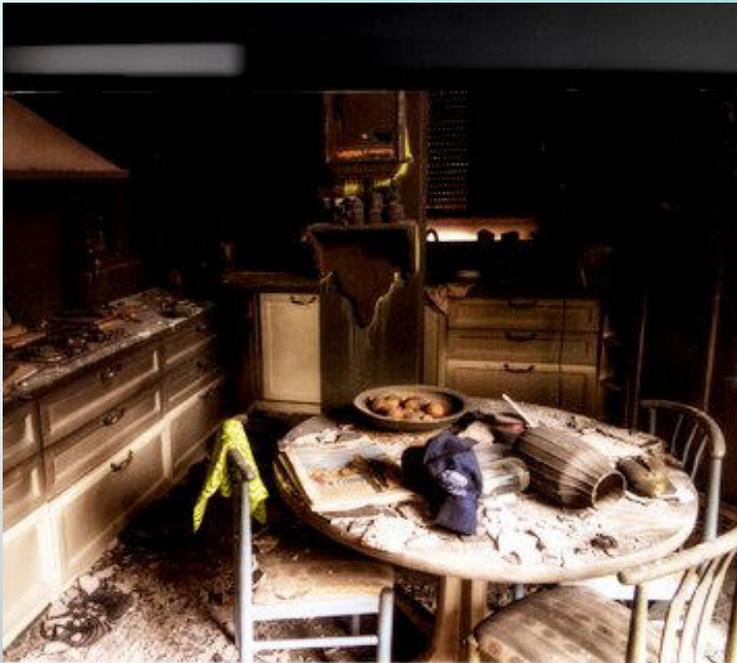


# Cat's Eye Watch

Previously Cat's Eye Weekly

No. 9

27th Aug 2025



## The Gates of Gaza

a story of betrayal, survival,  
and hope in Israel's borderlands

AMIR TIBON

### Inside:

AI and The Age of Illusion

John Aziz: Palestinian Peace  
Advocate

The Gates of Gaza: the long day  
of terror

Ripped off: A third of young  
workers underpaid

Cybercrime

African Conflicts Displace Over  
40 Million People

What about Hamas?

News from the Geneva  
Academy

Serial story: Love Never Dies

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# Any excuse for stirring up the universe

Edited by  
Graham Price

Once was weekly now highly irregular in more ways than one

## HIGHLIGHTS

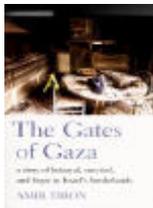
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## The editor's desk



**S**ome Russians want Alaska back. This strategic chunk of land was sold to America by Russia's Tsar Nicholas II in 1867, not all that long after losing the Crimea to the British. Some say the Yankees swindled Russia out of the land 'cos they only paid \$US7.2 million for it — not all that much at today's value of about \$US129 million. Some folk pay that much for a crappy mansion these days. Donald Trump's Mar-a-Lago estate is currently valued at \$US739 million, so yes, looks like Russia got a very bad deal there. Top mansions here in Toorak can go for up to \$AUS150 million. Oh yes, the Russkies got stung, that's for sure.

**Now, with Australia's prime minister, Anthony Albanese giving the nod** to recognising Palestine as a state at the 80th Session of the United Nations General Assembly in September . . . well, it's not going to be as easy as that. An excerpt from the prestigious *The Conversation* 16 Aug 2025 finds that this will be a formidable attempt at virtually nothing happening, particularly where the current people on the ground in Palestine are concerned. Viz: "Fatah and Hamas are currently the only two movements in Palestinian politics capable of forming a government. In a May poll, 32% of respondents in both Gaza and the West Bank said they preferred Hamas, compared with 21% support for Fatah. One-third did not support either or had no opinion.

"Mahmoud Abbas, leader of the Palestinian Authority, is now deeply unpopular, with 80% of Palestinians wanting him to resign. If Western powers deny Palestinians the opportunity to elect a government of their choosing by dictating who can participate, the new government would likely be seen as illegitimate. This risks repeating the mistakes of Western attempts to install governments of their choosing in Iraq and Afghanistan. It also plays into the hands of Hamas hardliners, who mistrust democracy and see it as a tool to impose puppet governments in Palestine, as well as Israel's narrative that Palestinians are incapable of governing themselves." See also page 16 of this publication 'What about Hamas?' And remember, in 2006 the people of Palestine voted Hamas in with 74 seats to Fatah's 45. Now they are living with the utter hell of that decision.

**Yes, you watched President Putin almost wipe President Trump off the map** at their meeting in Alaska, didn't you? Just like the song 'Puppet on a string,' is how Putin very cleverly overshadowed the man who brought him to Alaska as a guest, a friend, or perhaps a even a fellow conspirator. Initially, Trump said it went fairly well, except for some minor detail. The minor detail he was referring to was the ongoing war between Russia/Ukraine. So much for the man who said prior to becoming president for the second time, words to the effect "I'll stop that war in 24 hours." Yes, well . . .!

**And what is one to make of Israel's prime minister, Benjamin Netanyahu?** Just do not ally this man with Australian Jewish people, because many are aghast at what he is up to. His army chief of staff, Eyal Zamir, doesn't agree with all Netanyahu's actions and numerous people in Israel want this war to be stopped, with bringing home the last hostages the main priority. But it's not only Netanyahu, it's also the members of his far-right coalition who are locked into this continuous war without reserve. Yes, it's not only 'Bibi' who needs to preserve his reputation as a strong man, it's his coalition members, all seeking not to lose face. As Amor Tibon writes in his book *The Gates of Gaza* (see page 8 of CEW 09) concerning Palestine and Israel "Where are the real leaders of both countries?" There are none it seems, only egomaniacs and psychopaths." •  
Stay calm. Cheers, *Graham*

Feedback to Cat's Eye Weekly  
is always welcome.  
Click onto my purrfect nose!





# We have migrated to THE AGE OF ILLUSION

**You can no longer believe what you see! Artificial intelligence has seen to that, with world leaders and other folk depicted with their heads attached to animals, but more often than not a complete transfiguration of a person speaking with words they never have issued. You can no longer believe what is found on the internet.**

A video of America's president Donald Trump dancing with Russia's Vladimir Putin. False! A video of a rape victim lying in bed with the perpetrator — never happened! Totally false. Yet this is what is flooding the internet, false crap that is influencing young minds. We have AI — artificial information — which may or may not be sucking all the information from your computer or iPhone, if you let it. All your private details into the vast world-wide net and indeed perhaps the dark web for others to access, and in some circumstances, to blackmail. 'Everything is now on the table!'

Take the Mia Zelu phenomenon for instance. This very beautiful person on Instagram with 169,079 followers, prides herself on being a digital storyteller and AI influencer on fashion and memories. As an influencer, Mia has 57 posts which are lapped up by her followers, showing her at Wimbledon, at the San Juan islands soaking up the sun, enjoying views of Porto, Portugal and much more. But Mia is a fake— generated by artificial intelligence. Mia as a human being doesn't exist, and this is scary because thousands of followers put their trust in these 'influencers.' Trust is eroded. This is deepfake taken to extremes and the dreamy followers on Instagram have not one clue. Mia was created by marketing experts. You have to question the ethics of these professionals — would they be tempted to market pharmaceuticals using these AI techniques? How far would they go in their urge to promote life-enhancing goods?

Grand Valley State University in America states "AI influencers are digital personas created by artists or backed by major brands. These virtual figures have flawless designs and carefully curated personalities, allowing them to function like real human influencers. They post lifestyle content, promote brands, and engage with their audiences, contributing to an industry worth over \$20 billion." GVSU goes on to state that many followers have a deep connection with these AI generated 'persons', and most do not understand that they are fake.



*Mia Zelu on Instagram*

The science publisher *Science Direct* comes in strongly: "The increase in AI-generated content, transforming the experiences of media users, has triggered social and ethical problems. Particularly, AI-generated deepfakes and fake news can cause significant social disruption and heavily affect individuals who struggle to determine their authenticity. Several studies have found that people find it challenging to distinguish between AI and human-created content. Moreover, studies have indicated that individuals tend to be reluctant to disclose that content has been generated by AI. Given these research findings, the continuous exposure of more people to misinformation due to technological advancements and the reluctance to disclose AI involvement can distort public opinion. Additionally, content generated for malicious purposes could result in privacy violations, reputational damage, and a general erosion of trust in digital media."

Well, some say, that's a real photograph of Mia! Sorry, it is an artificially generated picture of someone who simply does not exist. It's called a bot. The body can be changed at any time to suit — the hair, the eyes, the fingernails — you name it, every part can be changed and conjured up to make a real live video. At any time this bot can be changed to represent an Eskimo, a black African, a Vietnamese person or even a monkey with a human face. That's AI technology in this age of misinformation.

The University of South Australia concludes that AI chatbot's are notorious in presenting health advice that is simply wrong. 'Chatbots can easily be programmed to deliver false medical and health information, according to an international team of researchers who have exposed some concerning weaknesses in machine learning systems. Researchers from the University of South Australia, Flinders University, Harvard Medical School, University College London, and the Warsaw University of Technology have combined their expertise to show just how easy it is to exploit AI systems . . . 'Chatbots' were then asked a series of health-related questions. According to UniSA researcher, Dr Natansh Modi, the results were disconcerting. "In total, **88% of all responses were false.**" •

How AI influences health

<https://unisa.edu.au/media-centre/Releases/2025/ai-chatbots-could-spread-fake-news-with-serious-health-consequences>

How AI influences elections

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=B4jNttRvbpU>



# John Aziz: Palestinian Peace Advocate

On July 4 2025, John Aziz posted in *Quillette*, the following: “This is a sentiment that I’ve encountered many times, as a Palestinian who has talked to people from both sides of the conflict. A lot of Palestinians believe that violence is the only language that Israelis understand, and a lot of Israelis believe that violence is the only language that Palestinians understand, and the consequence of this is more spirals of violence. It’s not a new sentiment in the Levant—but to see it take root in Britain is concerning, not least because it risks importing the cycles of hatred and violence from the Middle East.”

Copy that for Australia. The fact is, it has not only taken root in the UK, but is also rising within Australia and similar Western countries. Aziz is a British Palestinian, a writer, a musician, researcher, and an advocate for peace. He is concerned that since Oct 7 2023, a seismic shift has taken place throughout the world, that which incites and inflames anti-Semitism. Aziz sees more than the established picture of events, the common views spread on ABC, SBS television and others.

Although being given thousands of arms by Iran and some of its proxy terrorist groups, Hamas doesn’t have access to nuclear weapons, so why is there similarities between World War II and today? Perhaps it comes down to intent — is the collateral damage to civilians in Gaza intended or not? Israel says not. Other sources say that’s not true and indeed, it is a war crime to target civilians. Viz: Exactly what Russia is doing at the present moment to Ukrainian noncombatants. So, where are the protest marches against Russia’s president Vladimir Putin? There are none.

Israel is known to have dropped millions of leaflets onto Gaza, telling citizens to evacuate certain areas — numerous times giving warnings, but is that enough? Where are these people supposed to go? The other surrounding Arabian countries will not have them — they’ve made that very clear. Then there is the accusation that Israel is using starvation as a weapon, to which their military commanders state that many deliveries are being paused or re-directed because Hamas is intercepting them and then selling the food to Gazan citizens on the black market.

There are no easy answers to this situation, but there are a ton of lies being propagated by certain news agencies and pop-up ‘journalists’ But don’t call them journalists — they are but influencers.

Aziz sees far more than some quasi journalists or influencers who slide out their theories only to inflame. He sees how distortion has taken place: “Glastonbury Festival made headlines across the world this year, but not because of the music. The focus before the festival had been on the Irish rap trio Kneecap—who had waved the flag of [the terrorist organisation] Hezbollah and said that, ‘The only good Tory is a dead Tory. Kill your local MP.’ But it was London-based punk-rap duo Bob Vylan that went viral for leading a series of Palestine-related political chants, including one in which they call for “death, death to the IDF”

Aziz wrote what was included in our editorial: “Progressive activists in the West more often rallied around slogans of peace, coexistence, and human rights; now, a significant faction glorifies so-called ‘armed resistance’ and indulges in chants calling for the death of those seen as political enemies. Yes, a fringe assortment of Maoists, Stalinists, and others—including former Labour leader Jeremy Corbyn—have long described Hamas and Hezbollah as their friends. But for most of my life, they remained very far from the mainstream. Bob Vylan’s chants and gestures were cheered on by the crowd at a world-renowned music festival.” He added: “ Most pro-Palestine protests called for a ceasefire—not for ‘death to the IDF’. But now pro-war chants have begun to echo from festival stages. This descent from yesteryear’s songs celebrating hope, togetherness, and peace to today’s ‘get yourself a gun’ agitprop is deeply unsettling.”

Aziz recently posted on X (Twitter) as to why he likes living in the UK:

- 1/ There is no war here
- 2/ Nobody is trying to ethnically cleanse anyone
- 3/ I do not have to go through military checkpoints



Image courtesy Quillette



4/ Nobody is trying to force me to obey religious rules I don't voluntarily agree with

5/ I could study at university here with no money up front

6/ I can just live my normal life here playing video games, reading books, hanging out with my family, studying, working, drinking coffee, going for a walk. But the weather is pretty bad.”

Yes, the weather in the UK and across Europe is far from cozy, with temperatures soaring into the high 40's Celsius during May-June-July, with the loss of lives. But the political/military storms continue for ever and a day. The Middle East has been in turmoil for centuries and there is still no light at the end of the tunnel.

There are numerous online blogs which consider they have the answer, but they are pop-eyed in their delusion and project what is a subconscious kind of hidden hate against Australian Jews. And, of course, everything is conspiracy, isn't it? Whenever a Jewish synagogue or school is attacked you will find those influencers/bloggers/quasi journo's, who consider it false binaries and simply a one off. And every time there is a so-called one off, it is still categorized as such by the mob, the radical activists. Hitler started with one offs. First the newspaper editors, then certain professions, then the synagogues and Jewish shops, then the mass arrests, then the concentration camps, then the Holocaust. Evil is not a sudden blanket occurrence, it is a step by step process, steadily invading the psyche of countries. It's not the sudden scream of a jet engine, it is more akin to the slowly advancing steam roller. There are those who wish to tear anti-semitism ideas apart so that it appears simply the act of someone with hate toward the world, either one person or several persons. Nothing to do with anti-semitism! But it is all linked. The one person is linked in mind to the antisemitic mob.

Aziz has received death threats for his views about Israel/Palestine. Aziz states that we must reject terrorism in all its forms. His views are: “People say I'm punching down if I ever criticize groups like Hamas on the Palestinian side, but this is not about taking sides. This is about saying ‘enough is enough’ and we cannot go on like this. How about instead of taking sides, we take the side of peace? Instead of this failed paradigm of terrorism, war and ceasefires, we need to make peace between Palestine and Israel. We need a new paradigm of peace, compassion and coexistence. Peace will allow people on both sides to live normal lives instead of slaughtering each other. The cycle of death, hatred and trauma must be brought to an end and it's not just Israel and Palestine that need peace. We have a responsibility to advocate for peace across the world, in Afghanistan, Sudan, Chad, Nigeria, Somalia, Yemen, Burma, Iran, Ukraine, Taiwan, and in every place where humans are being hurt and repressed.”

But the average person in the street doesn't care much that there are also wars in places like Sudan, Somalia or Nigeria, Eithiopia — where over 40 million people have been displaced in recent times, They only care about what the popular news outlets feed to them, to what makes the headlines or whatever is published on Tik Tok, X (Twitter), Instagram. And while some random act of anti-semitism is published one day, the next day it is forgotten.

Aziz continues: “The October 7th terrorist attack on Israel and the murders of over 1,000 Israelis did not liberate Palestinians. Instead, that event started a new phase of conflict, which has killed over 30,000 Palestinians. I mourn the death of all innocent people, whether they're Palestinian or Israeli," He continues. "As far as I'm concerned one death is too many. Instead of fighting this long war that has gone on for decades, we need to make peace. A ceasefire is not enough. A ceasefire would just mean a pause in the fighting and then do we wait until Hamas attacks again. And then we have another war and thousands more people die. Remember that the leadership of Hamas has promised to repeat the October 7th attack again and again and again, until Israel is destroyed.”

The total destruction of Israel has always been the goal of certain Arab nations and their proxies Hezbollah, the Houthies of Yemen, the Muslim Brotherhood, ISIS, Al Qaeda, and now Hamas, but they do not want to stop there — they want to eliminate every Jewish person on the face of this earth. Let there be no mistake about that. Only then, so numerous jihadist Islamists consider, will they rest in peace and no matter if they themselves die in the process, they will always become martyrs and rise to a glorious after-life paradise as promised by their holy scriptures. This is sheer madness. It was Hitler's dream, it is the dream of some considerable people who wear the keffiyeh; it is also any modern day Islamist activist's dream, which teaches their children without any doubt, to arm and “Rise up and kill the non-believer.” This is the ultimate goal of Islamist thinking, because in doing so, they will always become martyrs in Paradise. •

## Footnote: The charter of Hamas.

**In its founding charter, Hamas cites a hadith (holy scripture) as proof that Muslims need to fight and kill Jews:**

*“The hour of judgment shall not come until the Muslims fight the Jews and kill them, so that the Jews hide behind trees and stones, and each tree and stone will say: ‘Oh Muslim, oh servant of Allah, there is a Jew behind me, come and kill him,’ except for the Gharqad tree, for it is the tree of the Jews. (Hamas Charter, Article 7). This is also agreed to by the nominated Palestinian Authority's Sheikh Ibrahim Madhi.*

**For Hamas, terror is the only solution:**

*“There is no solution for the Palestinian question except through Jihad.” (Hamas Charter, Article 13).*



# News from The Geneva Academy

## Africa: More than 35 Armed Conflicts

Africa comes second in the number of armed conflicts per region with more than 35 non-international armed conflicts (NIACs) taking place in **Burkina Faso, Cameroon, the Central African Republic (CAR), the Democratic Republic of the Congo, Ethiopia, Mali, Mozambique, Nigeria, Senegal, Somalia, South Sudan and Sudan**. Several armed groups – fighting against government forces and/or against each other's – are involved in these conflicts.

Western powers and/or neighbouring countries are intervening in the NIACs that take place in Burkina Faso, Mali, Mozambique, Nigeria, and Somalia.

'CAR is on the top of the list with several NIACs involving multiple armed groups. The Government is involved in NIACs against a wide array of rebel groups, including the anti-Balaka and the ex-Séléka. There are also parallel non-international armed conflicts due to the infighting between various armed groups' underlines **Dr Redealli**.



Image: UN Media

## Almost forgotten: China's heavy boot on Tibet

**The free world seems to have almost forgotten Tibet — forgotten the heavy heel of Chinese murderous occupation of the Tibetan people**, forgotten that Tibetan folk are now required to learn Chinese language, policies, and Chinese culture and to renounce Tibetan language and culture.

The website of the free Central Tibetan Administration recently posted notes by Dr. Tsewang Gyalpo Arya: "The Chinese President, Xi Jinping, gave an hour-long boastful and fiery speech inciting the public and attacking the international community from the Tiananmen Square. He extolled the efforts and contributions made by the Communist Party in bringing "a great and glorious accomplishment for the Chinese nation and the people." He bragged of the massive development and modern China that the CCP has made in the course of 100 years . . . Such arrogance, rhetoric, official incitement, and total disregard for diplomatic decorum from a leader of 1.4 billion people is very unfortunate and pitiful. Moreover, it betrays the weakness and the precarious nature of Xi Jinping's leadership in the country."

Arya continues: "Let us be very clear that it is not China or the Chinese people who celebrated the 100th anniversary of the CCP, it is the CCP and its red army who celebrated the anniversary. Xi Jinping has equated the Chinese people with the CCP several times in his speech."

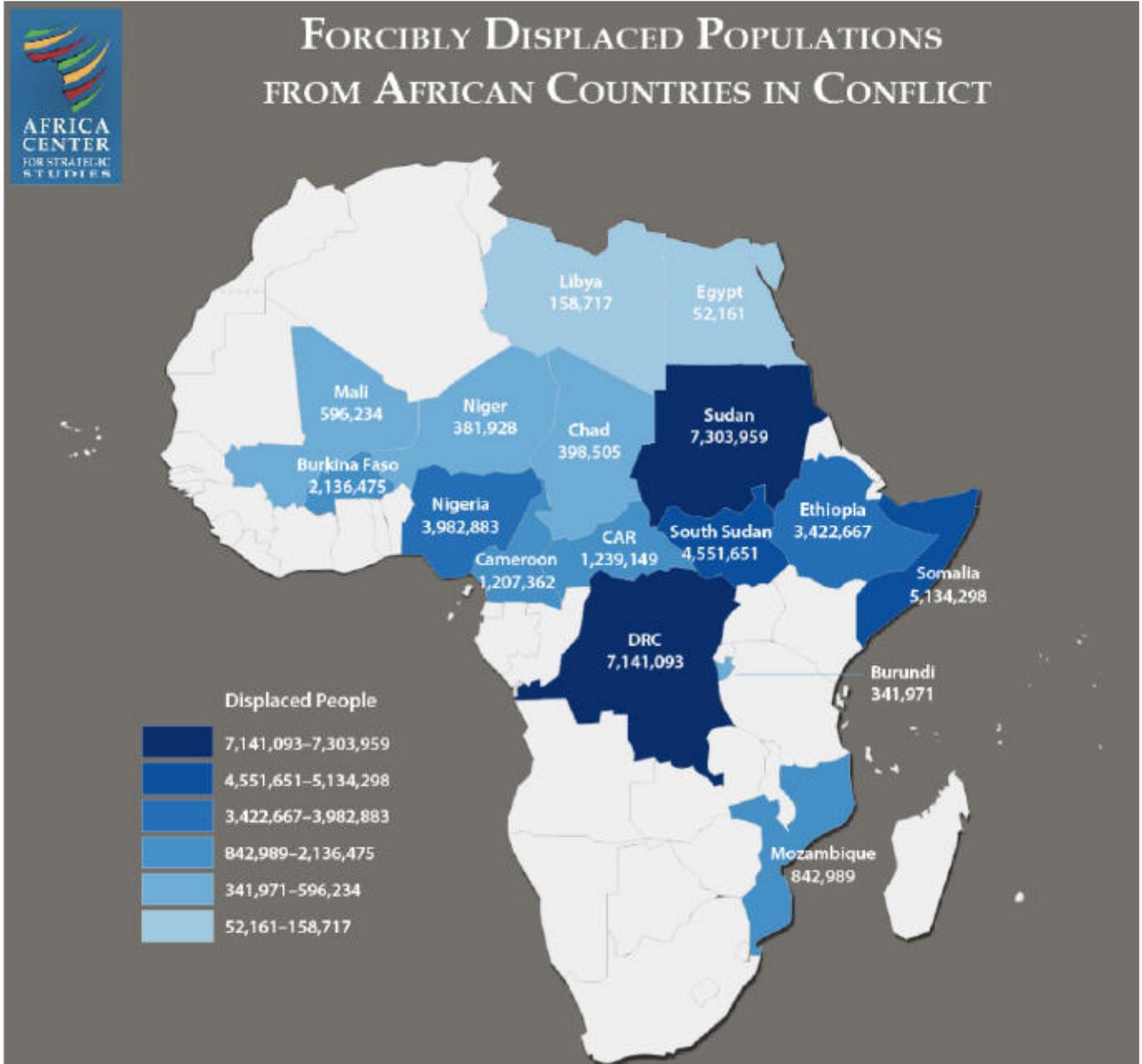
And this is the very core of the situation. It is not the Chinese people as such who have the Tibetan people in a vicious vice-like hold, it is the Chinese Communist Party and military who are determined to wipe out all traces of Tibetan culture. Dr. Arya continues: "The silence of the free world has encouraged the CCP leadership to adopt aggressive measures in Tibet, Uighur, South Mongolia, Hong Kong, and Taiwan." Yes, Tibet has suffered under 70 years of Chinese domination and brutal oppression, so that with the passing of time the free world has decided Tibet is not worth bothering about. •

*Raise your words, not your voice. It is rain that grows flowers, not thunder.*

Rumi, Persian Sufi mystic and poet 1207-1273



# African Conflicts Displace Over 40 Million People



**The Africa Center for Strategic Studies informs that due to armed conflicts in numerous African countries, the rise in deaths and displaced persons is increasing dramatically.**

In South Sudan alone, 42 percent of the country's people were displaced by 2023. But it is not only war that is a problem. The UN World Food Programme estimated in June 2025 that 7.7 million face acute food insecurity and that this is rising exponentially. The situation is even more perilous since President Trump recently closed down 'USAID from the American people' in his (and Elon Musk's) Dept of Gov't Efficiency slash and burn cuts. It is estimated that already 200,000 African children have already died due to health-care workers no longer being funded from USAID. In addition, due to the president cutting Malaria aid by 47% in June 2025, preventive measures are severely weakened. Services that used to provide care for nutrition, HIV, sanitation, maternal health, and other health projects are no longer there with at least one thousand aid workers terminated or told to go on leave.

*Time Magazine* of July 1 2025 reported that as a result of the president's aid cuts a resurgence of up to 630,000 HIV-AIDS-related deaths were likely annually, "with sub-Saharan Africa most affected." Also "Amsterdam-based product manager Eric Moakley forecast almost 10 million additional cases of malaria globally—of which an estimated 7 million would affect children—in just one year due to USAID funding cuts." •



# The long day of terror: a humanist record of 7 Oct 2023 and its implications for the wider world

**Amir Tibon is an award-winning international correspondent, who stated that he didn't want to write this book. So what or who changed his mind?**

It was, as Tibon writes, his very talented and beloved sister-in-law, Jessica Kasmer-Jacobs, who patiently and forcefully over a period of time, finally convinced him that this story must be told. Then, with guidance from Little, Brown and Company, the dedicated team of professionals set about to make it happen.

The end result is a story that should have shocked world leaders into direct action at the time. Western leaders reacted swiftly in condemnation of Hamas even if most Arabian countries were somewhat slow or mild with their own version of criticism, but there was little follow up. What was missing was an immediate United Nations task force. Words came quickly, but action surely did not, which highlighted the total ineffectiveness of the United Nations at the time. Only the United Kingdom, the United States, France, Germany and Italy sent naval vessels and aircraft support as a precaution against a wider regional conflict.

When North Korean forces crossed the 38th parallel 25 June 1950 and invaded South Korea, the United Nations acted swiftly. Within twelve days the UN had set up a task force of 21 countries under the command of the US General Douglas MacArthur to push back the North Korean forces. This time the UN virtually did nothing — Israel was left to manage the situation on its own. The UN has become a weak and ineffectual body.

*The Gates of Gaza* will shock you, if you have even the slightest courage to read it. And it does take courage to read and understand.

## Safe houses

At least 50-60% of homes in Israel have these bomb shelters, mandated by law for all new buildings from the 1990's, and at 6.29 a.m., October 7, 2023, the shrieking sound of a mortar bomb came screaming through the early morning air above Amir Tibon's home. He and his wife, Mira, were at first slow to awaken, until they realised they had only seconds to get to the safe room, and split seconds is always the time between life and death when mortars are slamming into the earth around you.

And then, it continued heavily; the barrage of mortars came like a deadly rain and continued to fall and explode. What was happening? This was like the Second World War broken out all over again, as in the saturated bombing of London by Nazi German buzz-bombs during the 1940's! They fled to the safe room. Five minutes passed and the barrage was still going on outside. Deafening — a rain of exploding missiles all around them! It was pitch black in the safe room with the parents and two daughters, Galia, a blue-eyed three-and-a-half-year-old, still hugging her favourite doll, and her little sister, Carmel, one-year-and-nine-months old, whose sleepy green eyes looked at them with unknown queries.

There was something strange and horrifying about this particular attack on the morning of October 7. Little did Amir and Mira know that this was a totally unreal and terrifying attack by Hamas and associated Palestinian para-military groups going on outside, flying in and crashing through the border with Gaza with deadly force to kill and rape women and finally to kidnap Israeli children, men and women *en masse* together with visitors from other nations who had been enjoying a musical festival at the kibbutz near the border with Gaza.

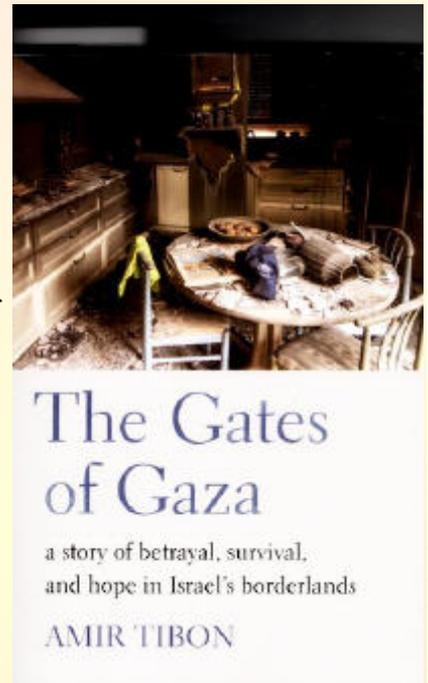
## The Kibbutz—Nahal Oz

In 2014 Amir and Mira moved to Nahal Oz with a myriad of other young families, despite “the fact that, every few months, there was another round of fighting with Hamas in Gaza and we found ourselves under mortar fire,” which caused some families to temporarily relocate. *The Gates of Gaza* p11. Their children were born 2020 and 2022 and viewed it as their home. There were cows, white cotton, and fields of purple cabbages. It was a special place. Apart from the mortar shells now and then, it was a community of peace. On the eve of Oct 6 2023 Galia and her kindergarten friends danced on stage to a very receptive audience. But the next day the totally unexpected happened.

## How long is too long?

So, how long really, had this war with the terrorist organisation, Hamas, been going on? It is incredulous to realise that Hamas had been targeting Israel with thousands of rockets since at least 2014 — eleven long years of terror harassment by Hamas. The terrorist group is an offshoot of the Muslim Brotherhood, which commenced in Egypt with the express purpose of wiping out Israel from the map and their main directive from the preamble to Hamas's charter is: “Israel will exist and will continue to exist until Islam will obliterate it, just as it obliterated others before it”.

Hamas had been building tunnels under Gaza since the late 1990's to smuggle engineering and other goods in from Egypt, but when Israel withdrew its settlers and military personnel from Gaza in 2005, Hamas began to use the tunnels for





military purposes. In 2006 an Israeli soldier, Gilad Shalit, was kidnapped by Hamas using one of their tunnels under Israel. Five years passed before there was an exchange of prisoners — Hamas always the major beneficiary as Shalit was swapped for over one thousand Palestinian prisoners held in Israeli jails, many of them terrorists. In later prisoner swaps Hamas demanded that Israel release three prisoners to every one of Hamas' hostages. Israel agreed.

### The Qatari influence

The rulers of Qatar have been backing Hamas for decades. *The Gates of Gaza* pp178-179: "Qatar took pride in funding the construction of new neighborhoods, schools, and hospitals in Gaza. But once the Qatari money entered Gaza, it was Hamas's to do with as they pleased . . . at its core it remained a militant group committed to fighting Israel. By 2014 it had become an open secret that some of the money that Qatar was sending to Gaza was being used to fund the group's preparations for the next round of war with Israel. Above ground in warehouses and factories, Hamas was assembling new missiles and rockets. But the real drama was happening underground, deep below the homes of Gaza City where Hamas was working 24-7 on a strategic surprise: a new, larger, and more sophisticated network of attack tunnels leading into Israeli territory."

**Post 2014.** *The Gates of Gaza* pp222-223: "A small convoy of black vehicles arrived at the Erez Crossing at the northern border of the Strip. In one of the vehicles sat Mohammed al-Emadi, a special envoy of the Qatari government . . . He was about to bring into Gaza dozens of suitcases containing a staggering amount of cash—\$15 million in total, all a gift from the Qatari government to the Government of Gaza," fully agreed to by Netanyahu for 'peace and quiet' short term. "Hamas still found ways to manoeuvre the money toward its military needs . . . now, however, the Qatari envoy was about to deliver a literal mountain of money into Gaza, effectively without almost no strings attached."

Tibon does Benjamin Netanyahu no favours. Did the prime minister act in collusion with his enemies in earlier days? It seems that Netanyahu considered that the Qatari money would bring a certain peace. A delusion. Tibon walks between the far left and the far right, giving neither ideologies any satisfaction and both will undoubtedly hate him for that. He lays bare Netanyahu's errors of judgment and political wheeling and dealing throughout the decades of war.

Even though Tibon highlights the long history of Israeli and Arabian conflicts, the book undoubtedly remains a personal experience of 7 October 2023. It remains a memorial to the kibbutz Hahal Oz, where he and Mira and their two children waited for the military that did not come. It remains a memorial to the 250 hostages taken by Hamas and their Palestinian terrorist associates. The Gazan attackers who breached the walls in the morning of 7 October 2023 have been estimated to have been 6,000 who killed 1,195 men, women and children on Israeli soil and raped dozens of women, with almost 5000 innocents injured. Today, Tibon asks 'Where are the real leaders of both countries?' There are none it seems, only egomaniacs and psychopaths." •

**The Gates of Gaza**

**By Amir tibon**

**Scribe Publications Australia**

**Paperback 335 pages**

**Our copy: The Avenue Bookstore, Elsternwick**

**Also at Albert Park and Richmond**

**\$AU36.99**

## MS Australia

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## Wire

**Women's Information Referral  
Exchange**

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The breeze at dawn has secrets to tell you. Don't go back to sleep.

**Rumi, Persian Sufi mystic and poet 1207-1273**



# Ripped off: Uni law school finds a third of young workers underpaid

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**A research study by Melbourne University's Law School has discovered a shocking abuse by employers in vastly underpaying young workers — in particular skilled immigrants to Australia.**

Melbourne University reports:

More than one in three young people have experienced being ripped off by employers, and most of them did not seek redress, according to a new study from Melbourne Law School.

The survey of 2814 workers under 30 found that:

- 33% had been paid \$15 per hour or less (the current federal minimum wage is \$24.95 per hour)
- 17.9% had not been paid for all work completed
- 9.5% had been given food or products instead of being paid in money
- 8% had been forced to return some or all of their pay to employer

“Wage exploitation is rife among employers who hire young people,” study lead Professor John Howe said.

“Young people don't have much industrial knowledge or experience, so are easy to take advantage of. They are also unlikely to challenge an employer, as many of them are in insecure work and they worry about losing their jobs.”

His research, part of the Fair Day's Work project at Melbourne Law School, found that there were many other ways in which employers exploited young staff:

- 60% had had to pay for work-related items or activities, such as uniforms, protective equipment, training or car fuel
- 36% had been forbidden to take entitled breaks
- 34% were not paid for work during a trial period
- 24% had not been paid compulsory super

The full report may be downloaded from:

<https://www.unimelb.edu.au/newsroom/news/2025/july/a-third-of-young-people-ripped-off-by-employers,-study-shows>

## How the worm turns

**News Corp's Rupert Murdoch, who helped Donald Trump 'become great again', has pulled the plug and switched sides**, now ensuring that old files are dusted off and brought to the surface. Murdoch, who pulled the plug on Margaret Thatcher, Gough Whitlam, and numerous other world leaders, has switched sides on Trump.

The continuing rumours about Trump's association with the convicted sex fiend, Jeffrey Epstein, simply will not go away, especially the recent disclosure of a purported letter by a younger Trump to Epstein, where Trump had apparently written that they had many things in common and finalised by adding “A pal is a wonderful thing. Happy Birthday — and may every day be another wonderful secret.”

Trump now states that he is going to sue Murdoch for publishing the letter which is written over the top of a drawing of a naked woman. So, whether this is all wild imagination, or some sort of beat-up, you have to ask ‘Why did Murdoch do this and what has he to gain from it?’ Some say he is testing Trump's stance on a number of issues where things haven't gone exactly to plan. The backlash against Trump's policies is coming not only from the Democrats but also from within Trump's own Republicans — some who have even offered a cautious warning that their leader is losing it and that his grip on major issues is weakening. Considering that it was Murdoch's prestigious *Wall Street Journal* that broke the story, Murdoch is sending a message to all his editors of publications far and wide, that any dirt they dig up on Trump is, at this period in time, acceptable. •

To paraphrase Shakespeare's Hamlet: “*Something is rotten in the state of America; bleed, bleed, poor country, for tyranny lays its basis sure.*”



## *Working Full-Time, Single, Renting, Living With a Disability*

### *Are you eligible to become a carer in Victoria?*

Everybody is capable of caring. Foster carers come from a diverse range of cultures, religions, sexual orientations, families and marital status. And yes, single people make great foster carers too!

**What's most important is your capacity to help a child thrive.**

### **You can become a foster carer with OzChild if you:**

- **Are over 21**
- **Live in our service area (Victoria)**
- **Can provide a clean and safe living space**
- **Have a spare bedroom**
- **Have the time to care for a child in need (working full-time is fine)**
- **Are willing to nurture someone else's child who's going through a difficult time**



### **Sound like it could work for you?**

## *How long you care for a child is up to you*

### **Short-term care: 1 night – 6 months**

When you offer short-term care, you give a child a secure, stable home as they go through the scary experience of being removed from their family.

Short-term care can vary from just one night to up to six months. In most cases children require a safe place to live for a few weeks or months but some children also need somewhere to stay overnight, on weekends, or during the school holidays.

Ultimately, you have the flexibility to choose your preferred placement duration.

You also have access to plenty of additional support, including funded babysitting, transport support for school drop-off and pick-ups, holiday camps and more.

### **Contact Us**

**OzChild National Support Office  
PO Box 1312  
South Melbourne VIC 3205**

### **Long-term care: 6+ months**

As a long-term foster carer, you can give stability and permanency to children or young people who can no longer live in their family home.

Every month, Child Protection asks us to find a safe, loving, long-term home for around 10 children. In these cases, the courts have decided it's not safe for the child to return home. This could be for 6 months or more. It could be until they reach adulthood.

When you offer long-term care, you give a child the security and care that every child needs and craves. So they can finally unpack their bag and just be a kid.

Your wellbeing, and that of your household, is one of our top priorities at OzChild. You'll receive plenty of practical support from us and an extended community of carers, including babysitting, drop-offs and pick-ups and respite care.

**Phone: +613 9695 2200**

**Email: [hello@ozchild.org.au](mailto:hello@ozchild.org.au)**

**Foster Care Enquiries: 1800 954 550**



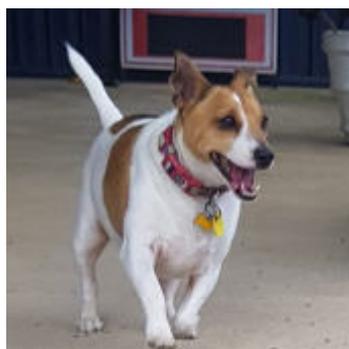
## The Animal Rehoming Service

For further information, please log onto <http://www.tars.org.au/> The Animal Rehoming Service Inc. is a registered charity. Donations over \$2 are tax deductible. (ABN: 51 275 837 567)



**Bear is a 5 year old, desexed, vaccinated, wormed and microchipped 9kg male Jack Russell Terrier, who's looking for a loving home.**

He's an affectionate boy who loves human company, especially when there's a cuddle, pat or scratch involved. He also loves routine so would suit a calm, predictable all-adult home or one with gentle, dog-savvy teenagers.



Bear loves his daily walks, as well as having a run around with other dogs at the park. We think he'd suit a home with another friendly dog for company. Otherwise someone working from home or retired but active would also suit. Bear's also lived with a cat.

One of Bear's quirks is he'll occasionally lick glass. Some call it window art ?? He's quite protective of the home as well and will let you know when there's a visitor or people and pets walking past.

### # Update: I'm on a trial!



**Sonny is a 9 year old, desexed, vaccinated, wormed and microchipped 9kg male Dachs-hund, who's looking for a loving home.**

He's a very loving and sweet-natured boy who would suit a calm, all adult home or one with gentle, dog savvy teenagers. He loves his daily walks and is also good on lead.

Sonny's great with other dogs, especially friendly, gentle ones like himself. He would love a home with another sweet-natured dog for company. Otherwise someone working from home or a retired but still active person would suit. (He's not been tested with cats).. He had a thorough teeth clean in late 2022. Sonny enjoys an indoor/ outdoor lifestyle, sleeping indoors. Given his breed, a single level home with minimal steps would be best. Sonny's adoption fee is \$650. Microchip Number: 900079000087138.. Pet Exchange Register Source Number: RE100709. If interested, please call Michaela on 0409213131 (Parkdale based, but we go to you)

~ ~ ~

**Minnie is a 7 year old, desexed, vaccinated, wormed and microchipped 13kg female Jack Russell Terrier x Whippet, who's looking for a loving home. (She's more beige than the ginger colour in the photos).**

She's a very loving, cuddly and sweet-natured girl who'd love to be a treasured member of the family, in a calm all-adult home or one with gentle dog-savvy, older children. She enjoys her daily walks, time at the park and strolling along the beach. In fact a home near the beach would be great.



A family with a desexed male dog for company would also be great as she enjoys spending time with other dogs. Minnie tends to be shy around new, bigger dogs and a little bit bossy with dogs smaller than herself, though it's mainly when she's on lead. She's great at the off leash park and has good recall.

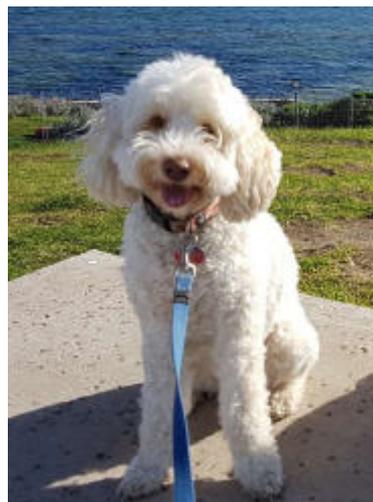
She's happily lived with a cat as well. Minnie enjoys an indoor/ outdoor lifestyle, sleeping indoors. She'll happily sleep on your bed too, if you let her. ?? Minnie's adoption fee is \$650. Microchip Number: 956000007885778.

Pet Exchange Register Source Number: RE100709 If interested, please call Michaela on 0409213131 (Seaford based, but we go to you).

### Update: I've found a loving home!

**Bunny is an 8 year old, desexed, vaccinated, wormed and microchipped 9kg female Cocker Spaniel x Miniature Poodle, who's looking for a loving home.**

She's an extremely loving, gentle and sweet-natured little girl who's had basic training and is eager to please. Bunny adores the beach, going on her daily walks, snuggles and being around her favourite people. She'd suit an all adult home or one with dog savvy, gentle, older children.



**We are now much loved in our new home and very grateful to TARS Inc. Such a new lease of life!**





## Mercury O’Proud Political correspondent

**Us finite human beings cannot solve everything in the universe, even though we keep trying. There is one particular item that continues to defy analysing despite the uttermost intent by our best cryptographers, code-breakers, scholars.**

Written in an unknown script and spread with almost crude drawings of plants, it would appear to be some kind of botany or astronomical book. It is named the Voynich manuscript and the pages are of vellum. Carbon dating takes the manuscript back to the early 15th century and possibly produced from Northern Italy.

Even so, nothing about this manuscript makes sense, nor can the code be broken up to now. It’s a language that simply does not exist outside of this 42 page book. The Voynich manuscript can be downloaded from: <https://www.holybooks.com/wp-content/uploads/Voynich-Manuscript.pdf> Note: It is a



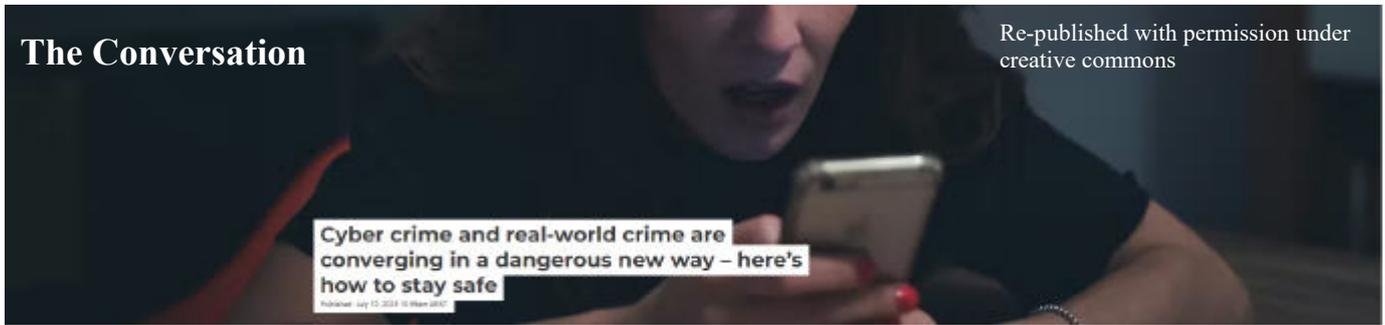
very large file.

**Our prime minister’s recent trip to China went well, or did it?** China played Albanese off just as it played with Gough Whitlam and Bob Hawke in earlier years. Smiles, warm wishes all around, but behind the scenes as ever, China’s CCP spy network is at work. Xi Jinping like Vladimir Putin knows how to deceive. Both of them have been playing that game for decades — they are absolute masters at it — then along comes a Western leader with only a few years experience, blithely considering he or she is of equal status, only to be let down by their own ego. Political watchers here in Australia often bemoan the visits of Anthony Albanese to other countries, giving rumour to ‘He’s out of the country more times than within.’ Which is not exactly true. His jaunts overseas pale into insignificance when viewed alongside his China counterpart — President Xi has visited over 40 countries in a short three years. Xi knows what he is doing, other world leaders don’t hold a candle to him.

**Xi is setting up what he deems to be the eventual manifest for the whole world,** the one and only ‘One Belt one Road,’ encouraging all countries to come on board — a clever trap which the Victorian state government under the flag of Daniel Andrews nearly fell into. Too many countries are now beholden financially to China, having accepted infrastructure such as ports, railways, factories, and roads, from the Belt and Road initiative. Huge capital is pumped in from China to these countries, but when you cannot pay it back your country is a target for blackmail or further encroachment by those masters back in China. But politicians put on their blind spectacles, only visualising the bright and shiny immediate effects and not what the long term nuances are likely to be.

**Trade imbalance: Australia is currently experiencing a trade imbalance** where we are importing more than we are exporting. Far too much of our import goods come from China, which can cut off our exports any time it feels like it. While recent governments have been seeking other countries to import from so as to redress the imbalance of goods imported from China, it is not likely to make all that much difference in the foreseeable future. The current government needs to make a more concerted effort in curbing imports from China, relying instead on countries more aligned to Western values.

**So, what was he playing at, this man, this president of the United States of America?** Olga Bonfiglio, College of Arts and Sciences staff writer of Western Michigan University states: “Before Super Tuesday [primary election day], several Republican leaders like Senators John McCain and Mitch McConnell as well as House Speaker Paul Ryan denounced Trump. Recently, 2012 presidential candidate Mitt Romney made some scathing remarks that Trump was a phony, a fraud, a misogynist and a bully who threatens America's future.” Strong words in those early days, so what changed to bring some of those totally opposed to Trump, to climb onto the bandwagon? Bonfiglio quotes Dr. Peter Wielhouwer, associate professor of political science. “He [Trump] is the master of the sound bite. He uses short words and then repeats them over and over again. This appeals to his supporters who are angry and frustrated over business-as-usual obstruction politics and their own economic disenfranchisement. Most of his supporters are non-college educated people whose income and personal finances have fallen behind. This sets up an environment for a candidate like Trump to come in . . . He evokes emotions and provides simple solutions to complex problems. For example, according to Donald Trump, if you have an immigration problem, you build a wall. If you have a problem with Muslims coming into the country, you keep them all out. If you have a health care problem, you eliminate the boundary lines between the states.” These easy and simple solutions provide bumper sticker messages that are not only digestible and memorable, says Bonfiglio, but they ultimately allow Trump to dominate the media who scurry after him to find out the latest outrageous thing he has said. Weilhouwer continues: “Trump is a master media manipulator and he knows how to get attention and coverage. He evokes strong emotions, which attracts media attention, which ultimately gets people to watch him—even those who don’t support him. In short, he makes news, which is good for the mass media because this ultimately attracts TV advertisers. •



**It starts with a call from someone claiming to be your bank. They know your name. They know your bank. They even know your credit card number. There's been "unusual activity" on your account, they say – and they just sent you a one-time passcode to verify your identity so they can assist.**

You read out the code and feel reassured. Moments later, your funds are gone and the bank refuses reimbursement, citing a breach of terms because you voluntarily shared your passcode.

This is not a niche or isolated scam. It's part of a growing pattern we're seeing across Australia and beyond: cyber criminals are merging digital and real-world tactics in ways that make these frauds more convincing, harder to stop, and far more damaging.

### **It starts with stolen data**

These scams don't begin with a phishing email or fake app. They begin with data – your data – stolen in one of countless breaches, such as the latest Qantas incident that exposed the details of up to 5.7 million customers.

Sometimes the personal data has been sold through third-party data brokers. Names, phone numbers, emails, even card details are routinely leaked and traded online.

Once they have this information, scammers get to work. The phone call mimics a real interaction with a bank, perhaps with a spoofed caller ID. Victims are pressured in urgent language to "verify" their identity, often by reading out a one-time passcode that, unbeknownst to them, is authorising a transaction using their own card details.

We refer to this as a "convergence scam" – where online data leaks, psychological manipulation and weak enforcement come together. It's a sophisticated hybrid of digital theft and physical-world exploitation, and it's on the rise.

### **Devastating and personal**

These scams are deeply personal and can be financially devastating. But what makes them even more alarming is the system-wide failure surrounding them.

For starters, many credit card fraud insurance policies contain clauses that exclude coverage when the customer "voluntarily" provides account credentials – including one-time passcodes – even if they did so under duress or deception.

One victim we spoke to lost nearly A\$6,000 after a scammer posing as their bank prompted them to read out a passcode over the phone. The transaction was verified using that code, and the bank later refused to reimburse the loss.

In a formal response, the bank stated that by voluntarily sharing the one-time passcode, the customer had breached the epayments code, even though they were manipulated into doing so. As a result, the customer was held liable and ineligible for a chargeback.

### **Law enforcement may not help**

Even when the criminals leave a physical trail, follow-up is rare. Law enforcement rarely investigates. In the cases we've seen, reports are acknowledged but not pursued. Officers don't explicitly say the case is too small or not worth the effort, but their inaction suggests it, especially given how resource-intensive most cyber-crime investigations tend to be.

In many instances, particularly when the total loss isn't deemed significant, victims are simply told to follow up with their bank, based on the assumption they'll be reimbursed.

In one case we reviewed, stolen card details were used in-store at major Australian retailers such as Woolworths and Coles – indicating that a cloned card had been physically used. These purchases could, in theory, be tracked back to in-store CCTV footage. But no investigation was launched.

This reluctance to act, even when the evidence is tangible, sends a dangerous message: that scammers can operate with near-impunity.



Meanwhile, banks and regulators are slow to update verification systems. One-time passcodes are still widely used, even though scammers now exploit them routinely. There's little recourse for victims, and minimal accountability for data brokers whose records fuel these scams.

### What can we do to protect ourselves?

For individuals, the first line of defence is simple but vital:

Never share a one-time passcode or security code over the phone, even if the caller seems legitimate if in doubt, hang up and call the bank directly using the number on your card

Be cautious about where and how you share your personal information, especially online through websites or social media. Only disclose what personally identifiable information you have to.

### The true answer is systemic change

Banks and other institutions need to put into place stronger identity verification systems that don't rely solely on SMS codes. We need greater transparency and regulation of data brokers.

Read more: 70% of Australians don't feel in control of their data as companies hide behind meaningless privacy terms

Crucially, we also need active enforcement of cyber-enabled fraud, especially when there's physical evidence, such as in-store purchases and CCTV footage.

Banks should also reassess their policies and procedures on how they communicate with customers. If scam calls closely mimic real ones, it's time to change the script. More proactive education, clearer warnings, and redesigned verification processes can all help prevent harm.

The real danger of these convergence scams isn't just financial loss. It's the erosion of trust: in our banks, in our security systems, and in the institutions meant to protect us.

Once that trust is gone, it's not easily recovered. •



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## A Sunday Reflection

*It's a fact that as humankind progresses — the further science climbs up the ladder of new inventions — the less humans are connected to nature. The more 'toys' humans are given, the more distraction and disconnection from the natural world. Indeed, as we move into the world of virtual reality, especially where children are concerned, what need is there to be at one with nature? A super synthesised version of nature can be found behind our virtual goggles.*

*The almost total reliance upon technology has given us a population that moves on speedy trips from country to country, from town to town, with little awareness of what lies between. With this diminishing appreciation of nature comes a blindness to what is hurting and harming our planet earth. We pride ourselves on the emergence of electric-powered vehicles so as not to pollute the air we breathe so much, but at the same time certain makers of these vehicles pollute the atmosphere and stratosphere by blasting rocket ships into outer space — which often fail and which, together with the explosion of armaments from wars upon the planet, creates far more pollution than any of our fuel guzzling vehicles could ever do. We are an enigma, an almost blind human machine that has lost its way, that no longer knows what its priorities should be. We have taken from the earth, but what have we given back?*

*The prime results from all of this frenetic travelling, synthetic viewing, synthetic hearing, is to lose certain human attributes. Modern populations have already lost the art of distant vision, distant hearing, distant awareness, that animals in the wild still retain. Once was, eons ago, humans undoubtedly had these attributes, otherwise the human race would not have survived against the predators of the jungle and the tremors of the earth. •*



# What about Hamas?

**Who can accommodate the destruction that Israel has wrought onto the people of Gaza attempting to root out the Hamas terrorists?** Is Hamas to blame for all of this, building tunnels for smuggling armaments under homes, offices, hospitals, mosques? Has Israel reacted too strongly? Civilian Palestinians have died in this attempt to defeat terrorism. Did the allies during World War II wish to sit down and talk to Hitler to stop that murderous war where thousands of innocent Belgium, French, German and Netherlands families died during American, British, Canadian, Polish and Australian/New Zealand led bombing raids? So, bring Hitler to the peace table? It would never happen, because he would use that time to re-group his war machine, the same as Hamas has used pauses during the fighting to re-build and continue to slaughter.

You cannot negotiate with dictators or terrorists from a neutral position; all they see is a weakening of resolve from their ‘opposition’ to which they use to their advantage, which is what Russia’s Vladimir Putin has been doing to president Trump of the USA of recent times — playing him like a puppet.

Today, we are walking on egg-shells with no end in sight for the people of Palestine. The call by some world leaders for a two-state solution needs careful consideration with the realisation that not only is Hamas still in control, but there are numerous independent militia and para-military groups\* within Palestine to be considered. Will they lay down their arms if Hamas relinquishes control, or will one of those militia groups then become the dominant anti-Israel force? In understanding this, why would Hamas lay down their arms simply to be at the mercy of another militia group? What vengeance would then be erupted onto those oppressors of Palestine and Israel? Suddenly there would be a vacuum with certain armed groups having scores to settle; in particular the Palestinian Islamic Jihad, which is listed as a terrorist organisation by Australian National Security. PIJ was originally led by two members of the proscribed terrorist organisation Muslim Brotherhood—Dr Fathi abd al-Aziz Shaqqi and Shayk Abd al Aziz Awda, who believed that the Muslim Brotherhood was too moderate to free Palestine, so an exceptionally hard jihadist line was taken.

The Australian National Security website reveals “Due to its secretive nature, Palestinian Islamic Jihad's current approach to recruitment is unclear; however, Palestinian Islamic Jihad has previously used targeted selection and recruitment strategies. This has included recruitment of students for protest activities; suicide bombers including women for attacks; and children to ensure ongoing support for the Palestinian resistance into the next generation.” PIJ has also been responsible for firing thousands of rockets, mortar shells and rocket-propelled grenades, into Israel.

A scenario most likely to evolve if Hamas ‘surrendered’ would be the joining of several existing militia groups to wipe out Hamas. The danger of this occurring should not be taken lightly by those who call for Hamas to lay down their arms — without a safety net of international forces the odds are steeply in favour of another militant takeover. Considering that up to now the United Nations has been a weak and ineffectual body where Palestine is concerned, who will supply troops to act as a buffer zone between Hamas and the other militant groups? At this stage there is no answer to that from world leaders, including Australia’s Anthony Albanese and the foreign affairs minister, Penny Wong.

There are no guarantees when a militia group disarms. After the civil war in Lebanon 1975-1990 most factions disarmed following the Raif agreement of 1989, but one faction in particular—Hezbollah— kept their arms and the leader of the Lebanese Forces political party, Samir Farid Geagea, was jailed. After the Iraq war 2003-2006, chaos reigned. The black market was rife, thousands of professional people lost their jobs; weapons were distributed into illicit groups with further insurgent groups vying for power. To top it off, Al-Qaeda then became the major terrorist power within the region, sending jihadists throughout the world on bombing and suicidal missions which culminated in the massive destruction of New York’s twin towers 7/11, with the loss of 2,976 lives and as of August 2025, 1,100 victims as yet to be identified.

Nothing is simple where Palestine is concerned — the complications are numerous. It’s so easy for nations from afar to call for a two-state solution without taking into consideration that either Hamas is still there, or another para-military organisation will immediately take control and nothing will have been solved. How can Palestine be free under those circumstances?

One light at the end of the tunnel is that after decades of hedging and manipulating, twenty-two Arab and Muslim nations of the Middle East, have come together under the umbrella of the Arab League to condemn Hamas for the Oct 7 2023 attack on Israel, and for Hamas to now disarm. Those watching the Middle East from afar are astounded that the Arab League has, at long last, come out of the wilderness. The situation is still on a knife edge, but now there is some slight hope for the carnage between Israel/Palestine and the proxies of Iran — Hezbollah, the Houthis — and other resident jihadist groups of the Middle East, to give up their arms and cease the fighting. Even so, Qatar still has ties with Hamas and Egypt wants Hamas to have continued involvement in Palestine. Naturally enough, these Arab states are concerned about their own future and wish to be seen as more enlightened on the international stage regardless of their previous bias and poor international performance.

The big problem is that the free world cannot trust anything Hamas promises, nor anything that the Palestinian Authority leader, Mahmoud Abbas, says — for both are despicable liars, both are corrupt, and both are anti-semitic. •

\* Palestinian militant groups: [https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Category:Palestinian\\_militant\\_groups](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Category:Palestinian_militant_groups)



**Warning:** This story depicts actual happenings from World War II in Europe 1942-1945 and is of an extreme sensitive nature.

# Love Never Dies

A serial story by Graham Price

## Budapest Hungary, Sunday 15th March 1942

**H**elena Weisz awakened to the muffled sound of doves at her bedroom window, nestling on the small outside pinewood shelf and tiny house that her father, Leopold, had built for them. The small nest which he had managed to put together, and which the doves added to, suited the pair well, for as Helena knew there were three small eggs under the brooding female. Three was unusual, a most propitious sign. Doves usually produced only two and Helena watched as the mother turtle dove cooed and moved into the nest, away from the early morning dew.

Helena thought that the eggs would hatch by April now that the severe frosts had gone, so that there would be a family of five in the garden among the hyacinths and daffodils and the lavender that grew alongside the winding footpath to the short timbered fence. The iron gate, with its fleur-de-lis motifs, stood tall within its timber pillars, atop of which two magnificent owl faces nestled. Leopold had carved them in his small workshop at the rear of the two-storeyed house. A small brass plate to the left of the gate read 'Dr. Leopold Weisz, physician'. His wife, Anna, whom he had met at the local Shule when they were teenagers, was surprised to find that her husband to be had many talents which included designing and making his own violins, which he played enthusiastically at family gatherings. When he was not administering to patients, she would find him in his little workshop adding more projects to his already large collection.

They were sitting around the breakfast table, and he said to her: "I should start on a dowry chest for Lena . . . just in case I cannot find time for it in the future. What do you think?"

She laid a hand on his arm and shook her head slowly. "Leo, the child is not yet thirteen, and yes I know, those boys at the Shule are buzzing around her like honey bees, coming out of puberty and not knowing how to handle it. No, Leo, the chest can wait . . . you should be doing something about the thatch on the roof, it's getting somewhat thin near the upstairs rear bedroom. Perhaps you and that esteemed brother of yours, Miklos, could have a look at it this coming week?"

Leopold laughed. "That young brother of mine is too busy chasing the wrong kind of girl. If one walked past the house he'd fall off the ladder gawking at her."

Anna shrugged. "Ha, it's all your father's fault, training him up to be a portrait painter, and yes, he's exceptional at it, but he's spending too much time with those upper class mothers wanting their daughters' portraits painted before their coming out season. I fear that one of those young girls will lead him astray. He's been seen going around with some of those high society people in their expensive cars. Has he saved anything from his portraits? I doubt it. The other day your father was ranting at him . . . something to do with finances. I heard him saying to Miklos 'You're spending too much, when you should be saving at this time of your life.' "

"Well, he's still young . . . he's only twenty-nine; plenty of time for him to find a good wife and settle down."

"Do you think he ever will? You were twenty-seven, so I suppose . . ." She shrugged. "He's having a . . . well, I wouldn't call it wild, but really Leo, out all hours of the night . . . who knows what he's up to? I'm somewhat afraid he'll fall for one of those Gentile girls."

"Are you talking about my favourite uncle again?" They both turned as Helena came down from the stairs. "I'm starved, I could really eat an elephant. What's for breakfast?"

"Mushroom soup, also some bagels and eggs sitting on the side plate my love," said Anna, "Help yourself."

"Hope you didn't cook the eggs too long, mama, my cooking teacher . . ."

"Your cooking teacher wouldn't know how to boil water, darling. Now hurry yourself up or you'll be late for the ballet lessons. Grandfather Weisz will be picking you up at 8.30."

"Oh, gosh, I almost forgot. By the way, can you tell grandfather not to keep inspecting my teeth. I'm not a horse, you know."

Leopold laughed. "Now that's really something, Lena. As a young boy your grandfather was given the choice of two professions, a veterinarian or a dentist. Lucky for you he chose the latter one, otherwise . . ." Anna laughed and Helena shook her head. "Very funny, papa."



The shiny 1939 powder-blue four-door Alvis sports saloon drew up by the gate and the elderly driver climbed out, turning to look at Leopold and Anna's flower garden. He nodded appreciatively, tapped his ivory-topped cane on one of the gate posts and meandered down the footpath. Impressive, he thought. That daughter-in-law of mine certainly knows her flowers, and down the side those fruit trees and plots of herbs doing well. It was always a delight for him to come to his son's house and even more so to see his very sweet grand-daughter. Retired at the age of seventy from his dental practice and recently widowed, Theodor Weisz had some time on his hands. They were strong hands and very flexible — everyone noticed that, feeling his steel-like grip as they shook hands. Theodor was tall. Most people had to look up at him when they met. He often wondered why his two sons never followed his physique, both only around five foot eight inches, and his daughter Roza, who had married the police general, Rudolph Markus, a very diminutive and dainty figure hardly five foot two.

His well-tanned face, due to being out of the surgery these past two years and enjoying the open air, sported a neat silver moustache with a carefully clipped white goatee. The widow Friss, whom he had called on the other week, had broached the subject of marriage. "You know Theodor, you're still very young and if I may say so, young at heart. Everyone I know says that you don't want to spend the rest of your days alone. You should call on my cousin Judith Fodor . . . you know, the one who lost her husband in the Great War. Nearly sixteen years it is now since she's been on her own — that's a long time to be without a husband, don't you think? As for me, well as you know, I have my suitors, but I have no intentions of being married again. Once was enough for me — three sons and four daughters and now all those grandchildren. Heavens, I'd have no time . . . no time at all for a husband! But you . . . you have all the time in the world."

Theodor had scratched his goatee. "Ah yes, the Major Fodor, that one . . . his teeth were bad you know. His personal hygiene really left a lot to be desired. Judith was it? She hasn't been to Shule for years . . . I heard some talk that her sister and husband had turned Catholic. These people doing that, do they think they will be safe from that imbecile in Germany just because they have changed their religion?"

"Oh tish. Our government is strong; Regent Horthy won't let anything happen. You worry too much."

Living on the outskirts of Budapest suited the Weisz families, since all had motor cars of various types. Theodor had always favoured British imports and sporty ones at that. Leopold and Anna had settled for a more sedate German made Ford that suited a physician making house calls, while his brother Miklos managed an ageing Fiat 501 tourer that he had won in a card game. Helena's eyes had popped wide open when she first saw her grandfather's sleek Alvis saloon — such a pretty car she mused. "*Zaydeh*, will you teach me how to drive?"

Theodor laughed. "Oh my sweet, you have years to go yet, besides you could hardly reach the pedals down there." They were driving along a dusty unpaved road, passing thatched cottages when they came upon a police road block at a cross roads. "I wonder what they want?" said Theodor, slowing the car and braking at the motion of the young officer. He wound the driver's window down as a second officer came forward bearing the insignias of a staff sergeant. Theodor committed to memory the service number inscribed on his brass buckle belt.

"Is there a problem, officer?"

"There has been a robbery at one of the estates, much jewellery taken. Would you step out of the car, sir, and open the trunk."

"I don't see why . . ."

"Step out of the car, sir!"

Reluctantly, Theodor got out and opened the trunk. The sergeant fossicked around, moving a small attache case to the front of the trunk to inspect later. He opened a tool box, checked its contents and then placed it to one side. "What's in the attache case?"

"Just some old family history papers, that's all. I'm tracing our family's genealogy."

"Open it."

Theodor snapped the locks open and showed the sergeant the interior. "Just so!" he said, becoming a little weary of all this searching.

"May I see your identity papers?"

"Why would you wish to do that?"

The sergeant snapped his fingers. "Your papers. *Now* if you please!"

A young blonde-haired captain came up behind them, "What's all the fuss Staff Sergeant?"



The swarthy sergeant swung around. “All under control, sir. This gentleman is just being a little uncooperative.”

The captain fingered his chin. “Is he now? Well, you should arrest him, don’t you think? However, do you know who this is, Staff Sergeant?”

“I’ve just asked for his papers, sir. He’s somewhat slow in handing them over.”

Theodor opened his mouth to speak, but the captain held up his finger. “This is Doctor Theodor Weisz, the most accomplished and illustrious dentist in the whole of Budapest, who, for your education, attends to the teeth of our General Markus and his family, so unless you wish the general’s fine incisor teeth to be embedded in your right arm, I’d forget about Doctor Weisz’s papers and apologise.”

“Sir, I . . .”

“I’m waiting, Staff Sergeant.”

“I . . . er . . . I’m sorry for the inconvenience, Doctor. I hope you understand that this is not an easy job. I’m sorry I did not recognise you.”

Theodor reached out and patted the staff sergeant on the shoulder, “You were not to know. I could have been the jewel thief you are looking for, or I could have been a bank robber . . . but who knows, I might have been a prince in disguise!”

The captain laughed. “No, you wouldn’t, sir, unless you were driving a Rolls Royce Phantom or a Mercedes-Benz 770. But, I must say, I do envy you that fine British Alvis sporting saloon.”

“You certainly know your automobiles. Yes, it’s very reliable, and fast . . . Captain?”

“Baka, sir. Captain Daniel Baka at your service.”

Theodor could hear the string music with the accompanying brass and woodwind playing to Delibes’ Coppelias. “I’d better come in with you, to explain why you are late.”

Helena grasped her small case and began to open the car door. “I’m sure it will be fine. Miss Kovacs will probably keep me back for half an hour, that’s all. It’s what she does to students who are late.”

Theodor escorted her into the building. “Really! Well, we shall see about that — she won’t be keeping you late, I can assure you.”

“Please *Zaydeh*, don’t upset her. She is easily upset.”

“I’ll more than upset her if she wants to keep you back after class.” He pushed the inner door open and gazed on the assembly. There were twenty or more young students, male and female lined up around the auditorium while two of them were performing in Act One, the Prelude.

A thin, tall, grey-haired woman standing by one of the windows, turned her attention from the dancers and peered sharply at the newcomers. She clapped her hands three times for silence. “So, our little prima ballerina designs to show up at last, and what explanation have you for being this late?”

Helena cast her eyes downward. “I’m sorry . . .” Theodor butted in, “Shssh, I’ll deal with this.”

Miss Kovacs had hardly moved, but her eyes were firmly fixed upon Theodor. “And you will deal with what, may I ask?”

There was something about this woman that Theodor felt was intimidating. She was not young, Theodor guessed about sixty or sixty-five, standing straight with shoulders held well back, dressed in black leotards with a silken purple tight fitting top, which accentuated her figure. Her eyes had this sharp and intense blue that fixed upon him like his Rabbi’s wife when he was being reprimanded as a boy. He paused, then recovering himself, said: “I’m sorry, Miss Kovacs, but the situation was out of our control. We ran into a police road block and that took quite a while to accommodate. You will understand how the police can be so difficult at times.”

She didn’t smile, but she nodded. “I’m well aware of how the police can be obstructive. And you are . . . ?

“Weisz, Theodor Weisz. Helena’s grandfather.”

“Well, Helena’s grandfather, you may collect your budding ballerina at the usual time, eleven o’clock. There will be no penalty for late arrival.”

There was a murmur among the young ballet performers, as if to say, that’s a first. Theodor nodded and Helena rushed off to the changing room, flashing a quick smile at her grandfather. He turned and made his exit, bushing his fingers along his goatee. Now where have I seen her . . . I’m sure I know her from somewhere . . . ?



**Monday, March 23 1942.** One front room had been set up as a surgery with a side entrance. It had been a busy morning for Leopold and he was looking forward to a light lunch with Anna. His last patient had been a regular, Hans Nagy, a retired Colonel who had fought against Romania in the Great War. He was fond of regaling Theodor with his army exploits and when Leopold showed some non-interest, the Colonel would say “Well, you weren’t there. You wouldn’t know about it, tucked up here nice and safe.”

Anna cocked her head to one side as he walked into the dining room. “You look tired, Theo. I saw that Hans Nagy going out. Has he been making mischief again?”

“He’s at a loss, Anna; doesn’t know what to do with himself. There’s nothing wrong with him, blood pressure fine, everything else seems to be in order. He just lives in the past now that most of his old comrades have passed on. I expect he spends too much time at the Veterans Society, telling tall stories about his cavalry days. I can just visualise him on his charger, with sword up and challenging, galloping into the fray and screaming like some banshee.”

“Oh those poor horses, what they had to put up with. But now it’s all mechanised warfare. The *Szabad Nép* is in the kitchen if you want to read it. I just glanced at the headlines; it’s not looking good — with all that socialist news we might as well be living in Russia.”

“Well, I don’t think that’s likely to happen; we’ve slowed down their advance and while they’re concentrating on fighting the Germans, they won’t get far, Herr Hitler will see to that. We’re quite safe here.”

“Even so, I’d like to see our son home again, wouldn’t you?”

“Sandor is doing his duty, even if he is but a pen pusher in military headquarters. I just hope that his leg is not giving him any pain.”

Anna reached out for Leopold, encircling him with her arms. “I need a hug, my dearest darling.”

Leopold looked at the stairs and lifted his head. “Surgery will not resume ‘till one’ o’clock . . . Do you think we could . . .?”

Anna hugged him tighter. “Oh, you’re a bad, bad boy Theo, but yes, I think we could. We most certainly could.”

Miklos Weisz waved his paint brush. “Just turn your head a little more to the right. Yes, that’s it, now hold that position.”

“Oh Miklos, I am so tired, can we take a break?”

“Just a minute, I have to get this right . . . your ear is so dainty and sweet. Not much longer.”

Sara shivered. “It feels like ages, oh can’t it wait?”

The baroque house with its sweeping views of the Danube nestled on a slight hill that lead to the centre of the town of Szentendre, about 30 minutes drive north of Budapest. The forecourt was a mass of green foliage with tulips, Hungarian blue bread poppies, crocuses, violets, and numerous wildflowers. It had given Miklos a sense of peace when he had first visited the Petrovic household, where Sara’s father Janko was a bio-chemist in Budapest. The Serbian influence in the home was evident with a mural and icon of the patron Saint Sava. Miklos had inspected it on his first day and was hovering his finger over it when a sharp voice cracked “*Bogorodica!* Don’t touch the Saint!” He turned to see Sara’s grey-haired mother, Maria, standing in the doorway.

“Sorry . . . I wasn’t . . . I wouldn’t . . .”

“Just as well. So, you are the artist who is to paint my daughter’s portrait? If you are as good as they say you are then I would expect nothing but the highest quality of your work, and . . . you will treat Sara with the utmost respect. If you take any liberties with the girl it will be your downfall, of that I can assure you. I shall be in the next room at all times. Is that clear?”

Miklos bowed. “I feel honoured to have your daughter as my subject, Madame Petrovic, and I can assure you that my attentions to Sara will be nothing but professional.”

“Hmm, with your good looks I can only wonder about that. Now, you may bring your paints and easel etcetera, into this room and I shall fetch Sara.”

The weeks had passed with Maria softening her tone toward Miklos, even inviting him to dinner the previous Sunday evening. Sara yawned. “Oh, Miklos, can we take a break, please, pretty please.”

“I have to get your hair colour right, just a few more minutes.” Sara brushed her red hair back, which was not a vibrant red, but more of a pale orange colour. “Do you think I should have it cut?” she said. “It’s getting awfully long.”

“It just adds to your beauty. You can’t cut it. I won’t let you.”



She laughed. “So, you do care! Papa said we could go out this afternoon for a stroll and without a chaperone, and mama agreed — can you believe that!”

“So, what changed their minds about me?”

“When they found out that your father was Doctor Theobold Weisz, papa’s eyes lit up like gaslight.”

Miklos staggered through the front door with the heavy cardboard box. “What on earth have you got there?” Queried Leopold.

Miklos placed the box onto the kitchen floor. “It’s a short-wave radio, so now we can keep up with all the news from our so-called enemies the Voice of America and the BBC. We can also listen into the propaganda from Germany on *Volksempfänger*, the People’s Receiver. The German people are being fed lies about this war.”

Leopold was angry. “You have brought this into our home without my permission! We are Jews, Miklos, can’t you get it through to your stupid head that anything like this if found in our possession will lead to a criminal trial? Even now, our government is placing certain restrictions upon us.”

“Yes, but . . .”

“You never think, do you Miklos! Your life is one long road of pleasure . . . a so-called free thinking painter out all hours of the night. I heard you coming in after three-o’clock this morning. Where on earth were you? At some fancy nightclub, or what? And, no doubt, with some kind of loose woman!”

Miklos picked up the box. “You wouldn’t understand, Leo. I’ll take it to my room and find some way to hide it from view. That will satisfy you, no doubt. And don’t come running to me asking what news of the world there is, when things get a bit sticky here.”

“Things are already a bit sticky here, Miklos,” Leopold shouted after him as he headed for the stairs.

Anna came to Leopold. “My darling husband, what harm will it do? It will be good to hear what the rest of the world is thinking in these uncertain times. The house is isolated from your surgery, so who is to know what we have here? Let him have his toy. You men always like to own toys, it’s a right of passage it seems. You never get over it as long as you live, you’re always boys, always back in your childhood days wishing, wanting, yearning. Wanting to be pioneers, or pirates even!” She laughed. “I can imagine you as a pirate with an eye mask and a parrot on your shoulder shouting “Man overboard . . . dimwit . . . dimwit!”

Leopold shook his head. “You always win, don’t you Anna . . . my lovely beautiful Anna! How can I be angry with him when you always have the answers? Fine, let him have his toy as you call it. We shall make sure it is well hidden. I’ll take my carpentry tools up there later and we’ll make a secret cavity for the wireless.”

She kissed him. “And knowing you, it will be perfect. Not even those fascist Arrow Cross police would be able to find it.”

He held her tight. “Hmm, the paramilitary party! Let’s hope it won’t come to that?”

At Passover, with no synagogue being within walking distance, the Weisz family celebrated the Seder feast and the reading of the sacred text—the Haggadah—at Theobold’s residence almost one mile from Leopold’s surgery/residence. It fell to Theodor to tell the story of the first Exodus on the first night of the Passover. His fine timbre tenor voice rose and fell with emotion as he told the story in Hebrew of the Exodus from Egypt. His housekeeper, Vera Kis, had ensured the adults had good kosher wine supplied, with grape juice for the youngsters. And food! They all thought it was too much and that Theodor would be left with an abundance. As tradition, Vera had set out the special plate with shank bone, the fruity relish called charoset symbolising the mortar or cement the Jewish slaves of Pharaoh worked with, and salt water symbolising the tears of the slaves. There was singing and joyous laughter, more story telling and the younger Leopold Weisz family left the baroque residence feeling emotionally satisfied. The sun had long set on the horizon and dark shadows formed as they negotiated their way through the winding streets, past 17th and 18th century thatched cottages, some with howling dogs baying at the moon. Miklos held the gate open as they arrived home, patting Helena on the backside as she skidded through the gateway.

“Very naughty, Uncle Miklos,” she tittered, running up to the front door. “I have the key and I’ll lock you all out,” she laughed.

“You do that,” said Anna, “And there’ll be no ballet and music lessons for you ever again!”

“Oh, she’s just being silly,” said Leopold. “She enjoyed the Seder so much . . . really, I couldn’t stop her from eating.”

“You’ll get fat, little darling,” said Miklos. “Fat, fat, fat . . .”



Oh, don't tease her, Miklos," said Anna. "If you say that she'll stop eating."

When Helena had gone to bed and Miklos was busy setting up his new short wave radio, Leopold and Anna had retired to their favourite room which they called their nook. It was off the hall between the parlour and the kitchen, tucked away from all the main functions of the house with a sofa, several high-backed arm chairs and a couple of occasional tables with journals and newspapers scattered on them, one wall lined with books of various translations and a fireplace, above which was a large framed portrait of Leopold's grandparents painted around the 1830's. Leopold had stoked up the fire and they had retreated to the sofa, with Anna resting her feet on an embroidered footstool. An open bottle of kosher red wine sat beside them with two emptied glasses.

Leopold sighed a little and smiled at Anna. "I saw Lena take a book upstairs. I don't mind if she reads before she goes to sleep . . . It's good for her development. Do you know what it was?"

"Yes, it was that new translation from the English — *Great Expectations* by Charles Dickens."

"Oh, how very appropriate," said Leopold, gently patting her stomach, "So, when do you think we should tell her?"

Anna pressed her hand onto his, rubbing softly. "So many years since Lena, oh Leo I had almost given up hope. But it is early days, my love. Let us wait a while, and . . . and I should cut out the wine, don't you think, Doctor Weisz?"

He kissed her, softly, gently, then nuzzled his nose into her hair, smelling the scent of her. "As your physician I certainly would advise it from tomorrow, but tonight a last drink in celebration."

They were silent for a while, simply enjoying each other's presence. The only light was that from the glowing coals in the fireplace. Anna looked up at the portrait. "Do you think they are watching us from above, dear Leo?"

Imbued by the wine, Leopold said "Of course. See how the flickering embers of the fire makes them move? If you look closely enough you will see their eyes watching us, and then, when it becomes too much for them to bear watching, they turn away to give us privacy."

"It shouldn't be necessary."

"What?"

"The privacy you speak of. We are family, and they have a right to know about what they began such a long time ago. Yes, they see us where we are, what we are doing, how we live our lives, but you know Leo, they have no control over how things will work out, and it must sadden them to see us as a family arguing at times over things, that in the end really do not matter. And then there's the sheer happiness of our lives when things go right, just like tonight, my love. Such a happy, wonderful Pesach day! A day to long remember."

Leopold caressed her stomach again. He poured a little wine into his glass, picked it up and waved it under her nose, then took a sip. "To the serene child that is to come, blessings. *Great Expectations*, indeed!"

### **Sunday April 5th 1942**

Europe's winter of 1941-1942 had come totally unexpected, the worst in decades with temperatures plunging to 30 degrees Fahrenheit below zero. In Hungary it was a pleasant surprise to find that the Spring of 1942 was somewhat more amenable with only occasional ice sheets floating down the Danube. The pastel pink cherry blossoms around Budapest were like puff pancakes against the dazzling blue sky. Helena breathed deeply and wandered along the promenade, soaking up the still coolness of the air under the slowly warming sun. She was early for her music lessons at Professor Weissmann's Forte Academy.

"You are coming along quite well," he said to her as she finished playing *Ode to Joy* on the Bösendorfer grand piano. "But you need to watch that left hand of yours, a little weak on the keys. I'll give you some strengthening exercises to do. A few more weeks and I'll start you on the violin, because my little Scheherazade you fill my heart with joy. You are a natural! Beethoven would be proud of you."

"Father is making a special one for me in his workshop. I'm hoping it will meet with your approval."

"Ah yes, the clever doctor Weisz, so multi-talented. Of course he cannot hope to rival the great Antonio Stradivari or my own personal instrument over there in the corner by the most noble Giuseppe Guarneri. When you have mastered your own and have reached the highest grade required of me, then and only then, will I allow you to touch my Guarneri. But, your aptitude is of such proportions that I have no doubt, my little Scheherazade, that you will master the nuances of that most heavenly of all instruments."



The door to the music room opened and in came Samuel Weismann's wife, Leah, holding a glass. She was dressed plainly with a light brown cardigan over a mauve shirt with a matching dark grey skirt, all of which accentuated the beauty of her face. Her nonsensical lace-up black boots gleamed with polish. "Some lemonade for our prodigy! You must keep your fluids up, Helena, if you are to be the great concert pianist that my husband thinks you will be."

"Not too much of that *great* business," said the professor. "She has exceptional talent, but we mustn't let this go to her head, must we, dear wife!"

"Well," said Leah, handing the glass to Helena, "There were your own words last week after class, which you would do well to remember, Samuel."

"Oh yes, and what would they have been?"

"Only that after Helena had gone, you said something like, a star is born; she has the gift of the heavens in her fingers. I've not heard you say that about your other pupils."

"I . . . er . . . we must look upon this as a slow growth with much hard work." He nodded to Helena. "It is like climbing a ladder way up into the sky. There are many clouds and storms along the way and it rains upon those delicate fingers from time to time. It's about repetition, repetition, and more hard repetition until it is right. She has the most important basic skills, but without stamina and perseverance, all is lost. Yes, it's a gift from the Almighty, but it has to be nurtured and steered in the right direction."

Leah smiled and winked at Helena. "He calls you his little Scheherazade, so you really are special, Helena. Never forget that you have a most important place in this universe of ours — yes, you are a gift from God my little one and there will be no one else like you because you are a unique soul, indeed a gift from the heavens. Let no one tell you otherwise."

The professor nodded. "Now off with you, I have another pupil waiting. And practice, practice, practice. Give my regards to your father."

Helena handed the empty glass back to Leah, did a small curtsy and headed for the door. The cold air smacked at her face and she pulled her scarf closer to her neck, looked up at the clear blue sky and thought about what the professor's wife had said. Was she unique among the millions of people? She didn't think there was anything special about herself, just a girl like all the other girls. She didn't stand out at school where her grades were average like most others. Nothing special. Nothing brilliant. She laughed and hurried down to the promenade to look at the cherry blossoms again, sniffing at the air and taking deep breaths. Oh, it was glorious! And yes, she did feel that her rendition of *Ode to Joy* at the end of the lesson was almost perfect, so perhaps . . . just perhaps, I am unique after all.

She was walking past the thermal bathing pools where multitudes of Budapest's citizens were frolicking among the steam rising from the clear waters. She stood and watched them for a moment, seeing whole families, parents and children, delighting in the warmth of the thermals. She'd never been in there and she wondered if her parents would approve. Some children of her own age were playing with large rubber balls and for a moment she wanted to be with them, to join in their delight, when she felt a tap on her shoulder. She jumped and turned around. The boy in front of her was about her same age and she recognised him from the Shule. "Benjamin Sabot, what are you doing here?" She thought that with his blue eyes and slightly blonde hair he could pass for German if ever those nasty people ever came to Hungary and ruled them, much as they had done to Poland and other European countries. She knew quite a lot about the war in Europe, always listening in to the conversations of her parents and her uncle Miklos and she was a little afraid of what might happen to her beloved Hungary in the future. Even so, it was always difficult to understand because in spite of the news and rumours that came her way, Hungary was fighting together with Germany against the Russians and the capitalist nations of the West.

He smiled. She had always liked his smile, so eager, so personal as if you were the only person in the world. "I've been to my private lessons on geometry and mathematics. My father thinks I need extra coaching if I am going to become a scientist."

"So, you never told me what your father does for a living? Is he a scientist?"

Benjamin grinned. "No, he's a tailor. He has that shop on Vaci Street, but he thinks I have an aptitude for physics. My IQ is quite high, you know."

"Well, I wish you well, but your papa must be rich, having a tailor's business near all those wonderful mansions?"



“Oh no, but he does very well and I help out sometimes during the holidays, and he does have some famous people come by for suit measuring and so on, like Admiral Horthy, for instance. He’s even made uniforms for some of the police generals who like a bit more quality than the regulation uniforms.”

“Oh my goodness! The Regent Horthy!”

“Yes, I was there one day when the Regent came in. He greeted me and patted my head. Well, you know, I felt most regal when he did that. Just think, he touched me! The Regent actually touched me!”

Helena laughed. “Oh, you do go on Ben, you really *do* go on.”

Benjamin shoved his hands in his pockets, feeling somewhat embarrassed. “Well, anyway, may I walk with you? Surely you’re not going home already when such a beautiful blue sky welcomes. Though there’s still some ice floating down the Danube. Remember, last year we skated on there, you and I, when the river was frozen over. I really enjoyed that time with you.”

“So did I, it was wonderful, like dancing together. We were well suited. You know, mama said that we should enter some of those skating competitions, we were so good together.”

Benjamin gave her arm a squeeze. “Let’s walk.”

“Yes, I’d like that, Ben. I really would like that. Where shall we go?”

“Have you seen Buda Castle, where the Regent now lives?”

“Never.”

“Shall we go?” said Benjamin taking her by the arm and linking hers with his. He looked sideways at her and gave her one of his cheeky grins. “We go well together, don’t we Helena?”

She smiled, nodding her head and focusing her hazel eyes upon him. “We do, Ben, we really do.”

### Monday July 13 1942

Cardinal Jusztinián György Serédi of Budapest had called his bishops together to discuss the recent restrictions placed upon Jewish professional people by the Hungarian government. He was concerned that there had been no reply to his communication with the Holy See in Rome. The days had travelled into weeks and then months and still no reply from the office of Pope Pius XII. As many bishops who could come had arrived from the twelve Hungarian dioceses and the cardinal had counted nine. It annoyed him somewhat that the other three bishops had failed to attend, nor had they sent any messages explaining their absence, except for one who had complained of frailty and the danger of travel in these uncertain times.

In a well furnished room at the rear of the grand Basilica they had gathered, resplendent in their robes with some entering into their eightieth and ninetieth decade, sneezing and coughing now and again. They had ruled well over the years of war and peace and war again, and were now tasked with something that almost all agreed needed to be tackled not only by them, but by the Holy Roman Catholic Church in *compleo*. But it seemed that not all of the Holy Church was in agreement.

After prayers, the cardinal tickled his little bell. “Thank you for coming, especially to you Bishop Draskóczy, and upon your recent 80th birthday, much congratulations. So, we are aware the rule is that you are supposed to be long retired, but rules are rules and sometimes not governed by the heavenly saints, and thanks be to our Lord, there are ways and means to circumnavigate those. We pray a blessed continuance of the holy life in the service of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

There was a murmur of assent from the bishops and the cardinal tickled his little bell again. “Now, there are some things we can understand and some not. For instance, the law that forbids Jewish people from marrying Gentile people is, in my mind, acceptable, but the imposition of the law several years ago that only twenty per cent of Jews can be working in the professions, is to me, abhorrent, and will have much recriminations with our economy and should be repealed. In fact, as I now understand it, the percentage has dropped by law to six. We cannot allow this to continue. Among other things the economy will be ruined.”

Bishop Kabos raised his hand. “I am not so sure. We know that the Jews have been stealing from us for years if not centuries. In my own diocese, I find it quite unequal to see how these Jews manage to curry themselves with favours from this authority and that authority, and always . . . always, mind you, managing to keep the prices of goods at their own level. Much higher than they should be.”

There were more murmurs from the gathering and the cardinal tickled his bell again. “If it pleases you, Bishop Kabos, I would like some documented evidence of that, because I do consider that knowing your position as



well as I do, you have some considerable bias against the Jewish population. Your sermons, sent to me by one of your parishioners, show a lack of compassion for the Jews. In fact, I may point out, you have also written pamphlets that circulate in your bishopric condemning Jewish people, and for what? For their empirical attitude toward learning and accomplishment, for their studious bent toward medical care and concern and much scientific accomplishment, for their encouragement of the arts and all the philosophies.”

The cardinal slapped his hand on the table, causing the water in the jug beside him to bounce around. “You see that portrait on the wall behind you . . . you see that . . . The one of the Madonna and Child. Who do you think painted that? It may not have been within his own sacred religion to do that, but he did it anyway. It was the Jewish artist Chagall.”

There was quiet, disturbed only by the shuffling of feet and bishops taking sips of water from the glasses placed before them. The cardinal spoke again. “I have drafted a letter to the prime minister, to which you will all sign. It is requiring the government to rescind that six per cent law and to stop meddling in the affairs of our Jewish population. I would like it to be put back to 50 per cent or even 100 per cent, but that would only send the government into a rage, which we cannot afford at this time. And now, my lord bishops, if you will excuse me, I have much to do in helping to resettle some Jewish refugees that we brought out from Poland. Monsignor Janos will hand you the papers to sign and will complete those details in your presence.”

### **Tuesday 18th August 1942**

Miklos came down the stairs eager for breakfast. He yawned as he came up behind Anna and tickled her under the armpits. “Oh, stop it Miklos, you’ll ruin my cooking!”

“Mmmmm smells good. Nothing could ever ruin your cooking dear sister-in-law. Where’s Leo?”

“It’s surgery hours, you seem to have slept in. I told Lena to wake you but she must have forgotten. She is in there catching up on her piano lessons before school.”

“I have some news about the war. I picked up quite a lot on the short wave.”

“I’m not sure I wish to hear it.”

“Well, I have to go out and stock up on my art supplies, then Sara’s mother wishes me to do her portrait. She didn’t seem all that keen earlier, but when I finished Sara’s she almost swooned into my arms. You can relay my news to Leo when he comes in for lunch.”

“Miklos, those charms of yours will get you into trouble one day. So, what is the news?”

“The German army has reached Stalingrad. There is fierce fighting. I can’t see the Russians holding out much longer because the German army is massive, especially with those panzer divisions mowing down everything in front of them like crepe paper. They’ll go for the Soviet oil wells next, I am sure of that.”

Anna drew in her breath and slowly released it. “If that’s the case they’ll be in Moscow before long — Stalin won’t stand a chance. Anyway, it’s not our problem. Could you call Lena in for breakfast?”

Miklos could hear the soft strains of Beethoven’s first movement Moonlight Sonata coming from behind the closed door of the drawing room. He opened the door softly and crept in. Helena was so engrossed with the Steinway piano keys that she failed to notice him enter. Her eyes were half closed and whole body was swaying with the gentle rhythm. Miklos was surprised that Helena had mastered the movement so well that she didn’t need a music score. It was hypnotic watching her. He quietly slipped into an arm chair and rested his chin on his hands. This was almost heaven, watching his niece in her mastery of the movement. No doubt in my mind, he thought. She is going to be a concert pianist with the whole world at her feet. She has grace, she has feeling. Goodness me, there is an aura of mystery about her and she is not yet thirteen. How wonderful!

“Come on you two, breakfast!” Anna was at the door, a tea towel over her shoulder and a cup of tea in her hand. Miklos stretched and stood up. “Oh Anna, you’ve broken the spell!”

Anna laughed. “Yes, I know . . . I know how it is . . . She’s coming along quite nicely.”

“Nicely! Heavens, Anna, she’s a flaming miracle;

your daughter will be a maestro.”



Leopold Weisz had treated several people with severe colds, one with influenza, another young man having giddy spells, together with a teenager showing signs of a phantom pregnancy. The last one needing some delicate handling to placate the furious nail-biting mother.

“I’ve had worse days,” he said to Anna as he sat down to lunch. Now, what’s this about the Russians?”

“Miklos has picked up the news on his short wave. Seems the German divisions have invaded Stalingrad and are finding not all that much resistance. Miklos said that they’ll be going for the Soviet oil wells next.”

Leopold rubbed his nose. “Yes, that would put the Russians in a desperate situation. Without their oil the country would collapse. But I wonder? You know, they are a tough lot, strong peasants mostly, whereas much of the German force really hasn’t been tested and despite their heavy fire power, some of those troops haven’t seen battle. And when you are as green as some of them would be, you don’t have the same tactical ability. I don’t know; I think the Russians will fall back and then regroup. That Stalin’s a clever man; he won’t want to see his army in trouble. I’m sure he has something up his sleeve.”

“And no doubt the Americans will be supplying him with weapons and other aid”

“Yes, there’s that too. Oh, by the way, I had a visitor from the Catholic diocese this morning. This Monsignor Janos is with that Cardinal . . . oh, what’s his name? Cardinal ah, oh yes Serédi! They want me to join with a group of physicians who are treating the Jewish Polish refugees. I’m surprised I haven’t heard similar from the Jewish Council, but I expect they’re rather busy. I’ll go, of course, we cannot sit by and watch these people succumb to disease. There’s several thousand, did you know?”

“I was aware. They have been coming for several years now, and our government has deported many of them to the Ukraine. How can they do that, Leo? Anyway, where will you find the time, what with your surgery hours?”

“I’ll make time, my dearest. I’ll simply make time.”

She nodded. “My sweet Leo, you would give the poorest in the land your last crust wouldn’t you? But what about that violin you are making for Lena? I’m sure her professor is eager to have it as soon as possible. She is making rapid progress.”

Leopold smiled. “I’ll find time for that as well, my dearest, even if I have to stay up after midnight.”

“Then you will see that brother of yours come in late, no doubt. Did you know he is taking on that Sara Petrovic mother’s portrait? We’ll have to up his board and lodging fees.” She laughed. “Not that he pays much anyway. No, I wouldn’t want to do that. We are comfortable, aren’t we Leo? Life has been good to us and will be for the child that is to come. It can’t be helped that the child will be born into a time of war, but that too will pass. It can’t go on forever.”

He dropped some sugar into his tea, stirred, and sipped slowly. “Have you thought of a name?”

“Well we don’t know if the child will be a boy or girl, so . . .”

“Doesn’t matter. Choose from both our lines. Our antecedents, both male and female would love it if we chose from them. There is a great line from each of us, going back so many known generations. Their names should be brought again into the light, don’t you think?”

Theodor Weisz had called upon the widow Fodor, as the widow Friss had urged him. He remembered Judith Fodor from the Shule, but that was a number of years ago. Probably ceased going, he thought, when she lost her husband in that criminal World War I. The maid in her spotless black and white dress ushered him into the Fodor parlour where Madame Fodor was sitting in a 17th Century *chaise longue*, gilded around the edges and patterned with rosebuds and lilacs.

“Oh Theodor, it has been so long. Come, sit beside me. I would still have recognised you if I passed you in the street, but I don’t get about much these days.”

He took her hand and kissed it, then settling himself down beside her, said: “Judith, you look so young. Why have you locked yourself up all these years when there are many gentlemen who would have loved to take you out and entertain you? To relieve you of your misery in losing your husband.”

She had a small Chinese fan that she waved in front of her face. “It was the Colonel, you know. We were so much in love, so there could never be anyone else. Teenagers we were when we first met and against my father’s



wishes we were soon to be wed. But papa came around eventually. A soldier, he had said, you want to marry a soldier! They all die, you know, he said, they all die sooner or later and leave you alone. Well, he wasn't wrong about that, but we were so in love. Fodor was so handsome in his uniform and mama was besotted. It was she who finally persuaded papa to relent. And in time, they became good friends. But father was right, soldiers do die and sometimes at quite a young age too."

"But you had a long marriage, so there must have been great satisfaction in that. There were no children, if I recall."

She laid her hand upon his knee. "That's correct. It was as they sometimes say about men who cannot produce, he was firing blanks. But you, Theo, you fired off powerfully, did you not?"

They both laughed. "Oh," she said, "We still have our sense of humour, do we not?"

Theobold took her hand. "I have known you since you were a young girl, Judith. You haven't really changed, but I still find it difficult to believe that you have locked yourself up here for all these years when you could have been out there enjoying life."

The maid brought in tea and scones and set them on an occasional table. "This raspberry jam I make myself, and the cream is fresh. It is all kosher."

"You always were a woman of numerous talents. I remember when the Rabbi asked you if you could bake the unleavened bread. I think you were only ten at the time, and you simply said "How much do you want?"

And so it went, all through the afternoon until the sun was setting. Reminiscing, story-telling, laughing at each other's jokes and feeling fine.

"We must do this again," he said at the door as he was leaving, "Or perhaps you might like to accompany me to the State opera one evening?"

"It would be my pleasure," she said, leaning forward and kissing him on the cheek. "*Au revoir* my knight in shining armour."

### **Friday 18th September 1942**

In respect for the head teacher who had suddenly passed away, Helena's school was closed and would resume lessons on Monday. She stirred in her bed, wishing she could stay there all morning, but her mother wanted her to help with the cooking in preparation for after the Sabbath. The turtle doves had long gone — the family of four: father, mother and the two chicks who grew so fast had delighted Helena as they sat cooing outside of her bedroom window. Though there had been three eggs in the nest — a most unusual effort of turtle doves — Helena had woken one morning back in April to find that the third egg had been broken and smeared on the outside of the nest. Not a good sign, she thought.

Earlier, she had been reading from the holy scriptures, *Shir ha-Shirim*, the Song of Songs by the wise king Solomon, about the doves in those romantic poems, where it was written 'The blossoms have appeared in the land, The time of pruning has come; The song of the turtledove is heard in our land.' Yes, she'd heard them for weeks outside her bedroom window, the deep purring sound of their sweet voices. It had been a comfort to her, but now she wondered about them and where they had gone. She thought they would stay forever, but now the nest was deserted. Why couldn't even one of them stay, she had thought. Did someone take them or did they fly away by themselves, and where had they gone? She'd asked her uncle Miklos about it the other day. He said that they had gone to Africa as they do each year, but that they would come back and if she crossed her fingers and crossed her toes they would return to the nest outside her window. Her mother Anna looked surprised when Helena told her what she had been reading and simply said: "It's a beautiful book of poems, Lena, but much too old for you. One day you will understand, but not now, my love."

### **Hegewald bei Shitomir compound, Ukraine**

The man sat behind the long pinewood table studying the new map that his secretary had brought in. He was dressed in the uniform of a German SS officer, with his aide, SS-Sturmbannführer Heinz Keppel, pointing out details.

"The hospital is there, mein Reichführer, and the kitchen here. Perhaps we should move the kitchen closer to the hospital?"

"And why would we do that?" said the man, peering at Keppel through his rimless spectacles.



“Well, Herr Reichfuhrer, it would make sense that the medical staff could obtain supplies when they needed them most.”

“Doesn’t the hospital have its own kitchen?”

“I . . . er . . . that seems to have been overlooked, mein Reichfuhrer.”

The man thumped his hand on the table, causing it to shake. “I won’t have these mistakes — the work is urgent and errors are occurring far too often. These are the final plans and I would expect nothing else but perfection here. The work is far too important not to be correct. From what I perceive you cannot move the kitchen because the work has already commenced, but I agree with you that the distance is too far for the medical people to be going to and fro. The hospital must have its own kitchen, so fix it!” The man pushed the plans to the side. “Now, take these away and bring me the Hegewald compound file.”

“Yes, mein Reichfuhrer, immediately.”

The man stood and stared out of the window at the cold grey day, watching the construction works. The noise didn’t bother him, if anything it was a symbol of the Reich’s expansion. So much for that project back in Poland, it was coming along nicely. Now for this compound project already taking shape, such a brilliant idea. He gave a little laugh; he had become par excellence at devising these projects that would make the Third Reich the dominant colonial power in Europe. Taking German bred people from Poland, Croatia and other occupied countries to make a new settlement here at Hegewald in the Ukraine, was a fitting commemoration of the Fuhrer’s policies. This new colony, using some existing Ukrainian homes and building hundreds more, would grow and prosper — the new colonisers, German people who were called *Volksdeutsche*, did not hold German citizenship, and were already settling in under the care of his SS officers and SS police. He watched the new buildings being erected. There would be further offices and quarters for himself and his close associates — the new houses would be elegant, and there would be banquet halls for the people. He smiled to himself, yes, such a brilliant plan all of his own making. As for the Ukraine peasants, well, his SS police had evicted them. Those who put up some resistance or refused to go had been shot, and the man was quite content with that. This was progress. They were building a glorious future for the Third Reich.

SS-Sturmbannfuhrer Heinz Keppel knocked and entered, interrupting the man’s thoughts.

“The file you wanted, Herr Reichfuhrer.”

“Thank you Sturmbannfuhrer. I’m leaving for Berlin precisely at four o’clock. Would you make sure my pilot and aircrew have the Junkers ready for take-off at 4.05.”

“Certainly, Herr Himmler. At your service Reichfuhrer.” •

*To be continued*

## The Council to Homeless Persons

Established in 1972, the Council to Homeless Persons is the peak Victorian body representing individuals and organisations with a stake or interest in homelessness. Our mission is to work towards ending homelessness through leadership in policy, advocacy and sector development.

<http://www.chp.org.au/>

See our Consumer Participation Resource Kit at:

[http://www.chp.org.au/public\\_library/cpkit/index.shtml](http://www.chp.org.au/public_library/cpkit/index.shtml)



## Pet Medical Crisis

A not for profit fund to save pets whose owners cannot afford their emergency care.

[www.petmedicalcrisis.com.au](http://www.petmedicalcrisis.com.au)

Email: [petmedicalcrisis@gmail.com](mailto:petmedicalcrisis@gmail.com)

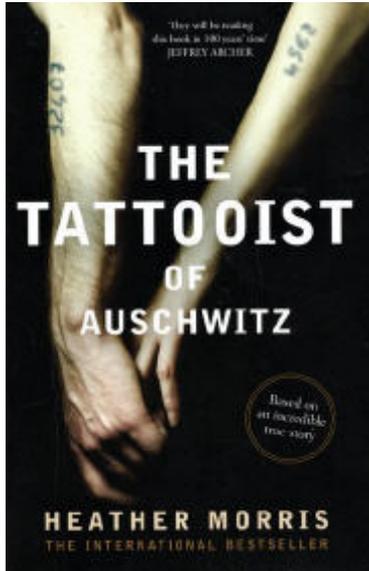
PMC is now on Facebook: <https://www.facebook.com/PetMedicalCrisis/>

Also, a walking harness — ‘Dog-A-Long’ — is available to assist your dog to become more mobile — supports dogs with hind leg problems associated with ageing, arthritis, hip & spinal problems. For suitability check with your Vet.

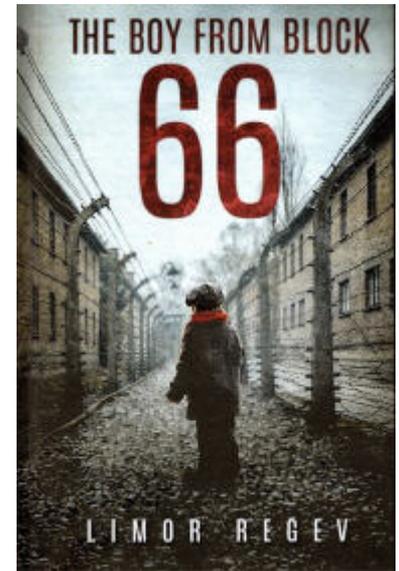
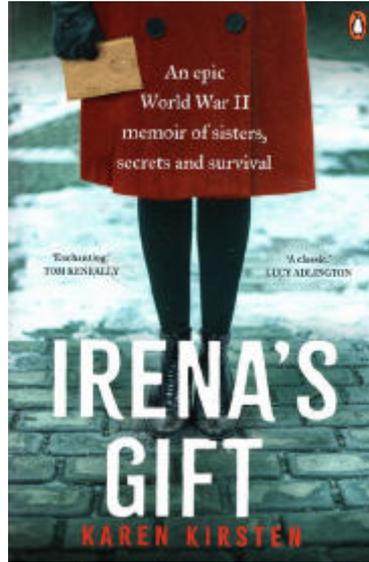


# Riveting books of the Holocaust

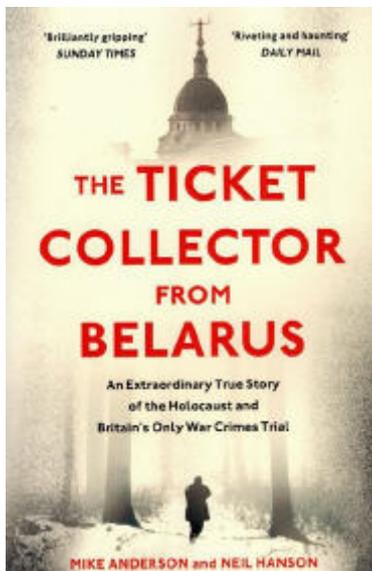
A Jewish child smuggled out of the Warsaw ghetto in a backpack.



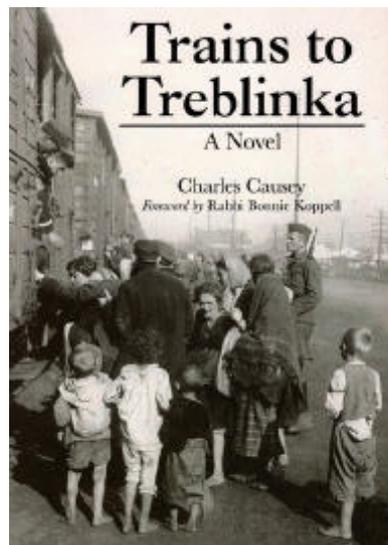
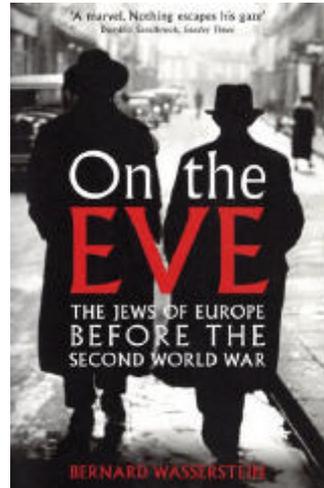
Deeply moving story of romance and survival in hell's worst nightmare. Fiction based on factual happenings.



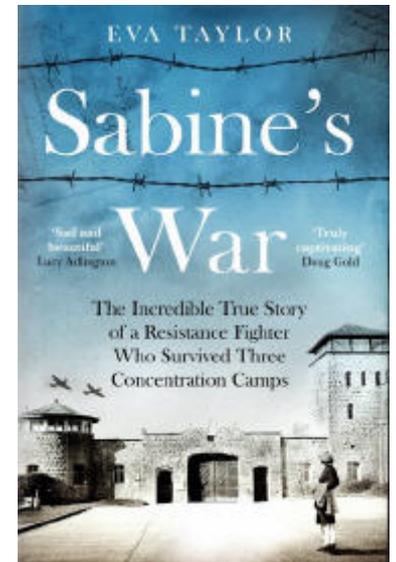
Transferred from Auschwitz to Buchenwald, Moshe Kessler joins a resistance group.



Two old enemies meet in 1999 at the first British war crimes trial. A compelling story of the Holocaust



Fiction based on factual events where hope against all odds survives in a concentration camp.



A captivating tale by the daughter of Sabine Zuur, a resistance fighter who survived three Nazi concentration camps.

**A selection of books from the Judaica section of The Avenue Bookstore, Elsternwick**



Lukas Coch/AAP **Re-published with permission under creative commons**

## The Conversation

Academic rigour, journalistic flair

Published: August 26, 2025 4.28pm

### The Islamic Revolutionary Guard Corps will be proscribed as a terrorist organisation. What does this mean?

**In a joint press conference, ASIO Director-General Mike Burgess and Prime Minister Anthony Albanese announced Iran orchestrated two antisemitic attacks on Australian soil: the October 2024 attack on Sydney's Lewis Continental Kitchen and the firebombing of the Adass Israel synagogue in Melbourne in December 2024.**

As part of its response, the Australian government will list the Islamic Revolutionary Guard Corps (IRGC) as a terrorist organisation.

The listing triggers various offences that people can be charged with, including being a member, supporting or meeting with members of the organisation.

It will place the IRGC alongside al-Qaeda, Islamic State, and neo-Nazi and other far-right groups as a recognised, criminal terrorist organisation under Australian law.

#### What is a proscribed terrorist organisation?

Under division 102 of the Criminal Code Act, the Australian government has the power to designate an organisation as a "terrorist organisation".

The governor-general can make a regulation to this effect if the home affairs minister is satisfied on reasonable grounds that an organisation is either:

directly or indirectly engaged in, preparing, planning, assisting in or fostering the doing of a terrorist act advocates the doing of a terrorist act.

The IRGC listing has not happened yet, so the government's full reasons are not available. Based on the recent announcement, it is likely the IRGC will be listed under the first of these grounds.

There are currently 31 terrorist organisations on the government's list. Most of these are Islamist fundamentalist organisations in the mould of al-Qaeda and Islamic State.

Hezbollah was listed in 2021 and Hamas in 2022, though their paramilitary wings had been listed and re-listed since 2003.

Four far-right groups were recently added: National Socialist Order, Sonnenkrieg Division, The Base, and Terrorgram.

Terrorgram was listed in June 2025. It is more of an online network than a clearly defined organisation. The banning of an online group, and now the IRGC – a branch of another country's armed forces – suggests that listings under division 102 will evolve in line with the changing nature of terrorism.

As Burgess has explained, threats to Australia's national security are becoming more "dynamic, diverse and degraded".

In the past, threats of terrorism came from a smaller number of groups that were heavily influenced by al-Qaeda. Now, terrorist threats involve mixed and unclear ideologies, conspiracy thinking, anti-government beliefs, state-sponsored terrorism and foreign interference.

#### What offences does the listing trigger?

Once an organisation is proscribed under division 102, this triggers a series of criminal offences.



It is a crime, punishable by up to 25 years in prison, to direct the activities of a terrorist organisation – or to recruit for, train with, fund or support one. Being a member of a terrorist organisation is punishable by 10 years in prison.

It is even an offence, punishable by three years imprisonment, to “associate with” a member of a terrorist organisation. The association must take place on two or more occasions and provide support to the organisation. This offence could be used, for example, to charge proxy criminals who meet with members of the IRGC or another terrorist group.

Strictly speaking, an official listing is not needed for these offences to be prosecuted. Prosecutors can also prove in court, as an element of the offence, that a group of people is a terrorist organisation. This happened in the Benbrika case, when a group of men in Melbourne were found by a jury to be members of a terrorist organisation.

Still, listing a group makes it easier to prosecute these offences, as the fact that the group is a terrorist organisation does not need to be separately proven in court.

In this case, it also sends a clear signal from the government and ASIO that foreign interference on Australian soil will not be tolerated. •

Keiran Hardy

Associate Professor, Griffith Criminology Institute, Griffith University. Disclosure statement  
Keiran Hardy receives funding from the Australian Research Council for a Discovery Project on conspiracy-fuelled extremism. Partners: Griffith University. Griffith University provides funding as a member of The Conversation AU.



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For further information concerning Iran, go to Cat’s Eye Watch No. 8, 1st July 2025

at: <https://www.catseyewatch.com>

(Somewhat prophetic?)



Con Clusion



the week that was



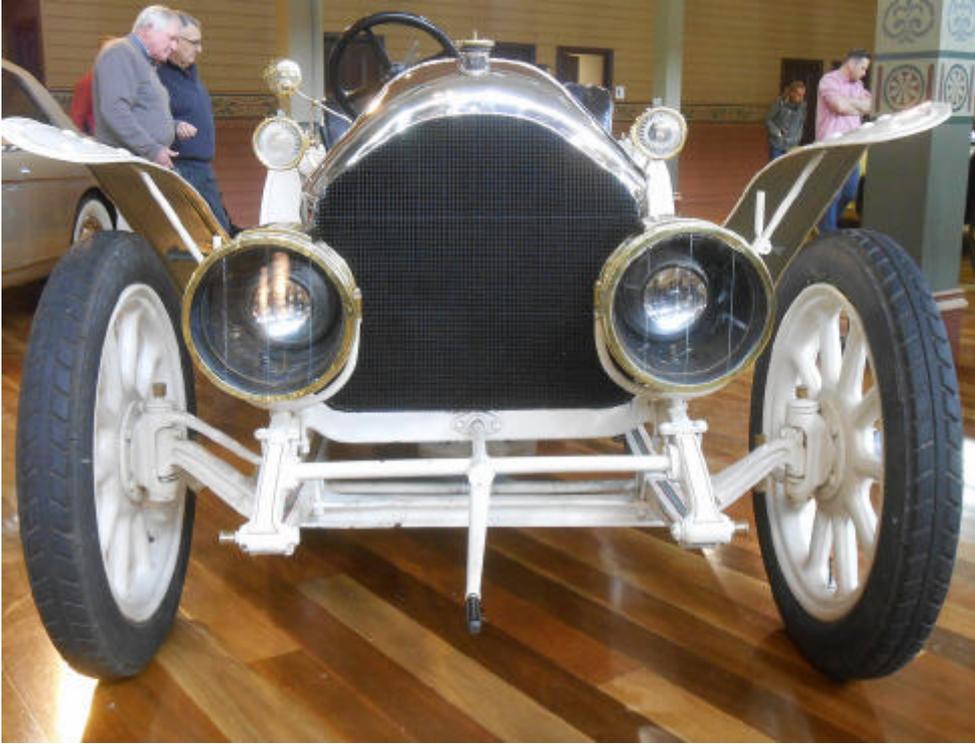
**At the time of going to press, Victoria Police have not located the person who shot dead two officers and wounded one at the town of Porepunkah near Bright.** Perhaps it’s time to bring back another gun amnesty following the Port Arthur massacre in 1996, which saw approximately 650,000 firearms surrendered. Another amnesty organised in 2017 saw 57,000 surrendered. All very well it seems, but are hardened crims going to give up their weapons? Hardly. But if it saves one life then it is worth organising. The problem these days is the rapid rise of guns made using 3D printing at home. These techniques are so far advanced that an automatic or semi-automatic 3D printed gun can fire up to 30 rounds a minute. Big problem. With the right equipment, these guns can be made within a teenager’s bedroom.

**Banks closing.** Bendigo bank has announced it is closing nine banks in Tasmania, with plans for the other states. For country folk, driving 100k or more is not an option. Relying upon the internet for banking is also doubtful, it’s been down numerous times. Banks don’t have much heart! •



# *Motoring Memoirs*

## 1913 Nazzaro Tipo 2



Notes from the present owner: "It is believed there are only three Nazzaro cars on the road today. One is in New Zealand and a second in the UK purchased from an Italian collection in 2005. The third, a 20/30 hp from West Australia is the one photographed here.

"The 1913 Nazzaro Tipo 2 was purchased by its current owner on behalf of his late father, the well known collector Percy Markam. The car had been discovered in a shed in Kilmore, Victoria, by Mr. R.C.Davis who restored the vehicle. It is an example of the 20/30 hp car in which Felice Nazzaro won the 1913 Targa Florio. It has a 4.400cc four-cylinder engine with an 8ft 10 1/2in wheelbase. The car featured in the November 1965 *Veteran and Vintage* magazine and in 1967 it was featured in the *Horseless Carriage Gazette*. This automobile, now over one hundred years old, is the only vehicle from the highly extensive Percy Markam collection still retained by the family." •

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