

FOREWORD

Dear Reader:

This story could have been told nearly forty years ago. I had accumulated a great deal of research material pertaining to the sinking and attempted sabotage of the ships *Patria* and *Struma*. Also a ship called *Empire Life Guard* was planted with bombs with a delay-switch. However the timing device failed to work at the set time, and the ship exploded in the port of Haifa with loss of life. All these ships carried the remnants of European Jewry that had escaped the fury of Hitler's Third Reich.

Not as lucky was *Egoz*, a small boat that sank off the shores of Morocco while carrying Jewish children out of Morocco. I was incensed that these innocent victims were sacrificed on the altar of statehood. In addition, the Arab village of Qibyah was attacked on October 14, 1953. Sixty-nine defenseless men, women and children were mercilessly massacred. It was rumored that the Israeli army was the perpetrator of the massacre, but Prime Minister David Ben-Gurion officially denied this. He said: "We checked and found that not one army unit left the base that night."

Two days later, I met a friend who lived in a Jewish colony across the border from Qibyah. He told me that he saw fully armed Israeli soldiers under the command of Ariel Sharon cross the border in direction of Qibyah that very same night. David Ben-Gurion had indeed ordered the operation in spite of his denials. He also denied subsequent cover-ups, such as the massacre of the passengers of a bus near Maaleh Ha'akrabim. The Israeli government wrongfully accused Arabs, while it was a Jewish gang that committed the massacre. With much research, I later found evidence proving the involvement of yet another massacre sponsored by the Israeli government. It was at this point that I decided to write what I had discovered because I knew the truth couldn't be hidden without damaging what I believed at that time to be the refuge for the Jews.

I learned that before one could publish a book in Israel, permission had to be granted by the censors of this so-called

democracy. If the censors deemed that a story could be harmful to the state, they would withhold permission to publish it. If one still persisted and gained permission to publish, censorship would make so many deletions, the book would be unreadable. If one managed to publish without the permission of the censors, one would be liable to arrest and incarceration for as long as the authorities would decide.

When I was contemplating writing and publishing this book, two of my colleagues and well known Israeli journalists were arrested and put in jail for exposing the involvement of the Israeli secret police (*Mossad*) in the kidnapping in Paris of Mehdi Ben-Barka, a popular Moroccan socialist leader. The foreign press throughout the world had already disclosed this information. Maxim Gilan and Samuel Mour were nonetheless charged with crimes against national security and were locked up for six months. Moreover, the Israeli media was gagged and was not even allowed to mention that the two journalists had been arrested. If the authorities had wished, the two men would have been kept in jail for the rest of their lives.

My friends advised me to wait until I was out of the country before publishing my book, thus avoiding a confrontation with the Israeli censors. Before making my decision, I contacted a number of foreign reporters based in Israel and asked them if they could publish without being checked by the Israeli censors. They told me that everything they wrote had to be cleared by Israeli censors who were the only ones who could fax their material out of the country. If they tried to circumvent the Israeli censors, they would never be allowed to work in Israel again.

Years later, I immigrated to the United States. I contacted some important American publishers and I found a great deal of interest and willingness to publish my work. But when it was time to sign a contract, the publishers demanded that I give them the right to delete or change any part of the book they wished. For me, this constituted a form of censorship. I turned down their offers even though it meant a substantial loss of income. However, I never regretted my decision. Thanks to the help of many friends, I managed to publish in its integrity the first edition of this book.

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