

The Real Australians

By Mark J MacNamara

'I just need to be somewhere this fucking moron isn't,' the post said. Graeme looked on in amusement and satisfaction at how the discussion was progressing. In all the years he'd been in the Organisation he'd never had so much fun or felt he was making this much impact.

"I don't know why we weren't doing this before," he'd told Ray at the last meeting. "I can just sit back, light the fuses and watch these cunts explode at each other."

Graeme had expanded his internet trolling activities to include a couple of personal crusades. Though Lebbos were initially in their sights, reffos, slope-heads, Abbos and their bleeding-heart greenie sympathisers were all part of the mission. Graeme knew the other blokes would probably support his endeavours if they knew he was taking on faggots, rock-spiders, unions and vegetarians.

"Ought to be strung up by the balls these child molesters," Andrew had said one evening.

"Nah, chopped into lots of tiny pieces," Ray had said. Graeme knew they were all on the same page.

Graeme considered the Facebook conversation currently before him. Which one of his profiles should respond? Abby the environmental crusader could come in, tossing aside her pacifist predisposition, take sides with this tosser going off his nut at the hairdresser from Maitland who'd commented, rightly as far as Graeme was concerned, that next time she went to watch the Knights play she'd take sandwiches because all the kiosks at the ground were run by Asians. One of the bikers the Organisation had been courting was involved in this thread, good time for Abby to mention the Vegan store at Cooks Hill again. Graeme knew from messaging these guys they'd been involved in some of the tattoo parlours that got torched on the Central Coast. He could also get Abby to send a friend request to this new tosser who thought it was fine for slope-heads to come in and take over our country.

That was one of the Organisation's tactics – become 'friends' with as many of these shit-heads as possible so they could both keep an eye on them and take every opportunity to rile them up and ruffle their feathers, but it was sickening sitting through all their pansy posts and 'shares' – Amnesty International and Animal Welfare, art galleries and crap... the fucking Australian Democrats?! Sometimes after a few bourbons Graeme couldn't resist the urge to give them a serve, and that was deemed okay by the Organisation, so long as it was done from an appropriate on-line profile.

He thought he might also come in on this conversation as Roger the Vietnam Vet he'd created, give them a few anecdotes from *his* experience with Asians.

'You want to be careful talking to a lady like that. Somebody might put you in your place. I've checked your profile.' It was the biker. Graeme was giggling with glee. This was going better than he expected. If he could just draw this tosser in a bit more...

Thursday night Graeme and Ray were invited to speak on behalf of the Organisation at a meeting of an outlaw motorcycle club. Though Richmond based, the Club held their monthly meetings on a property at out-of-the-way Spencer on the northern shores of the Hawkesbury. In fact they had

two separate monthly meetings – one more public at Richmond where they discussed Club events, bike mechanics, bike related businesses and products, finances and the like. At Spencer meetings they addressed things that couldn't be discussed in the open.

The Organisation had always had bikers among its members but this formal level of engagement was something new. Graeme and Ray reflected on this during the long drive up to Spencer. All that pamphleteering they'd done over the years, sometimes in mid-suburban areas like Hurstville or Epping where long established 'Australian' communities had been swamped by Asians. They'd had more luck on the urban fringe but even there it seldom bore more than private conversations with unhappy housewives or the local butcher and mechanic - full of encouragement and thanks 'for what you blokes are doing' but too fearful to commit anything more. Occasionally they'd snag a new member.

That was it really - fear. They knew they had the majority of Australians behind them but *political correctness* had made people afraid to speak their mind, because some inner-city fucking metro-sexual completely out of touch with what it was like to be in small business competing against immigrants was bound to jump down your throat. You couldn't even smack your kids without some do-gooder telling you you weren't allowed.

All *that* had changed though since the Muslim riots in Sydney. Australians were suddenly compelled to say 'I told you so' about all those refugees. They'd enjoyed this sort of freedom of speech before though – after September 11, and the Bali bombing. They'd even enjoyed some political clout during the time of One Nation... the optimism of those days and how it rankled later. After the Cronulla riots the media turned against the Ozzie majority, who once again fell silent. The difference this time was the Organisation was prepared and able to keep the momentum going. They owed it all to social media and a better grasp of the internet in general.

What was happening in motorcycle clubs though really brought them to the tipping point. In a way it was a microcosm of what was happening in the broader Australian community. What Ray had cottoned onto was the sudden preponderance of Lebbo names at the top of motorcycle gangs and organised crime across the country. Surely, Ray had reasoned, this must have displaced somebody. Thus here they were addressing an outlaw motorcycle club.

"You take a club like the Angels for example," Gordon, a former Club Secretary with a long silver beard and a close-cropped head was saying, "there's not a single fucking Australian in the club anymore."

"They're bringing in guns and shooting up neighbourhoods... who'd want to live in fucking Merrylands or Guildford nowadays with all the Muslims?" another senior biker added.

"Who'd want to live in half of Sydney?" interjected Ray, who still had the floor. The general consensus among the bikers was that it was time real Australians fought fire with fire.

Watching Ray deliver his speech while standing beneath the Club's Eureka Flag was at first off-putting for Graeme, who remembered the BLF and still saw it as a symbol of trade union thuggery, and for whom there would only ever be one Australian flag – the one with the Union Jack up the top corner and half a dozen white stars on it. But Ray's performance had been masterful, inspiring. He had these bikers' attention. Their timing could not have been better. Graeme was convinced the Organisation's moment was at hand.

"What *we* can offer *you*," Ray continued, "is Perception Management." He paused for effect and Graeme could see things ticking over in one or two bikers' heads. "Perception Management, or 'PM' as it's called in military circles." Ray grinned. He had these bikers in the palm of his hand. "While old blokes like you and me, Gordon, are still getting today's news from the Telegraph and Channel 9, the younger ones, and I'm not talking all that young – the majority of

people in their forties and below, are getting *this minute's* news from their smartphone or computer.

"I brought Graeme here tonight, he's our communications officer," said Ray gesturing an open hand toward Graeme before continuing. The bikers all turned their heads to look Graeme up and down. "Graeme has set up an incredible network of social media resources, blogs, and online subscriptions to a number of forums through which we've already had amazing success. We've got a few irons in the fire but... well I'll let Graeme tell you what's brewing over in Western Australia."

Ray motioned to Graeme, who stood as Ray sat down. The bikers all turned their attention to this new red-neck. "Thanks Ray. Well using our connections with the Shooters' and Fishers' through their web site forums and their social media pages we were able to start this campaign of grass-roots action against illegal immigrants. Fishing and shooting clubs right across the top-end are fed up with the Government, and some of them are within striking distance of places like Christmas Island and Indonesia. Some of these fishing clubs are closely tied to mining communities who, thanks to the mining boom, are really well resourced." Graeme could see he had already captured their imaginations and he was revelling in it. All those years of one-on-ones with housewives and butchers and old retirees in their gardens... *finally* a worthwhile collective ear to speak to.

"Fishing and Shooting clubs across NT and WA have already started patrolling the coastline. If the Government can't do a proper job the *people* will have to. They've also established a base at Exmouth and different clubs will take turns at manning it. In the future they'll be able to patrol the sea around Christmas Island." Graeme hoped none of these bikers' grasp of geography in that far flung corner of Australia was too good. When he'd planted that idea on the Shooters' and Fishers' Facebook page he'd had no idea himself that at 1560 kilometres from the mainland there wasn't a recreational fishing boat or a recreation fisher with the sort of range to get to Christmas Island. For now Christmas Island wasn't going to be patrolled. "Anything that heads for the Australian mainland the drill is - these Indonesian boats of illegal Muslims will be towed to Yamdena island. If you know your geography, that's part of Indonesia."

Graeme's report caused a reaction. A few bikers laughed and whooped at the audacity of the plan. Fishers and Shooters actually taking matters into their own hands?

Ray stood and Graeme took his cue and sat down. "With the grass-roots support of real Australians anything is possible. The amazing thing is this solution was just so obvious! It was always there staring us in the face. We didn't know how easy it was. It took Facebook and the Shooters' and Fishers' web site to make it happen. We can get real Australians behind you too," Ray concluded.

While bikers had tried for decades to affect public opinion – multi-club runs for children's charities and all sorts of stuff, they'd never controlled the way the media handled it. For every story about Clubs coming together to raise money for charity there were a dozen more about what happened when a couple of young hot-heads from different Clubs got a little bit soaped-up. The media long ago got bored with charity runs and nowadays the only stories were about shootings involving Lebanese controlled clubs.

Gordon was first to turn to his Club compatriots. With a big sparsely-toothed grin he entreated them, "Too right! Let's get these fucking Lebbos out of the clubs and off bikes." To which there was uproarious agreement.

The Club president stood and thanked Ray and Graeme with a handshake. "We'll talk to you soon," he said before bringing the meeting to a close amid enthusiastic hand-clapping.

Subtlety had always been a challenge for the Organisation in the past, and Graeme and Ray sensed in this they'd found fellow travellers among these bikers. What they now realised was subtlety didn't matter when you had immense connectivity. You didn't need to tread as gently when you had the mob behind you.

Outlaw motorcycle clubs responded to the Organisation's campaign by ramping up their preparations for an all-out conflict with the Lebanese. A bunch of explosives had been stolen years ago from a Queensland mine, in actual fact diverted by a sympathetic mine employee, and the means of detonating them later stolen from Queensland Rail. Several caches of stolen firearms accumulated over a decade were finally unlocked.

The Commonwealth's Cybercrime Initiative had brought together representatives of academia, ASIS, ASIO, Federal and State Police, private security consultancies, the armed services and politics. In the end it was politics that mattered and extensive budget cuts brought on by increased perception that Government debt was running out of control saw virtually all the programs that came out of the initiative stall. Government agencies, particularly Defence, still engaged consultancies to undertake trolling on their agendas, others such as the counter-terrorism unit at ASIO, to actively monitor cyber-communications for keywords and circumstantial indicators. But ASIO's counter-terrorism unit could dedicate only three analysts to handle all the data these private consultancies produced. Considerable expense was still going into engaging private consultants, but as with many areas of Government those consultancies essentially turned out to be the end-game because after they were paid there was nothing left for actually delivering outcomes.

One area that remained sacrosanct even in this environment was the AFP's Child Protection Operations including online child sex exploitation. It was this unit rather than their counter-terrorism unit, or anyone else's for that matter, that brought the Organisation's on-line campaigning to the attention of the authorities. Graeme's rock-spider busting initiative, as he liked to think of it, had flagged him.

The AFP monitored Graeme's online activities blinkered for the slam-dunk to prosecute on child pornography offences. By the time that occurred though it was too late, the fires had been lit, and the Organisation's campaigns had reached people in all walks of life.

With so much wealth passing into the hands of a handful of Australians the chances were at least one of them would be of the same ilk as the Organisation. One West Australian mining magnate whose wealth surpassed many nation states, influenced by the online campaigns, was able to outfit a suitable craft for Exmouth. With an enthusiastic partly volunteer crew it set out for Christmas Island. After an excruciatingly long and expensive month, testing the resolve of all involved, eventually they got hold of a distress call and intercepted their first people smuggler boat. Knowing little about the geography of Indonesia they towed it straight North to the West Javan coastline and set it adrift. The boat drifted for a number of days before being rescued by Indonesian authorities, by which time several dozen asylum seekers, most of them children, had perished of dehydration.

The event caused condemnation both abroad and at home in Australia, initiating a diplomatic ruckus between Australia and Indonesia. Graeme revelled in the online conflict that followed. *'It's natural selection,'* he enjoyed telling one group of bleeding-heart greenie fucking metro-sexuals to put them in their place, whingeing about the little towel-heads who'd gone to Allah. He wasn't alone in the online vitriol, tensions boiling over as everyone started to speak their mind.

When the self-appointed saviours of Australia intercepted their second boat the Indonesian Navy off the coast of Java was prepared for them. Afterward the Indonesians reported they'd been fired on first but one thing was for certain – a quick burst from a 25mm naval machine gun had silenced the Australian nationalists, killing four of their crew. What had been diplomatic rumblings now became a full-blown standoff. The new Conservative Government in Canberra, while dismissing the act of maritime vigilantism as foolhardy, having talked tough on Indonesian boats carrying asylum seekers, and conscious of a groundswell of public condemnation of the Indonesian action, particularly among its own constituency, were naturally required to take the Indonesians to task over the incident. Indonesia withdrew its ambassador and took its case to the United Nations.

The anti-Nationalist faction were first to organise their protest rallies across capital cities, calling on State and Federal Governments to begin enforcing anti-vilification laws and shut down the online hate campaign. The turnout was the largest since the anti-Iraq War rallies of 2003. Minor scuffles broke out between protesters, police and groups of emboldened Nationalists. Incidences of vandalism against mosques and households in the south-west of Sydney were reported in the press. A group of Muslim schoolgirls were confronted on a suburban train and forced to remove their hijab, causing a community outcry.

The following weekend Nationalist rallies were held in memory of the four killed and in support of the others currently in custody in Indonesia, ordinary Aussies who loved their fishing. The anti-Muslim campaign leading up to the event had reached unprecedented levels and many at the rally carried racially taunting slogans.

The Muslim Brotherhood in Australia had become increasingly radicalised in response to the deepening racial hate campaign, assisted by the Organisation's trolling in their online forums, but also in defiance of the Australian Federation of Islamic Councils whose leadership they saw as failed and ineffectual. From across suburbia Middle-Eastern gang members and enervated community members came out to confront Nationalist protesters in Sydney and Melbourne. Among the anti-Muslim protesters a large number of motorcycle club members saw this as the ultimate confrontation they'd been planning for against the Lebanese controlled motorcycle gangs, many of whom they recognised among Muslim rabble. The result was a day and a half of bloody fighting on the streets of our major cities with scores of innocent bystanders caught in the crossfire. The Australian Army was brought in and even the air-force began patrols overhead. It took more than a week to quell the violence which spread first to the South-west of Sydney and then to the western fringes. The Government hastily put together camps for the urban refugees in the Central Coast and Illawarra hinterlands.

Amid international condemnation Australia withdrew its bid for a seat on the UN Security Council and the UN General Assembly narrowly failed to pass a resolution condemning the security situation in Australia and labelling it the next thing after Apartheid South Africa.

Amid community anger and animated threats from those he'd once seen as his own kind, Graeme was tried for offences relating to the procurement and dissemination of child pornography, convicted and sent to gaol. Ray tried to use his connections in the outlaw motorcycle clubs to see if he could have Graeme "chopped into lots of tiny pieces."