



A MORTAL EPIDEMY: ARAFATITIS

Whereas we were entitled to expect the magnates of the media of the XXth century to exert themselves to use the Good, the True and the Beautiful in the promotion of mankind's ascension, we are now witnessing a most alarming phenomenon: Arafat who had – at least from 1969 to 1982 – made the world a stage for his terrorist prowess directed from Lebanon, suddenly sobered down and extended his hand to peace. Throughout his terrorist period lavishly fostered by billions of petrodollars and blindly supported by Arab and so-called Arab countries as well as all the other Islamic States – this is a subject we will treat apart –, Arafat was successful, by way of terrorism, in winning over key Western officials, particularly in France, the so-called "compassionate mother of Lebanon", but who never lifted a finger to help him when he needed help. Money allowed him to mobilize terrorists; and all the mercenary elements within the ranks of what is known as the *Fourth Power* (the Press), were enrolled to his cause to the point that, compared to the coverage assigned to Arafat and his bloody feats, the coverage of other events, including those of world-wide importance, appeared paltry and meager.

Matters continued to deteriorate until Arafat became conscious of the impossibility of obtaining even an inch of territory by means of his atrocities, and was forced to seek another way. The whole world acclaimed his "*good faith*" and they even awarded him the *Nobel Prize for Peace*!

Meanwhile, Arafat succeeded in founding everywhere branches of his *Supermarket of terrorism*, or at least in promoting terrorism to the rank of an international hobby, thereby contaminating humanity with a sickness that may become a deadly threat to civilization. He even succeeded in becoming *persona grata* with most of the world leaders, and even His Holiness the Pope received him in pomp – no doubt hoping to convert him to peaceful activities. He was the only one who rose to the rostrum of the United Nations toting his pistol. And yet, his picture continued to be splashed on the TV screens as a top box office star, and his name continued to appear on the front pages of the international press.

For many years now, mankind is forced to watch on the screens the slightest of his movements, his whimpers and a close-up of his face... announcing invariably ominous episodes.

In many Lebanese homes, when his image – or that of his henchmen – appears on the TV screens people sign themselves in order to expel evil! Pregnant women are advised to turn their eyes away! The fact is that Arafat's name is associated with abominable reminiscences: here, a son kidnapped and never seen again; there, a young woman raped, and preferred to commit suicide rather than live in the ignominy of profanation by a Palestinian; elsewhere, a widow mourning a husband or a son sliced by a Palestinian butcher and sent back to her in a sack, while her neighbor was cut up and his flesh put on a cart drawn by Palestinian youths in Tall Zaatar shouting: "A kilo of meat for a pound!" with a mob of kids running about echoing their words and clapping their hands.

Our children also saw in the Tall Zaatar camp a Lebanese young man tied by the limbs to four cars moving in opposite directions. He was dismembered before their eyes!

Further away, in Damour, are rows of skeletal buildings blackened with soot from arson during the mass murders of 1996 in which a thousand civilians were butchered and barely did anyone speak about them. One of these buildings witnessed the massacre of a whole family, including a little girl

and her grandmother who were raped and killed before their bodies were burnt! Their pregnant neighbor's belly was ripped open and her one-year-old baby's throat cut!

Whereas they raised hell for the so-called massacres of Sabra and Chatila, where more than a third of the victims were Lebanese, imprisoned and tortured by Arafat's gangs and used as human shields during the operation that was designed primarily to mop up the terrorist gangs that were reported to be still hiding in the camps. But when the terrorists began to shoot against the Lebanese, a fierce battle was waged and casualties fell on both sides. But which family, which house, which stone in Lebanon does not have a horrid story to tell?

We are told that there are mothers, fathers or sisters who recorded the tragic acts they or their families suffered, hoping that some day they may serve as historical documents.

Yes, indeed, these are samples among thousands of the "brotherly" gestures of Palestinian gratitude towards the Lebanese who sheltered and nourished them, collected their garbage – and still do – and not only supported but even exalted their so-called "*cause*" at the expense of their own prosperity, peace and welfare! But who still remembers that? Almost no one, since the responsible personalities of Lebanon and especially the politicians, were themselves won over successively by the Palestinians and the Syrians through terrorism. They employed mercenary thugs from all over the world to murder two Presidents of the Republic, the leader of the Druze community, the Mufti of the Republic, scores of priests and cheikhs, innumerable newspapermen headed by the President of the Press Syndicate, thus succeeding in turning Lebanese officials into marionettes in the hands of henchmen set on destroying Lebanon and keeping the whole population silent under the threat of their "admirable" acts of terrorism.

Meanwhile, the very few European journalists who were bold enough to reveal the slightest of these atrocities suffered the same fate as the Lebanese. We count them among our martyrs.

And Arafat continues to lie, lie, lie... And the world to believe him!

But why all this? And in the beginning of the third millennium? What, in truth, is this "*cause*" and what, after all, is Palestine? What ideal, what religion is served by serving it?

We shall answer all these questions by other articles supported by little known documents whose importance is capital.

Alfred and May Murr.