

Glass Ceilings

In April 2013, a letter appeared in the Galway Independent newspaper. It purported to have been written by a girl in her 20s who had discovered that having done “*All the right things*”, she was now deeply in debt and could see little prospect of obtaining employment. Not surprisingly the author was rather despondent. The article may well have been written by an employee of the newspaper and the “*Letter*” might simply have been a piece of creative writing. As a rule, newspapers cannot be trusted to do anything other than peddle their own line in propaganda. However, the story was probably about a real person since reality is the best basis for works of “*Fiction*”. What I liked was its encapsulation of life for a large proportion of the population, irrespective of age and gender.

Parents ought to advise their children that the education system exists for one reason and one reason only - self perpetuation. It is the secular replacement for traditional religions. Instead of selling “*Eternal salvation*” redeemable in some ill defined “*Next world*”, they peddle “*Salvation certificates*” which one can accumulate rather like loyalty points. If one saves enough of them, there *might* be an opportunity to swap them for a job of some sort.

Students are the vehicle by which all those employed in the education sector obtain good remuneration, incredibly short working hours, loooooong holidays, early retirement, generous sick pay, maternity cop-outs, excellent pensions, and a massively increased life expectancy. It is the “*Soft job*” par excellence. Of course, education is only one of the soft options. Local Councils are the next best thing. The girl in the story had unfortunately been rejected by her Local Council.

In the absence of the first two options, the financial sector is worthy of consideration. Being allowed to gamble with other people's money and being paid whether one wins or loses takes some beating. An employer may well be looking for the next “*Rogue trader*” to bankrupt some bank and do a couple of years in stir. I suspect the payoff is undoubtedly well worth the period of discomfort. In any event the miscreant could do a PhD or write their autobiography while they are “*Inside*”. There are so many films telling it like it is, always has been, and always will be... Amen! One might care to watch “*Silver Bears*”, “*Margin Call*” or “*Enron*”. Until now, the “*Culprits*” of rogue trading have apparently all been male. There's a definite gender imbalance there which ought to be addressed. The only potential drawback with all these opportunities is that the overwhelming majority of people employed in the sectors mentioned do not seem to be very nice people.

The “*Author*” of the newspaper article was evidently one of the bright kids for whom the “*System*” worked. Leaving school several years ago at age 17, suggests that gaining 500 points in her Leaving Certificate might have underestimated her capability. Ireland recently devalued its points system, offering “*50 free bonus points*” just for attending a particular course. So 500 points is not such a big deal any more. However, one wonders if such “*High fliers*” ever spare a thought for those less gifted than themselves?

What hope is there for those who would have been delighted with a few “*C*”s? They continually glanced over their shoulder at their weaker classmates. “*As long as I do better than them, I'm OK.*” Then there were the others, right on the margin. They never looked up in class in case the teacher asked them something. They were terrified they would be pushed down into “*Ordinary*” or worse still “*Foundation*”. They lived in fear of being separated from their classmates who provided their only emotional support. In reality, for the majority of people, exam results are irrelevant in the long run. Many of the nastiest people are very highly qualified. Think of Dr Harold Shipman for example, or perhaps Jack the Ripper. To a surprising number of people, privilege is merely their gateway to abusing others while remaining above the Law.

When I trained as a teacher, I was surprised to discover just how many girls simply wanted to find the right man and raise a family. - I mean “*Raise*”. Girls like that (And they DO exist) were willing

to devote their whole life to a family and children they hoped to have. To them, school was an obstacle between “Now” and the “*Rest of their lives*”. Irrespective of their ability, some girls do not want to be career women, discarding their children to the nearest playschool while they pursue their own pecuniary ambitions. However, the modern, Western, feminist dominated education system, denigrates those girls who wish to make “*Mother*” their “*Career choice*”. In truth, being a good parent presents more challenges than being a corporate executive.

Make no mistake, boys encounter “*Glass ceilings*” every bit as much as girls. It takes a strong character to resist the relentless emphasis on becoming a “*Macho aggressive sports freak*”, and there is absolutely no point in building a home for a family when the woman despises her own genetic structure. It’s odds on that such a woman will dump the man for some lawyer or accountant at the slightest hint of stormy weather.

At that point, everything goes up in smoke as the Legal Parasites and Social Work Fascists gorge themselves. The prospects for a boy whose ambition is to work hard, find the right girl, and raise a family, are as dismal as they are for a girl with corresponding ambitions. When men and women cooperate, they are able to achieve far more than either gender alone. That is why stable families are feared, despised, and undermined by fascist governments and corporations the world over.

I can understand the path by which the “*Author*” of the article found herself with a BSc. When I started my first job, folk had a healthy disregard for scraps of paper. “*BSc*” stood for “*Brush Shovel and Cart*”. It was a qualification that fitted a person for a job as a street sweeper. The jibe was not far wide of the mark. The steady, orchestrated, deterioration in academic standards since those days, has not improved matters. It isn’t that young people of today are less capable than those of fifty years ago. It is simply that the State carefully grooms them from birth to squander their potential and ability. By saturating peoples lives with “*Certificates*” which “*Prove*” how clever they are, natural curiosity and the desire to understand the world around them is subverted. Furthermore, the essential importance of developing a lasting personal relationship has been virtually dismissed as irrelevant. Employment opportunities, with genuine scope for creative expression, have been all but destroyed.

The author of the story had borrowed heavily in order to pursue the “*First*” course she was offered. What did this girl think she was doing? Even by 2009, it was plain to anyone that the Irish banks had gutted the economy at large. For some inexplicable reason this girl thought she would fare differently. The greatest bank thefts are carried out by bankers. Pay close attention when you watch “*The International*”. Banks will steal anyone's money - and indeed their life - quicker than one can say “*Cyprus*”. What's more, banks won't stop at stealing. Their prey can expect to be denigrated as “*Money launderers*” so that there will be no sympathy for the victim or comeback on the bank.

The options are simple, and fairly limited.

First choice is to become one of “*Them*” and milk the appropriate system for all it's worth. The individual's “*Selfish Egotist Coefficient*” (SEC) will be the only factor limiting success. Just adopt the “*Right*” attitude. Stand in front of the mirror at least three times a day and repeat something to the effect of: “*I am the most wonderful person in the world. I am the only person who matters. God looks up to me.*” The only caveat to this approach is that selfishness can be a key ingredient leading to ultimate loneliness.

One might choose to be a more-or-less “*Decent Human Being*” (DHB) and proceed through life being misled and generally kicked around. “*Gladiator*” was rather a long film, but it had one delightful line; “*What we do in life - echoes in eternity*”. Pursuing the DHB option requires tremendous self discipline, independent thought, appreciation of the needs of others, energy, determination, and probably some belief in a supernatural. It also helps if one can find a similarly motivated person with whom to share the journey.

(TIP: Avoid any “*Religious*” types and groups. They can be the nastiest of all. Remember “*Jonestown*” in America? One might recall the “*Magdalen Laundries*” or the workhouse “*Septic Tank*” with its 800 human remains at Tuam here in Ireland.) Trying to be a DHB can be tough. It's compensations are somewhat esoteric, and would not interest most people.

“*Self destruct*” mode is another socially acceptable career choice, especially in Ireland. The selection of “*Deathstyle choices*” available nowadays is impressive. Personally, I have no sympathy for individuals who go down the self destruct road. I know of too many people whose relatives have “*Topped*” themselves. It is the ultimate act of selfishness, thrown into stark relief by others who would have given anything to be allowed to live one more day. Everyone faces depression and perhaps persecution at some point. Anyone with an ounce of intelligence can see that self destruction is irrational and serves the interests of the oppressor. “*Defiance*”, - That's the movie.

Winning the Lottery, becoming a film star, starting a multinational corporation, or finding a wealthy “*Partner*” (Hetero or homo, it doesn't really matter anymore), all belong to the set of zero probabilities. These are dreams created especially for the most gullible and not worth a moment's consideration.

Those finding themselves in a situation similar to the girl in the story should not feel too bad. All too many people are kept in the dark or drop off the “*Grid*”. It isn't a new phenomenon. Happiness is the capacity to appreciate whatever you have, before you lose it. Although this world has sufficient for everyone, there is no political will to distribute Mother Nature's bounty in an equitable manner.

Despite its many deficiencies, those lucky enough to live in a favoured country like Ireland should never forget that there will always be others much worse off than themselves. Just devote a little thought to those trapped in any refugee camp or disaster area.

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