbye' politely. Naturally, I couldn't shake her hand or anything physical ... and I never saw her again. The true insanity of this Prag Hell was becoming apparent. Jesus Christ!

I had been wondering what caused such an aberration in her intelligent mind to make her hate even the though of sex - never mind touch or kiss or even look at photos of men.

Her female German doctor had tried everything, counselling, psychotherapy - even Viagra.

Heidi: (*very angry through her tears*) Nothing worked. Viagra made my cheeks and face go bright red. It was mad. Everyone presumed I had the problem - when surely it was men and society itself that had the problem.

It wouldn't be right to respond to that, so I didn't.

Once, Heidi shared a story with me. It doesn't explain her sex problem but it was an insight into how frail and vulnerable we humans are.

The Sudetenland is the name given to the Czech lands that Germans had moved into over 400 years ago. (The situation in the north of Ireland is almost identical and that problem may well be solved in the same way also. British Protestants had moved in there at about the same time and will leave in the same way - if they can't or won't be integrated into the new Ireland.)

After WW2, the Germans in the Sudetenland (who wouldn't be integrated into the new Czech Republic) had to get back to Germany although it was completely destroyed by the Anglo-Saxon terrorists who bombed German cities back to the stone age.

Remember ...

In complete contrast to the British problem we have in the north east of Ireland, adjusting to the New Ireland will mean very little adjusting to do. It was different for the Germans back then. It was acceptable that the Sudeten people could remain, learn to speak Czech, send their children to Czech schools, change their name to a Czech equivalent etc. The country is still full of these people. My last 'lawyer' was appointed by the police to represent me 'because we can't send a man to prison who doesn't have a lawyer'. She was as rotten as the courts and police and refused even to speak to me (a lawyer who refuses to speak to her client - that's reality in that hole). Her surname is 'Nemec', which means 'German', so apparently anyone (even Germans) will become as rotten as the environment they find themselves in.

Heidi's parents were Sudeten German and they had to go to Germany ... a Germany that was totally flattened by English terrorists, with no brick on a brick or no family or friends there, but they had no choice.

The rule was that they could not take anything except what they could carry in their arms. So, all the land, shops, factories, wagons, carts, horses, cows, sheep, pigs etc. that they had owned for hundreds of years had to be given up and only personal mementoes, that they could carry on their person, could be taken out of the country.

- Her father was 12 years old when he stood with his father on a Prag Central Station platform. They both held as much as they could in their arms and on their backs.
- The Czechs had all gathered around, their neighbours up to this point, and were shouting horrific insults at them and throwing what they wanted at them.
- After 400 years, the horror must have been terrible. Not as bad as the experience of the Jews but it was their Christian neighbours who were doing this.

Her father kept silent, looking upward while the rotten fruit and insults kept hitting them.

The train to Germany was deliberately two hours late just to intensify their suffering. When the train finally arrived and moved out, he didn't look back at the city that was his family home for 400 years. The shock was too much for him.

So, many decades later, he couldn't believe that his only daughter was now living and working in that same city. He wouldn't let her visit him and he wouldn't visit her, despite her never-ending pleas.

Heidi: My father. The Czechs do not hate us. They are very nice. Please come to see me.

Finally, he relented and she was delighted. When the train pulled in, he stepped out. She ran up to him and hugged him dearly. After a while, she noticed that his body was sterile and frozen. She looked at his face and saw him just staring up at the roof of the station. It was the typical steel girders of the old train stations.

Her Father: This is the same platform that my father and me stood at in 1945. And this is the same roof we had to look up at while the Czechs degraded us terribly.

Czechia (The Czech Republic)

- For two and a half years I lived in Brno (Brunn), very close to Auschwitz / Birkenau-just a few hours away but I didn't go there. I invariably knew I would meet all the tourists who came there, not knowing anything about history. Invariably, British trash who come there to take selfies and piss on the graves etc. people I had met once on a train going there. It would be too much if I encountered this type again and I'd probably be arrested for some affront on the 'tourists' who brought so much money to the locals.
- ➤ But I did spend about 15 minutes alone in a carriage that was used to ferry the Jews there.
- It was a rough wooden box made with strong timbers, built originally for freight or cattle but, for at least three years, it had been used every day to transport Jews to be murdered.
- Inside, I stood beside the little barbed wire window with strong bars of iron and tried to 'feel' the fear and dread of the many thousands of people who would have stood in this same spot crammed together like sardines, unable to even sit down on the floor. The stink, the terror, the screaming, the babies and old people dying. It all happened in this carriage over and over again.
- ▶ But I felt nothing at all. There was no overwhelming, forlorn energy pervading this bleak carriage. So, apparently, I am not spiritual. Well, not like that, anyway.

- ➤ Once I did a day trip to Theresienstadt (Terezin) which was not far from Prag. It had been a 'special camp' for high level Jews (writers, artists, musicians, psychotherapists, engineers etc. etc.) to show to the world how well the Nazis treated their Jews.
- Once the Swedish Red Cross came to visit. Himmler was there. They had distributed a can of sardines to each of the staring children prior to the Swedish arrival. However, they had not given the children ... can openers. So, it was impossible for the children to eat the sardines.

The Swedish report said all seemed fine and the children well fed. You may be sure a lot of money had changed hands to get that report.

➤ Ireland was also a free country with a Red Cross. Why wasn't Ireland asked to visit Theresienstadt? After 700 years of brutalisation and famine by the English, any Irish observer would have seen the tell-tell signs of serious malnutrition, hunger and degradation.

Aside

The Swedish had built up a rapport with the Nazis. At the end of the war, Bernadotte was close friends with Himmler. (It's kinda obvious why the Norwegians and Danish have a poor reaction to the Swedish to this day.)

A friend of mine was once visiting a Danish family.

The conversation came around to the colours of the national flags of Europe.

My Friend: What's the colour of the Swedish flag? It's Blue and ...

Danish guy: (*really angry*) What do you think it is? It's YELLOW. What colour did you think the Swedish would have in their flag?

The war was over for decades but he never forgave the Swedish for cosying up to the Germans while he and his fellow Danish people were struggling to resist the Germans with what little resources they had.

Tram 22

Tram 22 in Prag goes right through the city and it was always my local tram. Once whilst on the tram, about 10 German guys got on and they were clearly looking for trouble. They were not as disgusting as the English but I guess, they were aspiring to be Brits (*just as Hitler used to shout to his German audience 'We must be more like the English'*.)

<u>Aside</u>

Hitler knew - as most Europeans do that the English established an Empire by the mass Extermination of the cultured peoples who owned the land, Concentration Camps for all these peoples who didn't want the English exterminating them and massive Laws against the surviving cultured peoples from having any rights - especially owning the land that they always owned. Naturally all this has been removed from the English propaganda machine, media and their fairytale stories that they call History Books.

In the standing area of the carriage I was in, everyone was holding those supports that are attached to the ceiling and holds you in place to stop you falling over. The German guys began pushing each other and banging into all the standing Czech people. One by one, all the Czechs began moving up the train, until I alone was the only one standing there.

Inevitably, the guys pushed their friend onto me - to clear all the space for themselves. As usual, he didn't say 'Sorry' or anything like that so I just pushed him as hard as I could against his friends. He and his friends were stunned - they never experienced retaliation before.

Me: Are you fukkn blind? Why did you not see me standing here? Believe me, I'm real and I'm standing here. Or maybe you guys never met and Irishman before - is that it?

They didn't beat me to a pulp me as I expected. They just talked quietly and subdued amongst themselves and got off at the next stop without saying anything to me. Clearly, their regard for the unbeatable Irish was too great for them. (*If I was a Brit - I'd be dead.*)

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Norway

As you can imagine, the Nazis had a very fragile relationship with the occupied people of Denmark and Norway. For example, on many occasions I have been on the island closest to Oslo in Oslo Fjord (Grassholmen?) and there is still the guns in place that sank a German ship in the invasion - with a big loss of German lives. But they did not take retaliation against the Norwegians because they saw them as Aryan people trying to defend their homeland.

Because they had no concept of winning the hearts and minds of the occupied people, the Nazis killed two Communist guys when they arrived in Oslo. But it didn't work as an example to the Norwegians of how to 'deal with' Communists. The men were in prison awaiting a court date, the Gestapo just took them out in front of a Norwegian crowd and shot them in the head. The people were shocked, everyone deserves a fair trial. Clearly, these Germans had so much to learn about creating an Empire.

Their one saving grace (besides Quisling) was that the great writer Knut Hamsun supported this New Order and welcomed their occupation and told his fellow Norwegians to support it also. He was 80 years old when they invaded and 85 when they had to get out. Because of his age, the people didn't sentence him to prison for life. Instead they took everything he owned and he died five years later. And it's ironic because he died in poverty very like how he described his poverty-stricken life when in his late teens in his masterpiece book called Sult (Hunger). Sult is the only book I found myself shouting at a book and crying - and that's with a poor English translation. Incredible stuff.

Hamsun had lived in England and America and despised Anglo-Saxon 'thuggery' as much as I do. But because of his misinformed decision to support the Nazi Invasion - he is hated in Norway.

But I used to tell all young Norwegians that, in their lifetime, they must erect a statue to Knut Hamsun in the centre of Oslo. They HAVE to do this. It doesn't matter what their parents or grandparents say.

He deserves his place as the Scandinavian James Joyce and he also deserves a statue. A BIG statue.

Aside

Oh and - please - preferably not a naked statue. The Norwegians love their naked statues. I can't imagine anyone who would want to see Knut Hamsun's goolies or anyone else's goolies, for that matter - except maybe a sexually deprived woman or an equally sexually deprived homosexual man.

And that poor lady, with the very voluptuous body, in the centre of Oslo (Aker Brygge) wearing a hat and a pair of boots and nothing else.

I would often stop, brush some snow off her hat and maybe off her incredibly sexy boobs and say 'Look love, it's good that you remembered to wear your hat and boots but, think hard now, maybe you realise there's some stuff you forgot to wear.

Trust me, go home and get a warm coat, underwear would not be enough'.

The locals people would be walking past - quickly walking past - and staring at me, wondering what is wrong with this foreigner.

Whilst living in Oslo, I moved into a new flat alone. It was a lovely apartment in a posh part of town and the lady who owned it (let's call her Inger) was 10 years old when the Germans invaded. (*Like my mother, every 'old' lady and man I came to know was about 10 years old when the war began and I can't explain that coincidence throughout my life.*)

Anyway, her father was a diplomat and he immediately began issuing fake documents to Jews and Communists for them to escape over the Swedish border. It's a huge land border and his efforts were successful - well, semi successful (at the beginning of the German invasion there were 1,800 Jews in Norway. Half of them escaped to Sweden, the other half were sent to the death camps in the Third Reich).

Probably under torture, some Jews or Communists identified Inger's father. But the Germans had to thread carefully. They didn't want to antagonize the Aryan countries they occupied - like Denmark and Norway. But the Gestapo had to do something.

Inger explained that Gestapo visits began almost straight away after the occupation. A knocking would be heard on the front door, she would jump up and run down the large beautiful hallway, bedecked with paintings (the same paintings as when I lived there), and open the door.

Inger: There was always two Gestapo men - dressed in those lovely black uniforms. They would bend down and pat my head and tell me how pretty I was. Then my father would arrive and they would give the Nazi salute and say 'Hello, my Aryan Norwegian brother.' My father would not do the Nazi salute but would wait till their arms had dropped and then shake their hands and invite them inside to his study - there to be interrogated.

Inger: I had no idea how much pressure my father was under all that time and he couldn't tell me because I might say something at school which would reach the Gestapo straight away (people will betray everything just to be in favour with the powers that be). He was protecting his entire family - not knowing each day if he would be taken out and shot.

Aside

Inger had an important insight into the modern Europe we find ourselves in. Her Question: How can the modern EU try to amalgamate completely different peoples into a cohesive European Union?

She proposed a three tier Europe - working with each other for mutual benefit.

- 1) North Europe comprising mainly of the islands (because Scandinavia might as well be islands because they are so far from the European Mainland and freight is moved by boat). So this area would include Ireland, Britain, Norway, Sweden, Denmark and maybe Iceland, Finland and maybe the three Baltic states of Estonia, Latvia and Lithuania.
- **2)** Middle Europe is everything including France, Germany, the Low Countries, Poland and maybe other former East European countries.
- **3)** Mediterranean Europe including Portugal, Spain, Italy, Malta, Cyprus and Greece and the many former 'Yugoslav' counties.

Me: It indeed has merit but the problem is Spain and Italy are a counterbalance to each other, just as France and Germany are a counter-balance to each other. But just look at us poor saps in Northern Europe.

Me: All our countries have populations of 4 - 9 million. England has about 65 million and counting. So, no matter how we combine - we have no chance against the Brits. That is why we need countries like in Middle Europe to counter-balance them. Which is the way it is.

Lebensborn was the program during the Third Reich where SS men had children with racially acceptable (i.e. Aryan) females. The idea was to create the Master Race - Jesus! how mad does it get. The females were from all over North Europe but the majority of Lebensborn children were born in Norway.

It's hard for me to admit this, because the Norwegians are such lovely people, but it's true that these children were abused (sometimes badly) when they went to school after the war was over. Teachers did it and were also known to turn away when the Lebensborn children were being bullied and beaten by the other children.

Frida of ABBA fame (the dark haired one) was a Lebensborn child. After school, she went to Sweden and became a singer in the most iconic pop band of the 70s - songs written by the brilliant Benny and his collaborator Bjorn.

Desperate to meet her father, she discovered he was still alive and finally tracked him down in Germany. Although it's impossible to understand human nature sometimes, there are things that will drive you crazy if you allow them.

Her father rejected her and wouldn't get to know her. He would not recognise this singing sensation as his own daughter. This piece of Nazi shit couldn't even find it in his subhuman heart what all us men would do and totally love their wonderful girl and all that she had done. (So, it wasn't just the Jews that the Nazis were inhuman to.)

<u>Aside</u>

In one of my middle-aged women's classes, I casually mentioned Frida being a Lebensborn child. I was met with total contempt.

The Ladies : Her father was a normal German soldier. She was not Lebensborn.

Me: Sorry. I was told she was. I don't know, I wasn't there.

Anyway, they never liked me after that. But they were wrong. Frida was indeed a Lebensborn child and she was a beloved child of Norway and they really disliked me for unearthing this. Why?

And she will always be a beloved child of Norway ... where she belongs.

Children Affected by the Nazis

Maureen Potter was a truly magnificent Irish entertainer throughout her entire life. Before the age of 13, she was part of an Irish dancing / singing / performing troupe who were touring Europe in 1938.

Whilst performing in Berlin, she noticed a lot of men in black military uniforms in the front row - very unlike the front row of all the other front rows where they had previously preformed. (The Nazis were very keen to present the surviving native Irish as pure-blood Aryans before the English destroyed these wonderful people - which is actually accurate.)

When the performance was over and in the dressing room, some of the same men in black uniforms came in to award medals on her and her fellow children dancers. The leader of these men was Heinrich Himmler and she recognised him.

Accompanied with his interpreter, he placed medals on all the children's tunics, in turn, but when he came to Maureen, she pulled back and said 'No'.

Himmler: Why do you not want a medal, my dear?

Maureen: Because my Mammy and my Daddy told me you are a Bad Man.

Himmler: (taken aback) And where are you from?

Maureen: Dublin.

Himmler: Yes. I know you're from Dublin - but which part of Dublin?

Maureen: The North Wall.

Himmler accepted what she said and, without protest, moved away to the next child and continued to place medals on their tunics.

About two years later, in the early part of WW2, The German Luftwaffe bombed Dublin - by mistake. Ironically, they bombed the North Wall area with significant loss of life and limb.

Never did Hitler apologise for anything his men did - but on this occasion he did. He sent an apology telegram to the Irish president saying the crew of the bomber thought they were over Liverpool - their location finder probably jammed by the Brits (which is probably true - the Brits desperately wanted Ireland into the war so they could get their filthy hands back on the West Coast ports of Ireland).

Note

Hitler had a close bond with Michael Keogh (or Michael Keoghue as the English Imperialists would prefer us to say it and pronounce it as Kee-Hoo). He was a Dublin lad who had joined the German army after being captured in a British army trench during WW1, learned to speak German in the rat-infested trenches with British bullets flying beside his head (an amazing achievement) and he rose in the ranks. He recommended the promotion a young runner called Adolf Hitler to 'corporal' because he recognised his bravery and when the war was over and Keogh was retained in the army, saved him from being beaten to death in a pub in Munich. (Hitler had been speaking to the 'wrong' bunch of men - remember the Munich Soviet was in place then.)

Hitler desperately didn't want Ireland to join the Allies. He know that our president Eamon De Valera was under constant pressure from England and America to give five western ports to England which would be ideal to counter German submarines controlling the Atlantic.

But we didn't join any war combatants, Allies or Axis, thus beginning our famous policy of neutrality - much despised and vilified by the thug nations of Britain and the USA.

President De Valera was one of the leaders of the IRA who drove the British imperialists out of Ireland (except for the NE part of Ireland), so he hated the Anglo Saxon mass murderers throughout the Earth a lot more than Hitler.

- ➤ Controversially, he sent a telegram on behalf of the Irish people to the German people on the death of their leader Adolf Hitler as was and still is standard practice among non-combatants.
- However, Ireland was the only country who did this.
- ➤ Sweden was neutral also, but Sweden's Bernadotte was in negotiations with Himmler towards the end of the war and was not, therefore, neutral.
- Switzerland was not neutral at all as it's banks were housing all the plundered Jewish money for their Nazi overlords.

Anyway, Maureen Potter, often said she really regretted that she didn't tell Himmler she was from Clontarf (or some other posh part of North Dublin) and not the North Wall. Naturally, she was implying that, because she refused Himmler's medal, he took revenge on her by bombing the Dublin area she came from.

(She was a wonderful natural comedian, in light of the tragedy that the bombing was.)

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Two Guys in Prag

When I lived in Prag, Czechia (the Czech Republic), I knew two guys that could easily be classified as - extreme. (Why I always seem to know people who are extreme in some way, or in just about every way, amazes me.) Both of them were young (btw I call mid-thirties young) and both of them had absolutely no belief in a God or the afterlife etc. so they were not influenced in any non-earthly way. The reason I never introduced these two guys to each other will be apparent to anyone who reads on ...

Martin was a private student of mine but, on hearing his story, I couldn't charge him any more. Although he protested 'But this is your life', I knew he was a greater hero than myself and who was I to take his money. I should have been paying him.

Martin and his woman, both Czechs, when going on all their holidays, would go to some place in the middle of nowhere to the east of Prag. They would find a detailed map of a country area, somewhere from Lithuania to Ukraine and it would show where the Jewish cemeteries were located. 'The Jews may have all been murdered but their old cemeteries are still there.'

So, they would drive to a place, put on their wellies and overalls, brace themselves against the hostility of the locals, get into the fields and start looking.

When they would find the cemetery it would normally be very dilapidated. The gravestones would generally be knocked down by farmers or their animals and sometimes buried in the mud. And the perimeter walls degraded to the point where they were not walls at all. They would set about doing what they could to fix everything as much as earthly possible and clean it up as best they could for the time they are there.

I was stunned at his bravery and maybe also my inability to be that committed – my cowardice, if you will.

Martin is, to put it mildly, not macho in any way. Like his woman, he is small, very blonde and skinny (they looked like brother and sister) but he isn't in the least bit frightened of the locals who normally hate them being there and doing what they are doing.

The local people generally want to forget about that past and dislike anyone who has the temerity to bring it back.

Me: Have you or your woman got Jewish blood?

Martin: No.

Me: Sorry to ask but ... why do you do it?

Martin: I don't have to tell you what happened, Eddie. The Nazis would come into an area, round up all the Jews and murder them. I can't do anything for those murdered people now but I can do something for their ancestors. For their graves. In the cities there are reminders but in the countryside, nothing ... the Jews were completely erased.

Me: Yes, but you already told me your grandparents weren't involved in any way. So, I don't understand why ...

Martin: They weren't. And they would be shot if they did anything to help the Jews ... but they are still guilty for doing nothing. Don't you understand that? And I carry that guilt. We all carry that guilt. Our grandparents did nothing because they couldn't and so we will do what we can for the Jews in our generation.

Me: You realise the locals will probably knock down the gravestones and walls again after you leave.

Martin: Yes. But their children will ask 'Why was that man and woman doing that' and 'Who is buried there?' In that way, by the children's questions, we will keep the Jews alive. Christianity has a hatred for Jews. Maybe not me or you, but it's there.

Aside

Deep down I knew he was right. Christianity has as it's very centre a hatred for the people who 'killed Christ'. I come from a lovely people in the West of Ireland where there are no Jews nor never was, yet I wondered as a child why the Jews killed Christ. Why did I wonder this? Why was I told this?

Martin, like me, is an Aries. And he had the admirable attributes of this astrological sign. The fearlessness and mental strength (generally without anything physical to back it up).

But, maybe I'm weak and couldn't do what he does. I know I will continue to go on 'normal' holidays, forever boozing and chasing females etc. And maybe we are all cowards who desperately spend our whole lives trying to camouflage our cowardice.

Anyway, I couldn't take any money from him after that. His English lessons were free.

Heini could not have been more different from this guy. He is a German who absolutely hates Jews.

He really likes me, for no real reason that I can think of, except that he has an emotional attachment to the west coast of Ireland and loves my name (Guinness is his favourite drink).

He had often been in my flat and had browsed through my meagre book collection which were almost exclusively (except for a few spiritual things) about the Third Reich. I'm sure we must have joked about stuff many times without me realising just how unfunny it all was.

Aside

I was always convinced that I must have been killed during the Third Reich. There was no other reason for my obsession and these constant co-incidences in my life. But to my horror, it was the opposite. Long before the Third Reich, it was I who was the perpetrator and responsible for the death of hundreds of people.

After many visits to past life (Reincarnation) experts (who had never met me before or know anything about me), I now know that I didn't die in the Holocaust in Europe. For sure, the last time I came to Earth, I was living in Ireland and it was my first time coming here, and I died in 1853. I discovered what my name was then and the county I lived in and died in. (I drove to that area / village and walked for a few hours but nothing of the past came back. But that is what the Godhead has planned - we shouldn't remember anything about our past lives. That is why we have to learn to walk and talk again and not poo on our mothers again.)

As the date of my death shows, I had survived the Great Famine - but not quite. I only physically survived, the damage was too great to my soul and my hatred for English Imperialism and the Catholic Church was so intense that I had to come back ... to Ireland ... again. The shocking thing is that the description of me emotionally / religiously / politically etc. last time is exactly the same as I am today. So there's been no change in me and that means that maybe I, therefore, have failed my test this time. Goddamit, that means it's back to Post-Colonial Oireland again for me, next time. Why Lord Why! Have Mercy!

I knew Heini for many years and really liked him a lot. Then I discovered this trait of his by complete accident. (I had introduced him to an American guy and I witnessed his revulsion. Questioning me intensely afterwards he discovered, what he suspected, that the American was a Jew. But I was more shocked by the discovery of what the secret lair of Heini was.)

The 'Jew' in question was a wonderful singer that I was hoping would sing my songs. I had composed my melodies for a voice more superior than my own meagre range. He was perfect - two and a half octaves. I still delight in the recordings of his vocal mastery. But, tragically, I didn't like him as a person and never invited him into my flat - despite him asking constantly.

Anyway, it began a tension between me and Heini that we can fight about ... even have vicious fights about ... joke about ... goad each other about – but, for sure, it will remain unresolved for the rest of our troubled lives.

As bad luck would have it, I was reading the second part of Victor Klemperer's brilliant diary - I Will Bear Witness - at that very time. The most extraordinary books I had ever read that illuminated what daily life was like to be wearing a Jewish star in Germany during the Nazi times. (I had read Primo Levi and Ann Frank etc. but nothing compares to Klemperer.)

Anyway, after shouting at him as he remained stoney faced and staring the wall, I stormed to my bedroom and took the first volume of Klemperer's diary and put it on the coffee table before him.

Me: Take that and read it and take it back to me when you return to Prag.

I stormed back to the bedroom again. After cooling off for 10 minutes, I returned to the living room. He hadn't moved and I knew he hadn't even looked at the book.

Me: So, you're not taking it?

Heini: No.

Me: So, you don't want to read the most brilliant German mind of the 20th Century.

Heini: (angry) He was not German. He was a Jew.

Me: But he was totally German. Fought in WW1 and awarded an Iron Cross, same as Hitler. And he became a wonderful university lecturer who all the German students loved. He is the nephew of Otto Klemperer - the great music composer. And the only negative thing he says is 'Where have all the Germans gone? Why have we just got Nazis now'?

Heini: Eddie. You don't understand. You don't have Jews in Ireland.

Me: Let's see ... when I go to Ireland I stay in a house beside where a Mr Hertzog was born and played football in the Dublin street like all the other boys. When he grew up, he became the premier of Israel. That was when Israel was a good country and he was a good Irishman.

Heini: (angry) He was not Irish. He was a Jew.

Me: Let me tell you, Sir, that Hertzog was a better Irishman than me and Klemperer was a better German than you. So, we're at an impasse, aren't we?

It was impossible for me or him to overcome this but ... I always really liked him. I could see the great integrity and honesty in his eyes. I have never met anyone as honourable as him. I would give my life for him – just like I know he would give his life for me. This is true, folks. And wouldn't it be great if we were all like this (except for the Nazi bit, of course).

Remember, he never had any personal experience. He doesn't know any Jew and never will.

Germans either love you or hate you. There appears to be no grey in their thinking. But, the problem is, everyone is grey. None of us are black or white. We all have naughty bits and nice bits. This would be a dilemma for Santa Clause and, clearly, not to Heini's way of thinking either.

After our BIG fight, the next time he came to visit for a few days was with his heavy duty German girlfriend. (I later realised Heini must have been telling her in the car on the way to Prag ... 'Whatever you do, don't mention the Jews in front of Eddie'.)

When she met me, she totally hated me. She stared me straight into my eyes.

Heini's Woman: Do you not realise the Jews are destroying Germany?

Me: No I didn't know that. But please understand, I'm probably a very stupid man and you may have to explain this to me. But, before you do, let me mention some stuff ...

Do you know ...

I'm sure you realise that for at least 1,000 years when your ancestors' hens stopped laying eggs, they would burn out and kill the Jews. When your ancestors' cows didn't give milk, they would burn out and kill the Jews. When the crops failed, they would have another pogrom against the Jews. And then when the crops were fine again and the hens were laying eggs again and the cows were giving milk again, it would be proof that it was a good thing to kill the Jews because God was clearly pleased.

They didn't understand basic stuff like bacteria and viruses back then.

In 1348 the Black Death arrived in Europe. A third of the population died - and, in many places it was half of the population. Can you imagine the horror? In Germany, they began the practice of Flagellates - men who would go from town to town whipping each other to atone for men's sins (*clearly believing it was an act of God. Hello ... I mean, what else could it be*).

But they noticed that the Jews were not dying to the same extent. What they didn't know then was that the Jews were cleansing and washing themselves much more then the Gentiles. Which turned out to be the best defence against the pestilence. It didn't stop destroying Jewish communities but they were much better prepared against the pestilence than the Gentiles.

Naturally, the German Flagallents mass murdered the Jews as they went along believing they were doing God's work.

The N4ZIS 57

That evening, we (me, Heini, Heini's woman and Heini's German friend) were going to a place down town. In keeping with all the amazing bad luck in my unlucky-strewn life, who should be standing outside the place we were going into but – the American Jew. He was trying to sell his poetry and hadn't spotted us. Unfortunately, Heini had spotted him but I, successfully, shepherded them inside and to a table without confrontation.

We were all getting along just fine in our stuttering conversation until suddenly ...

Heini's Woman: I can't relax here. There's a Jew standing beside me. This is terrible.

She said it in English for my ears also and pointed to the wall beside her. The Jew she was referring to was standing in the street, geographically close to her, but there was a thick wall and no window separating her from the offending Jew. I was shocked, tried not to show it and continued talking. The two men just looked at me, dispassionate.

Ten minutes later she said it again. Again the same words. Again, no reaction from the men. Clearly, she wanted the men to go outside and teach the Jew 'a lesson'. I had to do something. I stood up and addressed her ...

Me: Come with me. I'll take you outside and introduce you to this Jew. You'll see he is totally inoffensive. He writes poetry and prayers. Absolutely no threat to you or anyone else.

Heini's Woman: (angry) Are you mad?

Me: Maybe, my dear. But not as mad as you.

The men should have said something to her to calm her irrationality down a wee bit, but they didn't. So, I pulled up a seat and put it at our table and addressed them ...

Me: OK. I'll go out and take in the Jew. You can talk to him, no problem.

Heini: (threatening) Don't do this, Eddie.

Me: Why are you people afraid of the Jews? I'm not afraid of them at all. Hitler was really frightened of them. Why?

Heini: He wasn't frightened of them.

Me: Are you kidding? Read Mein Kampf. And his speeches. He was terrified of them.

Anyway, it petered out after that into a chilling distrust of each other's opinions. Later when we were leaving, the offending Jew was, thankfully, gone.

Epilogue ...

Although I didn't like the Jewish guy because of his 'character defects', I bumped into him some time afterwards and he invited me to his new flat and to meet his new woman and his new baby - although he had many different children with many different mothers in many different countries that he never visited and paid not a penny every month - I accepted his offer. And I liked him a bit better ... but I still wouldn't invite him into my flat.

A Particularly Odious Nazi

The Nazi high command were always aware that the Jews were very advanced and on a par with the Aryan Germans. That is why they had to be removed. The primitive Nazi mindset couldn't imagine two superior people living and cooperating together.

Heydrick

Reinhard Heydrick can easily qualify as a particularly odious Nazi. (He didn't even have to apply for the position. He was a natural.)

Both his parents were classical musicians and both his father and his mother had Jewish blood. He himself played a very good violin and piano and was clearly more advanced in culture and civilization than the rest of his Nazi brethren.

Himmler became aware of the Jewish bloodline of Heydrick and brought his Gestapo report to Hitler who was devastated by this news but eventually concluded that his Aryan blood had superseded the Jewish part. And that was it - all was well. (*In reality, Heydrick should never have been even allowed into the Nazi party, never mind the guy that Hitler wanted to be his successor and replace him as Fuhrer.*)

Previous to this (not knowing that 'the boys' already knew), Heydrick had been desperately trying to cover up his Jewish heritage. He even personally chiselled off his mother's name from her tombstone. Her name was Sarah and that was the name the Nazis had given to all Jewish females (just as Israel was the name given to all Jewish males). His mother's name was an embarrassment to Heydrick. What a great guy!

Naturally, a great guy like that was put in charge of the 'Final Solution' of the Jews. If he could do that to his own mother - I'm sure it was well within his reach to murder all the Jews he could get his hands on.

He had already become the 'Protector' of the two Czech states - Bohemia and Moravia.

(The English had always used this term - the 'Protector of Ireland' - while these two scum peoples, Nazis and Brits, were only exterminating everyone in their 'Protectorate'.)

Aside

During my last two years in Prag, I was living with a Czech girl. Directly above our flat was the spectacular Prag Castle where Heydrick presided over his domain. We had some serious 'disagreements' about history, old and new.

Me: But Prag is a German city. Come on! They built it - even before the Hapsburg Empire. Charles University was the first German speaking university in all of Germany. Charles Bridge - Hello! it's beautiful. Built by the Germans.

She: (*simmering*) There was a Czech settlement here before that.

Me: My house is in Dublin, the capital of Ireland. But if someone told me that Dublin wasn't an Irish city - I would agree. It was founded by the Norwegian Vikings, then came the Normans and then came the English. There was an Irish settlement there before the Vikings but the city is not Irish.

She: (*shouting*) They treated us like shit.

Me: Christ. I'm not defending Nazi rule but ... let's face it ... They were tying to Germanize you and wages all went up. Your grandfather and all civil servants and all working people - their wages went up. The only people who really suffered were the Communists and Jews.

She: (*shouting louder*) They were our Communists ... they were our Jews.

<u>Unbelievable</u>

The really brave Czechoslovak men who were sent from England to kill Heydrick were given a Sten gun to do the job. The Czechs make the best guns in the world - which is why Hitler really wanted Czechia - but these heroic men were given an English Sten gun. Notoriously inaccurate and prone to jam all the time. Not exactly what an assassin needs.

Anyway, standing in front of Heydrick, the Sten gun jammed. The other guy was able to throw a hand grenade. The upholstry in the car seat penetrated Heydrick and he died 10 days later of blood poisoning.

(Clearly the hand grenade was not made in England and the Sten gun was and clearly the pilot of the plane who took them there and dropped them many, many miles from the drop zone was English. But the men's patriotism and courage prevailed and they eventually made their way on foot to Prag, killed Heydrick and then died heroically in a church basement shootout with Germans.)

When Heydrick was assassinated, the Germans took terrible revenge. Two towns (one of them called Lidice) were destroyed, all the men and boys were shot, the women sent to concentration camps and the children were gassed in mobile gas-chamber vans. In the whole of World War 2, it is probably the only war crime the Germans admitted to have done.)

And ... despite the Czech people being nothing short of horrific in their interpersonal communication and their innate criminality, they make great movies and one of them is called 'Lidice'. My friend Heini rang me once ...

Heini: I want you to go and see a film running in Prag at the moment called Lidice and let me know what you think of it.

Me: I've been to see it a few days ago.

Heini: (stunned) You saw it! So, are the Germans really bad or really really bad.

Me: I know I don't have to tell you what happened at Lidice?

<u>Aside</u>

Throughout our many 'discussions' on WW2, I would always check to see does he know what he is talking about. For example, once we were discussing the complicity of the Wehrmacht and Einsagzgruppen in mass murder.

Me: Do you know what happened at Babi Yar?

Heini: Yes.

Me: What happened at Babi Yar?

Heini: 30 thousand Jews were killed in three days.

Me: Well it was 33 thousand Jews killed in two days. But, yes, you do know.

Many people want to believe that the Nazis didn't know anything about what was happening. Maybe the morons didn't know - but the 'bright' Nazis all knew, as well as could be expected, and they were acquiescent.

Me: Well, in the case of Lidice, I would have to say that the Germans were particularly bad ... unlike the traditional war movie where they are so sweet and respectful and protective of the people they are invading. Why are you asking?

Heini: I'm coming to Prag on Friday to meet a Czech girl I'm talking to online and she wants me to see Lidice with her.

Me: Jesus Christ! So, you will drive over 500 miles and watch Lidice with a Czech girl. Hello! Life wasn't meant to be this difficult. OK, I will try to be a father advising his incredibly wayward son here. Let's see ... If you are expecting any sex with this girl after watching Lidice, then forget it. And if she gets horny with you after watching Lidice she is definitely not sexy ... she is mentally disturbed. But don't worry. I have a bedroom for you here and I'll get the beer in. So, see you Friday night.

He didn't show up on Friday night but he arrived at my place on Saturday evening. And, as usual, his girl wanted the whole hog with him ... as did every other Czech girl he met.

Why on Earth would a woman want to be whipped and physically and verbally abused in the German language after watching Lidice. The strangeness of this Earth (or human sexuality) will never be understood. And if someone understands it already, can they please let me know lest I die in a very un-peaceful state.

It got so intense with the SM stuff and so many Czech girls wanting it harder that he was being persuaded by them to get a Gestapo or SS uniform. He showed me a catalogue.

Heini: So, which of them should I get?

Me: You know, I must say, you would look really good in all of them.

Heini: But they are really illegal in Germany.

Me: Yes. I know. And it would be a tad difficult explaining to German border police, who discovered them in your car, that they were purely for sexual purposes. But you can keep them here in my flat with your whips and other paraphernalia.

Heini: OK. Thanks.

Me: Only on the condition that I am not a sweet Irishman any more. You have told me that Czech girls are not interested in a sweet Irishman and only interested in a brutal German. And maybe you are right. So ... tell your Czech girls, that I really am the son of a brutal 'German war criminal' who escaped to Ireland and changed his name.

Heini did as instructed, God love him. But the girls could detect that I just wasn't as brutal as he was. God love me.

Heini couldn't look at a Jew or read a book or see a film or listen to music that was created by or in any way influenced by ... a Jew.

Me: So, you can't look at a Jew. What would you do if you went to Manhattan? You'd have to look at your feet all day as you walked along the footpath. Or maybe you'd have to get strong sunglasses and a white stick. And the kind soul who would lead you across the road to the other side, thinking you couldn't see, would probably be a Jew. What would you do then?

Heini: (with disdain) I would not go to New York.

And here's the weird bit. He is serious. He or his ilk would not go to a place that is 'infested' with Jews. They cannot do it.

<u>Aside</u>

Once I was talking to a Protestant guy from Belfast saying I was shocked at the sectarianism and bigotry of many of these people. After some time he said ...

He: You don't know how bad it is. A 'real' Protestant can't go on a sun holiday.

Me: Too many Catholics in Southern Europe?

He: Yes. That's why they go to Scandinavia. It's 10 times more expensive and you can't trust the weather, but it's more preferable than meeting Catholics.

Me: And Heini, you probably call yourself Aryan. Do me a favour! I know history. You come from central Germany. Everybody who passed that way was shagging the local girls. It's what men do at war. What do you think Napoleon's army was doing when they passed through your area? Picking flowers for the frauleins?

I thought I was going too far. He would surely punch me for that. But he didn't. He agreed.

Heini: Yes. Only west coast Irish and west coast Scots and west coast Norwegians are true Aryans.

Me: So, that's why you like me. I always wondered. Our astrology is not good together, so it wasn't that. I'm Aries and you are Cancer - too much water and too much fire and, therefore, too much steam.

It's because I'm from the west coast of Ireland and, therefore, more Aryan than you. So that's it!

<>..... Miscellaneous stuff

Protestantism had the printing press

The Nazis had the radio and other propaganda machines

Neither would have succeeded without these 'fortuitous' technological inventions

• An Enlightened King

In olden times - I'm not really sure exactly when, but it was certainly Medieval - a new king was crowned to the throne of some Kingdom in Germany, probably Prussia.

Note

In those days there was no Germany or Italy etc. All that came about after 1848. Back then, these countries were just a collection of independent states that spoke the same language but they didn't see themselves as belonging to the same people or anything mad like that. That madness was to come later.

Anyway, the new king did something that previous kings never did.

Instead of drinking, eating and shagging female or male concubines to extreme excess and dying of gout and/or many sexual diseases as all monarchs in Europe did, he called his prime minister to present him with all the rules and legislation of the state he was to preside over.

Naturally, the prime minister, although understandably shocked, did as instructed and presented him with all the laws of the land. The king gave him a few days to meet again.

When they met again, the prime minister was shocked to realise that the king was very knowledgeable about all the laws of the land. (*Not exactly normal kingly behaviour, as I'm sure you can imagine.*) Having gone through all the laws regarding land ownership, marriage, taxation, military service etc. etc. the king asked him about all these many punitive laws regarding ... the Jews.

King: I understand all our laws except - why do we have all these laws against the Jews? **Prime Minister:** (*shocked*) But surely Your Majesty knows that Jews sacrifice Christian children to their gods and eat them.

King: My God - I didn't know that.

Prime Minister: Oh. It's well known Your Majesty. That is why we Christians hate them. **King:** Well then, we have no choice but to keep these laws against them. Come back to me in one year and show me evidence of this terrible Jewish behaviour.

A year later the prime minister stood before the King and had to report that he found no evidence that Jews ate children. The king ordered him to remove all the anti-Jewish laws.

This benevolent king reigned for about 25 years. However, his successor reverted to the time-honoured practice of gorging himself with food and drink and copious amounts of sex and re-instated all the Anti-Jewish laws and began again the practise of dehumanising and murdering them for fun. And this remained in place throughout the centuries until it reached the Third Reich which intensified it to a murderously worse extent.

Note

At the end of World War 2 in Poland, there was another pogrom against the few Jews who had managed to survive the nightmare they had endured and returned home starving and destroyed. Can you imagine being violently attacked in your home town - after surviving Hell?

And the reason given for this pogrom was that because they were starving, 'Jews were eating Christian children'. They were eating non-Jewish children. Forty two Jews were killed and thousands injured in the massacre of these surviving Jews.

So old habits die hard. Scrape away the outer layer of skin and what comes out is unbelievable. The putrid, rotten sludge of 2,000 years of hatred which was based on lies, propaganda, sectarianism and contempt for all human life except their own.

An Irish friend of mine is married to a woman who comes from Krakow - the pretty little city beside Auschwitz (she's actually from a town called Katovice which is even closer to Auschwitz). She told me that the only remembrance of the Jews is in the market place where they sell dolls of men, women and children of Jews dressed in their traditional clothes.

A Glam Nazi

During the Punk Rock times, everyone was dressing to shock. Inspired by the great David Bowie, I was dressed temporarily as a Glam Nazi. I had acquired an Iron Cross and a swastika arm band and also a genuine Luftwaffe jacket with bars on the collar etc. I was a cool dude, in my uncool opinion.

<u>Aside</u>

(They made these uniforms so well. I seriously still have an admiration for German clothing. (They don't just make great engines.) My prize possession is a Bavarian heavy winter coat, incredibly well made, deer antlers for buttons etc. Problem is, it is too warm for the coldest day in an Irish winter and you need to have a lot of muscles to even stand up when you are wearing it. It cost 1,000 Euros but I got it for 100 Euros - canny shopper that I am.)

Anyway, I never wore this unholy Nazi ensemble on more than a few occasions because, naturally, it attracted a lot of unwanted attention. But Ireland was never at war with Nazi Germany and I walked alone on the streets of Dublin with my shaggy black curly hair, eye make-up and nail varnish etc. (not exactly looking like your quintessential Nazi) and with no gang supporting me so I figured nobody in their right mind would think I was trying to make some political statement.

One fateful day, I went into a cheap cafe (the cheapest) for a cuppa tea. (Remember, I was the mother of all poor students - without a goddam penny - and a cuppa tea was probably way beyond my expenditure limits for that week.)

Anyway, as usual, everyone glanced at me and then ignored me - except for one 'old' guy. He kept staring at me as I tried to ignore him. (*I kept saying to myself 'Do something, man. Don't just keep staring'*.) When he conjured up sufficient courage, he stood up and stealthily approached me.

Man: (pointing to my Nazi paraphernalia) Is this fashion or is this politics?

Me: Come on man! It's clearly a joke ... Hello! ... it's just fun ... it's fashion.

Man: (looking me coldly in the eyes) Some fashion!

As he walked away, I realised his accent was Eastern European. Back then we were all Irish with just a few loud-speaking Spanish students and the British army scum carrying guns in the North and pissing on our national monuments in Dublin on their stag nights. Apart from that, we didn't have anyone foreign back then in Ireland.

Realising that he had probably experienced the takeover of his country and, if he didn't, he would have heard all about it from the survivors, I got up and left and ... I never wore that Nazi stuff again.

Early in the war, the Nazis were debating the transportation of European Jews on ships to Madagascar - on the east coast of Africa. It was a long journey, through the Mediterranean and then the Suez Canal before moving down the coast of Africa. (Madagascar would not have saved all the Jews they subsequently murdered but it would have saved a lot.)

Remember ...

The British controlled most of the Earth at this point and were still busy murdering all cultured people throughout the world. As you can imagine, none of this appears in English 'history books' and their American cousins believe all the fairytales in these books whilst still struggling to count all the way up to 10.

Anyway, the British Navy blockaded the Suez Canal (which, naturally, they controlled having killed all the locals) and they would not allow the Germans to transport the Jews to Madagascar. So, this resulted in the extermination of the Jews in mainland Europe.

Well done, Brits. Now lets see that in your history books, you fukkn cowards.

• I was told once by a Nationalist German friend that there was a party. A really cool party. It was a Nazi party. The men had to dress in a military uniform, any uniform at all that was used during the Third Reich.

Me: You sound as if you'd like to go. **Him**: I do ... but I don't have a uniform.

Me: If you are able to find one, can I come with you?

Him: You don't have a uniform.

Me: That's true but I can easily make one. In fact I'll make the most common uniform used in the Third Reich. I'll just buy a large blue striped pyjamas and cut off the excess amounts and make it into a cap. No need for shoes or I can wear a totally beat up pair of shoes, with no socks, that couldn't possibly keep out the rain and snow.

Him: You are not being serious and you're not being funny either.

Me: So you wouldn't come in a with a guy dressed as a Concentration Camp inmate? No need to respond. And you wouldn't try to defend me when the other guys were beating me up. Again, there's no need to respond.

Aside

Can anyone please tell me before I die what the book 'The Boy in the Striped Pyjamas' was about? Mother a Jesus and all the Saints in Heaven! (*A Catholic shock exclamation there.*) Did that writer know even a little bit about the Third Reich - anything at all, perchance?

I was given the book by an ex girlfriend because she knew I 'liked that kinda stuff'. I began to think that it must be a parody of some weird sort ala Mel Brooks or Monty Python. Tragically, it wasn't. It was meant to be a soppy piece of surreal shit that the uneducated, romantic idiots lap up - and it worked.

- ◆ Commandant Hoss and his wife were really messed up people not sweet parents. He had wanted to follow his desire to be a priest of some sort and discovered that all he really wanted was to kill defenceless Jewish men, women and their children.
- 🔷 His wife was absolutely behind his decision. (There was no money in being a priest.)
- ◆ You couldn't get under the wire fence of Auschwitz, just like you couldn't pick up the highly electrified fence with your hand and allow children to get in and out.
- ◆ The German boy would not even have been there. He would have been getting ready for his military duties (and he certainly wouldn't have been chatting daily with a Jewish boy prisoner. Hello!).
- There are so many great books about being children at this time and written by the children survivors. 'I was a Boy in Belsen' was the most harrowing for me. But, clearly it was far too real for the Anglo Saxons. All their History books are pure fantasy and Fairy Tales no reality at all. But that's what they want and that's what they get.
- Someone like me, spreading the putrid nonsense of Reality would instantly be separated from my testicles, hanged, drawn and quartered.

9 ISRAEL

BTW. Like all normal people, I despise what Israel is doing to the people - the Palestinians, the people who own the country - PALESTINE.

After WW2, it was arguably right that the Jews be given a homeland. Because of what 'Europeans' (not the Irish) had done to them, it was fitting that Europeans should compensate them.

- But they were not given one or two of the USA States or a few English shires or Bavaria in Germany.
- For example, the majority of the people of Texas have lived there for less than 200 years. Surely it would have been easy to remove the European people of Texas, New Mexico etc. and give it to the Jews.
- But instead, the Europeans created a state called Israel and the people who lived in that very place (called Palestine) for 2,000 years were to be expelled. And the ones who remained were to be treated to unbelievable barbarity till they cocooned themselves into two tiny pockets the West Bank and the Gaza strip.
- Because America wanted a base for their nuclear missiles in the Middle East, they allowed this and advocated the extermination of the Palestinian people who lived there. America finally had many hundreds of their nuclear missile bases positioned beside Russia in an arse licking country like Israel that they controlled.

Remember ...

America wanted Ireland to be another state of the USA because we were half way to Russia and all their nuclear missiles would be placed in Ireland. Very convenient location. And the Americans can't pronounce Nuclear or Missile and they certainly can't spell culture (most spell it with a 'K'). These war mongering Anglo-Saxon thugs must be stopped if we want the world to survive.

So, the American Anglo-Saxons learned very quickly what their English Anglo-Saxon cousins had learned centuries before them. DON'T DEBATE WITH THE NATIVES - JUST MASS MURDER THEM AND TAKE WHATEVER RESOURCES YOU WANT.)

Dispensing with Democracy, the Anglo-Saxons 'took over' the Hawaiian Islands - half way to Asia. And Puerto Rico - half way to South America and beside Cuba. And they took Guam and the Marianas etc. etc. so the entire Earth is covered with American nuclear missiles and they can't even spell STOP.

Today, Israel has hundreds of American nuclear weapons directed at all Israel's Muslim neighbours. And if one of the Muslim nations even think of developing a nuclear weapon to defend themselves, they are terrorised by the same Anglo-Saxon trash who continue to terrorise all cultured peoples throughout the Earth.

Yes, Bob Dylan ... Israel is indeed the 'Neighbourhood Bully'.

Shame on anyone who supports their activities. And it is not just shame that these apologists should receive. They should and must receive a taste of their own medicine and a large dollop of God's Vengeance.

- All neo-Nazis I have met really admire what Israel is doing. 'It's what we should have done' they say.
- They moved into a country called Palestine and began the systematic extermination of the Palestinian people. They would build huge settlements in land that they were not allowed to build in. If, as in one example, the Palestinians would retaliate with a home made device and it slightly damaged one rubbish bin, the Israelis would invade and murder 2,000 innocent Palestinian women, children and men.
- The Anglo Saxon American military (and their Anglo Saxon allies) have no problem with Israel exterminating the people who own the land. They even pay for this Holocaust of the Muslim people. And any nation who disagrees with what the Israeli mass murder machine is doing is called ANTISEMITIC.
- Ireland is the most vocal in denouncing what Israel is doing and we have no record of antisemitic behaviour. But we have a huge 800 year record of being the victims of the English Anglo-Saxon murder machine and extermination so we understand clearly what the surviving Palestinians are living through.

And where is the protest of the many Israeli soldiers and non-soldiers who are as disgusted as me about the activities of the Israeli state. The American murder machine doesn't like that and so it doesn't get reported on news outlets.

The defenders of the Islamic people must learn tactics that will jolt the supporters of mass murder out of their sleep.

Every page of history shows that this can only be done by threatening the life and luxury of the oppressor – piece by piece. An inch at a time. Till eventually the balance is tilted in their favour. Or as my song 'Unsung Heroes' says ...

.... till the Anglos show respect 'cause they'll have no freakin' option'.

Nota Bene

Terrorists like Nelson Mandela who ended the apartheid state of South Africa and the American terrorists who ended British colonial rule and so many other terrorist people like them throughout the world are rightly considered heroes.

Jerry Adams and Martin McGuinness (like all the other heroes in the Irish titanic struggle against 800 years of the most horrific oppression) were born in the North of Ireland to a world of segregation, bigotry, poverty and apartheid. They saw how, for all the generations before them, speaking out against this oppression was pointless and would only lead to more state oppression.

So, they naturally adopted the tactic of the British oppressors - guns and bombs. They only had small guns and hand made bombs and they only had 150 volunteers against 50,000 heavily armed, illiterate scumbags on the British side - but they fought them to a standstill.

Nobody in this conflict achieved their aims but the moral of the story is that a little child born today, where Jerry Adams and Martin McGuinness were born, is in a much better place - not perfect, but ok. They have better access to a house, a job and a proper vote and without the constant fear of sectarian attack. Without the 'Armed Struggle of the IRA', they would be born into the same nightmare as all their people before them.

Northern Ireland was created as a sectarian, apartheid state. 'A Protestant state for a Protestant People'. Not one word of this appeared in British newspapers. When something was being done to rectify this madness, the British newspapers were all screaming about these vile, murdering terrorists. Why was there no outcry before the violence?

(Incidentally, the majority of the killings were done by British Terrorists from the north east of Ireland and they would kill you if you called them Irish. The British media called them Irish Terrorists.)

• Whilst living in Czechia (the Czech Republic of Moravia and Bohemia), I became aware that they produced great movies. (*Impossible to believe that a people so unbelievably fukked-up could produce great movies - but they do.*)

There was an actor on Czech TV / Movies (Sorry, can't remember his name but let's call him Pol) who had a strong black handlebars moustache (black hair is rare in Eastern Europe) so he was always cast as the mafia guy or the Mexican bandit in Soviet Westerns.

The N4ZIS 71

(Believe it or not, during the Soviet era, they used to make Western movies - same as Hollywood did. Cowboys in the USSR. There you go ... fact is definitely stranger than fiction. One of the Czech classics was 'Lemonade Joe' about an absolutely white unarmed cowboy (white hair, white clothes etc.) on a white horse trying to persuade the cowboys in the various saloons to stop drinking whiskey and switch to lemonade. I think it may be the first farcical western but not as sublime as Mel Brooks' 'Blazing Saddles'.)

Anyway, after the Nazi invasion, being a Jew was not a good thing to be as I'm sure you may be aware. Pol and his mother went into hiding and remained there for about five years. Few people can imagine the very claustrophobic den that he and his mother, cheek by cheek, scrap bit of food by scrap bit of food, body movement by body movement etc. had to endure every day.

Finally, in June 1944, they were caught and sent to Auschwitz. Unknown to him then, coincidentally, it was at the same time as the transports were arriving into that Hell from Hungary. (After occupying Hungary, Hitler had ordered that priority be given to the Hungarian Jews to be processed (killed) first.)

Although emaciated and starving for years, at 17 he still must have appeared a big strong boy because he was set aside for labour by the Nazis. He was put in a pen with many 'strong' young men awaiting their sure-to-be-worked-to-death orders that would be given to them.

He found a hole in the pen where he could see into the female enclosure, in a desperate attempt to make contact with his mother. Many times, every day, he could see lines of naked women being led into the gas chamber while he was desperately hoping that none of them would be his mother.

Then, one day, at the very end of a long line of naked women ... was his mother.

Is there anything worse, on planet Earth, than that? Seriously, what is worse?

Pol: (*in a TV interview*) She had no idea I was watching her and I had no way of shouting 'Goodbye' or 'I love you' or anything human like that. I had no choice but to just watch and see this wonderful woman, my lovely mother, this pillar of my strength that kept me alive with hope every day for so long, reassuring me every day not to despair and that all would be well in the end, walking naked into her terrible death at the hands of Nazi trash.

Days later, because of the overwhelming numbers of Hungarian Jews to be killed, Pol was still alive in the same pen with the other young men who haven't been assigned work duties.

Suddenly, camp officers approached them and demanded that they play a game of soccer. The officers wanted a break from the monotony of murdering thousands of defenceless people every day.

Remember ...

(At that stage in the horror, about 10,000 to 12,000 Jews were being murdered every day. The gas chambers and especially the crematoriums could not cope with the numbers and the Nazis built open air fires to cremate the bodies. Little children were being thrown alive into the open fires to speed the process up. You can imagine the parents on the cattle trains arriving there would have been trying their best to comfort their children that all would be well when they get to their destination. And then they weren't even able to take their clothes off and die with their naked parents in the gas chambers. Their deaths was to be a lot more horrific.)

So, anyway, they made two soccer teams. With a bunch of shirts and maybe a few jumpers all tied together to make a 'ball' and 'goalposts' and played by emaciated young men who could barely walk. I'm sure you can imagine that soccer skills were not paramount on their minds. Just staying on your feet and not falling was maybe enough to keep you alive for another day.

Pol went in goals because, at this point, he was too weak to run. Behind him all the Nazi officers were seated to 'enjoy' the game.

Finally, a 'shot' came in and Pol dived and saved it. But not really. The 'ball' went under his arm, he pulled it back and all was well. But a German officer jumped to his feet and walked up to him, took off his gloves, and smacked him across the face with his gloves.

Nazi Officer: That ball was over the line. It was a goal. You must learn not to cheat, you Jewish swine.

Unable to deal with this, Pol pushed the officer hard and he stumbled and fell. He did as all young men would do but he realised he'd probably be shot dead instantly. But then the impossible happened.

The officer regained his feet, straightened and dusted himself and casually said 'Carry on' and walked to his seat. He, like all the other German officers watching, realised that Pol's reaction was perfectly normal. That was the madness. That was the illogical madness of these places. They still understood normal human behaviour.

Remember ...

The German officer was giving him a lesson on Morality. Can you imagine that? He was being given a morality lesson by Nazis in Auschwitz while he was being starved to death and about to be killed and after watching his naked mother being taken into the gas chamber to be murdered. Amazing! What could be happening in Nazi minds?

The Germans had done this many times in their camps and there was Hell to pay if the 'wrong' side won. Not a great incentive to win, you must admit.

There was a terrible incident (the details of which I don't remember any more) in a camp in Eastern Europe. The SS guards told the prisoners to form a team and play them in soccer.

You can imagine what that 'game' was like. The 'referee' would have been an SS man and every kick and punch and worse by the SS team was ignored by the 'referee'. But, against all the odds, the prisoners won and the SS lost.

Next morning, all the footballers on the prisoner side were put up against a wall and shot.

This was something that prompted angry 'discussions' with my reticent Nazi friend ...

Me: How can you possibly defend something like that? These Soviet soldiers were just BETTER. Don't you understand that? Not only were they better at soccer, they were probably better than them at everything else.

Me: Normal men shake hands and say 'Well played' to the men who win. Even the men who win say the same to the men who lost. It is normal male behaviour. But the SS men were just cowards as any normal men can explain to you.

Me: There's nothing wrong with someone being better than you - in fact, it's liberating. It makes you aspire to be better and admire expertise and it makes you realise how insignificant we all are in the great cosmology of life on Earth. Jesus Christ!



..... Epilogue stuff (that may be relevant)

In my original story, Herman the German's reaction to the war was very different to the general reaction from modern Germans. They are very ready to condemn the disgraceful and barbaric Nazi past but, if you probe deeper, you may discover something very different.

Aussie Nazi

I once met a German guy in a pub in Australia and we began discussing the war and the effects on the German economy and people and subsequent politics etc. He expressed the usual, well-balanced standard replies and observations in a way that was to be expected from a well-balanced modern person.

As I always do, I observed that the removal of the Jews – who were at the very epicentre of the intellectual and business life of all the major cities of Europe – must have been a remarkable product of the war.

Me: You know, even the small city your parents came from ... suddenly, the Jews were gone. They were so much a part of the life and history of that city. It must have been well ... dramatic ... to say the least.

The Guy: Yes. That is true.

The reply was nicely politically correct - but dispassionate. There was not even a hint of regret at their loss or empathy with their plight. I could feel a hunch coming on.

Me: Did your parents mention this to you?

Not expecting this, there followed a nervous hesitation as he struggled for the appropriate words.

The Guy: Yes.

Me: Did they know what was going on?

The Guy: When?

Me: When the Jews were being taken away.

The Guy: They didn't know they were being taken away.

He was smug. He had all the answers because he knew that 'good' people will normally avoid probing and accept any answer, however unbelievable, in order to maintain 'good' relations with those around them.

The average person, just like their governments, will jettison the most basic logic in order to maintain 'good' relations. Their need to spread harmony and to be in harmony can override just about anything.

Tragically, I'm not one of those people. Throughout my truth infirmed life and suffered the many blood-splattered consequences, I still only accept the truth.

Me: Oh, I'm very sorry. I didn't realise your parents had below average intelligence.

Instantly, he knew the pretence was over. He could be himself again. And his transformation into Mr Hyde was as dramatic as Herman's transformation into Dr Jekyll. Seething with rage, he shouted for all the pub to hear.

The Guy: Those Jewish rats. Hitler didn't finish the job properly. And there's still lots of them vermin that have to be flushed out. And some day soon etc...

Interestingly, he seemed to ignore me and was directing his ire at everyone in the entire pub. He was raving like that as he walked away and, although I didn't hear the exact text of what he had to say, it was scary to realise that, behind a benign facade such as his, there could lurk such a reservoir of irrational hate.

Luther and Hitler

Without heading into the heady details of the religious wars between Catholics and Protestants which devastated so much of Europe in the past - especially in Ulster where I come from - it should be wrong maybe to mention this 'Christian' conflagration. But it was still there (maybe not fully alive and breathing heavily) but still there even during the Nazi times.

Although, it can be argued that Aryanism and Thule (and the Ostara pamphlet which 'inspired' a young Hitler) etc. was Bavarian and belonged to the old Hapsburg Empire and was, therefore, Catholic - there can be no doubt, however, that Naziism was thoroughly Protestant because it was about exclusion and sectarianism.

- ➤ Catholic means universal, all-encompassing, all-inclusive. You cannot discriminate against anyone because that is not Christian.
- Protestantism means the complete opposite. Although it is heavily steeped in the Old Testament and not the New (which is why they support the modern Israelis massmurdering the people who own the land in Palestine. And, throughout history, they have always supported the invasion of countries and murdering the people there and taking whatever resources they had especially their land.)

➤ God is Protestant and Protestantism means the exclusion (from Heaven) and separation from non-Protestants and only restricted to a Protestant few. I have no idea how Protestants somehow weaved that putrid stuff into the words of Jesus Christ - but there you go.

Hitler, in his speeches to his Protestant audiences, would quote verbatim Luther's writing on Jews. He didn't have to change a word.

Luther (and Hitler): You can't call yourselves Christians, if you tolerate Jews.

And despite all the Austrian (i.e. Catholic) Nazis on Anglo-Saxon propaganda TV, there is no mention of the Catholic Nazis who did so many heroic things to defend Jews. There are so many examples of this that remains deliberately buried in the usual Anglo-Saxon trash that controls not just the Anglo-Saxon world. The (very few) movies that show a 'nice' Nazi does not make any mention that he was Catholic - hatred of Catholics is still alive and kicking in the Anglo-Saxon world.

The Concordat that was signed between the Pope and the Nazi officials was abhorrent and, naturally, the Rat Line that allowed top Nazis to escape after the war was equally abhorrent. But these officials - like all officials - were corrupt and did not interfere with the essence of Catholicism or it's individual members.

Wouldn't it be great if there was an Anglo-Saxon documentary that showed how 900 Catholic priests were sent to Concentration Camps in Nazi times and only 3 Protestant priests were send to Concentration Camps. Amazing - as the population of Germany is over 50% Protestant. Can any defender of Protestantism/Nazism defend this reality?

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My Mother

My mother (and I) were watching TV with a German visitor to our house who was her own age (they were both about 10 years old when the war began, as usual throughout my life).

Suddenly, a WW2 documentary came on. It was the usual 'Nazis Were Absolutely Awful'.

In those days, there was no remote control and my mother couldn't bend her left knee since she was 11 years old ... so rising up and changing channels was not easy for her. She asked him did he want the channel changed and he said 'No, it's ok. I would like to hear this'.

They sat in silence and watched the long programme. When it was over, she was compelled to say something.

My Mother: Isn't it terrible that Hitler happened?

It was my mother's lovely diplomatic way of saying how terrible it was that Hitler was born. But he had a different opinion.

The German: I think it's a good thing that Hitler happened.

My Mother: (*surprised*) I'm afraid you will have to explain me how it was good thing that Hitler happened.

He went on to explain this by saying something like ...

The German: We Germans have a thing inside us that is terrible. And I am glad that Hitler happened so we could better understand it and, because of him, it will never happen again.

Afterwards, when she was talking to me about it she said ...

My Mother: Isn't it an awful thing that so many millions had to die so that the Germans could learn a simple lesson about themselves.

West Coast Irish Germans

So much of West Coast Ireland was being bought up by Germans in the 1970s and 1980s. (Later in my life, I discovered that the same thing was happening on the West Coast of Norway.) Like so many others, the family home and family land of my mother was bought by a German.

In the early 1990s, I arrived into a cosy little pub on the west coast of Ireland and started chatting to a girl sitting at the bar there (as I, apparently, am programmed to do). She was attractive and had this lovely West of Ireland accent so I had no reason to believe she was anything other than a friendly local girl. The issue of the Germans buying Irish land reared it's ugly head and, unbeknownst to me, this was indeed a thorny issue for her.

Girl: Why are Irish people so naïve? Don't they know what Germans are like?

Me: But the Germans are ok. A bit severe maybe – but way better than the Brits.

Girl : Hello? I am German and I'm living here for 10 years now. Believe me, the last thing you people want is more Germans putting up 'No Trespassing' signs on land they just bought in this lovely place. They can't understand or appreciate that Irish people allow anyone to walk on their land. It's a lovely Irish tradition. But Germans will forbid this.

So, I agreed with her and all was well - it was very well actually - but to this day whenever I meet Germans living in Ireland I say to them ...

Me: OK. You guys had a two-part plan back in the early 1930s.

The first part of the plan was to buy up Ireland bit by bit.

The second part of the plan was to conquer the rest of the world by military force.

The second part of your plan didn't go so well – but the first part of your dastardly plan is working very well indeed. Soon all of Ireland will be German ... and Ireland will be renamed Greater Germany or maybe Lesser Germany.

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Nordic Jews

It is instantly observably that American Jewish men (in the movies and TV) always have Nordic looking wives and children.

It must be some kind of atonement or deliverance or redemption for them. I don't know.

But for a few exceptions - there it is. The Jewish man always has a radically Nordic looking family. Definitely not Jewish looking. Why?

(As I mentioned earlier, about 800 Jews managed to escapee to Sweden and, therefore, escape the Shoah - but it doesn't explain this complete absence of Jewish looking women and children. Is there something I don't know?)

And I'm not talking Irish, British, or anywhere in Northern Europe. This is full blown Nordic. Way more Nordic than the average Scandinavians or Nordic peoples. This is whiter than white. Believe me, I lived there for many years. Is there an explanation for why that is?

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