



A WEEKLY COMMENTARY

ON TARGET



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The price of Freedom is eternal vigilance -

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THOUGHT FOR THE WEEK – George loves Democracy:

"You can fool some of the people all of the time, and those are the ones you want to concentrate on."
– President George W. Bush, Gridiron Club Dinner, Washington DC, March 2001.

"If this were a dictatorship, it would be a heck of a lot easier, just as long as I'm the dictator."
– President George W. Bush, to Congressional leadership on Capitol Hill,
repeated for CNN later in day, December 18th, 2002.

WHEN SHARON MEETS HIS MAKER by **Gilad Atzmon**: Born in Israel and now living in London, jazz saxophonist Gilad Atzmon pricked the bubble of the sanctimonious bilge pouring forth from the lips of such war mongers, and traitors to their own people, as American George Bush, Englishman Jack Straw (and many Australians would add John Howard) as Ariel Sharon's life hangs in the balance after a massive stroke

"Laura and I share the concerns of the Israeli people about Prime Minister Ariel Sharon's health, and we are praying for his recovery. Prime Minister Sharon is a man of courage and peace..." – George W. Bush (U.S. President and man of courage and peace).

"He has surprised, I think, everyone with the courage and statesmanship he has shown in recent years to work towards a long term peace settlement between Israel and the Palestinians." – Jack Straw (U.K. Foreign Affairs Minister and man of courage and statesmanship).

"A man of peace is dying. Let us all pray for his quick recovery. A man that was just about to rejuvenate the Israeli political world, redeem for us all the Zionist state and its racist agenda. The great man is gravely ill. Oh dear Lord, save our messiah, oh dear Lord may you now be able to create a donkey so upright that it can carry his load.

A peaceful man is on his way to meet his Creator. The Lord may ask him, just as he enters the gate of heaven, 'Hey Grandpa Arik, why are your hands so red?' Sometimes the Dear Lord pretends to be ignorant; he loves to give his chosen followers a chance to repent.

Somehow, they tend to forget to do so while they are still amongst the living.

But Grandpa Arik is not that silly, the Dear Lord isn't going to fool him that easily. 'What red, what blood? This is me painting your land in my favourite colour, I thought you'd like it.' Grandpa Arik winks to the Lord.

The Lord is left cold, unaffected. For more than a while, he seems to have been perplexed by the conduct of his chosen followers.

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Meanwhile, down on earth, the Israelites are praying for a new saviour, a new man of peace, a merciless general with a long-term agenda. A term that is so long that no one can ever see where it leads. The Israelites do not like to see a light in the end of the tunnel because it means that they live in a tunnel.

No, it isn't easy to find a replacement for Grandpa. Indeed, as far as filling his shoes goes, the task seems slightly easier, but as far as the waistcoat is concerned, the mission is almost impossible. The whole of the Israelites can fit in. The whole of the Hebraic nation wants to wrap itself up in Grandpa Arik's flak jacket. It is warm in the winter and it provides shadow in the summer.

Somehow, it worked for him for many years. Nothing really touched him, nothing really stacked against the man; not the Qibya massacre, not Sabra and Shatila, not the death toll of thousands of Palestinian and Israeli civilians that took place under his direct command. Not even the bizarre death of his first wife and his son.

Grandpa has managed to get away with everything. On Earth.

Grandpa was the last and the best of his kind. He was a devoted Jewish Nationalist. For him peace wasn't an end but rather a tactic. Arik was the last Hebraic warrior, he was the very last Israelite knight. All his followers are merely professional soldiers. They can kill if needed but they do not prefer to bathe in blood. They are spoiled.

Thank you peace loving old man for teaching us what the Israelites are all about. Thank you peace loving old man for taking leave of us. Thank you especially for teaching us what Israelis love to love.

It is a slight shame it took you so long but considering your talent to resurrect yourself from the dead, I would just say that it is never too late." RePorterNoteBook@aol.com

I'VE BEEN A COP FOR 17 YEARS – AND I'M AFRAID: This open letter, from an anonymous police officer, was distributed to locals in Cronulla, N.S.W., the local scene of the recent race riots. It was reprinted in Brisbane's *Sunday Mail*, 18/12/05.

"I am a New South Wales police officer with 17 years' experience and I tell you that I am scared. I am scared to do my job and I don't blame the community for taking the law into their own hands.

In the late '80s when I joined the police force, I saw how the old-school police did things. I agree there was corruption and things had to change, but what the Government, judicial system and ultimately society did to the police force was just disgraceful. In days gone by, if there was a group of hoodlums hanging around intimidating people, two burly 190cm coppers would turn up in a big F100 truck.

The way they spoke, their stature, respect and how they dealt with these hoodlums gave them real power – not some weak piece of legislation given to them by some reactionary government.

If these hoodlums hadn't already run off because they knew what was coming, they would cop a flogging. The kids were afraid of the police and that's how we controlled and protected the community. Fear is the only thing a young male understands. That real power is now lost forever.

Let's look at how the new police force would handle the same job:

Firstly, we changed our name to a "service" because it was aggressive to use the word "force".

We send two small female officers, wearing silly little yellow caps. If we want to move these thugs out of the area, we have a very strict procedure we must follow. We have to announce our name and place of duty. The thug laughs and starts calling us by our first name. We have to tell them why they have to move on. We have to warn them that if they fail to move on, they may be arrested.

If there is more than one thug, we have to do this to each one. They tell us they don't speak English, start stating their rights and call their friends by mobile phone to come to the location.

The process doesn't work with a drunk who wants to argue – it just makes it more confusing.

We have to make detailed notes of the conversation and caution them not to say or do anything in case it incriminates them.

Each time we use a power, we have to tell the hoodlum what it is and why we are doing it. If we do decide to arrest them, we have to be so careful not to grab their arms too hard or wrestle them to the ground because it may graze their legs or rip their jeans. The thugs will allege we damaged their phones, took \$50 from their wallets, swore at them, put the handcuffs on too tight.

When they get back to the police station, they complain to a supervisor, who now starts to investigate us. The whole charging process takes hours in a run down police station with computers that don't work. So we charge them with offensive language, assaulting police, resisting arrest and put them before the court.

A local magistrate is presiding over the matter. After 30 minutes the charges are dismissed and recommendations made that the police should be charged with assault.

We are told we should expect to be sworn at, called a pig and stood over by thugs. The complaint and civil action lingers on for 18 months. The thug has got off the charges, winks his eye and smiles at me as he walks out of court.

Do you think I am going to arrest someone, come next Friday or Saturday night, with all that rubbish going on? I am going to take my time getting to the job, hope the thugs leave before I arrive and stand there and take the abuse. I hear my commanders saying we will uphold the law to the letter... but it just doesn't happen.

The police out there have poor morale, equipment and training. We aren't united as-a-team – everyone has their own agenda and we are scared. We have the weak, ambiguous powers the Government says we have to have and a judicial system that defies logic.

I totally understand why young men feel they have to take the law into their own hands. I don't trust, and have very little loyalty in, the police service and the court system.

THEY'VE DONE US LIKE A DINNER – AGAIN by Betty Luks: Why is it the mainline media is only 'wise' after the event? The latest example is Michael Costello's article in *The Australian*, January 6th, 2006.

"To laugh or to cry? That is the question. Do you laugh at the increasingly ludicrous attempts by defenders of the U.S.-Australia Free Trade Agreement to explain away the results of the FTA's operation since it came into effect on January 1st last year? They demonstrate that, as forecast, the FTA is a winner for the US and a dud for Australia. Or do you cry for fear that those same defenders will fail the most basic test of human intelligence by refusing to learn from mistakes irrespective of the empirical evidence?"

Many Australians were totally opposed to the FTA but this fawning, bootlicking government went ahead regardless and signed away more of our sovereignty.

Mr. Costello continues: "The facts are these. According to U.S. Census Bureau figures, the first 10 months of the FTA saw Australian merchandise exports to the US falling 4 per cent. The much-vaunted access increase for our farm sector yielded little, even in dairy, where great expectations were created. The results look grim."

So what is the explanation from FTA defenders?

First, that time is needed for the agreement to settle in. But "U.S. exports grew by 4 per cent in the same period as ours declined by 4 per cent, leading to a billion-dollar increase in our trade deficit with the U.S. over the comparable period in 2004. Clearly the U.S. did not need a settling-in period."

Second, "that a strengthening Australian dollar over that period made our exports less competitive and US imports more competitive." But the exact opposite took place. "The average value of the Australian dollar to the U.S. dollar in January 2005 was US.7744; in October 2005 it was U.S.7487, a significant weakening that made Australian exports more competitive, not less."

Third, Austrade reported the FTA "had a significant head-turning effect in both countries."

Really? It may have "turned heads" but , which way? The facts are Australian exports declined!

Fourth, the Howard Government insists that the last-minute amendment to the FTA on pharmaceuticals forced on it by Labor was in substance meaningless. In the words of Trade Minister and Acting Prime Minister Mark Vaile it was 'nothing more than populist politics by Labor'."

Populist politics Mr. Vaile? Wait a minute. Is there something wrong with *populist politics* in a democracy? I would have thought populist politics was inherent in a *political democracy*. Australians are finally realising that is one other thing they do not have! They do not have a political democracy. Political parties now impose their own(?) agenda on us, no matter what. The people have less and less control over their own lives. They have little or no control over the centralist oppressive policies overwhelming them. Australians live in a *sham democracy*. And freedom is surely dying in the western world as John Pilger tells it. Michael Costello finishes his article by suggesting his readers should read *Global Trade and Conflicting National Interests* by Ralph Gomory and William Baumol (2001) – and weep.

We suggest his readers should read Jeremy Lee's "Australia 2000: What Will We Tell Our Children" and weep even more at the ever increasing betrayal of the Australian people by their successive governments. Available from all League Book Services \$20.00 posted.

THE GENETIC REALITY OF RACE by Brian Simpson: Readers will remember how the big guns were called out to deal with Professor Andrew Fraser's defence of the White Australia Policy. Andrew Markus, a leading multiculturalist, went on the attack in his October 5th, 2005, article in *The Australian*, "We're All Chosen People". Central to his attack was a rejection of the reality of race, claiming variation within "racial" groups is greater than variation between groups. This argument was made in 1972 by Jewish Marxist biologist R.C. Lewontin, and used by those of smaller ilk such as S.J. Gould and R. Kamin, among others.

R.C. Lewontin's 1972 paper in *Evolutionary Biology* "The Apportionment of Human Diversity" (vol.6, pp.381-398) examined certain blood proteins and reached the conclusion that 90 per cent of the differences between human occurs within races – but only for such proteins. This claim was then unjustifiably generalised. Some criticism of Lewontin's approach had been made since 1972, but this year a decisive refutation has been given by Tang *et al* "Genetic Structure, Self-Identified Racial Ethnicity, and Confounding in Case-Control Association Studies", *American Journal of Human Genetics*, vol.76, 2005, pp.268-275.

A genetic cluster analysis of segments of DNA called "microsatellite markers" "produced four major clusters, which showed near-perfect correspondence with the four self-reported race/ethnicity categories."

Races therefore have a genetic reality, and are not social constructs as our multiculturalists pretend. In any case, if race is a social illusion, where does that leave racial vilification laws: can an illusion be offended?