
Odd!

*An Essay on the Environment in its
Broadest Terms, as Viewed From the
Intellectual Scrapheap.*

“*You’re good at Physics*” they said. That might have been the cause of the problem. In truth, I am probably no more than average at Physics. However, any young person, taught to respect their elders, following advice given on the basis of their seniors’ ignorance, can suffer pretty devastating effects on their life.

The particular elders in my case were only schoolteachers, so I fractionally forgive them. I would have respected them more had they advised me to become a teacher like themselves. Their working day is incredibly short, and they are only required to show up for a small portion of the year. Seldom will they be obliged to solve a problem to which they have not already been shown the answer. If they decide to be “*Sick*”, their generous salary is secure, and an astute operator can work the system for a protracted period, until given an early retirement with a significant lump sum and pension.

The following Monday, they can turn up for supply work, keeping the door closed to any potential newcomers to the scam. Perhaps the greatest perk enjoyed by the teaching profession is holding the authority to rubbish the efforts of any pupil who offends their sensibilities, while basking in the respect of the community.

Honesty was too much to expect from them, so I trotted off in blissful ignorance to embark on life’s adventure. After a few false starts and wrong turnings, I got a couple of lucky breaks. I eventually ended up on a Physics degree course as a “*Mature Student*”. What that meant was that by that time I had sufficient industrial research experience to deplore the shocking state of much the equipment in the Glasgow University Undergraduate Physics Laboratories.

It is easy being a student when one has no idea of how well things can and should be implemented. There is a lot of truth in the saying “*What one has never had, one cannot miss.*” I knew the way things ought to have been in the labs and dreaded going into them. My general performance and subject interest was seriously undermined.

Perhaps it would not have been so bad had I not declined the opportunity of government funding to attend an equivalent course at another university. The contrast between living on a wage and surviving on a student grant was severe. Once again I had foolishly acted in good faith, taking the advice of a person whom I believed knew what they were talking about, without considering the possibility that their own agenda might be detrimental to my interests.

The course itself was a mixed bag. There were fascinating lectures in quantum mechanics, but I realised that while certain subjects might be interesting to some, much of Physics is utterly irrelevant to everyday life. That isn’t a problem, unless one also happens to be burdened with some misplaced idealism which results in a strong desire to change the world for the better. Such was the curse put on me, and despite my best intentions to be as profligate, destructive, and irresponsible as anybody else, my ability to adopt consumerism wholeheartedly met with limited success.

Part of my difficulty stemmed from an all too brief period in a Government Research Establishment where my boss was a truly gifted individual. In due course, he became a world authority in his specialism. His encouragement, guidance and generosity of spirit remain in my mind to this day. In another job I had shared with my boss the first ever demonstration of real time holography, devised by Bill Fagin in 1971. Witnessing, in real time, the vibrational modes of a large turbine blade, taken from the engine of the ocean liner Queen Elizabeth II, is exciting in itself. Knowing that Bill was the only other person in the world to have seen such a thing made it unforgettable.

There was also a vacation job I had at Glasgow University as an undergraduate. One member of staff who supervised me was filled with boundless enthusiasm, and also had an incredible ability to adapt discarded apparatus for the purpose of interesting experiments.

As if that was insufficient encouragement, I was given a storeroom as my office. The roll top desk at which I sat, and the pendulum clock with its Fortins barometer which I adjusted and read on a daily basis, once belonged to the famous Engineer and Physicist, Irishman, Lord Kelvin.

Had I been of a more suggestible nature, I might have imagined Lord Kelvin in the room with me when I was working into the wee small hours. The slow “*Tick-Tock*” of the pendulum clock in the silent gloom was the very stuff of thrillers.

As it is, I just prefer peace and quiet when I’m concentrating, and I’ll have enough time for conversations with the departed when I join them. Whether or not the desk really had belonged to the great scientist, I don’t know, but either way I was inspired beyond measure. The odds were being increasingly stacked against me. I loved that vacation job and put every minute I had into it. Too much for my own good as it turned out.

I realised fairly early on that subjects in Physics ranged from problems of the infinitely vast to those of the infinitely small, which of course includes the problem of nothing. Excluding the latter, which I deal with directly on the basis that if it isn’t there, it won’t do you any good worrying about it, the “*Subject Relevance Function*” for Physics follows something like a Gaussian curve with its peak in the centre of the general region bounded by the atomic scale on one side and a global scale on the other. On the other hand, the “*Funding Probability Coefficient*”

for Physics seems to follow an almost “(0.4 - Gaussian)” curve centred on the same region. The normalisation issues inherent in this latter function will present no difficulties to anyone capable of proposing an experiment to detect “*Dark Matter*” while keeping a straight face.

If you are the type of person who enjoys jolly conferencing holidays, launching satellites into the ocean, bursting thousands of photomultipliers, vapourising six tonnes of liquid Helium in the CERN tunnels in the quest for nothing of any great importance, or perhaps staring aimlessly into the endless depths of space, prospects are excellent.

Opportunities appear to be equally plentiful for those who prefer to concoct theories, particularly if the objective is to debunk one or other of the great physicists from the early part of last century. I envy theorists. To them relevance is irrelevant on the one hand, while on the other irrelevance is the essence of a popular theory.

Please don't misunderstand me. Life is desperately short, and we all need our share of self indulgence. The accumulated sum of all the funding wasted in the Big Science playparks is as nothing compared to that squandered on war and in financial markets in a single year, or perhaps even a few days.

Additionally, while scientists are busy looking for the Higg's Boson, or “*Pig's Bosom*” as my youngest son once misheard me, they are probably not spending quite so much time designing increasingly effective weapons of mass destruction.

Nevertheless, I have particular difficulty accepting the notion of a Higgs “*Particle.*” The “*Higgs Event*” or “*Higgs Collision*” has a more rational appeal to me. The suggestion that observing fragments from the collision of two particles confirms the existence of a single heavier particle, is as far fetched as suggesting that the outcome of crashing a pair of vehicles together at high speed is a single larger vehicle which immediately disintegrates.

As well as being essentially irrelevant to humanity at large, the Higgs experiment might rank as the most readily faked piece of work since the Apollo Moon landings. In both instances the political imperative for a successful outcome was intense, the opportunity for independent verification did not exist, and the scientific evidence was less convincing than one would wish. There was also a strong element of stage management in the presentation of both projects. That is not to say either result *was* faked, but I am certainly not to be counted amongst the believers.

Notwithstanding the above, I staunchly believe that it is perfectly reasonable to expect to have one's hobby paid for by the taxpayer. I've experienced that warm, comfortable, type of environment, so I know what it feels like. Of course, governments probably only keep these huge projects funded to preserve a ready pool of scientists with suitable skills for military applications.

Factors affecting the probability of obtaining research

funding “F”, naturally include “*The club*” coefficient “C”, the “*Promise*” variable “P”, and the “*Gravy Train Exponent*” “G”. I postulate the rule:

$$F = CP^G$$

Clearly if you are in one of the 12 universities which receive 70% of UK research grants, you are a member of one of the right clubs, and I have no doubt that similar proportions apply to other countries as well.

A willingness to make promises to the effect of “*Boundless clean energy from water*” or perhaps “*Probing the first few milliseconds of the creation of the universe*”, is indisputably doing the right thing, and Mamon will reward you.

The Gravy Train Exponent is naturally the most significant of all the factors. Once a Big Science gravy Train is moving, it is pretty much unstoppable!

When I was dumped on the scrapheap in 2002, I was slow to come to terms with my situation. I applied to an endless stream of vacancies, and made considerably more speculative applications. I also proposed projects but was turned down for the explicit reason that as an unemployed person, my “*Club Coefficient*” was zero. In 2005, when things were most dire, I sought support from the Institute of Physics. I'm still waiting for someone to “*Get in touch*” with me. We got by just the same.

Initially I averaged about two interviews per year, but those days are long gone. I still make plenty of applications, but in my defence it is really only through force of habit. I'm doing my best to give it up. I would probably be very suspicious if I was invited for interview at this stage, not least because my only relevant referee died several years ago.

In any event, I strongly suspect that my applications never got further than the “*Human Resources Gatekeepers.*” (HRGs) Scarcely anybody replies to applications, and the actual recruiters have no way of knowing how many applications were received by the HRGs. The obvious potential for making a few quid on the side by skewing an applicant's prospects will be more than some HRG staff can resist. With an estimated 20% of CVs containing material misrepresentations, the world of recruitment undoubtedly offers rich pickings.

I have come to accept that whether I like it or not, my career ended before it started, and there is no pension. Living on my wife's farm guarantees that there will always be something needing to be done. That is good, because I have never sought idleness.

I realised that intellectual stimulation was nevertheless an issue to be addressed, and I needed some kind of project. My scope was severely limited by financial constraints, but I had always loved the country and sustainable technology seemed the direction to choose. Sustainability was an area which had led to my winning a Fellowship in 1990. By a perverse twist, the finished work offered more to the nuclear or medical professions than the third world.

My wife and I refuse to implement the sub-bestial farming methods being forced on farmers under the auspices of the EU Common Agricultural Policy (CAP). I suspect that the acronym CAP stands for “*Coalition of Archetypal Parasites.*” One estimate put the ratio of administrators to farmers at six to one.

Cows don’t ask for much, and on most modern farms they get much less than that. EU grant regulations demand that the farmer keeps his cattle in sheds for most of the year. He is only permitted to spread slurry from the storage tanks beneath these sheds during a very brief seasonal period. That, in turn, is only possible if the land happens to be firm enough at the time to support the slurry tanker, and the weather is set fair. Slurry kills just about anything with which it comes in contact, and more than one farmer has met his end through the vapours released. These latter are apparently similar in nature to nerve gas.

If you can stand the stench, a walk across a field on which slurry has been spread will give you a good idea of how many worms there had been in the ground. They are quite easy to count. They are lying dead on the surface.

During the growing season, the land will recover, at least to the extent of showing strong grass growth. However, it seems extremely unlikely that the soil biosystem is anything other than disrupted. In Winter, the grass will be slow to take up the effluent, and lower ground temperature slows other biological activity. Soil is generally saturated with water as well, due to the increased rainfall as Autumn progressed. Consequently, slurry spreading is not permitted in the Winter months. However, the true genius of the EU bureaucrats is manifest in the fact that the European Climate has not signed up to EU Grant “*Cross Compliance*” regulations. Slurry may be spread in accordance with regulations, only to be washed into the rivers by an unseasonal downpour.

In Ireland, farmers have repeatedly been unable to allow their beasts to graze due to inadequate summer growth. In desperation, many farmers housed their beasts in the sheds, feeding them silage while hoping that the weather might improve. The upshot was that the slurry tanks on many farms became full. Since science has not devised any method for preventing cows from urinating and defecating, it was only a matter of time until the tanks spilled over. That could have polluted the water courses and left an obvious trace back to the source.

Farmers need to be on the lookout for an opportunity. A dry cloudy evening is perhaps the best time. A tractor can be driven without lights and the cloud cover reduces the chances of being spotted by the spy satellites. The regular aerial surveillance aircraft will also be grounded in such conditions. If the farmer is caught spreading slurry out of season, Cross Compliance penalties will be severe, but the farmer has to balance the risks.

The entire EU Common Agricultural Policy appears to be a case study in world class absurdity. However,

“*Absurdity*” is the wrong word. The EU bureaucrats are enforcing a carefully predetermined Fascist Agenda to destroy small scale farming. Adolf Hitler would be proud of their “*Final Solution*”.

Josef Stalin understood the long term fascist ambitions behind the formation of the “*Common Market*” as the EU was originally named. The USSR responded by creating the Berlin Wall. It was an unfortunate decision but was presumably the only realistic option available to the USSR. The “*Iron Curtain*” was quickly exploited by the West and nurtured into the Cold War. Following disintegration of the USSR, the EU Fascists have expanded their grip on Europe with astonishing speed.

There is no democratic avenue for representation or scientific rationalism in European Policymaking. Europe is governed by an unelected group of “*Commissioners*”.

Many will remember how Neil Kinnock lost the UK election on account of his Nazi style salute. Mr Kinnock handed over the Labour Party to Tony Blair and accepted an appointment as an EU Commissioner. In due course, Tony Blair implemented such laws as the imprisonment of parents for their children's absence from school. The law violates the Human Rights Act, but that is apparently of no consequence. Mr Blair deliberately “*Misled*” the UK Parliament in order to start the second Gulf War against the Iraqi Nation. Tony Blair's “*Piece de resistance*” was the emasculation of the UK Parliament's House of Lords. Mr Blair's reliance on “*The Parliament Act*” to achieve his goal was the most undemocratic action in the entire history of the Westminster Parliament.

Without doubt the ancestors of the Hereditary Peers were the most ruthless warlords of their day. However, in the year 1215 the Magna Carta, brought into existence by that aristocracy, was the most socially responsible document ever seen. It was the first example of Trade Union Collective Bargaining, and provided protection for ordinary people through the guarantee of Habeas Corpus.

Over the course of the centuries, Hereditary Peers had evolved into a very disparate group of individuals. Their views approximated fairly well to that of a random selection of British citizens. They were, effectively a “*National Jury*”, well capable of independent thought and committed to the protection of the long term Interests of Britain. They presented a formidable obstacle to extremism in any UK Government. Tony Blair knew their influence had to be eliminated. Fascism cannot tolerate the existence, much less the expression of alternative views. That is the reason why many Judges abhor Juries. It is also why repressive governments regard traditional families and travelling peoples as a threat, penalising them by taxation and other measures.

In modern Europe, laws are drafted by anonymous bureaucrats who are “*Influenced*” by “*Lobby groups*”. In other words, money talks. Multinationals are well placed to determine the European legislative landscape.

The following example illustrates the detrimental effect of this situation. About 15 years ago, more than 140 agricultural pharmaceutical products were withdrawn from the market. These were all long established products, well known and trusted for their efficacy. Patents had expired on all of them, so they were available cheaply from a variety of manufacturers. Clearly this situation did not suit the Pharmaceutical lobby which relies on patents to monopolise the market, maximising profit for itself. The EU apparently obliged the pharmaceutical lobby by introducing a directive demanding that all pharmaceutical products be tested to the current standards. The older products did not have the necessary certification and had to be withdrawn. Note that the EU did NOT make provision for testing the existing products to the current standards as it might have done had the legislation been democratically devised.

Agriculture is amongst the losers in the EU parasite economy.

The huge pictures hanging in some supermarkets show smiling farmers in pristine fields or farmyards. There are no pictures of cows, with their hides caked in excrement and half of their fur worn away with constant scratching. Nor do they show others driven insane by being constrained in an area where a beast can barely move, eating silage polluted by their own excrement. The pictures do not convey any impression of the clouds of flies that breed in these sheds, the buzzing of which sometimes seems as intense as the rasping from any chainsaw.

No photograph attempts to convey the spread of disease which occurs in the animal housing. There are no illustrations of farmers dragging the carcasses of beasts out of the sheds on an almost daily basis. Nobody mentions that the Knacker, whose job it is to dispose of the carcasses, has become an extremely wealthy person keeping his factory open 24/7 to cope with demand.

If any reader should be minded to dismiss my observations on farming as "*Unreasoned Prejudice*", they would do well to avail themselves of a copy of Country Life dated 13th November 2013. There they will find that His Royal Highness The Prince of Wales, who has rather more experience of agricultural matters than the majority of people, expresses views which are in many ways consistent with my own.

The disease factories and ecological destruction which have been foisted on the agricultural community contrast with the comfort of European and National administrators who collect high salaries, with sufficient budget to pay for spy satellites, spotter aircraft, and endless political conferences.

The slatted sheds are in every way the equivalent of the Concentration Camps of WWII. However, the modern breed of EU Agrifascist understands that "*Animal Rights Activists*" primarily care about protecting the interests of destructive species. Farm animals are not cuddly and cute as are foxes or mink. The modern day Fascists also

understand the importance of "*Distributed atrocities*". The concentration camps of WWII required a lot of organisation and were readily identified as sites where horrific practices were the norm. The individuals who set down the CAP regulations ought to be obliged to live in the same conditions which said regulations impose on dumb animals.

Not only the beasts, but the land itself is a target for EU CAP "*Environmental*" measures. The destruction of many of the orchards of England and the vineyards of France as a consequence of CAP is a matter of record. Every policy to date that has been touted as protective of the environment can be shown to have had a significantly adverse impact. In Ireland there is an ongoing programme of hedgerow destruction. Mature trees, such as Crab Apple, Hawthorn, Willow, and Ash are sawn down to hedge height. This makes trimming more convenient for the contractors who are too lazy to alter the position of their mechanical flails in order to avoid trees. The spy satellites also benefit, allowing the EU Administrators to identify property boundaries with greater accuracy so that they can adjust area based "*Single Payments*" to the nearest Euro.

Trees which had taken more than half a century to mature and which provided safe nesting sites for countless birds are being destroyed at an alarming rate. Predators can now access their victims' nests more easily. Pollinating insects and resident bird species were decimated in the severe winter of 2011. Their numbers have never recovered. Now the trees on whose blossom the insects relied have been destroyed. Crab apples and hawthorn berries which sustained birds and small mammals through winter will no longer be available. The diesel being burned by the contractors' machinery in the course of this wanton destruction contributes an inordinate amount of Carbon Dioxide to the atmosphere. Trees which once stored the gas in the form of wood are burned in bonfires or left to rot, releasing Methane as well as Carbon Dioxide.

The trees had also served to moderate windspeed, providing shelter for crops and animals in addition to inhibiting soil erosion. They aerated the soil and in the growing season provided a rapid uptake of water. Those few trees that remain are rapidly disappearing beneath Ivy balls which will eventually cause them to be toppled by Winter gales. The tree will shed its leaves to reduce wind drag, but the Ivy does not. At one time, cattle and other grazing farm animals had limited the growth rate of Ivy. Those days are gone. The domination of Ivy is a metaphor for the ascendancy of the EU parasites.

The identification of Ash Die Back disease has provided yet another opportunity for the elimination of hardwoods from the landscape. An intelligent scientist or engineer would apply a constructive approach to addressing the problem. The EU method calls for infected trees to be felled, distributing the disease more rapidly, rather than controlling its spread.

I am reminded of a conversation I had with a former UK Government advisor. That professor had resigned his appointment in disgust. During the Foot & Mouth epidemic, he had advised the Tony Blair Administration that the practices which it had implemented to curb the spread of Foot & Mouth disease, actually had the opposite effect.

Despite his advice, it seems that the government preferred to be seen to be doing “*Something*” irrespective of the effect of that something. One is minded to conclude that the purpose of Government Advisors is to create an illusion of informed Ministerial decisions.

However, one needs to be careful when interpreting the actions of any Government. Assisting the spread of Foot & Mouth disease might have been *exactly* what Tony Blair’s Cabinet wanted to achieve. One has no way of knowing who their masters really were.

Those townspeople who have no knowledge or understanding of agriculture are given to believe that the sight of fields, manicured by the most advanced machinery, with few remaining hedgerows, and uncluttered by a random distribution of grazing animals, is the way things ought to be. The political apparatus has established firmly in the minds of many, the belief that farmers receive endless subsidies. Farmers have served well as one of the groups vilified by those in authority to distract attention from their own, far greater comfort.

It is a standard technique used by any Fascist regime and consists of three clearly defined steps viz:

1. Denigrate
2. Isolate
3. Annihilate

Fascists can be defeated, but Fascism can never be eradicated. It propagates regardless of ethnicity, culture, or theological background. However, Fascism flourishes most vigorously in the fertile soil of the moral vacuum cultivated by unfettered capitalism.

Farmers are merely vehicles for subsidies which actually end up in the pockets of advisors, contractors, and most significantly, banks. In Ireland in particular, the government defrauded many farmers directly, by encouraging them to take bank loans to cover the cost of construction of the slurry tanks and sheds to which I have alluded.

The work was supposed to have been covered by grants paid on completion. All the advisers and contractors were paid in full directly by the farmers and are long gone. At that point, the banking “*Crisis*” was staged. The Irish Government defaulted on the grants, leaving the farmers with the burden of the loans they took out in good faith. Adding insult to injury, the government subsidised those same banks to the tune of Billions of Euros. Bear in mind that when a small business faces financial difficulties it is put into liquidation and the proprietor loses everything. In

contrast, financial institutions which have gambled and lost money, entrusted to them for safe keeping, are bailed out using any remaining assets of the people whose money they have squandered. Furthermore, the gamblers retain their positions, salaries, and pensions, despite having demonstrated their utter contempt for those whose savings they undertook to protect.

My association with farming came about by chance and might have been better left off my life’s agenda. I wanted to live in the country, but had no thoughts of altering my lifestyle significantly from what it had been in the city. Our sons wanted to have some cows, and we have kept cattle since then, primarily for cutting the grass. We do not receive any grants. For those who might be interested in selling their flat in the city, they could probably purchase a farm similar to ours from the proceeds of their sale and still have cash in hand.

A useful “*Ballpark*” figure for the cost of keeping a beast at the time of writing is about £500 per annum. That figure assumes all labour is charged at zero. Sale of any calf produced helps to offset the cost of feed supplements, veterinary fees, pharmaceutical products, and other overheads. The result is the deficit given. As the reader will appreciate, keeping cows is perhaps more cost effective than employing a gardener, and infinitely preferable to leaving one’s assets in the care of any investment banker. However, it must be borne in mind that there is an inordinate amount of paperwork involved when keeping cattle. There is also significant physical risk. Every year, many farmers are killed by animals or otherwise in the course of their work.

Whereas the ordinary business is required to operate using traditional algebraic rules in which $1 + 0 = 1$, the banking community, since its inception, has operated using a kind of “*Arithmetic irrationalism*” in which $1 + 0 \geq r$ ($r \in \mathbb{R} : 1 < r < \infty$).

About a century ago it was recognised that the mathematical basis of the banking system was fundamentally flawed and at variance with reality.

In the first instance, assets deposited in a bank belong to the depositors. They do NOT belong to the bank, its bondholders, or its shareholders.

The bank *may* pay a depositor interest on the deposit. For example, The Generous Bank may pay a depositor interest of 5%.

The bank loans money to others, and insists that it must charge a higher rate of interest to borrowers in order to make a profit. The Generous Bank might charge 8% interest on its loans.

This seems reasonable enough. The borrower pays 8%, of which 5% finds its way to the depositor and 3% remains with the bank as its business earnings.

Now here is the trick:

A bank is permitted to lend out a multiple of the amount deposited. This multiple varies but can easily be greater

than 10. Let us suppose the multiple is 10.

So our hypothetical depositor may deposit €100 and expect a return of €5.

That deposit of €100 permits The Generous Bank to loan ten times the amount = €1000. On this €1000 it charges 8% = €80. Note that €900 has been created out of nothing.

The division on the interest is now €5 to the depositor and €75 to the Generous Bank.

The situation is exacerbated by the fact that the €80 of interest payable can only come into existence by means of another bank loan taken out somewhere else.

There is also the matter of the €900. To whom does that belong? Not surprisingly, the bank treats that as its own “*Real*” money. Charging €975 for €3 worth of work is inequitable by any yardstick. Even in a world free of corruption, the structure is intrinsically unfair and inflationary.

The flaw can be corrected readily. In essence, The Generous Bank should only be permitted to retain €3 on the illustrated loan. The balance of €72 interest ought to be reabsorbed along with the €900. Both had been created out of nothing. The existence of the “*Money from nothing*” is legitimate in itself and is a reflection of trust that work will be carried out. It gives rise to economic activity which results in the production of goods which have real “*Barter*” value.

In the model proposed, the *Barter* value of the goods produced is assessed by the National Government in a similar manner to that in which economic statistics are produced at present. Suppose the goods produced during the course of the example above had a *Barter* value of €150. Then the National Government would authorise that sum to enter the money chain free of debt. The €8 used to pay the depositor and the bank would be part of that debt free amount.

The modification described provides a process for the ongoing adjustment of the money supply up or down as economic activity dictates. It can also adjust for losses due to natural wastage or criminal activity. There is no intrinsic inflationary or deflationary bias.

Note that in the modified model it is the National Government, as representative of the People Of The Nation, which controls the growth or shrinkage of the money supply. It is founded upon the principle that the Nation belongs to the People.

Optimally, the Government would be elected by a “*Fair Majority Voting*” system such as that described by Michel Balinski. (The American Mathematical Monthly, February 2008, pps97 -113) Mr Balinski's proposal neutralises the effect of gerrymandering political boundaries at virtually zero cost with no noticeable alteration to the voting system.

The film “*The International*” is a story of the fictional bank IBBC. The story appears to have been modelled on

the bank BCCI which went broke in the late 1980s. BCCI had the nickname “*Bank of Crooks and Conmen International*”. One scene in the film encapsulates the essence of banking: “*Control the Debt, and you control Everything*”.

Clearly, the result of implementing a Rational Monetary System controlled by the Elected Representatives of the Nation would be that banking would lose its ultra-profitable characteristic while productive businesses, and Society at large, would benefit commensurately.

It is hard to conceive of any government, be it National, Transnational, or even Global, having the temerity to propose, much less insist on such a change of operating procedure.

Not surprisingly therefore, the developing countries will continue to have their natural resources exploited for a fraction of their true worth. Their peoples and environment will foot the bill.

Success cannot be measured unless there is failure for the purpose of comparison. It is essential that the developed countries prevent the developing countries from developing. If the “*Third World*” developed to the Western standard, the West could no longer be viewed as successful.

That is one of the reasons for China having attracted criticism. The Chinese woke up to the Western con and started forging ahead.

Countless charities target specific areas of the underdeveloped world. Analysis of accounts sometimes reveals significant financial “*Reserves*” which are “*Invested*”. Further analysis sometimes suggests that the charitable “*Target*”, although rightly receiving a high proportion of donated funds, is primarily a vehicle which ultimately serves parasitic financial activities.

For example, here in Ireland, lotteries are often used to raise money for charitable causes. One such lottery, allied to a charity, had an annual turnover in excess of €3M. Of that, only €10,000 served the charitable cause.

It might appear that a figure of perhaps 90% of funds reaching the target reflects good management. The important question to address is: “*Who got the other 10%?*” Glossy advertising and other exotic promotional exercises merge with the churning of assets on the stockmarket to generate handsome incomes for some. Evidently it is in the best interests of the charity industry that underdeveloped countries remain in that condition.

In my young life I dreamed that one day I might be a great scientist who would make some contribution that would change the world for the better. I had a chart on my bedroom wall showing routes to entry for the Institute of Physics. I was given books about great inventors and Nobel Prize winners. I loved science and technology and at one time dared to hope that I might join those other members in the list of the great and good.

As the years have passed and I have encountered more examples of questionable choices in the awards lists, I wonder whether the whole scientific prize palaver possesses any merit. Perhaps it is merely part of a credibility circus. Don't expect me to be refusing any Nobel Prizes though. I could always use a few quid myself, and a bit of status would not go amiss. It might be slightly easier to get a job interview if I was a Nobel Laureate. I live in hope.

However, I have some difficulty rationalising the award of the Nobel Peace Prize to a politician who merely toured the world giving presentations on Climate Change. Perhaps the award was only half rational, since he shared the podium with some others who were receiving salaries for doing the same sort of thing. I can accept the notion of two half rational awards, since one might be positive and the other negative, giving a total of zero rationality. A later prize, awarded to President Obama simply for doing the duties of his office has me stumped. I have particular difficulties with this one, since this "*Man of Peace*" subsequently ordered 30,000 extra troops to continue fighting an illegal war in Afghanistan.

I have no issue with the Afghan people nor any particular sympathy for them. I have only ever encountered two individuals whom I know to have been from that country. They were refugees seeking asylum in Scotland, and were in the Supreme Court in Edinburgh. Neither of the refugees could speak English. Their Counsel had been given their brief only the day before and requested a continuation of their Appeal in order that she might prepare her case. The three Judges rejected the request, no doubt afraid that Counsel might do a better job of representing the refugees than they cared to hear. It may be coincidence, but all three of those Judges had been appointed under the Blair Administration. I have never figured out what difference a couple of weeks delay for these two people would have made to UK National Interests, but I am sure the loss of their appeal through lack of representation might have meant the difference between life and death for them. It could simply have been that the Appellants' skin colour offended the Judges' sensibilities.

Unfortunately, it seems that Afghanistan was only a start.

I confess I am struggling to understand why people who seized power by force in Ukraine are treated by American and EU Mandarins as though they were democratically elected. In contrast, the union of Crimea with Russia, in response to a Popular Vote, is regarded as "*Annexation*". Anyone seeking a good example of annexation might consider the Israeli occupation of the Golan Heights and the West Bank of the river Jordan. Israel's action was driven by the need to have borders which it could control and defend. That in no way exonerates Israel for its treatment of the Palestinian people, to whom its behaviour is as close as Israel dare go to that of Hitler towards the Jews.

David Cameron condemning Russia for its desire to

maintain its long established boundaries would be comical if Mr Cameron's remarks were not made in all seriousness. At the present time, the Westminster Administration is almost in a state of apoplexy over the prospect of Scotland voting for independence.

If NATO requires a naval base in the Black Sea, it might consider the simple expedient of offering the Russian Federation reciprocal facilities in Bangor, Washington. Britain might accommodate by inviting the Russian fleet to stay at a base in Portsmouth or Gibraltar. Perhaps Scotland's First Minister, Alex Salmond will grasp the opportunity and provide Russia with berths in the Holy Loch and Rosyth if Scotland becomes independent.

Whether considering a housing estate or a national boundary the same rules apply. "*Good hedges, good neighbours make*".

To some in America and the EU, however, it seems that respecting the Will of an electorate is only acceptable if that electorate is willing to become a Poodle to the West.

The situation echoes the "*Lisbon Treaty*" referendum here in Ireland. The vote against the treaty was ignored, and a second referendum held, accompanied by promises and threats to ensure a "YES" vote was obtained. No doubt further referendums would have been held if necessary until such times as the Irish Government obtained the outcome it desired. Not surprisingly, the UK Electorate was not given the opportunity to express an opinion in respect of the Lisbon Treaty and their rights were quietly signed away. Such is the manner in which Fascists operate. The criticism of Ukraine for alleged extensive corruption, begs the question. To what extent is the West a paragon of integrity?

President Putin may be correct. The current situation in Ukraine might well be a consequence of CIA covert operations. The speed with which the UN recognised those who seized power as being "*Legitimate*" representatives of Ukraine, lends credence to the Russian President's view. The recent hearings in America, following Mr Snowden's disclosures, have demonstrated that the NSA and CIA are not accountable to the American People and their National Administration.

It might be that the mighty Western "*Industrial Military Complex*" of which President Eisenhower warned, is infuriated that Russia provided for the safe destruction of Syria's chemical weapons, frustrating the use of "*Drones*" against Syria. Weapons controlled remotely from an installation in the US may be effective against a technologically incapable target. It is inconceivable that Russian Federation engineers and scientists have failed to implement cost effective countermeasures exploiting the obvious vulnerabilities in these systems.

Anyone in the West who thinks they will be able to wage a "*Computer game*" war against Russia, while sitting comfortably in splendid isolation, eating hamburgers and watching baseball between sorties, will surely have a rude awakening.

It appears that Nobel Peace Laureate, President Obama, is determined to rekindle the Cold War or worse ... Much worse! The Russian Federation is analogous to a hibernating bear. The world is unlikely to gain by rousing it abruptly from its slumber.

On the one hand a “*Peace Prize*” was given to people ostensibly trying to save the planet. On the other the award was made to a man apparently determined to destroy our world!

If I recall correctly, Tony Blair had an Audience with the Pope prior to the second Iraq War. I regard it as an ominous sign that President Obama has recently been given an Audience with Pope Francis. Mr Obama seems to be following in Tony Blair's footsteps. Perhaps the real reason for Mr Obama's visit was to collect “*Sealed Orders*” from the retired Pope Benedict, whose experience includes service with the Hitler Youth. The American President might be hoping to pick up some “*Hot tips*” on the best way to run a Crusade. He has certainly gone to the right place for that. One can only speculate on his reasons for visiting Rome.

Illustrated in these anecdotes from my life's experience is the manner in which too many of the institutions which we are led to believe represent the highest ideals of civilised society, fall at the first hurdle. Whole tracts of science are little more than paid holiday camps where ambitious individuals vie with one another to feed their egos amidst sparkling lights and dazzling technology. Awards sometimes appear to be little more than a reflection of the social prowess or political clout of the recipient. National institutions such as Courts and Parliaments reveal themselves to be auction houses where Policies or Justice are sold out to the highest bidder. The Great and Good turn out to be great at lining their own pockets and good at lining the pockets of their friends.

Those who seek authority are seldom those who would exercise that authority in the interests of society at large. A person who has committed his or her life to the pursuit of selfish egotism will not spontaneously metamorphose into one who will put the needs of others first.

A rather notable scientist with whom I communicated was at something of a loss to justify the Big Science experiment with which he had been associated for most of his career. His best offering was that there were “*Spinoffs*”.

Sadly, this justification for scientific trivial pursuits is all too common. If spinoffs justify an activity, then it is the spinoffs which should be the focus of the intellectual effort. Solving the problem of a sticky frying pan does not require a Space Programme. Problems are solved most effectively by concentrating on solving the problem. There is clearly something lacking in the reasoning capacity of those who conduct their affairs otherwise.

Life has not been as I would have planned it. At one time I was a promising Research Fellow who had secured his own funding in open competition. Perhaps in due course,

I might have become an academic of some note. That option was truncated abruptly by an overambitious Group Leader who decided that what I had achieved would serve him better if it was on his own CV rather than on mine. His use of my name as an author on a Paper to which I had given no input, and indeed of which I had no prior knowledge, was criminal fraud.

While a person can have his creations stolen, the thief acquires nothing in terms of creativity. Nor can he ever feel the satisfaction that “*This was his work*”. To be fair to the thief, I doubt if he cared who's work it was so long as he got the credit. He obtained his promotion sure enough.

Others received PhDs using equipment I had designed and constructed for my Fellowship. It seems reasonable to conclude that my work was of Professorial calibre even then.

I have made considerable technical progress in the intervening years. Since my consignment to the intellectual scrap heap, I have discovered that despite my progressive slide from Social Class 3 to somewhere beneath Class 7, I have actually achieved much more in my life than many people, including certain members of my own family, wanted me to achieve. Amongst my detractors I can list individuals from the highest echelons of Academia and the British Government. Naturally my potential has never been realised to the extent it might have been had I been given opportunity rather than stolen from, obstructed, discarded, and defamed. Quoting from an old movie (Room at the top?): “*There are people who take, and there are those who get took*”.

I endeavour to maintain sight of the fact that the worst of my life's experience has been mild compared to that of many ordinary folk who have endured the persecution and turmoil of war. I have not been forced to spend my life in a refugee camp or worse. I have not faced deportation like many refugees. I am not living in fear of an occupying army, simply because a few terrorists had similar skin colour or religious beliefs to my own.

Amongst those, even now living in such circumstances, there will be many whose abilities and imaginations could outstrip the bulk of others who enjoy the highest status in Western academic and scientific institutions. Millions of such unfortunate people will never be given any chance to succeed.

Therein lies the greatest destruction of the world's environment. Human beings, the most valuable resources on the planet, are warehoused, plundered, slaughtered, or starved to death, in order to keep “*Western Civilisation*” in the manner to which it is determined to remain accustomed. Deservedly, warehousing has become a Western disease too. A “*Cradle to Grave Education*” system has been created which promises “*Employment tomorrow*”. The burgeoning lists of courses and certificates are testimony to an economic system focussed on the destruction of many for the comfort of the few.

One of the most endearing attributes of Mother Nature is her willingness to reveal her secrets to those who care to seek, irrespective of their social standing. My dream that I might discover something which could change the world for the better, was eventually fulfilled.

Regrettably, one has to be careful what one dreams for. I omitted to include the opportunity for exploitation of the discovery in my dream specification! Still, by comparison with many people, I have few grounds for complaint. Despite the setbacks, my childhood dreams have been progressively transformed into achievements of which I can be proud. Furthermore, - no doubt to the annoyance of many, - like Papillion, "*I'm still here!*" - at least for now.

Nevertheless, I have the utmost confidence that there are those readers who would simply dismiss me as "*Odd*"...

ODD

I'd rather be odd than be pervert
I'd rather be odd than be thief
I'd rather be odd than be murderer
I'd rather be odd than bring grief

I'd rather be odd than be holy man
With a hotline to God up his sleeve
For there's things that I know And there's thing that I don't
And there's other things I just believe

I'd rather be odd than Professor elite
Promoted through work that he stole
I'd rather be odd than be teacher in school
Smashing square peg into round hole

I'd rather be odd than be lawyer
Eternally covering his tracks
I'd rather be odd than accountant
With devious ways to dodge tax

I'd rather be odd than be forger
With dextrous skill to deceive
I'd rather be odd than be Advocate smug
Weave a tissue of lies you'd believe

I'd rather be odd than be banker
Keeping all the "Accounts" in her head
I'd rather be odd than detective
Couldn't tell if you're living or dead

I'd rather be odd than be Actuary man
With projections he based on some myth
I'd rather be odd than be Judge on the Bench
Write Opinions estranged from the truth

So I'll laugh and I'll joke with ordinary folk
'Cos guess what. - They're odd just like me
We know we're not perfect - We're Nature's mistakes
But you won't bring us down to our knees

Yes I'd rather be odd - like the tradesman
A person who *works* for his pay
Who starts in the morning and says he will do
Has it done by the end of the day

Sure I'd rather be odd than be any of them
Despite all their status and wealth
Can they take it with them when final bell tolls?
Not a chance - Any more than myself.

--o--

Jim Cahill
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