

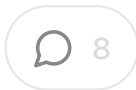
Not Batting a Thousand

Agree, Disagree, but Please Read



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I know I've changed over the course of writing this column, I am well aware of my mindset. I didn't have to lose over a third of my audience of late to realize that the views expressed here have grown more cynical. And yes, perhaps as perceived even a bit antisemitic. I get it. Telling hard truths can upset some. I do regret the loss of audience as the Substack reader is one demanding new points of view, by doing being here at all they demonstrate a superior intellect.

We Irish self-analyze more than any other race alive. There exists a constant internal dialogue, a constant argument, going on inside our brains. Even when we sleep there is no turning it off, there is an awareness, a subconscious, always in conflict. If I am not enough on myself, your condemnation about what I've written is mild by comparison. Inside this tiny brain is a separate individual constantly berating me and listing my faults. I've had to describe to him my great virtues so as to offset his critique. I have no modesty as no virtue, were I to attempt modesty I'd be over-run by the criticisms within. Humble is a virtue, I've no time for modesty.

This, my dear readership, is my thousandth column.

In less than three years, I believe. Some say that is prolific. I could write more than myself from publishing at times. Some days I write three columns by noon.

So it has been a thousand shouts into the ecosystem, into the ether, a thousand

more thoughts screamed from the page, praying for an audience, wishing for a response, and hoping to stimulate.

I'll admit I began writing this Substack because in finding this outlet I realized I could finally release all these pent up thoughts, and exercise the mind, sate the need to write.

I've always loved to write, to the extent I wrote small Stories as a young child, on index cards. I'd staple them together into a book, and on the back, to make them as close as possible to the "Hardy Boy" series I read vociferously, I wrote on the back bottom cover "Metro Mike Publication".

Being the youngest of six, in a big family of characters, the older siblings found my writing hysterical. "Metro Mike" they'd say, and just howl with laughter. Passing the little "books" around, and ridiculing their little eight year old brother.

Years later when I purchased a small plot of land in a Maryland beach town, adjacent to the home my dad had purchased there with an older sister, I drove to the closing on the property, to find the family gathered there with a bottle of champagne and a sign that read, "Home of Metro Mike". I was twenty-one, yeah, that whole "Metro Mike" thing followed me into adulthood. As I said, the older siblings gave me a kick out of my desire to write. Never encouragement, only ridicule.

The sign is in the attic of the home we eventually built on that little plot of land.

So finding Substack gave me a release, a way to expel the demons of the inner dialogue, and make some attempt to form a community that valued discourse.

I'd actually self-published a book, a real book, years ago. My attempt at bathos humor, the kind that made the guys at the country club howl with laughter. I self-published that book on Amazon. The title of that tome was "The Scrotum Chr

it embarrassed the family something awful, and I am not really allowed to talk about it. It was my answer to “The Vagina Monologues”. I only wrote the damn thing because I was having a leisurely Summer, had the urge to write, and wanted to make all my buddies laugh. The book sold less than 350 copies.

I laugh even today that I sold one or two in Russia, one or two in Europe, and one in England. Some of my golf buddies were horrified by the content, I can only imagine a foreigner who doesn't know me at all reading it and wondering if I had lost my loving mind. I'm not supposed to ever discuss that effort again. The family wants to tie it to me. In fact, some beg me to write a novel so that any future generation searching out the book I did write can see that I wasn't a disgusting, foul, and deviant in my day. That I could actually write something worthwhile.

I mention that I've grown over the course of time in writing a thousand columns.

I was so naive when I started, back then I actually thought my vote counted. I thought I was a “free man”, with privacy rights, the right of free expression, I had in our constitution. I had doubts about our institutions, but still believed back then that they held real value.

We are now closer to a one world order, a centralized government, a control that can freeze our bank accounts, cancel our licenses, our insurance, and sever our connections to society and livelihood, than ever before.

In Ireland right now that is being adjudicated. With a government tied to the interests of the WEF, and interests who desire a global one world order, verses the Irish people themselves, who feel that the cost in subservience to the one world order grows increasingly costly, and doing real harm to their quality of life.

We Americans are sleepwalking toward that subservience. With the average American thinking that any talk of a “one world order” and “global control” is a fallacy, and

conspiracy theory.

The Canadian Truckers woke me up. Being de-banked has some serious repercussions. Losing your drivers license has serious repercussions. The government can do even the most ardent opposition.

I don't know about you, but I sit viewing the current "Irish troubles" with morose passing glance. I use the phrase far too often here, and you are probably sick of hearing about it, but the Irish situation might truly be "the canary-in-the-coal-mine" of whether we, the people, have a chance at self-determination, or if we are too far gone and under the thumb of the globalists to fight back.

Gaza was another wake-up call. The entire world watched as the Israelis killed two million Palestinians. The ones they haven't killed off are scheduled for removal of their ancestral lands to near Somalia. This all happened in clear view of the world and the world did nothing. Amazing.

Trump just betrayed us all, every last human that voted for him as our "MAGA" and "Peace President".

As for the clear backlash I've received here for being "antisemitic", sorry, but I do not see clearly what I do see clearly. Just take a look at our delegation in negotiations with Iran. Holy Good God. To negotiate with the Iranians we sent Steve Bannon, who is a construct of Peter Thiel, a Jewish billionaire Zionist. And we sent Jared Kushner, a Zionist gleeful over the fact Israel reduced Gaza to rubble so he can make the gelt building condos, where he will personally make billions. The third sent, Steve Witkoff is a Zionist advisor to our President.

Can you imagine showing up to the negotiations as an Iranian to negotiate with the "Americans", only to find a wholly owned and Jewish controlled idiot in JD Vance and two foaming at the mouth Zionists?

Were I an Iranian the first words I'd say were, "what the fuck, there wasn't one everyday non Zionist-nutcase who could make the fucking trip"?

I'd never participate in talks with those three Zionist goons if I were Iran. Even three of those idiots want Iran wiped as clean off the map as Gaza.

I ask you, average American, would you sit and negotiate with those three Zionist pigs? After what they demanded for Gaza?

Sorry, but as an American, with my nation at war, I don't find it reasonable, ethical, decent, or normal, to send over a delegation to meet with the Iranians on our land that consists of Israel-First Jews and their toady VP. This has no chance of success when the deck is stacked this way. I guess no Irish Americans were available, or Spanish-Americans. 2/3rds of the delegation came from the nation that pushed God Damned war, and they are only 2% of our population. 2% got 67% of the slots. What are the fucking odds? Sorry, but I find shit like this ridiculous. It speaks "control" behind the scenes that no one wants to acknowledge.

Sorry, but I notice things like that, and if you don't, you need to wake the fuck up. I don't need to hide my observations.

If you call that "antisemitism" I'm not the problem. I give a low percentage of the slots when we send lions into the lamb cage as our delegation. The thing is rigged from the start. Iran shouldn't even show up. I wouldn't. A delegation that bad can only be designed. Oh, but you don't want to talk about who might design it from the shadows.

A thousand columns. In less than three years.

If you sit and wonder how I can ever pen these things with such a prolific pen, don't forget that notion. If I could earn a living doing this, I could pen four a day. Each brain has sixty-four thousand thoughts a second competing for attention. And

those thoughts want to be released into the ether. A good friend from Baltimore that talking is the way I breathe. If I stop talking, I'll die.

I cannot help it all, my brain takes in information and relishes it all. The other watching the documentary on Linda Rondstadt I had to release a running com on every connection in advance of revelation. As in, "Hon, her first back up ba the Stone Pony consisted of the Eagles founders, and Hey Hon, that is Waddy see there with the ridiculous hair, he is a legendary guitarist, he played with al greats, a great studio musician, and hey remember her Cub Scout outfit, that s everyone wild back in the day". I can't help it. Don't worry about the wife, she learned after 50 years together to tune it all out, she has very selective hearing She didn't hear a word I said.

If you read, and wonder after a thousand missives who I am, I really am the "everyman", another regular middle class human trying hard to move ahead ag tide. Pretty much broke, struggling, working a day job, loving a close knit fam finding some enjoyment in life where I can. Part of which is being able to writ take advantage of the evolution of "Substack" as a means of expressing a view]

Inflation is kicking my ass too, Trump disappoints me the same way he has yo beginning to loathe our government, same as you. I'm frustrated same as you.

The only difference being I took to Substack to vent.

I've lost enough readership of late, perhaps I'll mellow a bit for the next thous columns, and tamper down the rants. I doubt it, but I could try. I want as big a audience as possible. And I damn sure wish you'd leave more comments. Even negative ones. I want this to be a dialogue, not a monologue. Maybe I'll get ba more columns with links, people do seem to enjoy those, where I use Youtube and other downloads to make my points.

I thank you all for reading. Bless you all for that.

I do remember sending out those first columns, and seeing first twelve, then five, then even more people actually reading them. Tickled me pink. Someone bothered to read, took time from their day. Maybe out there somewhere people giving thought to what I've said. Love it or hate it, I've made them think.

That wasn't the intent of writing, the intent was more selfish, a release of all the thoughts that bombard me. But I must say the best thing about writing this, the rewarding thing, is that people read. I realize that whether they love what they hate it, they were forced to think about what I said that day. Begin to form thoughts about a subject that perhaps wasn't on their mind.

To make someone contemplate and think, feels like a small miracle. Fills me with

And we live in a world that needs more small miracles. A thousand times over and over more.

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BanaB  BanaB Apr 11

I have always enjoyed your substack. I'm sure your scrotum chronicles were hysterical! going on in my life right now and haven't been able to keep up with my regular reading. back to it soon. I also stopped payment for them - I'm retired, on a fixed income. I just c to pay for them. Many are very deserving - yours included.



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