

Imperial Amnesia Syndrome



A personal remembrance of a country under vicious attack

I am an Iranian...

Born in Tehran to Iranian parents in April 1960. My father was a commercial pilot. My mother was a qualified graphic designer and painter. My family belong to that magical class of Iranians known as the intelligentsia. These were people of privilege who went to good schools and universities, sometimes studying abroad, mostly at least bilingual. Moneyed but not, in every case ostentatiously rich.

This class formed the middle class, the white collar backbone of the modernised Iran under the Shah Mohammad Reza Pahlavi. Architects, artists, engineers, medical doctors, college and university professors, political and civil leaders and so on; and yes pilots and higher ranks in the military. They were privileged, lived mostly in the northern boroughs and suburbs of the city, a substantial proportion owned land and properties in the countryside too, beside their multiple properties in the city.

Tehran in the 60s and 70s was much like most metropolitan areas anywhere in the affluent west. There were supermarkets stuffed with the latest products in great variety and abundance. There were restaurants and bars, night clubs and discos, cinemas and bowling alleys, theatres and stadiums, shopping zones and banks. If a foreign visitor had come to the north of Tehran they would have felt quite at home. Hamburger bars and fast food joints, ice cream parlours and sandwich bars would have seemed very much like “home”.

Traveling to the northern suburbs of Vanak, Shemiran, Tajrish, Darband and so on would have greeted the tourist with lush green spaces, well appointed and very large houses and apartments, generous gardens, expensive designer shops and restaurants. Always somewhere they would have found a nice little nod to Iranian traditional cuisine, elevated of course, but still local colour. They could have had an Italian espresso, before going to peruse a carpet emporium selling the legendary hand woven, natural dye carpets from every corner of the country. From there they could have shopped for some jewellery or the latest high fashion items. Then unto some quaintly ‘trad’ food place to taste ‘authentic’ local delicacies. At night they could dance to the latest disco music in one of the many thriving discotheques in the city.

Suffice to say the illusion, the veneer of a modern western metropolis, was flawless to the casual observer. By god there were churches and synagogues as well as mosques, so really what an incredible theatre of tolerance and modernity awaited the visitor.

What's behind the curtain

However were the visitor to venture south of these parts, it would soon begin to slowly dawn on them that something does not compute. The urban expanses that begin to unfold, as the drive takes them southwards will begin to shift slowly to a poorer more congested and distinctly less green and lush vista. They will begin to see more and more dirt, more unkempt buildings and people, less glamorous shops and a distinct lack of ostentatious richness, lots of gaudy, cheap plastic goods.

The further south you go the more this becomes unavoidable. Somewhere past the south Amirabad area as you get past Artillery Square (*Toop Khaneh*) you can no longer avoid seeing the deterioration and dilapidation. Higher, much higher police presence, peasant conscript squaddies carrying American weapons from WWII, looking to bully someone, more Muslim priests and most strikingly many more women with the chador covering their heads and bodies.

You are now approaching the notorious South Tehran. Red light districts, crushing endemic poverty, menial work for those lucky enough to get it; going north every day to build houses for the rich, for a pathetic daily pay. And of course the companion to crushing poverty, crime and begging. Military barracks every few city squares, at least that's how it feels. Five times a day the minarets of the endless

mosques pushing prayers for the faithful from amplified loudspeakers; once the muezzin projected prayers with the power of their lungs and the clever acoustics of the architecture, now they lazily sat in the comfort of the main mosques and prayed into a microphone. If you were even a little sensitive enough you could taste the desperation of the people who had nothing and even with that were still being kept in a state of terror that is so commonplace in any dictatorship.

At my high school, the [Alborz](#), the largest high school in the middle east at the time, one of our teachers lost it one day. He was a modestly famous poet, who had to resort to teaching eleven to thirteen year olds literature. He was in the middle of reading out some heroic poem about the glory of Persian monarchy, when he suddenly stopped. He had tears in his eyes as he looked at us and laid into us with questions that shook us little middle class boys. "Have you ever been to South Tehran?? Have you seen how your fellow countrymen live? Do you know how broken and oppressed and poverty stricken they are?" The majority of us had no idea what he was talking about. Watching a grown man, a famous (ish) poet, a literary figure of some import break down in tears was a powerful sight. It shook us to our core. Some of us anyway. Others, the little burgeoning sociopaths giggled.

But for me at least, and I know for a fact it was true for some of the others; coming from a family that was left leaning in that apolitical way that certain privileged folk are; I was actually aware of the poverty and its crimes. Unusually, given that my father was one of the top pilots in the country, we did not own a house, so we lived in a small rented apartment, on the very North Western edge of the city, literally three or four roads away from the countryside around the city, towards the foothills of the Alborz range. Years later I would realise that the reason why we were never financially comfortable was that my father was a massive spendthrift and a serial womaniser who spent the majority of his money on drinking and partying with a multitude of women. Nevertheless I went to the best schools, I never went hungry, we had all the mod cons in the house, I had toys, I had friends... Most importantly I had family, my cousins, all of them male, my mother's three sisters and their husbands, my uncles. And yes in some cases they were wealthy too.

To go back to the poet/teacher, what in essence he told the class was about how while the small elite of privileged 'professionals' and recipients of generational wealth; gained from keeping the nation under strict serfdom; the vast majority of Iranians toiled day and night simply to stay alive. He also told us in no uncertain terms that we owed the country at the very least to acknowledge and recognise the absolute brutality of the Imperial regime. Where we lived at the time, on the Northern edges of Amirabad, right on the corner of our street was what we commonly called a kharabeh, a piece of rubble strewn land where once, in the case of our street, had stood some large mansion or at least a country house, which was now in ruins with only a small section of the original building left more or less intact. In this ruin lived an entire family, in the grip of the most horrific poverty. Imagine living in a one room wreck of an old building with a family of about six people, right next to people who live in real apartments, with running water and gas and electricity. I was friends with the oldest boy of this family and used to let him ride my bike when the neighbourhood kids utilised his, in effect backyard to do stunts on our bikes. I was as fully aware of his poverty as he was of my privilege but I honestly don't remember any conflict between us. That too may be blindness caused by my position as opposed to his.

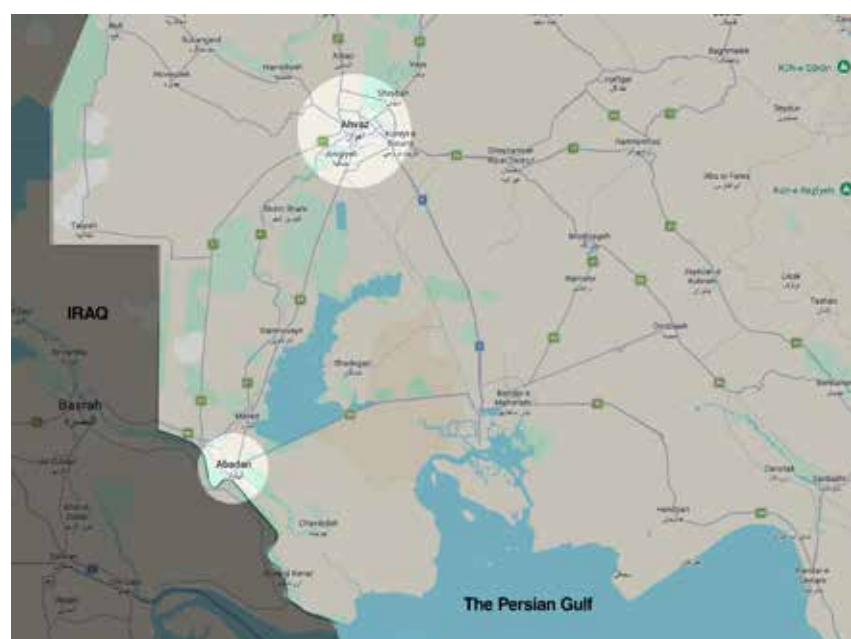
I go into the details of these stories to, albeit only slightly, highlight the glaring discrepancy between what was the veneer of modern life in Tehran, and how it masked the vast injustice at the heart of the police state that was the Pahlavi regime.

At the risk of becoming too anecdotal I want to mention possibly two more examples of this I witnessed personally. Aside from at least three occasions, when I was around 10, of being more or less assaulted by our own soldiers; one even pointing an American M1 Garand at my forehead because me and a bunch of tiny kids happened upon a military junk yard in the middle of nowhere; there are other occasions where the curtain fell wide open.

I used to go to my great aunt's house occasionally to stay, her son was a friend of mine and we used to

get up to all sorts of mischief in their vast house and garden, as usual protected by an extremely high perimeter wall, as is the norm with rich houses in Iran. Her husband, who was to my eyes a kind and fun uncle who would play games with us when he was home, was a high ranking police officer. One day when the parents were away this boy and I decided to sneak into his parents bedroom to look for his dad's spare pistol so we could look at it. While in there we hit a treasure trove of ceremonial swords and a few guns and so on. In amongst them though I found his spare ID card, his police ID card. Except that it wasn't a police identity, it was his SAVAK (*the Pahlavi instituted and Mossad, CIA and MI6 trained secret police*) card. His day job was to supervise the torture and interrogation of "dissidents" against the Shah's regime. Being aware even at that young age of what this meant, it was a shocking discovery. Realising that the man who came home from work and played with us was coming home from torturing people, maiming and often killing them, was too much for me. When I went home I told my mother the story and that was the last time I ever stayed with that part of my family.

The next story is simply one of witnessing, first hand, what real oppression and poverty looks like on the ground. As I mentioned before my father was a pilot and at this time he was the chief of the airfield in the oil refining city of Abadan, on the very tip of the Persian Gulf. The job of his company, amongst many others, was transporting oil workers to various pumping stations on the pipelines. My mother had gone to the residential compound at the airfield where he was stationed and they had sent a driver to Tehran,



some 1000km away to fetch me. It takes a good day of constant driving to get to Abadan. On the way I had seen the central desert of Iran, with its amazing, shining salt lakes and the desolation of the desert flanked on the west by the magnificent Zagros mountain range. Anyway a city that we drove through to get to our destination was the ancient city of Ahvaz, with a history that goes right back to the Achaemenid period. It is a vital transportation and trade centre for the country, close to the border with Iraq. As we drove through I saw an Iran that most upper and middle class Iranians never saw or if they did they simply ignored or worse still somehow justified to themselves. On

the outskirts, where the day and menial workers lived, I saw the open sewers running in the middle of dirt streets flanked by mud brick houses with no amenities at all, flies everywhere and children with distended bellies from malnutrition, snot running their noses with barely any clothes on, wandering aimlessly in the dirt. It almost made me weep. I asked the driver about that and he was reticent to tell his bosses kid the truth and just mumbled something I can't remember now.

A little more personal history

I retell these stories, as small and insignificant as they may well be, to illustrate the great problem of growing up in a country which everyone tells you is a modern, progressive and most of all FREE democratic monarchy, while living through experiences such as these. The realisation that the myth of the kindly king, the lie of benevolent dictatorship is only enforced to keep us all servile and obedient, while real human beings are exploited, tortured and murdered with impunity.

Perhaps at this point I need to add a little more context as to where I come from. By that I mean of course my family background. My Mother's family are from that very semi aristocratic class I mentioned

before, the landowners. Various known as the hundred or sometimes even the thousand families. That part of Iranian society are kind of proud of tracing their history back to the earliest periods of Iranian empire, to the glorious Achaemenian dynasty.

My mother's side carried such an illustrious heritage, as did my father. The effect of this was that my father's kin boasted nonstop about their Aryan purity and their supremacy, leading many to wholeheartedly take up the German National Socialist cause, even to the point of one great uncle actually going there and joining the Party. Meanwhile on my mother's side there was a strange divide between communists, leftist or at least left leaning liberals and more or less devout followers of the Baha'i faith, plus a smattering of Muslim, Jewish and outright atheist members. Shocking to most foreigners after decades of propaganda, I know. Iran has always been home to all the major religions. We have a long tradition of welcoming Zoroastrian, Jewish, Christian and other faiths. It is a fact that Iran has the highest number of Jewish people in the entire Mid East after Israel. The country to this day has Christian and Jewish members of parliament and these faiths are not in any way restricted in their worship. Islam, again unknown to the majority of westerners, not only has never had issue with the other Abrahamic religions, and not only is it part of that tradition, it holds, especially Jesus Christ himself in as high a reverence as any Christian, if not more so. I have heard it said that the messiah whose return Muslims await is in fact Jesus and not Mohammed, according to the Prophet himself.

Anyway this huge political divide in my family did not cause the massive rift that you may imagine. For the most part, aside from the usual back biting and whispered disapprovals, everyone got on with everyone. This I think is quite commonplace. I think most families could say the same thing. There is always that uncle who embarrasses everyone with his bigotry and yet is tolerated.

I grew up mostly with my mother, my grandmother and aunts. When I was two my mother had to leave to go to Germany and then Switzerland for medical reasons, leaving me in the care of her mother and younger sisters. This was to have a key effect on my life and personality. My aunt Shiva, who herself was only in her teens then, became the mentor that helped me most in developing a character that to this day is the basis of who and what I am. She was the one who introduced me to music, history and literature and yes even politics. She was the person who laid the first solid foundation for the future me. The reason this is vital in understanding this essay, is the fact that she never once flinched from answering my questions about the world with the absolute, undiluted truth. Crucially she created in me an enquiring personality who wanted to know things, about everything. She taught me to dig into things, uncover the truth of things rather than accept the surface of them.

I am told, and believe I can actually remember that I absolutely adored my maternal grandfather, who apparently doted on me too. He was a general in the Iranian Imperial Air force, of which he was a founding member. He had been the flight instructor to the Shah when he did his service in the military. He was also the commanding officer of my father which is how my parents met. My maternal grandmother was most likely the first Iranian woman to learn to fly, though I'm not sure if I remember this correctly. My aunt Nooshin, a remarkable woman in her own right went on to study nursing in Scotland and became a matron there before setting off traveling the world and ending up in India, meeting and befriending such luminaries as Nehru and Indira Gandhi. My mother was one of the very first women in Iran to graduate from university in fine art and graphic design.

We lost my grandfather to a heart attack when I was four years old, on a family trip to the magnificent city of Isfahan. I remember his funeral in that city. I remember a bratty distant cousin teasing me that it was my grandfather they were putting into that hole in the ground with me crying and shouting at him that he was a liar and trying to hit him. This was another pivotal point in my life.

I could honestly go on and write a massive autobiography, from memory, but who wants to read that? My main point here is that, firstly I have a solid set of memories and experiences from the country of my birth, I am not a product of the post revolution diaspora. Secondly That my experience was wide and rich, involving traveling to nearly every corner of the country. As the son and grandson of pilots I got

to fly everywhere no less. Crucially I grew up with a very clear understanding of the nature of Iranian political and social reality.

I imagine the question naturally arises why do I feel the need to write this at all. After all I am not famous, I am not significant or even remotely a player in the history of my country.

In 1975 at the age of 15 my mother decided that she had enough of my father's infidelity, of the muezzin loudly praying five times a day, no doubt of the restrictions of living in the less than luxurious circumstance and who knows what other factors. The decision was made by her to take me and move to Austria. She already spoke German and English so that was not a hurdle. All the paperwork was done, visas sorted and we were ready to leave. Here I would like to make an aside which is also apropos to this writing. I went with my mother to the government offices in Tehran, to sort out travel permits and passports and so forth. The official implied with a look of meekness that there were some problems with the paperwork and that he couldn't release the right documents for us until those "issues" were cleared up. At this point I saw my mother open her purse and discreetly take out an envelop and pass it to the man, who inspected its contents. This he followed with a big smile, a flurry of stamping of stamps, and all our paperwork was magically done and handed over. I asked my mother, when we left what that was about. She told me that it was a bribe and that it was the way things were done in the Imperial administration.

Yet another lesson in my education in the reality of Pahlavi society.

To cut a long story somewhat shorter, just as we were about to leave the country, my mother's very cosmopolitan cousin, visiting from Canada said "Why Austria? Why not England?". This set in motion the events that ended up with me in a bed and breakfast in London and shortly after a move to Cambridge where I enrolled in one of the schools there and basically became part of the overseas Iranian population.

The Demon Muslims & the rise of White Supremacy

The demonisation of the Islamic world began apace shortly after the Iranian revolution. It coincided more or less with the decline of the Soviet Union, which left a vacuum for the West's need for a mortal enemy to scare their populace into obedience. Communism was pretty much spent worldwide and of course no one in their right mind would weaponise anti-Semitism again as an instrument of control. Islam now presented itself in a timely manner to fill the gap. The Western Illusion of Democratic freedom and the systemic superiority of Capitalist doctrine could now reliably have an enemy again. This allowed the Christian fundamentalists, Neo-Cons and the white supremacists to begin building a new narrative to script the intractable and determined enemy of "our way of life", weaving it into the propaganda machine that is the media. Suddenly the Muslims were the rising threat, the myth was created that the "Islamist" was a fanatical enemy of all things civilised and western. This creature was raging, hating and plotting every day to destroy Christians and Jews and take their freedom. It was basically exactly the same bullshit propaganda as that used against Africans or Chinese or any other "foreign devil" straw-man the west has always created to misdirect their people, distracting them from the real enemy, within, the oligarchs, the impossibly wealthy and so on. Not since the hysteria of the early years of the Crusades had Europeans and Westerners been so whipped up by their governments against Islamic people. The depth of racism was palpable, in those years for middle easterners like me. I was not a Muslim yet people still often looked suspiciously at me. The parents of my girlfriend, an American girl from a very educated family, after a pleasant evening of drinking and discussion, called her up to warn her to be careful in case I put her on a plane with a bomb. Later, in the early 90s another girlfriend's parents, told her that "though I was a charming and intelligent young man, I was obviously not marriage material", making it crystal clear that it was due to my Middle Eastern origins. In the UK where I lived, Margaret Thatcher, and in the US Ronald Reagan were the originators of this Neo Conservative, Neo Christian drive to whip their citizens up against the middle east. Israel was instrumental in creating the scenarios that allowed the situation to become ingrained. The terms Muslim and Terrorist were deliberately conjoined, morphing into an almost inseparable single word. It was taken as a matter of course to not question for

one moment when all manner of atrocities and evil deeds were insinuated to be rooted in Islamic activity. Arabic words were reinterpreted to serve the purposes of the propaganda. Jihad (*which is simply the Arabic word for struggle or striving*) and Sharia Law, even Allah o Akbar (*simply Arabic for God is Great*) were transformed into menacingly ominous terror words. All this simply to keep people scared enough that there would be no opposition to the most heinous attacks on whole Muslim populations around the world. It is how it came about that the Western nations could clandestinely create and finance "Islamic terror" organisations and groups to keep the myth alive and free them to exploit the resources of Middle Eastern nations with practically no objection from their citizens. The culmination of this was Operation Desert Storm, and later the total annihilation of Iraq as a viable national entity. Next came the decades long war in Afghanistan, with the same tragic results for the people there. The "War on Terror" twinned with the "War on Drugs" was a corporate scheme that would allow the US, especially, to spend the nearly 50 years in perpetual wars with no end in sight and absolutely catastrophic results for each of the countries they have attacked, invaded, bombed, policed and interfered with. Some say that Israel has used its massive lobbying power in the US to influence and redirect American political structure to its own ends.

Whatever the truth, it is demonstrably true that every intervention, every military action in what we now euphemistically call the "Global South" has left those areas in almost permanent devastation, while gaining more and more wealth and power for the Western elites, and the US in particular. Unbelievable deprivation and poverty, and western creations of sectarian violence are now endemic to those nations. The innate racism of Western societies, encouraged and boosted by successive regimes, has meant that they can commit any degree of atrocities without undue negative interference from their public, objections that do occur at best met with indifference and in extremis with draconian police and even military violence. Witness the Kent State killings by the National Guard. There is a historical case to be made for the fact that the US and most European countries, readily resort to violence against their own citizens on a frequent basis. Today we're witnessing the incredible, unfathomable return to full on fascism. So called democracies literally using paramilitary masked units to attack their own citizens. The leaders openly making racist policies and laws, taking away hard gained rights from their people in a wholesale violation of all 'democratic' norms. There have been in the last decade or two a huge rise in genocides, illegal military acts of aggression and political violence committed against sovereign nations across the world by the greatest superpower in history and its lackey regimes.

The media and industries of the world are now more and more owned by a tiny fraction of super rich oligarchs who seem to see perpetual wars, genocide, torture, enslavement of the vast majority of the world as their inalienable right, apparently due to their 'superior intelligence'. They have in so many words said this outright, publicly. Meanwhile we have a sharp rise of opposition to intellectualism, science, facts, truth, education and expertise. It has led to progressively worse political decisions by the masses. The massive drop in education has led to the rise of fanatical ideas and practices. The unbelievable fact that there are now substantial number of people in the US and Europe who sincerely advocate for and promote the notion of a flat earth, belief in lizard people from outer space, angels, demons, or the mad rejection of centuries of hard earned medical knowledge. People who are returning to false apocalyptic readings of their holy books, Hindu Buddhists forming armed, fanatical militias to commit genocide against Muslims. Fake religious cults promoting violence as a way of bringing about the Rapture, a late 19th century blasphemous idea that spits in the face of true Christian doctrine. Worst of all a government in the US which actually pushes this notion. Proselytising the idea that it is now engaged in a holy war against Islam in order to hasten the return of Christ by bringing about the end times!!!! Tragically I could go on listing the madness that is upon us right now. I haven't even mentioned the most urgent of all the disasters, the Extinction Level catastrophe that is the environmental destruction that we have continued, against the dire warnings of every expert, to amplify and to do nothing about. We now see our leaders, openly commit rape and murder against children and adults with no shame or remorse. Men in powerful positions openly advocate for mass murder in the Middle East for profit. Lindsey Graham said it openly on television. He said "We're going to make a ton of money" from this war. They no longer feel any restraint in telling the world the real reason why they lay waste to the planet.

A little more history

In 1978 events finally broke open the decades long patience of the Iranian people when they created the most incredible popular revolution in the history of the country. Now began the process of finally overthrowing the British and American imposed monarchy of the Pahlavis.

I was an 18 year old youth in the UK at this point and I desperately wanted to go back and fight for the revolution. But I didn't. I had all kinds of excuses, I had just fallen madly in love, in the grip of a hormonal revolution of my own, so I kept putting my return off.

By 1979 the Shah had packed up and run off "on holiday" once more in an echo of his escape in the 1950s. When I say "packed up" his packing also included some billions of dollars of the nations wealth. Following him out were the same filthy rich families who also took with them huge chunks of the country's assets. These same constitute the main body of those who now are called the "Pahlavist Diaspora".

His secret police had tried, and failed, to stop the uprisings throughout the country, with mass arrests, murders and torture of the people, no longer very secret towards the end. An idiot could see this was far more than a simple ideological fight. This was as much about reaching the limit of ordinary people's tolerance for oppressive laws, crushing poverty and the open treachery and corruption of the Imperial government. The people knew that this regime had spent the years since the 1920s selling the country to foreign powers, especially to the British and later the United States.

For a country so rich in natural resources and seven thousand years of cultural history to be coerced into living in deep poverty and misery so that some foreign imperialists could reap the benefits of their labour and their sweat was intolerable. A key factor was that the people remembered the destruction of Prime Minister Mohammad Mosaddegh's short lived tenure in government. This man, a true patriot and socialist had stood up to the Shah and his foreign masters, and nationalised the country's riches, instituted social reforms that actually benefited the people. The Shah ran away "on holiday" at this time too. The British tried and failed to buy or coerce Mosaddegh to fall in line and he refused point blank to betray his nation. So the British went to the US and asked them to help overthrow the first democratic and massively popular government the country had known, and to restore the Shah.

So it was that in 1953, [Operation Ajax](#), organised by the CIA and MI6, enacted the return of the Shah to Iran. They covertly paid street thugs to create as much trouble as they could for the citizens, creating chaos and waves of criminal behaviour, which their lackeys in the media amplified and blamed on Mosaddegh. Using this excuse the British and American forces brought the Shah back, in the usual theatre they always create, of restoring sanity and the will of the people to Iran. They imprisoned the ailing Mosaddegh for three years in solitary confinement in a military prison. Then with his deteriorating health he was kept under house arrest until March 1967 when he died of cancer in a Tehran hospital later that year.

This strangely enough mirrored their treatment of their other puppet Shah Reza Pahalavi the father of the last shah. At the start of WWII Reza declared Iran neutral. By August 1941 this decision triggered the Allies to mount a massive Soviet and British land, aerial and naval invasion of Iran and the partitioning of it into zones of control. The Iranian army completely collapsed by late August, creating massive chaos in the cities. Food and water shortages created panic. Eventually the British, who wanted to restore the Qajar dynasty, realised that the only remaining eligible Qajari was a British subject. So the decision was made to put Reza Shah's son, Mohammad Reza on the throne. The British gave Reza no choice in the matter, and so he accepted exile to Mauritius, he eventually died in Johannesburg where he was sent in 1944.

After getting rid of Mosaddegh, came the kicker. The Brits said "well thanks for the assist" to the Americans, thinking their Anglo Iranian Oil Corporation (now BP) was going to go back to business as

usual. The US slapped them down, they wanted the oil concessions for themselves. And this is how the big American oil companies became the new colonial power in a country that, though exploited massively, had never officially been a colony of anyone. After the disaster of the [Suez Crisis](#) Britain was no longer in any position to command its own destiny, becoming a de facto vassal state of the US. So much for the 'special relationship'.

This betrayal, this colonial aggression is at the very root of the events that led to the existence of the present Islamic Government and the West's vitriolic enmity towards Iran which seems unfathomable if you do not recognise the tragic history of what they did to the people of that land.

Sometime during the early 80s I asked my uncle Dariush when he was visiting England about the post revolution days. This uncle was, even after 1979, still the head of the Tehran Oil Refinery, one of the most important refineries in the world. He was to all intents and purposes the exact kind of political conservative to be against the revolution. What he told me blew my mind. He said "You wouldn't believe how amazing it was afterwards! The people were excited and everyone was talking freely about politics and discussing matters of importance, no fear of the secret police arresting them." There were pamphleteers and activists of every persuasion talking to one another, discussing the future. There was hope everywhere. Then the US pushed the Iraqis to invade. Khomeini used this moment to dissolve the democratic coalition and declare Islamic control of the government. As my uncle described it, "Then a steel curtain fell and suddenly we were back to same situation as under the Shah".

For me the fact that this man, a highly privileged upper class Muslim, educated and intelligent, a petroleum engineer by profession, coming from in effect an oil family, would see the beauty of the six months of post revolutionary freedom, was far more convincing than a hundred endorsements by anyone else.

The tragedy of the "benevolent" west gifting the rest of the world with their brand of freedom and their definition of democracy, the hypocrisy of it, is that it is never, not once, for the benefit of the people of those places. Not once has a western government practiced an altruistic act abroad. The easy to digest binary Hollywood myth of the "Good Guy" always defeating the "Bad Guy" is one of the most fundamentally detrimental lies that the west continues to feed itself. It has been the justification for the west continually committing atrocities and genocide everywhere in the world. Just looking at the history of the world since the war of 1939-1945, the list of US invasions, regime changes, wars both overt and covert, with the rest of the Western "democracies" slavishly following in after them, is so extensive as to be virtually inexhaustible. I could list them here but to create a full list would take far too many pages. A short list would be, starting immediately after the war in 1945, in no special order, Korea, Malaysia, Japan, China, Vietnam, Laos, Cambodia, Kenya and innumerable other African nations, Cuba, other Caribbean and Pacific nations, Chile, Argentina, Granada and this only after that war. Notice I did not even mention the extensive imperial wars in the middle east, too innumerable to list, without breaking down and weeping. We could talk about the Philippines, Hawaii, Nicaragua, Panama on and on. I won't even go into the illegal superimposition of an openly genocidal Zionist population on an ancient nation, or the continued demonisation of a whole religion with disinformation about the intentions and the beliefs of one of the two most populace Abrahamic religions in the world. The twisting and distorting of history, of actual facts, the invention of outright lies, relying on the racism of their population to gain consent for their crimes.

Interestingly the institution created as the League of Nations post WWI, and expanded into the United Nations after WWII, has been rendered completely impotent since the five nations that are the permanent members or whatever they are called; composed of the US, UK, France, Russia and China; have the power of veto over all the other nations on the planet. It is not surprising at all that in the history of the institution the US has used its veto 83 times (*second most after Russia, primarily to block resolutions critical of Israel*). In effect the UN has proved to be almost entirely useless in solving the world's problems since every time a decision is made, by a large majority of the world, one of the great powers will veto it rendering the whole process pointless, simply another empty gesture of reassurance that all nations are respected by the US and the great powers.

What changed most significantly in the last couple of decades is that acceleratingly the powerful have given up even the pretence of benevolence. Arrogantly they no longer feel it necessary to even cover up their crimes against the people. After the massive fiction of the existence of weapons of mass destruction in Iraq, and the lie of the country's involvement in the 11th of September attacks, leading to the complete annihilation of one of the most ancient centres of human civilisation, US President Bush and UK Prime Minister Blair, pretty much admitted to fabricating the intelligence that persuaded the West to embark on that invasion. Neither man or their minions ever faced prosecution for crimes against humanity. They went ahead and did the same thing to Afghanistan. Always after a longish campaign of media lies and propaganda about the evils of those countries, planting fifth column operatives to stir up trouble and a whole catalogue of dirty covert ops, all to justify military attacks on those countries. As time has passed the aftermath of these illegal actions have left a trail destroyed and in some case unrecoverable countries whose citizens go on paying the heavy price of this western gift of "Freedom". Hundreds of thousands, millions dead, infrastructure and cultural heritages evaporated into dust, all so that the West can live in obscene luxury. At the same time the working class in the west is paying the price of empire too.

We're seeing the same tried and tested play book being used against Iran, immediately after the genocide of Palestine, for two years with hardly any Western government standing up against it. Now we see that the same actors, including Tony Blair are selected to oversee the 'reconstruction' of ancient Palestine as a Las Vegas in the Eastern Mediterranean, a rich people's playground and house of fun. Imagine the audacity of committing genocide, openly, so that you can clear the ground for making a massive fun resort for the rich!!!

It is now March 2026.

Forty seven years have passed since the revolution of 79'. For all those years the West has amplified its viciously negative propaganda against Iran. They have placed the most savage embargoes and sanctions against that country in their attempts to cripple it. In doing so they have forced a nation into a corner that most countries where the West performed the same tactics, have never managed to fully recover from. Iran, I think along with Vietnam are the only examples I can think of that have managed not only to recover, but to experience a renaissance of impressive proportions. Perhaps because of the stringent restrictions imposed on the country, Iran has built an incredible society where the proportion of highly educated men and women matches if not exceeds the most advanced western nations. The statistics are staggering. Anyone can look this up for themselves, I am not going to quote statistics here; it's not my point; but I can say that according to many sources Iran now has the third largest number of engineers in the world 70% of whom are women. During the Pahlavi regime the highest percentage I could find for educated women was just over 17%. the number of female university graduates in the country rose from 25.5% in 1976 to 72.4% by 1996.

The strictures and sanctions on Iran, forced the country to put its massive potential into developing an entirely new and dynamic educational, industrial, agricultural and social program fully independent of Western interference and free from dependency on the US Dollar. The dreaded Petrodollar became a moot entity. They created major inroads and cooperation with third parties which were also operating outside the US hegemony. China became a significant partner for the country. I think this was the main reason the West could not tolerate the Iranian reality. They believed that by isolating the country they would quickly impoverish it and bring it to its knees forcing it come cap in hand to them with major concessions to western business interests and all will be the same as it was under the Shah. It was a real shock to the west when the opposite happened. Even imposing the almost decade long war with Iraq on them did not break their resolve. The betrayal of the rules of war, especially the Western countries' denial of the chemical warfare that Iraq employed and the deliberate attacks on civilian centres, also illegal, showed the Iranians that they must never again allow themselves to become beholden to Western nations. This was the trigger for Iran to unlock its own potential and create an alternative form of nationhood. Neither Western capitalist nor Eastern communist.

I want to reiterate, that I am not and never have been a Muslim, I was born into a mostly Baha'i family. But the truth is that I am an atheist, and find the whole concept of religion deleterious to humankind. Practically every major war that has been fought and every colonial atrocity that has been committed in history, has somewhere along found its justification in some religion. The state of Israel has only a flimsy religious excuse for its existence. The crimes of the crusades have left their mark to this day on our politics and culture. The genocides in South America by the Spanish conquistadors and the Portuguese colonists. The genocide of millions of Native North Americans, genocides in China, Palestine, ad infinitum have all been justified in this way. So what I write here is not my way of endorsing a theocracy. What I am doing however is paying full recognition and homage to the intelligence and resilience of an ancient culture, and pointing out the simple fact that the myopic western view of the right way to be civilised, simply doesn't stand up to real scrutiny.

Years of insidious propaganda and lies have solidified into giant misunderstanding of what in actual fact is going on in Iran. We hear of major atrocities committed by the government. Yet at the same time there is a massive wealth of reports from third parties who visit the country about an immensely well educated and well provided for nation. Free health, education, cheap public housing, all kinds of social programs to help the populace. I personally have reached a point where I honestly no longer believe any of the negative information coming out of Iran. The often repeated report by Iranians abroad that the people are leaving in droves, is not only exaggerated but it is also a misleading one. People all over the world, including the west, are leaving their countries of origin seeking work and a different life far and wide. I personally know at least ten of my closest British friends who live in other parts of the world, as far as China, Malaysia and so on, but also many places in the EU.

I could go on and on about Iran being the origin of many modern mathematical and other concepts, how Algorithm is a derivation of the name of the Iranian mathematician [Al Khwarizmi](#), known as the father of Algebra, also a corruption of his name. I could innumerate the immeasurable contribution of Islamic scholars to modern chemistry, medicine, physics, agriculture and so on. But again that is up to you to go find out for yourselves.

I could however take definite pride in the depth of the culture, its massive role in shaping the world we live in. I could talk about it being possibly the only country that decisively stopped the Roman Empire. The country that historically Iranised every conqueror instead of becoming a vassal state of the invader. I could mention the fact that today, right now as I write, my country is being carpet bombed by western powers who have vowed to pursue their genocidal and absolutely unprovoked war until Iran is dust and yet the nation has not only not surrendered or collapsed, it stands defiant and fights back, with shocking effectiveness. It's yet another country since the last world war to show the hegemonic west that not everyone will bend the knee to their greed and profiteering political elites.

I have never been a patriot. I consider patriotism one step above nationalism, which in turn devolves inevitably to fanaticism and of course fascism. But I have to admit I feel a sense of pride bubbling up in me in the way the nation has managed to create and organise such a complex and comprehensive system of resistance against the so called greatest power in history. They have had over 40 years to observe how the Western nations behave and how their propaganda works and so created strong strategies to mitigate and rebuff their aggression.

In any country, at any time in history, one can sensibly argue that things could be a great deal better. In writing this I do not by any means wish to whitewash or justify the crimes of the Islamic government or the IRGC. I do not wish to present a heroic view of the leadership or their theocracy. I would like to state categorically and without a shadow of doubt I am against any form of theocratic rule. But then again I am also against any form of governmental over reach, or any government that oppresses, obfuscates or profits from its duties for personal aggrandisement of the few. I am against all war mongers, profiteers, oppressors, anyone who in the name of some political doctrine or even worse some religion commits acts of physical, economic or psychological violence and restriction on the people of this planet.

Democracy has failed, communism has failed, capitalism which is at the root of both political doctrines is the main reason, it is my opinion that our political systems continue again and again to fail us, with tragic consequences for the majority, and vast power and wealth for the very few.

In the last few years we have watched the tech oligarchs growing ever more bold in their open interference with national politics and our daily lives. We have been witness to felonious politicians openly exploiting their position, to do tragic, possibly irreparable harm to the world population and environments. We have watched companies conglomerate to form super corporations that control vast percentages of the wealth of nations and use this to manipulate and create wars, products that get progressively more invasive and destructive to our culture and social well being. Social media and streaming services that have destroyed cultures around the world, controlling and directing what we see and hear, creating political propaganda that leads to vast chasms in society, creating massive unbridgeable hostility and division in every society all in the service of their narrow narcissistic power-grabs. We have been led to create polarised societies, regenerating racism, sexism, religious fanaticism, anti intellectualism, a deep antagonism to knowledge, science, truth itself. Facts no longer mean anything. The old adage about bread and circuses has reached it zenith in almost all strata of society. We are living in a time when reading books is looked upon as radicalism and empathy as feeble mindedness. Times when people in leadership openly advocate outright moronic conspiracy theories. Presidents who advise their populations to treat virulent pandemics by drinking or injecting bleach into their bodies. Whole classes of elites and others who are suddenly, irrefutably exposed as serial rapists and child molesters and murderers, and nothing is done about it.

When facts become irrelevant and truth meaningless en mass then science will become a matter of suspicion and derision, when civilisation itself is in decline on purpose to profit the very few, when people in responsible positions literally belittle the proven evidence of extinction level environmental damage so that the corporations that line their pockets could go on profiting, then we need to look very seriously at what we can do to bring the whole system down.

War & its fallout around the world

So to the illegal and unsanctioned war against Iran. In February 2026 the United States and Israel decided to begin bombing Iran. An attack that was not approved through any normal channels or rules put in place to prevent the US committing acts of aggression internationally without oversight. The Trump administration, stuffed with unqualified or perhaps irrelevant characters of immensely dubious provenance, decided unilaterally to follow Israel's directive and begin an entirely unprovoked and unjustifiable attack on Iran. To their surprise, their arrogant promise of ending the war in a few days failed disastrously for them. Their plan to kill the leader of the country, on the assumption that with that single act the people would rise and topple the regime backfired. Instead of leaving a vacuum for their puppet, the former Shah's son to come and take over the government for the aggressors' benefit, the Iranian people came out en mass to mourn their lost leader and refuse the return to monarchy. Defiant now more than ever.

To their immense shock they had not expected the country to resist, but not only, they thought that killing the leader was all that was needed to take the power into their own hands. The Iranians had had forty seven years to prepare for exactly this situation and had put in place a complex and ironclad system of governance and defence that totally exceeded anything the enemy had expected. With all their agitation and spying in Iran in the years leading up to the attack, they had missed the crucial fact that they were fighting an entirely different entity to the other nations in the middle east. First of all Iran is a vast country, that is fundamentally a natural fortress. From the West it is protected by the massive Zagros mountain range, from the south by the Gulf, in the east by arid deserts and wild mountains, and the North, well to the North are Türkiye, Azerbaijan, Russia, the Caspian Sea, and internally the massive Alborz mountain range. As many historians have pointed out, no invader has ever succeeded in conquering Iran definitively. It is a land of over 90 million people now, mostly immensely proud and

patriotic, and a nation of great diversity with a long and proud history.

Anyway, now after this rash and illegal act the rest of the world holds its breath in anticipation of what comes next. Americans have decided to sell this to their people as a Holy War, a Christian Jihad, with the promise to destroy ALL Muslims. The Evangelical Zionists are in a fury of excitement because they've been told this is how the end times can be wrought, and Jesus returned to take the righteous to heaven and punish the infidels. These idiots actually believe that to kill innocents around the world in massive numbers is their duty to god!

What then of the Iranian Diaspora, those loud traitors who are cheering the annihilation of their people and the country they claim to be proud of?

The ersatz patriots

There is a particularly despicable breed of Iranians who, after the revolution and the Islamic take over of the country started insisting on calling themselves "Persian" instead of Iranian. It may have been initially a defence mechanism, to distance themselves from the intensely negative image of Iranians being projected in Western media as barbaric, savage and murderous fanatics. I don't really know. There is nothing inherently wrong in the decision to call yourself Persian. I do know however that under the Shah there was a strong push to distinguish the Persians from the rest of the Iranian peoples in order better to present themselves as white/European racially as opposed to Asiatic. Trying to separate themselves from the brown people of the region. The desire to establish that we are not Arabs is almost psychotic in some people I've known.

This is when they started mentioning at every opportunity that Iran was rooted in the ancient name in various forms of Airyanem Vaejah which according to some means land of the Aryans and that Iranian means Aryan. Many Iranians during the rise of Nazis took the mythology of the Germans with their co-opting of the term Aryan to denote a mythical, pure white race who were superior in every way to other races, as a cue for aligning themselves to this sense of the word. The hangover of that misnomer carried on into the post war years and has since been a flex for those who wish to distinguish themselves from the present Iranian population towards whom they seem at least as racist as the rest of the West. These traitors have now thrown their support fully behind the Zionist agenda and are cheering and dancing in the streets of Los Angeles and various western cities, encouraging the US and Israel to lay the country flat. Naturally they are the tiny minority that is now given the loudest and biggest proportion of air time on Western media.

The background of these people, who are now being called Pahlavists basically goes back to those high society pro Shah elites who as soon as the Shah ran away in 79, followed suit and took all their possessions, emptied their bank accounts and stole whatever wealth they could and ran away to take refuge in the US. Their generations born abroad have been sold the lie of Iran under the Pahlavis as a paradise of progress and freedom, and the bigger lie that the present Islamic regime is a foreign, or more specifically Arab invader, that they don't even speak Farsi anymore and other such lies. This gives them, it seems, the justification for supporting the destruction of a country they claim but have never visited.

One of the more pleasant bits of news I heard lately was that the Iranian government has identified some 200,000 of these traitors and removed their Iranian citizenship and confiscated all their properties in the country and distributed the funds to compensate those who lost everything in the US-Israeli attacks.

It is impossible for me to fathom what these people are thinking! I cannot believe the extent to which they disgust every sense of decency in me. Let us assume that the present regime is as the propaganda suggests the most evil thing on this planet and really must be removed once and for all. Let's say furthermore that Iranians are so oppressed that they have lost all hope. I would like one person to

justify the mass slaughter of the civilians there, as a means of freeing them from tyranny. The West has consistently convinced its citizens that it is committing genocidal wars in foreign countries for altruistic reasons and that “those” people need the west to help them, to save them from their own savagery and ignorance. The arrogance of this idea and the frightening fact that it seems to still sell well to the westerners is shocking to the maximum. It is unfathomable. It is also the ultimate demonstration of the effect of decades of racist indoctrination and deliberate miseducation. There is a very appropriate saying going around these days which goes something like “the system isn’t broken. It’s operating exactly as it was designed”.

Note please that the very act of insisting on being Persian rather than Iranian is a good indicator of a person’s political stance. I remember a girlfriend of mine when she first introduced me to her posh friends was mad at me for saying I was Iranian. She told me I was being unnecessarily political and wasn’t it better for me just to say I was Persian so as not to make people uncomfortable!!! Ridiculous.



How do I finish?

I have written all this mostly from memory and I may have misremembered some geographical or historical information. It has been fifty years since I left. But I think I need to stop now. There is so much I could write about the experience of living extensively in Iran, traveling quite a lot of it, deeply experiencing its vast variety and the richness of its culture, the diversity of the ethnic groups who have lived there for thousands of years. From the Mazanderani in the Caspian region North of the Alborz range, down through the lowland people of Lorestan all the way down to Khuzestan with its Arab and African Iranians, north to Gorgan with the large population of Turkman, Mongolian and Kazakh Iranians, the Baloch, the Ghashghai, the Bakhtiari, the Lorestani, the Kurds, the Azeris, on and on the rich tapestry of Iran from the blonde and green eyed northern tribes to the dark skinned Khaliji in the Gulf region, I saw them all. It never occurred to me once to think of them as other. They are and were always Iranians. Anyone who tries to divide the country along racial lines is a criminal and a traitor and that is precisely what these diaspora Pahlavists want to do. And that to my mind would be as a great a crime as the genocide that the US and Israel are now in the process of trying to accomplish.

Some Notes at the end

Firstly I need to make a small mention of the threads that brought about the creation of the Pahlavi dynasty. For ease of transmission, and for the sake of accuracy I will for once not rely on my own memory, but quote directly from various reasonably reliable sources. (Mostly of course from Wikipedia) Anyone interested can look into these histories in depth. All of it is comprehensively documented.

***The Qajar dynasty** is a formerly aristocratic (and from 1789–1925, royal) Iranian dynasty that gained prominence with the rise of Shahverdi Sultan in the early 16th century as heads of the Turkoman Qajar tribe of the Qizilbash confederacy. The dynasty ruled Iran from 1789 until 1925, beginning with the Unification of Iran (1779–1796) by Mohammad Khan Qajar (r. 1789–1797).*

The Russian branch of the Qajar dynasty belonged to the Russian Nobility and were given the titles Prince Persidskii and Princess Persidskaya by the Tsar in the 19th century, of which many members had held high functions in the Imperial Russian Army, such as Alexander Petrovich Reza Qoli Mirza Qajar.

The dynasty's effective rule in Iran ended in 1925 when Iran's Majlis, convening as a constituent assembly on 12 December 1925, declared Reza Shah, a former brigadier-general of the Persian Cossack Brigade, as the new shah of Iran, beginning the reign of the Pahlavi dynasty.

***The Pahlavi dynasty** is an Iranian royal dynasty that was the last to rule Iran before the country's monarchy was overthrown by the Iranian Revolution in 1979. It was founded in 1925 by Reza Shah Pahlavi, born Reza Khan, a non-aristocratic Iranian soldier of Mazanderani origin, who took on the name of the Pahlavi scripts of the Middle Persian language from the Sasanian Empire of pre-Islamic Iran. The dynasty largely espoused this form of Iranian nationalism rooted in the pre-Islamic era (notably based on the Achaemenid Empire) during its time in power, especially under its last Shah Mohammad Reza Pahlavi.*

The dynasty replaced the Qajar dynasty in 1925 after the 1921 coup d'état, beginning on 14 January 1921 when 42-year-old soldier Reza Khan was promoted by British General Edmund Ironside to lead the British-run Persian Cossack Brigade. About a month later, under British direction, Reza Khan's 3,000–4,000 strong detachment of the Cossack Brigade reached Tehran. The rest of the country was taken by 1923, and by October 1925 the Majlis agreed to depose and formally exile Ahmad Shah Qajar. The Majlis declared Reza Pahlavi as the Shah of Iran on 12 December 1925, pursuant to the Persian Constitution of 1906. Initially, Pahlavi had planned to declare the country a republic, as his contemporary Mustafa Kemal Atatürk had done in Turkey, but he abandoned the idea in the face of British and clerical opposition.

The dynasty ruled Iran as an autocratic monarchy, with a pluralistic period from 1941 to 1953, when Mohammed Mossadegh was overthrown, returning to authoritarianism, with a brief one party state period until the dynasty was removed from power in 1979.

Family background

In 1878, Reza Khan was born at the village of Alasht in Savadkuh County, Mazandaran Province. His parents were Abbas Ali Khan and Noushafarin Ayromlou. His mother was a Muslim immigrant from Georgia (then part of the Russian Empire) whose family had emigrated to mainland Qajar Iran after Iran was forced to cede all of its territories in the Caucasus following the Russo-Persian Wars several decades prior to Reza's birth. His father was a Mazandarani, commissioned in the 7th Savadkuh Regiment, and served in the Anglo-Persian War in 1856.

As you may notice even from that little reference above Iran was manipulated by the British from before the beginning of the 20th Century, with the foreign powers trying to exploit the country to their advantage.

The abuse of Iran and the Middle East has been at the forefront of Western colonial thinking since the necessity for oil became paramount from the lead up to the age of the internal combustion engine.

Another note I would like to add, to hopefully get people off the notion that Iran somehow decided in the 20th Century to change its name from Persia to Iran. This is a stupid false idea that has always aggravated the hell out of me. When I first came to Britain everyone kept asking me why we changed our name. Our school atlases all had in parenthesis below the name Iran (*formerly Persia*). Western colonial thinking runs so deep that the average westerner seems incapable of absorbing the idea that ethnonyms are the correct names. Iranians call England ENGELESTAN, but no Iranian would imagine that the English changed their name from that to England. I had the same argument with my religious instruction teacher in Cambridge when I was fifteen. I mentioned that all three Abrahamic religions shared the same god. He, a novice vicar no less, then sarcastically told me that no, the Christian and Jewish gods were the same, but the Muslims believed in [Allah](#)!!!! I was stupefied by that arrogant lack of understanding. Had I not been so young, I would have come back at him with an equally sarcastic quip about the fact that firstly, God was of Germanic derivation not Aramaic, the language of the region at the time of Christ, and secondly that Allah was an Arabic word denoting the God of Abraham. He seemed not to know that different languages have different words for the same things.

Anyway the same with the name Iran (ref: [The Name of Iran](#)). Persia is a Greek misnomer for the country due to the fact that the Greek writers who wrote the name had contact with the Parsi Iranians who were the dominant ethnic group in the region. The name Iran has a long and convoluted history going back at least to Avestan (ref: [The Avestan](#)), the liturgical language of Zoroastrianism. It has been through many transmutations over the millennia, but it has always been some version of Iran. From its origins in the name Arya (*from which sadly the white supremacist morons derive the notion of Aryans being the original "pure" white race*) through to the Sasanian Dynasty when it became Eran, close to the name by which to this day we refer to our country.

A vital point to notice is that under the Pahlavi with the guidance of the British and later the US the Shah instituted an iron system of control and coercion, with its main instrument propaganda and lies, but wielding the weapon that was SAVAK, his brutal secret police. Torture and surveillance were used freely against the citizens. I remember the panic in the eyes of grown ups if in company they loosed their tongue and said something that could be conceived as anti monarchist. Everyone knew that someone, friend, family, sibling no matter what your relationship, could be an informant. People disappeared routinely. I remember Evin Prison, the most visible symbol of political oppression right in the middle of a residential section of Tehran. You do not put your top torture prison in the middle of a city if you mean to keep your dictatorship a secret. That is how dictatorships work. They make their power to harm you ostentatiously obvious, so you never make the mistake of forgetting who owns you. The slave owner doesn't whip the slave to teach him a lesson so much as to show all the rest that your body, your mind, your very soul belongs to him and you have no agency over your own life.

That was the daily reality for the citizens of the Pahlavi Empire. But the country, as all with peoples, was imbued with endurance, continuity and yes even joy. The depth of the nation's understanding of its massive history, gave the people a sense of pride and comfort with their place in the world which often could spill into hard nationalism; that was something I noticed and kind of instinctively felt uncomfortable with even at a young age. Don't get me wrong I'm not against love of the place you were born in. I do feel immensely suspicious of patriotism and the ease with which it slips into nationalism and inevitably racism and other forms of chauvinism.

A Parthian Shot

To the loud, brash and disgusting traitors who are dancing in the streets of LA or London or any other Western city, waving the imperial, the Israeli and the US flags, screaming "thank you Trump, thank you Bibi" (*who are claiming that Iran is under occupation by Arabs who are forcing the people to speak*

Arabic), to them, I say that the country is proud and has survived seven thousand years of life, your treachery and collusion with the enemies of the country will come back to destroy you one day. You are what the incredible Fela Kuti called "Beasts of No Nation", and if we survive this tragedy today the world will know you for the cowardly traitors you are.

I urge anyone not to accept or believe this disgusting, insignificant group. They are simply a massively useful propaganda tool for the West's interests in controlling the future of Iran and the Middle East. They are the voices that the colonialists highlight to justify the continuation of exploitation and terrorisation of the region. Their distorted miseducation in the history of their country of origin runs so deep that everything they say is basically false.

I have said I will stop writing now two or three times here but every time another point comes to my mind. My apologies.

The fact is that in the internet, we now have the perfect tool for researching historical and political information. I would strongly urge anyone reading this to dig deeply into the history of Western imperialism. Look at the false image that has been created over centuries of Western and specifically white supremacy, to really understand why our world looks the way it does. Every nation prefers to believe their myths rather than face the less than glorious reality of their history. But the west to me are masters at lying to themselves, the fact that they, especially the Americans, have totally convinced themselves of their [Exceptionalism](#) and supremacy over the rest of the world. A perfect example for me is the simple fact that in wiping the immensely rich history of African civilisations, they have staunchly denied the African-ness of Egypt. They have white washed it so that people believe the ancient Egyptians to be somehow European white rather than Africans. Never mind all the great advanced cultures in Africa, Asia and South America before European expansion that were deliberately obliterated and wiped from history in order partly to prop up the idea that Western culture is the only one that matters.

That's All Folks (*for now*) 19.03.2026

There is more writing related to this on my [Fluxistan](#) blog on my main site.