EMBARRASSMENT

The Primer

Eugene Jordan

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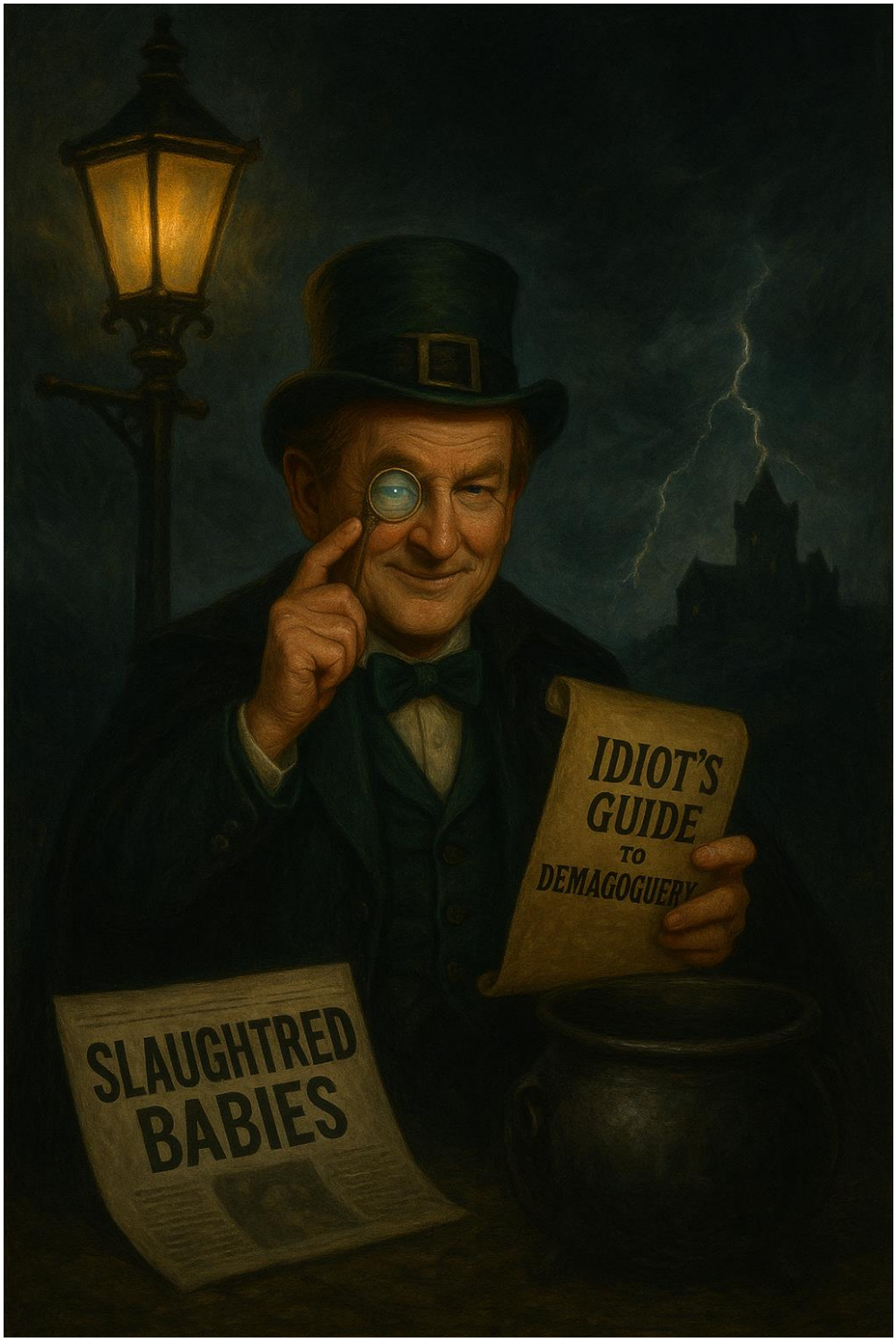
tafannoirpress@gmail.com

Choose your leaders
with wisdom and forethought.
To be led by a coward
is to be controlled
by all that the coward fears.
To be led by a fool
is to be led
by the opportunists
who control the fool.
To be led by a thief
is to offer up
your most precious treasures
to be stolen.
To be led by a liar
is to ask
to be told lies.
To be led by a tyrant
is to sell yourself
and those you love
into slavery.

— Octavia E. Butler, Parable of the Talents


IDIOT'S
GUIDE
TO
DEMAGOGUERY
SLAUGHTRED
BABIES

Clinical Note:

Patient exhibits chronic self-loathing projected outward as moral superiority.

Presents with: compulsive historical revisionism, aversion to the common people, and pathological need for applause from the Twitter Mob.

Diagnosis: Post-Colonial Narcissistic Displacement Syndrome (PCNDS)

Prognosis: Untreatable in office.

Recommended intervention: Public accountability followed by prolonged exposure to common sense.

EMBARRASSMENT

The Primer

Eugene Jordan

Dedicated with deepest thanks to the women who stood

where mercy was scarce and cruelty cheap,

they sowed compassion the world would reap.

While politicians—stained in cowardly fame—

rewrote their kindness as Ireland's shame.

Introduction

This short book is a primer. It's the doorway, not the whole house. The larger book—bloated, footnoted, and cursed with academic formality—holds the full arsenal: hard evidence, clinical data, and references stacked like sandbags. It's not an easy read, but it had to be written that way—to arm readers with facts that can't be waved away with a sneer. This version? This is for the rest of us. The ones whose silence is not consent—but calculation.

The Conspiracy Club

History books are full of political blunders. Economic disasters. Moral failings. The occasional fiasco involving someone who looks like they once lost a debate to a toaster. But what Ireland managed in the early 21st century was something far more exotic: a government that believed in its own conspiracy theories—and governed accordingly.

Four Taoisigh. One shared delusion.[1]

Enda Kenny, Leo Varadkar, Micheál Martin, Simon Harris—names that will be etched into the granite of national shame for generations to come. [2] Not for corruption, not for war, not even for incompetence. But for something no other national leader has ever attempted: gaslighting the entirety of their own nation with made-up history and being *proud* of it.

Other countries suppress scandals. Ours invented one. It was the greatest non-fatal crime ever committed against the Irish people since the British Government began raiding the Irish Treasury in the early 19th century to finance their wars.

It started with Enda Kenny, a man so allergic to conviction he had to borrow his opinions from Twitter. Standing in the Dáil, flushed with performative fury, he declared:

> "We took their babies and gifted them, sold them, trafficked them, starved them, neglected them… or denied them to the point of disappearance… from our hearts, our sight, our country—and in the case of Tuam, and possibly other places—from life itself."

[1] Taoisigh is the plural of Taoiseach the title given to a serving Irish Prime Minister
[2] Micheál prounenced *me hall,* is the Irish language version of Micheal.

It was a full-throttle accusation of murder with no evidence. But that didn't matter. Kenny wasn't reading from a report. He was reading the gutter press.

Then four years later, when the final report was published, Leo Varadkar, a man who once swore an oath to medicine and spent his political career euthanising facts. He picked up Kenny's invented scandal like it was state policy:

> "This report shames Irish society entirely […] another chapter from the very dark history of our country. […] The truth, however, is that it was our society that was deeply stained. As the report shows, this was a stifling, oppressive and deeply misogynistic culture."

Yes. *Probably* the darkest. No need to double-check history. Forget centuries of colonisation, famine, war. A nun-run childcare facility with a high mortality rate during a time of national poverty was now *worse* than genocide.

Varadkar hadn't read the Commission's findings — he didn't need to. He'd read the headlines, and more importantly, the applause. His words were nonsense, but he knew, like him, most people wouldn't bother with a 3,000-page report.

Micheál Martin, mumbling through his state-scripted apology like a man too tired to fake conviction — and too modern to realise he was sneering at his own mother while doing it.

> "We embraced a perverse religious morality… a morality that valued judgement over compassion, cruelty over kindness."

You'd swear he was confessing to personally operating a torture chamber beneath his childhood school. He wasn't. But you wouldn't know that from the tone.

And here's the kicker: not one of these men was forced to say these things. No army stood at the door. No journalist held a knife to their careers. They did it willingly. Gleefully. They took rumours, dressed them in suits, and read them into the national record.

They weren't misinformed. They were *evangelists*.

They sneered down at the people, then said *we* were to blame. *We* failed. *We* starved babies. *We* ran secret death camps, apparently, while also working in the post office and making tea. Their 'we' included everyone but themselves. Because, of course, their ancestors were saints. Yours were murderers.

This wasn't rhetoric. This was madness. Institutionalised, televised, taxpayer-funded madness.

No other government in world history has declared its own people guilty of crimes they didn't commit—*without trial, without evidence, and with applause*. Not even Stalin managed that without falsified documents. While North Korea would not dare galsight their people in a press release.

This was unprecedented. A democratic state, publicly accusing its own electorate of mass infanticide—*based on hearsay*.

Even the government's own Commission of Investigation, after seven years, over a million documents, found nothing—*nothing*—to support these grand claims. But by then, the Taoisigh had already decided the verdict.

Leo Varadkar again, in the Dáil chamber:

> "This report shames Irish society entirely."

He wasn't talking about himself, but he might as well have been.

Micheál Martin, eyes fixed on the ghost of a script:

> "We honoured piety but failed to show even basic kindness to those who needed it most. We had a completely warped attitude to sexuality and intimacy"

They spoke with certainty. Not about evidence, but about *emotion*. And in Ireland, emotion always trumps facts. It doesn't have to be true—it just has to sound like it might be, if you're shotsighted and the lighting's bad.

This is no ordinary failure. This is a masterclass in cowardice. These men didn't lead. They followed hysteria. And worse—they institutionalised it.

So, let's put it plainly: what the Taoisigh did wasn't politics.
It was propaganda.

A witch trial with microphones.

The Taoisigh were not alone. Every bumbling politician in the Houses of the Oireachtas and beyond could not miss the opportunity to sneer at the Irish nation. It was their sworn duty to make the Irish people feel defective. Among the dolts was Mary Lou McDonald, leader of the ultra-nationalist Sinn Féin party. Eamonn Ryan of the Green Party, Alan Kelly, leader of the Labour Party, better known as AK 47, and the whole menagerie of the ultra-left.

With the moral confidence of men and women quoting a fox delivering a sermon to the hens, they declared us unfit for dignity, undeserving of memory, and far too immature for the truth.

They didn't govern — they grovelled, not to the people, of course, but to no higher authority than their self-importance.

Their 'we' was everyone else — never themselves.

And history will not be kind.

The Irish government was an old hand at the racket. Time and again, it commissioned investigations into its own historical crimes — crimes they had allegedly and cheerfully committed hand-in-glove with its NGOs.[3] They assemble "commissions of investigation" — a polite term for a stitch-up — to rubber-stamp whatever fiction is required. They stacked the commissions with handpicked mediocrities, people chosen precisely because they lacked the skills, the independence, or the backbone to cause trouble. Narrow, crooked terms of reference did the rest, ensuring that the destination was fixed before the journey began. Or so they thought.

Some commissions, good little servants, obliged with the innuendo necessary for lies to have a sliver of credibility. All commissions, though eager to please, would not conjure evidence from thin air and baulked at total fabrication, clinging to the last rags of professional dignity. It made no difference. Politicians, immune to shame and allergic to facts, carried on as if every wild-eyed allegation had been verified beyond all doubt. They paraded their fraud as a virtue, mocked the public's intelligence with every breath, and congratulated themselves for having once again pulled the wool over the eyes of the people they secretly despised. The farce continued because farce was the point —Jane and John Doe, sitting in the cheap seats still hadn't caught on that the punchline was on them. No proof necessary.

The Faculty of Fables

If politicians told the lie, it was Ireland's academics who failed the nation.

You'd expect universities to be the last line of defence against historical nonsense. In Ireland, they were the advance guard. It didn't include many academics, only a tiny ragtag brigade of PhDs

[3] Non-Governmental Organisations. Ireland has an extraordinarily high number of government-funded charities and organisations that act as mouthpieces to echo government propaganda.

and media darlings, swanning about in Tudor hats, cheerfully rewriting history in crayon.

Once upon a time, a university was a place where facts were tested, where evidence mattered, and where students learned how to think. In modern Ireland, it's where myths go to get tenure.

Take the Tuam scandal. An international media circus fuelled by hearsay and hysteria. You might assume the historians would step forward with context, nuance, maybe even—God forbid—a reference to actual records.

They did no such thing.

Instead, they backed away like cowards from a pub fight — and the few who should have spoken up, even to offer a vague, hand-waving academic murmur, stayed silent.

One most prominent voice, a certain professor with a gift for hinting and hedging, suggested:

> "children, it appears, were often malnourished and were quite delicate to start with."

A statement with a get out clause. A nudge. A little wink to say, *go on, assume the worst*. He didn't lie outright. He didn't have to. He just stirred the pot and walked away. Job done. History smeared.

When a Dutch TV crew flew in to investigate, this same professor gave a masterclass in implication. Not fact. Just enough intellectual flatulence to keep the story alive, while keeping his academic reputation just barely intact.

It worked. He was hailed as a "public intellectual"—a term that, in Ireland, now means "person who repeats whatever the Twitter mob is saying, but with footnotes".

Elsewhere, you had PhDs calling the homes "killing fields." Op-eds branded the nuns "God's little executioners." One academic claimed the deaths were evidence of a "final solution." This wasn't history. This was historical cosplay. They weren't investigating the past. They were auditioning for a Netflix series.

And nobody in the faculty stopped them. Not a single university publicly corrected the record when the wild claims started. Not one said, "Hang on now lads and lassies, where's the actual evidence?"

Because evidence didn't matter. Applause did.

The universities saw which way the wind was blowing and turned their ivory towers into weathervanes. Historians chased funding. Lecturers chased column inches. And deans chased relevance, by riding the outrage like a surfboard into the next grants cycle.

The result? History departments morphed into creative writing workshops—with none of the charm and twice the smugness.

We expect politicians to lie. That's the job description. But academics? Their betrayal is deeper. They knew better. They had the documents, the sources, the tools. But instead of using them, they stood by while fantasy replaced fact.

And worse, they punished anyone who didn't play along.

Try challenging the consensus, and you'll be labelled "revisionist" (which used to be a compliment), "denier" (which never is), or just quietly blacklisted from conferences and journals. Irish academia doesn't run on rigour. It runs on obedience.

The Commission of Investigation eventually published its report. Seven years. A million records. No evidence of abuse and murder. But by then, the myth had gone global. Too big to fail. Too juicy to fact-check.

And the academics? They stayed silent. No retractions. No apologies. Just another round of awards for "bravery in truth-telling."

Bravery, in Ireland, now means "agreeing with a rumour at the right time."

So here we are. A generation taught to despise its own history, armed with degrees in self-loathing and fact-resistant righteousness. Not because the facts were hidden. But because the truth wasn't fashionable.

This isn't just intellectual laziness. It's cowardice, credentialed.

And the next time a moral panic comes calling—and it will—you can bet the nation's finest minds will do what they've trained for: absolutely nothing.

The Press and the Pulpit of Panic

There was a time when newspapers asked questions. In Ireland, they now ask for funding.

By the time the Tuam story broke, the press had long since traded its watchdog collar for a government-branded lead. State advertising money flowed. Journalists wagged their tails. And suddenly, the free press wasn't free—it was sponsored.

So when a local housewife whispered "septic tank," the media heard "Holocaust." No verification. No scepticism. No sanity. Just alarming headlines and a feeding frenzy of moral righteousness.

"Slaughtered Babies."
"Killing Fields."
"God's Little Executioners."

You'd be forgiven for thinking they'd uncovered a medieval battlefield. But no—this was based on a single rumour, traced to a 1920s map that was later used as a children's cemetery. Context? None. Balance? Don't be daft. Balance is bad for clicks.

The most reckless voices weren't bloggers or teenagers on Reddit. They were professional journalists—well-paid ones—writing for major papers. And not just writing. Preaching. They weren't just reporting a scandal. They were building a religion out of it.

Take one columnist, who compared the nuns to the "butchers of Beltzen" and the burial site as "Ireland's Auschwitz." Another demanded that the Catholic Church be outlawed, its property seized, and its members forever shamed. Born again tyrants following the Henry VIII model. In a country where libel laws can silence a critic over a badly worded tweet, this kind of hyperbole wasn't just tolerated. It was celebrated.

And woe betide anyone who asked questions.

When the government's own Commission failed to confirm the most outrageous claims, the media didn't back down—they doubled down. The problem, they decided, wasn't that the evidence didn't exist. It was that the Commission hadn't tried hard enough to find it.

Evidence became optional. Belief was mandatory.

Meanwhile, editors fought over who could shriek the loudest. Newspapers that hadn't sold out an issue in years were suddenly back in the black. TV documentaries aired interviews with people who had never set foot in the home but were happy to speculate—emotionally, of course—on what "must have" happened. It was journalism by séance.

In the background, international outlets—hungry for a new Catholic horror story—parroted the Irish headlines word for word. The

Washington Post, BBC News, The Guardian, France 24, Al Jazeera. None bothered to verify the claims. The headlines wrote themselves.

"Nearly 800 dead babies found in septic tank in Ireland."
"Killing Fields of Tuam"
"God's Little Executioners."
"Children dumped like trash."
"Mass grave scandal—worse than anyone imagined."

Except it wasn't. And it never had been.

Aside from the *Associated Press*, there were no corrections, not even buried beneath obituaries and horse racing tips—the damage was done. Ireland's reputation was torched. It's past rewritten. And its press had the gall to stand there, patting itself on the back for its "bravery."

Bravery? Please. Most of these journalists wouldn't brave a lukewarm cappuccino. But give them a nun, a baby, and a graveyard, and suddenly, they're frontline war reporters.

There was no investigative breakthrough here. No Watergate moment. This was mob journalism. An outrage economy. Clicks over clarity. Feelings over facts.

And now? The lie keeps rumbling on. No retractions. No documentaries about the misreporting. No panel discussions about journalistic standards. The media ate the myth, choked on it, and now pretends it really did happen.

The watchdog didn't guard the truth — it chloroformed it, shoved it in the boot, and drove off barking Rule Britannia.

Tuam was not the beginning. It was the sequel.

The myth that Irish institutions starved children to death didn't originate in Galway. It started in Dublin—five years earlier—at a

lesser-known but equally useful stage: the Protestant-run Bethany Home.

The year was 2009. The claim? That children at the Bethany Mother and Baby Home had died of starvation. The evidence? One word. *marasmus*.

Marasmus is a medical term. A 19th-century one, at that. It refers to a form of severe malnutrition, usually linked to chronic illness, parasitic infections, or digestive conditions. It was used widely on infant death certificates in poor populations—not to accuse anyone of murder, but to note that a baby had wasted away, despite receiving professional care.

But in 2009, activists and journalists decided marasmus meant something else entirely. They declared it proof of deliberate starvation—neglect, cruelty, homicide. It was a linguistic sleight of hand. Swap "marasmus" for "starved to death," and suddenly, every old death certificate became a crime against humanity.

The media ran with it. Politicians followed. Bethany was branded a baby graveyard. The protestant women were now predators. No inquiry was needed—just headlines and outrage.

Victoria White, a protestant and wife of the Green Party leader, declared in the *Irish Examiner* that babies were "slaughtered" at Bethany — imagining its nurseries as abattoirs for the disposal of the unwanted babies.

The real story was less dramatic. Bethany, like many homes of its time, cared for impoverished, often ill, children in a country where poverty and infection were more common than running water. Infant mortality rates were high everywhere. Doctors used the term marasmus in hospitals across Ireland. But nobody accused the Rotunda Hospital, Holles Street or the Adeliaide Hospital of child murder. Only Bethany. Why? Because Bethany had no political

defenders. And Protestant guilt, like Catholic guilt, makes for very obedient silence.

No inquests were cited. No doctors interviewed. No cross-examinations. Just a tiny few death records and an avalanche of moral fury.

And it worked.

The Bethany case normalised the script: find an old medical term, reinterpret it with modern emotional baggage, and weaponise it in the press. The facts didn't matter. The scandal was too useful.

By the time the Tuam story surfaced in 2014, the marasmus myth had already been battle-tested. The script was written. The outrage machine was primed. All that was needed was a new location and a louder headline.

Catherine Corless provided the numbers. The press provided bodies dumped in a sewage tank. But the language of the scandal—*starved to death*—came from Bethany.

So when the phrase appeared in every article, every broadcast, every speech, it wasn't new. It was borrowed. Stolen, in fact—from the archives of misunderstanding. A deliberate mistranslation of history dressed up as moral truth.

No one questioned why "marasmus" on a 1930s death cert meant "starvation" at a religious home, but not at a secular hospital. No one asked why the same diagnosis, when applied to infants in Cork, Limerick, or Dublin hospitals, didn't warrant mass graves or national apologies. None of the hosptials' "Angel's Plots" were labelled mass graves despite the absence of individual grave markers.

Because marasmus, in this story, wasn't a diagnosis. It was a weapon.

And with Bethany, the propagandists had learned how to use it.

The People Believed It

You might think the public was tricked.
You'd be wrong.
They wanted to believe it.

No one clings to a lie harder than a nation convinced it makes them look noble. And in Ireland, belief in the myth of baby graves and bloodthirsty women and nuns became a kind of secular sacrament. You weren't just agreeing with the headlines—you were proving your moral worth.

The politicians lied. The academics nodded. The media screamed. But it was the people who swallowed it whole—and asked for seconds.

Because for a certain kind of modern Irish person, self-loathing isn't a glitch. It's a virtue. They'll call it "reckoning with the past," but really it's a form of spiritual cosplay—playing the part of the wounded, repentant liberal while flogging the ghosts of their own ancestors.

It's no longer fashionable to be Irish. But it's wildly fashionable to apologise for it.

Ask the average citizen what they think happened in Tuam, and they'll quote something that fell from the orifice of Twitter in 2014. Ask if they've read the commission report, and they'll stare at you like you asked them to recite the Nicene Creed in Klingon.

They didn't read the evidence. They read between the lines.

And once the story took hold, there was no stopping it. Every conversation came with a knowing head shake and a muttered, "Sure, isn't it awful what they did back then…" Ask who "they" are, and suddenly it's your uncle, your neighbour, your gran. Anyone but the speaker, of course. The 'we' is always everyone else.

This is the ultimate trick of guilt politics. It lets people feel superior *and* ashamed at the same time. You get the warm glow of compassion with none of the cold facts to ruin it.

And once you're invested, the truth becomes unbearable.

Because if you believed the worst, and raged, and posted, and campaigned, and maybe even cried on cue—and then it turned out it wasn't true—what does that make you?

Not a victim.
Not a witness.
Just a fool.

And that's the one thing nobody can stomach.

So instead, they double down. Even now, years later, with the evidence clear and the Commission's findings public, the public still clings to the narrative. It's no longer about truth. It's about team loyalty. To question the myth is to question the tribe.

Worse still, it might mean agreeing with someone you once called a bigot. And in Ireland, that's a fate worse than death.

So people stay quiet. Or they nod along. Or they say, "I'm not saying all of it's true, but sure, there's no smoke without fire." Which is how arsonists get away with it.

And maybe—just maybe—some knew it was nonsense from the start. But it felt good. Righteous. It let them sneer without consequence. Pontificate without knowledge. Accuse the past without ever reading it.

And above all, it let them feel modern. Enlightened. A little bit above their own country.

Because in modern Ireland, you can be forgiven for anything except pride in your history. That's the one fallacy nobody dares commit.

If you wanted to build a nation of people incapable of spotting a lie, you'd start with the schools.

For decades, Irish education has quietly unpicked the threads of national memory—one curriculum at a time. The goal? A citizen who knows everything about colonial oppression in Africa, but nothing about the one that happened in their own backyard. A student who can spot bias in a Shakespeare sonnet but not in a state report that accuses their grandmother of running a death camp.

Mission accomplished.

The modern Irish student leaves school fluent in two things: shame and slogans. They can recite every misdeed of the past 100 years—selectively, of course—yet struggle to locate 1922 on a timeline, or explain why their ancestors might have feared poverty more than punishment.

We taught them the symptoms of injustice, but none of the causes.
We gave them horror stories, but stripped out the history.
We trained them to feel, not think.

And then we acted surprised when they mistook outrage for expertise.

History class became therapy. Context became dangerous. Pride became suspect. The curriculum was trimmed, softened, sterilised—and where facts got in the way, they were quietly left out. No need to mention British workhouses. Or child mortality rates in 1930s Europe. Or the fact that tuberculosis was killing entire parishes before a single nursing nun had time to sharpen a pencil.

Better to teach it all as one big, homogenous blob of cruelty.
Catholic bad. Irish bad. Church worse. Government complicit.
People asleep. Case closed.

And so, by the time the great baby scandal arrived, the soil was ready and well-fertilised.

Teachers, poorly educated, taught the Tuam narrative like it was gospel. The myth entered the classroom before the evidence left the Commission. Students absorbed it before the truth was even printed. By exam time, they were writing essays on a crime that had never been proven, in a system that rewarded emotional alignment over analytical clarity.

Truth became optional. Critical thinking was filed under "additional reading."
Nobody read it.

And it wasn't just history. The rot spread.

In science classes, the past was judged by modern medicine, as if 1940s nuns had access to vaccines and nutritional theory from 2025. In civics, the phrase "structural violence" was flung about like holy water—blessing every half-baked theory with an aura of moral certainty. Students were taught to spot oppression like traffic signs: bold, simple, and colour-coded.

The result? A public trained to mistake narrative for knowledge. A generation that thinks *knowing about injustice* is the same thing as *understanding it*.

And here's the bitter twist: it wasn't always this way.

Ireland once produced some of the sharpest minds in Europe. Historians who understood nuance. Writers who wielded irony like a blade. Thinkers who didn't flinch when the facts were ugly. But that was before universities became parchment printing factories, and schools became social engineering labs with PowerPoint.

If you think this sounds a tad exaggerated, Google "the schoolbook that sparked outrage." It wasn't written by sneering foreigners—it was penned by Irish authors who were raised and schooled with a deep loathing for their own people. Their aim was to inculcate young schoolchildren with the same revulsion. Its purpose was

chillingly clear: to separate young children from love—love of family, love of culture—and replace it with hatred. To make them ashamed of their roots, proud of their derision, and certain that sneering at their own blood was a mark of intelligence.

Even without hostile schoolbooks, the brightest students are taught to mistrust their own past. Their parents are backward. Their grandparents were bigots. Their ancestors were either abusers or accessories. And the only way to redeem themselves is to forget where they came from—and write angry essays about it.

This is not education.
This is programming.

And the worst part? It works. Because if you train people from childhood to distrust their heritage, they'll grow up grateful to be insulted.

The Church of Convenient Villains

In most countries, you mock the powerful. In Ireland, you mock the powerless and pretend they're powerful.

That's the magic trick of modern Irish public life. Take a crumbling institution, strip it of influence, beat it senseless—and then call it *the real danger*. That's what happened to the Catholic Church.

Once the most respected institution in Ireland. Now the national punchbag.

Politicians sneer at it to signal moral superiority. Journalists use it as shorthand for evil. Academics blame it for everything from bad grammar to the weather. The Church has become the villain of every story—even the ones where it wasn't present.

Need a scapegoat? Blame the nuns.
Need compo? Mention abuse.
Need to look enlightened? Say "dark chapter" and wait for applause.

It doesn't matter that church attendance has collapsed. It doesn't matter that nuns are now an endangered species. What matters is that the Church, like the dead, can't sue.

It's the safest target in the country.

Because unlike politicians, the Church doesn't fight back. It doesn't slap lawsuits on journalists. It doesn't respond to every provocation with a PR blitz. Its silence is mistaken for guilt. And its humility—once admired—is now paraded as proof of wrongdoing.

And so the mythology grows.

In the story told today, the Church wasn't just flawed—it was diabolical. It didn't just fail—it orchestrated. It didn't just conform to state policy—it *created* it, implemented it, and then hid the bodies in a septic tank. Even when reports debunk this—repeatedly—the myth persists. It's too useful to die.

Politicians love the story because it lets them dodge blame.
Academics love it because it flatters their ideology.
The public loves it because it gives them someone to hate safely.

No one ever asks: why would nuns—women who had taken vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience—engage in baby trafficking and mass murder? What was the benefit? Where's the motive?

No one asks because no one needs to. The narrative doesn't require logic—just outrage.

And the irony? In almost every other country, it's the state that's the historical villain. Here, the state wrote the apologies and pointed at the Church. It was the perfect diversion. While the government

robbed, blundered, and lied, the Church became the ghost story that kept the mob entertained.

No wonder Taoisigh stood up in the Dáil and wept crocodile tears for victims of crimes that didn't happen. No wonder documentaries aired without facts. No wonder people who had never set foot in a church declared themselves experts on canon law, Catholic guilt, and the imagined crimes of elderly women in aprons.

Because in Ireland, the Church is not a religious institution.
It's a prop.

A stage device wheeled out whenever the plot needs a villain.
It's not history. It's pantomime.

And when the real villains—governments, bureaucrats, failed social services—are standing centre stage, the spotlight conveniently swivels back to the same old cloaked figure, lit up and wordless, taking the blame while everyone else takes a bow.

That's not justice.
That's theatre.
And the curtain is long overdue.

Chapter 2 The Outrage Industry™

You'd expect the Irish Red Cross to respond to floods.
You'd expect barristers to respond to facts.
You'd expect civil liberties groups to care about truth.

What you *wouldn't* expect is all three lining up to give plaudits and awards to a woman who claimed to have found 800 babies in a septic tank—with no evidence, and no idea what the word *marasmus* means.

But that's what happened.

When the Tuam hysteria reached its crescendo, Ireland's outrage machine sprang into action. Not to calm things down. Not to separate fact from fiction. But to polish their own halos while shoving Catherine Corless onto a pedestal so high it could give altitude sickness.

She was hailed as a hero. A lone crusader. A truth-teller.

But what was her actual contribution? A spreadsheet. A list of death records already publicly available. And a single claim—repeated endlessly—that the children were dumped in a septic tank. Not based on exhumations. Not based on pathology. Just a fabrication, stitched together with righteous fury.

And for that, she received a *humanitarian award* from the Irish Red Cross.

The same organisation that coordinates disaster relief and aids conflict zones handed its highest honour to a woman whose story, if you paused to examine it for five minutes, collapsed under its own melodrama.

But pausing is dangerous in a moral frenzy.
Stopping to think is almost treason.

Then came the barristers.

The Bar of Ireland, that ancient and allegedly learned body, known for cross-examinations and legal nuance, publicly honoured Corless for her "contribution to justice." These are the same people who are supposed to spot a weak claim at fifty paces. But when the cameras were on, they rolled out the red carpet and clapped like schoolchildren.

No cross-examination. No fact-check. Just genuflection.

And the Irish Council for Civil Liberties? That smug little coven of bureaucratic zealots, draped in the language of justice while trampling every principle they claim to defend. Freedom? Only for those who parrot their ideology. Rights? Not universal but selectively applied, like seasoning. Due process? A nuisance to be swept aside when it gets in the way of a good prejudice.

They didn't just support her — they canonised her. Not for truth, but for utility. She told the story they wanted told, facts be damned, and so they crowned her a human rights heroine while silencing anyone who dared to ask if the evidence could withstand a breeze. They don't protect civil liberties — they disfigure them.

They all paraded what the country wanted to hear: that it was wicked, cruel, and historically monstrous.

The irony was lost on them.

They stood up for civil liberties by promoting a narrative that denied the accused any defence, the dead any dignity, and the public any right to know the truth. No trials. No evidence. Just conviction by feeling.

Why?

Because outrage is profitable. It brings prestige. It looks noble. And it saves everyone the trouble of doing any difficult thinking. These

organisations didn't fail by accident. They failed *because they wanted to*. Because getting it wrong—publicly, loudly, righteously—is now seen as moral leadership.

Truth is slow. Outrage is fast.
Truth is complex. Outrage is easy.
Truth asks questions. Outrage gives awards.

These institutions didn't just torch their own reputations. They betrayed their missions. The Red Cross became a PR firm. The Bar became a theatre troupe. The Civil Liberties Council became a moral club for people who cannot read an investigation report, even in Ladybird format.

And the worst part?

They've never retracted. Never clarified. Never apologised. The lie remains, polished by medals and framed certificates. The history books will footnote their complicity with polite silence.

Because in Ireland, you can ruin a reputation by asking a question. But never by believing a lie.

Careers in Catharsis

Every good scandal in Ireland creates two things: a taskforce and a payroll.

The Tuam story was no exception. Once the outrage took hold, it was only a matter of time before the country's army of quangos, NGOs, consultants and "healing professionals" sprang into action. Not to investigate. Not to verify. But to monetise.

The story may have started with a fabrication gone feral, but the economy built around it was very real.

Suddenly, jobs were created. Not in industry, health, or education—but in "legacy issues." Commissions were funded. Counselling

programmes established. Awareness campaigns rolled out. And an entire ecosystem emerged—feeding off a story that, by every scientific measure, was false.

Truth didn't matter. The budget was already approved.

Dozens of new positions were carved out across the public sector for "trauma experts," "historical justice liaisons," Office of Authorised Intervention, and "survivor engagement officers." Grants flowed. Reports were commissioned. Entire departments were staffed to manage the fallout from a scandal that existed more in headlines than in forensic labs.

This wasn't justice. It was job creation.

And the language—oh, the language. Every report used the same glossary of grief: "healing," "closure," "acknowledgement," "lived experience," "trauma-informed services." You could copy-paste it into a yoga brochure and no one would notice. It sounded caring. It sounded official. It sounded expensive.

And that was the point.

Because once a myth is institutionalised, it becomes self-sustaining. No one in the system has any incentive to admit the truth. Careers depend on the fiction. Departments depend on the drama. Dignified silence is bad for funding. Emotional testimony? A goldmine.

Soon, there were seminars, panels, funding rounds. Survivors were paraded. Politicians gave keynote speeches. And every event ended with another call for "resources," meaning more staff, more office space, more soft-focus videos about collective guilt.

And the NGOs?

They treated the scandal like a brand refresh. Organisations that hadn't had media coverage in years were suddenly back in the spotlight. They weren't just helping victims—they were helping the

nation "process trauma." It sounded impressive. It was also a complete fantasy.

Some even tried to export it. "Ireland's reckoning" became a model. Other countries were encouraged to follow suit. No one noticed the model was built on sand. Or rather, they noticed—but it was too late to care.

And when the Commission's final report arrived, saying: no murder, no starvation, no dumping of bodies—what did the outrage industry do?

Nothing.

They shrugged. They pivoted. They blamed the Commission. Because the point was never the truth. It was the infrastructure. The budgets. The moral high ground.

This is what happens when the state outsources guilt.
It creates an industry of professional mourners.
And the tragedy becomes permanent—because too many people are now paid to keep it alive.

So the myth endures. Not because it's true, but because it's *profitable*.

The Age of the Accidental Survivor

In the beginning, there were victims. Real ones.
People who suffered. People who were failed.
But by the time the cameras arrived, everyone had a story—and most of them weren't true.

The Tuam scandal didn't just create outrage. It created *survivors*—hundreds of them. Possibly thousands. Some born in the homes. Some adopted. Some raised nearby. Some who once walked past a school in the 1980s and felt a chill.

All were welcomed into the cult of moral authority, so long as they spoke the right script: cruelty, shame, starvation, horror. The homes were Gulags. The nuns were monsters. Ireland was a theocracy. And they, somehow, had escaped the terror.

Even if they'd never actually been in it.

Survivor identity became currency. Speak with pain, and no one checks your receipts. Media outlets didn't ask for documents. Politicians didn't ask for clarity. NGOs didn't ask questions at all. If you claimed trauma, you got the mic.

Suddenly, the national conversation was shaped by people with unverifiable anecdotes, often about events that took place when they were too young to remember—or that happened to other people entirely. The line between witness and performer blurred. Emotion replaced evidence. Suffering became theatre.

And the audience?
They gave standing ovations.

Nobody dared interrupt. To question a self-declared survivor was to risk career death. "Are you sure that happened?" became the one phrase you could no longer say in a courtroom, a newsroom, or a university. Trauma was now sacred. And like all sacred things, it was off-limits to scrutiny.

Some of these speakers had been adopted from homes and raised in loving families. Some had good experiences. But to get airtime, they had to rewrite their past in darker ink. If it didn't bleed, it didn't sell.

They were told, in effect: *Your story isn't valid unless it's tragic.*

And so they adapted. Memory became malleable. Every hug turned into a slap. Every rule became cruelty. Every illness became evidence. They weren't just unlucky—they were survivors of a state-run nightmare.

Except they weren't.

The true former residents—those who had genuine experiance—were drowned out by louder voices. Some unwilling to exaggerate. Some tired of the circus. Their truth didn't fit the script, so it was quietly pushed aside. Pushed aside, too, were all the stories of women who told of great care and wonderful treatment.

Meanwhile, the accidental survivors toured panels, gave keynote speeches, wrote memoirs, appeared in documentaries, and cried on cue. Some were sincere. Most were not. But in the outrage economy, sincerity doesn't matter. Only performance does.

Governments booked them. NGOs platformed them. Broadcasters fawned. No one asked where they were during the actual investigation. No one checked whether their testimony had been tested, corroborated, or even submitted. It didn't matter. They *felt* the truth. And that was enough.

This is what happens when a country mistakes emotion for evidence.
It builds a monument on fiction, guarded by people who can't bear to hear the truth.

And when the real "survivors"—the silent ones, the reasonable ones, the ones who remembered kindness—tried to speak, they were told to sit down. Their stories weren't dramatic enough. Not dark enough. Not *useful*.

So we gave the spotlight to the loudest.
And called it justice.
And I am using "we" for them, not me.

The Poverty Health Penalty and Infant Mortality

In early 20th-century Ireland, poverty didn't just make you miserable—it killed you. Slowly, then all at once. Medicine calls it

the *poverty health penalty*. If you were poor, you started life malnourished, lived in a damp shack, drank contaminated water, and died young. If you were rich, you breezed past it all on a cushion of clean sheets, good food, and private doctors.

The country was a playground of brutal wealth inequality. A colonial leftover comprised of a tiny elite who lived in mansions while the rest survived on scraps and prayers. And nowhere was the cruelty clearer than in the graveyards full of dead babies.

Poor married mothers —worn down by hunger, disease, and endless pregnancies—gave birth to underweight, fragile infants. These children stood no chance against the old killers: diarrhoea, whooping cough, diphtheria, measles, and tuberculosis. Not enough food. No clean water. No clean milk. No money for doctors. No mercy from nature.

Those unmarried mothers, who were lucky enough to be classed as relatively wealthy by comparison, took care of their pregnancy without entering a mother and baby home. However, some did and paid for the privilege.

The entire mother and baby homes scandal, including the wild murder allegations, rests on a mixture of ignorance and bigotry toward basic mortality statistics. Between 1925 and 1960, 13,431 illegitimate infants died in Ireland. Sounds shocking—until you realise 132,384 infants born to married parents died in the same period.

Between 1925 and 1960, Ireland buried 145,818 infants. Between 1982 and 2017, just 12,632. Poverty killed the first generation. Progress saved the second. Blaming nuns for deaths caused by poverty and disease is like blaming lifeboat crews for shipwrecks.

All acute hospitals have mortality statistics above the national average. Why? Many people die in hospitals. In fact, the vast majority of the 145,818 infant deaths took place in hospitals or

institutions. All infants died of the same conditions and illnesses regardless of whether their mother was married or not.

Using averages to judge the quality of care is industrial-strength ignorance dressed up as science. Averages don't tell you whether care was good or bad—they just tell you half the story. Literally. Half the population, by definition, falls below the average. It's how averages work.

If you really want absurdity, consider this: 50% of medical doctors scored *below* the class average when they qualified. Are we supposed to believe half the country's doctors are dangerous incompetents? Should we empty every hospital on the island because half the medics finished under the median line?

Of course not. Because sane people know an average isn't a moral judgment—it's just a mathematical midpoint.

Yet when it comes to judging poor Irish institutions of the past, activists and journalists cling to averages like holy relics, waving them around as proof of monstrous cruelty. It's not just bad history. It's bad maths, too.

That crucial context was never reported by either the Irish or international media. It didn't fit the story they were selling. The real scandal isn't what the nuns did. It's what modern Ireland chooses to forget—and who it decides to scapegoat to cover its own Olympic-level foolishness.

The truth is simple and savage: poverty killed most babies. Hospitals just had the grim job of writing it down.

The modern Bon Secours order apologised for their predecessors at the Tuam Children's Home, branding their actions "unChristian" It reads like a forced confession. The kind extracted not by truth but by using thumb screws. Exhaust them. Lie to them. Gaslight them.

Isolate them. Then dangle a 'way out.' It's frighteningly easy—and it works. They confessed because it was safer than standing alone.

The sad truth is that the greatest danger to an unwanted child has always come from its own mother—and still does. The Commission's report made it plain: many unmarried women tried to abort their babies by drinking sheep dip, falling down the stairs, and worse. Failing that, many gave birth—and killed their newborn. It has a name: infanticide.

Ironically, the mother and baby homes were created to fight this rising tide of infant murder—to give poor, unwanted children at least a chance at life.

The Irish state, like most civilised nations, forbade the killing of infants. The law called for death by hanging. Yet, unlike Britain and elsewhere, no mother was ever executed for killing her child. They stood trial, yes—but judges and juries bent over backwards to show them mercy, a mercy never extended to men.

The official attitude of the Irish state is written all over the historical record—most of it conveniently ignored by scandal promoters. For balance, here's a quote from a newspaper report, quoting the judge in a case where a mother admitted the killing of her newborn child.

> An illegitimate child is entitled to the protection of the law just as much as one born in lawful wedlock. It is in no extenuation of illegitimacy that I say that some of the most distinguished people who ever lived were illegitimate. [..] but somebody must pay the penalty —not the penalty for being immoral, but the penalty for taking human life. […] their lives are just as sacred as the lives of any other children, and that the state is prepared and

> has always been prepared to support and maintain them until they reach an age when they can work for themselves.[4]

In 2019, the Irish government staged a brazen cover-up, moving to seal witness testimonies of child abuse from three tribunals for an outrageous 75 years. Joe McHugh, the Minister for Education, feebly tried to justify it, muttering, "Seventy-five years is a very long period of time to restrict access to records, but it is essential given the sensitivity of the material." His excuse was absurd. Much of the material had already been aired in the media. The commissions had anonymised the same stories. Redacted and anonymised testimonies are routinely published in every civilised country—except, apparently, in Ireland when the stakes are too high.

There's only one rational explanation for this wall of secrecy: a desperate attempt to bury state corruption. Keeping the files locked until 2095 ensures that every survivor entitled to compensation—and nearly every guilty politician—will be safely dead. No scandal. No accountability. Just polished headstones and a shameful silence.

For context, ordinary state files are sealed for just 30 years. Yet somehow, the state's darkest secret—its complicity in fabricating false history—gets smothered for two and a half times longer. There is no justification for it. Only cowardice, self-interest, and the oldest political instinct of all: cover your own arse and let the truth rot in the dark.

The Commission of investigation into mother and baby homes, established under a 2004 Act, was always rigged for secrecy. Its records were automatically sealed for 30 years. When this fact leaked in October 2020, just as the final report was about to be delivered, the public exploded in outrage. Rightly so. Historians and citizens deserve to see the evidence on which the Commission based its conclusions—not censored, not hidden, not buried under layers of bureaucratic shame.

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[4] 'Infanticide Industry - Judge on Protection of The Illegitimate Child'. 3 October 1928, The Cork Examiner edition. Irish Newspaper Archives.

Despite the attempt to cover up the evidence, there are too many avenues to get to the truth for the officials to block off.

Judge Yvonne Murphy, human rights lawyer William Duncan, and historian Mary E. Daly led the investigation into the mother and baby homes. Although Professor Daly is widely regarded as a good historian, it makes the report's amateurish historical analysis all the more embarrassing. Despite her oversight role, the research appears to have been carried out by individuals with neither the expertise nor the experience required. Much of it reads like the work of inexperienced graduate students unfamiliar with Irish social history and entirely unacquainted with the history of science or medicine. Quite simply, the Commission failed to hire the right researchers—an inexcusable flaw in an investigation of such national importance.

The Commission and its staff lacked expertise in both contemporary and historical medicine. They reached conclusions that no qualified expert would have endorsed. Yet, despite numerous errors, the Commission was not wholly inept. On the crucial issue of "marasmus" as evidence of starvation, they consulted "medical experts" who testified that the term did not denote starvation but was a general label used when a child failed to thrive despite receiving adequate food. It typically signalled the absence of a specific diagnosis. On this basis, in their final report, the Commission substituted "marasmus" with "malabsorption," a term it considered more easily understood.

One of the most common mistakes made by young historians is assuming that people in the past lived like we do today. A frequent example in social history is the topic of toilets. In old tenement buildings, it wasn't unusual for one toilet to be shared by several families—sometimes up to thirty people. That sounds shocking today, and it often triggers strong emotional reactions. But the reality was different. People used chamber pots—also known as "piss pots"—in their rooms. Even in Mountjoy Jail, a Victorian

prison in Dublin, prisoners used them until recently. This system, called "slopping out," meant that people emptied their chamber pots once a day into a shared toilet. So, although there may have been just one toilet for every hundred prisoners, it wasn't used in the same way we think of shared toilets today.

Toileting history isn't taught in college, so many young researchers don't understand the context and end up jumping to dramatic conclusions. For example, those working for the Commission described living conditions in Tuam and Kilrush as "dire" mainly because they were in former workhouses. For decades, the word "workhouse" filled ordinary Irish people with dread. These institutions were infamous for the way the British mistreated poor people. The Commission played on that dark reputation but failed to recognise that some workhouses had been modernised. In fact, twenty-five old workhouses still operate today as hospitals and care homes.

The Commission pointed to things like shared toilets, lack of central heating, and dorm-style sleeping as signs of "dire" conditions. But those features were completely normal for institutions at the time, including hospitals and schools. The report contradicts itself again and again, probably because it was nearly 3,000 pages long and written by too many people with no clear oversight. It even admits that mother and baby homes run by religious orders were generally better than the state-run County Homes, where most poor unmarried mothers received care. In religious-run homes, women looked after themselves and their babies. In County Homes, they were put to work—often in the laundry, cleaning sheets and clothes for others.

Some modern feminists now label this as "slave labour" and describe it in emotional terms that rewrite history to fit a modern narrative. But doing chores in an institution as well as at home was normal back then. It doesn't mean women were being deliberately mistreated.

The Commission seemed determined to find proof of abuse—because that's what the government expected it to find. Instead of making things up themselves, they often repeat claims made by others without checking them. One example is a false accusation by feminist historian Lindsey Earner-Byrne. She accused the Irish political system of misogyny. It is a case of a feminist choosing to read things that have not been written. In 1931, Minister James Fitzgerald Keeny was debating a parliamentary bill to allow unmarried mothers to take the father to court to force him to pay child support. Minister James Fitzgerald-Kenney was debating whether the names of litigants in this type of case should be made public. His concern? That some women—note: *some*, not *all*—might abuse the system and blackmail men by threatening to expose their names publicly. As part of standard procedure and to ensure quality, lawmakers are required to examine and debate potential flaws in proposed legislation. The minister's comments were not controversial and certainly not a blanket condemnation of all unmarried mothers. To twist that into misogyny takes either malice or mind-boggling incompetence. Possibly both.

It might seem harsh to focus solely on the report's failures—because it wasn't entirely useless. But its worst mistakes are errors of omission. The report is littered with evidence of grinding poverty, yet it ignores that context completely. This was not ordinary hardship. It was destitution on a scale most of us can barely imagine. Child abandonment and infanticide were common. Poor children wore flour sacks for clothes, went barefoot, and went hungry. Families lived in rat-infested slums. Ireland didn't eliminate louse-borne typhus until the late 1940s—decades behind the rest of Europe—a sign of miserable living conditions across all the low-income households in the country.

Despite laying out this evidence, the Commission never followed through. It failed to connect poverty to health—one of the most basic truths in medicine. Poor people die younger, stay sicker, and

suffer worse outcomes. That's still true today. In modern Britain, babies born to unmarried mothers still have higher death rates than those born to married parents. Traveller infants in Ireland die at triple the national average. Is that child abuse? Of course not. Mortality stats don't prove mistreatment—they track inequality.

Had the Commission brought in a medical statistician, they might have produced a report of impeccable quality. Instead, we got three thousand pages of missed points and muddled thinking.

Another major blunder was the failure to account for the effect that World War II had on Ireland's poor people. Known as the "supply squeeze", it occurred after Winston Churchill denied Ireland a supply of raw materials to force Ireland to join the war. The Welsh historian Bryce Evens wrote:

> When Churchill turned off the tap, Ireland's agricultural economy, perilously reliant on British supplies, was devastated. In 1940, the State was importing six million tons of animal feed from Britain, but the figure was zero by 1942. It was the same with fertiliser: 74,000 tons in 1940, zero by 1942. Other vital modern productive aids, from pesticides to tractors, all but disappeared too.

Food prices skyrocketed, the government imposed price controls, and they tried to make farmers produce more food, but they lacked the raw materials, e.g. fertiliser, to increase production. Prior to the war, poor people survived by drinking tea. The lucky few had a slice of bread to go with it.

Ireland had the highest consumption of tea in the world at the time, with government research listing it as the principal item of food for the Irish poor.

The British embargo put tea out of the reach of the poor and was only available on the black market. The government introduced "black loaf" as a substitute. However, it proved to be far less nutritious and caused nutritional deficiency.

The truth is that the British tried to starve Ireland into submission during World War II, using hunger as a weapon to force a neutral nation into their war. The poor—especially in the cities—had no land, no food, and nowhere to turn. They were left to face starvation. In response, the Catholic Church, with the support of the Irish government, stepped in to feed them. Free meals were offered to the destitute, and pregnant women were given extra food—not out of luxury but out of sheer necessity. Everyone knew what was at stake: a starving mother gives birth to a dying child.

The Commission's most stupid blunder was to present all the evidence to show that abject living conditions existed and were exacerbated during World War II, but failed to factor that into its analysis to reach valid conclusions. Instead, they reached the inept and amateurish conclusion that high infant mortality rates were due to poor quality care.

The Commission's most unforgivable blunder was its astonishing ability to present overwhelming evidence of crushing poverty—made even worse by the deprivations of World War II—only to ignore it completely when drawing conclusions. Rather than acknowledge the clear link between extreme poverty and infant mortality, the Commission pandered to political expectations with a sensationalist claim: that high death rates were caused by neglect and poor care. This wasn't analysis—it was nonsense. Lacking medical expertise, refusing to seek it out, and worn down by the sheer scale of their task, they defaulted to the easiest, most politically convenient conclusion.

On the one hand, it is praiseworthy of the standard of care received by women in religious-run mother and baby homes, and it presents much evidence to back this up. However, some of its authors couldn't resist undercutting even positive findings with emotionally charged asides and sneering commentary. It is very Irish.

Another foundation for the dire conditions came from the correspondence between the Bon Secours Order in Tuam and their landlord, Galway Co. Council. From time to time, the sisters asked the council to upgrade the facilities to keep them in line with a modern maternity facility. The council agreed to carry out several upgrades over the decades, including building a maternity unit, a laundry, a sewage connection and many more. The researchers took this correspondence as evidence of a poor-quality facility apart from the maternity unit. The county council, for its part, was short of cash and sometimes was late in providing the upgrades. However, the Commission's researchers spent no time comparing Tuam to any other health facility other than to other mother and baby homes. The same conditions existed in every health facility during the 1930s and 40s. As always, the most acute shortages, due to the number of people seeking help, were at the institutions dealing with the most impoverished cohort.

If conditions in Tuam were "dire", the blame lies squarely with Galway County Council — they owned the building and were responsible for its upkeep. Yet in 2021, they issued a limp apology while the Bon Secours Order was handed the entire compensation bill. Not a cent was demanded from the actual culprit. In short, the Irish State defrauded the Order of nearly €3 million.

Why do Irish politicians sneer at their own electorate? Because they face no consequences. In most democracies, public contempt is political suicide. In Ireland, it's strategy. It flatters the elite's sense of superiority while reassuring them the public will never push back.

Contempt sells. The *Irish Times* lets bitter ex-pats play colonial ventriloquist — lecturing the home crowd they abandoned as if emigration earns you moral superiority. The *Sunday Independent* is worse: a weekly shrine to self-loathing, where West Brit pundits line up to moan about the real Irish problem, an ungrateful people who kicked out our imperial babysitters. Apparently, independence ruined everything — the poor dears have never recovered from losing the Union Jack.

And the audience? Addicted. They guzzle the bile like holy water. The Irish media has mastered the economics of humiliation: feed the public a steady diet of sneers, and they'll thank you for the insult. It's national masochism dressed up as sophistication. A people taught to hate themselves is easy to manage. Easy to fleece. Easy to forget. A pliable public: defensive, self-doubting, and unwilling to demand better. The result is a culture where derision passes for discourse, and failure is endlessly reframed as the people's fault.

Yes, the Irish are witty and generous, will always stand on the side of the underdog, and are absurdly charming — some of the finest people alive. No society is perfect, and dwelling only on the flaws paints a distorted picture. But our national habit of self-loathing has become so routine, so normalised, that few see the damage it causes. It corrodes confidence. It feeds depression. It pushes people to the edge. Even in times of full employment, young Irish people leave in droves — not for work, but to escape. They weren't just born here; they were taught to hate the place.

We Irish love our self-deprecating humour. We poke fun at ourselves, laugh off our flaws, and wear humility like a badge. It's charming — until it isn't. Sometimes beneath the wit lies something darker: a habit of cutting ourselves down that too often goes unchecked.

The denigration of others serves a simple psychological purpose: it creates the illusion of superiority. By placing others beneath them, the denigrator elevates themselves — socially, morally, and intellectually. It's not about truth or fairness; it's about status. The act signals to onlookers, "I am not like them." In insecure societies, this impulse becomes habitual — a defensive reflex to mask one's own vulnerability. Insult becomes identity. Disdain becomes currency. And soon, sneering isn't just tolerated — it's rewarded.

Once the Commission had published its final report, the three commissioners moved swiftly to dissolve the body, erase its records, and retreat from public view. They refused to appear before parliament or answer questions. After seven years of abuse—enduring blatantly false testimony and reading fabricated allegations paraded daily in the press—they were exhausted. They had no intention of subjecting themselves to hostile interrogation from politicians desperate to save face now that their claims had unravelled. The commissioners saw what was coming: years of petty squabbling and theatrical gaslighting from people too foolish—or too self-serving—to grasp the facts. Any reasonable person would have done the same.

Finally, to call the Commission "dishonest" would be too kind. "inept" suggests mere incompetence—but what we're dealing with is something worse: deliberate and subconscious bias, dressed up in the overalls of good workmanship. The Commission clearly set out to confirm what the government already believed—or needed the public to believe. Time and again, they "forgot" to include facts that might challenge the hysterical drivel peddled by their political masters, journalists, and attention-starved academics. To be fair, they pushed back on some of the nonsense — but let far too much of it slide.

Take paragraph 54 of the executive summary, for example—an incoherent mess. It attempts to explain the graph above it, which

clearly shows that most births to unmarried mothers occurred outside mother and baby homes. The data states that less than a third of such births took place in these institutions. Yet, in the very next breath, it claims that "in 1961 and in 1965, a majority of 'illegitimate' births were to women in mother and baby homes." That's not just sloppy—it's a direct contradiction of their own graph. Either they didn't read their own data, or they hoped no one else would.

The total figure is closer a quarter of so-called "illegitimate" children spent their infancy in state institutions. The rest were raised by the mother or her family—often a grandmother or an aunt. It was so common that generations grew up thinking their mother was their aunt, only discovering the truth in adulthood after they ordered their birth certificate. Yet rural Ireland, the whole townland often knew the story. It wasn't an issue.

The Commission may have struggled with arthimatic, logic, and statistical integrity—but credit where it's due: they managed to do a few sums. It calculated that 57,000 children were born or transited through the institutions it investigated between 1922 to 1998. They estimated that in other places it didn't investigate, there were another 25,000 unmarried mothers—and even more children. However, no one, not one person on the Commission, no journalist, no government bean counter, no competent academic bothered to total the published figures from the government's own collection of annual Registrar General's Reports, except one.

In the same time period, c. 256,000 babies were born outside marriage in Ireland.[5] So even if we round up and include every child linked to an institution, it still means that for every one child born

[5] All figures cited,, outside those provided by the Commission, were independently calculated by Eugene Jordan, using primary data extracted from the Registrar General's annual reports. For context 256,000 children were born outside marriage from a total number of of 4.5 million births.

or who transited through one of these homes, three more were born somewhere else.

The commission claimed that approximately 9,000 children died in the institutions under investigation—a figure that made for lurid, global headlines. What it failed to mention is that, during the same period, another 171,000 infants died elsewhere in Ireland—born either to married parents or outside of these institutions. The 9,000 deaths represent just 5% of the total. A drop in the ocean. But only one drop got a headline.

The numbers speak for themselves: unmarried mothers and their children were not the outcasts the modern narrative makes them out to be. Families who could manage to raise another child did so—quietly, without fanfare. It was poverty, not shame, that drove people to institutions. And that hasn't changed. The poor still bear the brunt when society fails.

Yes, there were sermons and lectures, fiery condemnations from pulpits and podiums about the so-called moral decline. But what they condemned wasn't motherhood—it was the chaos that came with unplanned pregnancy in an unforgiving world. They called it immoral not because they were prudes, but because they saw the human cost. A child wasn't a secret to be hidden—it was a sixteen-year financial burden for a struggling family, or a vulnerable child with no safety net. The goal was never cruelty. It was stability. Every child deserved to grow up in a loving home. Every unmarried mother deserved support. That's what they were trying to protect.

Nevertheless, the present-day Irish government and its merry band of minions—clueless academics, drama-hungry NGOs, along with the leprechaun media—would have us believe these children were hated, treated as shameful, and secretly slaughtered in their nursery before being dumped in septic tanks.

The Irish have a saying: "If you told that to a donkey, she'd kick you." Meaning even a donkey knows when it's being fed rubbish. Sadly, that level of discernment is a gift that never quite made it to most Irish politicians. Like their counterparts abroad, they've mastered the dark art of doublespeak—deploying it automatically whenever their reputation is in peril.

Yes, politicians lie. That's hardly news. The skilled ones twist the truth with surgical precision. The inept ones just blurt out whatever drivel they think might stick, hoping it slips under the radar while everyone's distracted. But the true spectacle begins with the dimmest of the lot—the ones who believe the most lurid, hare-brained, gobshite allegations without a flicker of doubt. They're not just fooled—they're fuelled by nonsense.

It's a bizarre tic of the Irish political class: when their own handpicked investigations fail to unearth evidence for the latest hysterical allegations, they don't question the claims—they turn on the investigators. In their minds, the lack of proof isn't exoneration; it's proof of a cover-up.

When you've swallowed lies with the wide-eyed gullibility of a cult initiate, you're faced with a choice: admit your naivety, or cling to the delusion and accuse everyone else of incompetence. Unsurprisingly, Irish politicians tend to opt for the latter—denouncing their own commissions as failures rather than confessing their own.

At the heart of any civilised justice system lies a simple principle: allegations are not facts, and must be proven with evidence. But when the Irish legislature treats that idea with open contempt, one must ask—how far are we from a dictatorship in drag, where

orthodoxy trumps truth, and honest people are punished for pointing out the emperor's clothes are imaginary?

The whole story is in the main book. Sure, it's not light reading — but if you want the facts, the evidence, and the truth others won't touch, this is the one to read. No spin, no fluff — just the real story, backed up and laid bare.

EMBARRASSMENT

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