

## A Word in Regard to Jean Raspail's *Big Other*

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Originally published as the foreword to the 2011 Paris edition of *Le Camp des Saints*, Jean Raspail's *Big Other* combines several themes prominent in his writings throughout the years. Far longer than his 1973 and 1985 prefaces, its length led to a title unto itself in the French edition, two English words he chose in coining a name for a key component of what the West is up against.

Beyond the allusion to the internationally known Big Brother from Orwell's *1984*, Raspail writes of a pervasive presence of a different sort: a collective that consists of native-born Westerners with a shared anti-Western consciousness.

Raspail distinguishes that group from the Other (*l'Autre*), the non-Western arrivals who are streaming into the Occident chiefly out of material motives. *Big Other* is the millions of home-grown Westerners who have allied themselves with the Other and are using open borders to pursue a transformative agenda.

At its core, the designation Big Other is a more focused refinement of what he referred to in the novel as "the beast." Midway through his 2011 preface he spells out the exact nature of Big Other succinctly: the entire phalanx of those native-born French (and Westerners) whose goal is the submergence of their own people and culture in a bottomless sea of non-Western immigration.

Raspail confesses to finding the motives of many in that phalanx perplexing, though he clearly — this comes through in the novel also — sees them as falling into two types: naïve idealists of a humanist bent, and then the more ill-motivated faction, the self-loathing nihilists who bear an intense hostility toward the West and yearn to destroy it with no real interest in what comes next.

Raspail's 2011 prolegomenon incorporates some of the thoughts he expressed in a famous 2004 essay in *Le Figaro*.<sup>\*\*</sup> Noting how the French anti-Westerners have a different set of values, what he wrote in 2004 was this:

Even if I can bring myself to credit them with a degree of sincerity, I have trouble accepting the idea that these are my countrymen. I feel the word *traitors* poking up, but there's another explanation: They confuse France with the Republic. Heaven knows you can use "republican values" to mean anything you want, but that's not the way it works when you talk about France. France is above all a country of flesh and blood. The Republic, on the other hand, is nothing but a form of government, to them synonymous with ideology, ideology with a capital "I," ideology of major proportions. It seems to me, essentially, that they're betraying the former for the latter.

There he put his finger on it: What appeals to anti-Western Frenchmen about France isn't the flesh-and-blood nation itself, but only the universalism of the present-day government, which subserves a set of idealistic political abstractions that suit the Left's purposes. In contrast, pro-Western Frenchmen feel most deeply connected to France's soil and its historical people (whose defining qualities are a matter on which Raspail cites de Gaulle), and consider the government's primary mission to be the defending of that people and their hallowed territory. This sets up a situation in which the two main groups in the country hold mutually exclusive orders of priorities in regard to what they expect governance to uphold. Indeed, these two orders of priorities are not only mutually exclusive, they're actually mutually annihilatory. A definitive victory by either one means the end of the other side's operating conditions.

Another name for those "orders of priorities" is *loyalties*, which leads back to Raspail's consideration of the word *traitors* in regard to the faction who are working to scuttle France. On that, it's worth noting that the matter of treason can hinge on one's perspective. In the case of the pro- and anti-Western French, each is in effect a gang of renegades *relative to* its opposite number. Humanist Frenchmen whose primary allegiance is to abstract and functionally anti-French "republican values" are

*ipso facto* traitors to the historical nation and its people, while those same humanists (invariably globalists and "citizens of the world" through and through) view pro-Western Frenchmen essentially as enemies of the human species.

Those two sets of loyalties are in fundamental and irreconcilable conflict, meaning that the groups who hold them are incompatible with each other inside the same borders. To borrow terms from U.S. history, it's self-evident that those two groups don't belong in the same country with each other. That is to say, they don't belong inside the same polity, especially under conditions of democratic-style governance, which pits them against each other directly in the public arena. The two need to be in separate countries, because where the pursuit of happiness is concerned, each would be far happier without the other one's presence fouling up the way they want to run their show.

An exact parallel exists in the United States: Of the two large factions, one — call this group the Americans, for we need to recognize the distinction — holds primary loyalties to the historical American civilization that existed even before the Declaration of Independence formalized that *de facto* nation's existence. The other large faction — call them the USAns\* — gives their primary loyalties to a utopian set of abstract political propositions that they claim are the essence of the USA.

Exactly as Raspail describes in France, the Left in the U.S. is entirely about ideology. Abstract propositions hold great allure for idealists because in contrast to the stubborn realities of human nature, when it comes to ideology the sky's the limit. Ideology is a blank check that empowers dreamers to do anything they want in pursuit of their perfected world. It also provides moral cover for the consistent failures that result from an unrealistic assessment of mortals' potential for perfectibility, because in the absence of good results, visionaries take credit for their intentions. Their fallback position is always that their program didn't fail, it just wasn't *implemented* properly, and thus We Must Try Harder... redouble our efforts...think in the long term..."the big picture," etc.

As for prime examples of Big Other, the Paris politicians Raspail mentions who undermine the French population's resistance to its own submergence will be unfamiliar to Americans, but the latter-day USA is teeming with its own equivalents of Laurent Fabius. To pick but one: former Vice President Joe Biden. Dishing up the usual clichés and wishful assertions of U.S. exceptional-

\*\*"La Patrie trahie par la République," *Le Figaro*, June 17, 2004.

\*four syllables, pronounced USA-*əns*.

ism, in 2015 Biden gushed that the USA has an advantage “unlike any other country in the world,” and that that’s “an unrelenting stream of immigration. Non-stop. Non-stop. Folks like me, who are Caucasian of European descent, for the first time, in 2017, we’ll be in an absolute minority in the United States of America. Absolute minority. Fewer than 50 percent of the people in America, from then and on, will be white European stock. That’s not a bad thing. That’s a source of our strength.... It’s not merely that we’re a melting pot, but we’re *proud* to be a melting pot.... [I]nclusion counts. Let me say that again: Inclusion counts. Inclusion counts.... And the wave still continues. It’s not going to stop. Nor should we want it to stop. As a matter of fact, it’s one of the things I think we can be most proud of.”

Piped through the vice president of the United States, that was the voice of Big Other.

Americans listening to Biden’s repetitive chant about how lucky, lucky, lucky they are to be submerging in a sea of non-Western immigration are entitled to wonder this: If sinking below 50 percent of the population is such a blessing, then *at just exactly what percentage does our submergence become not so beneficial anymore?* 30 percent? 20? 10, 9, 8, 7, 6? At what point does submergence become drowning? And are we even allowed ever to ask that question, without Big Other’s smearbund accusing us of “racism” and “hate” and all the rest of it? After all, dropping below 50 percent of the population didn’t work out so well for the American Indians (whom no one denounced as “haters” for exhibiting resistance to the high number of aliens who were flooding in on them), nor for anyone else in the history of this planet. Predictably enough, the lower their percentage fell, the more their world was turned upside down, with severe negative ramifications for their way of life, and even for their elementary physical survival.

Undoubtedly, pro-alien collaborators to whom one posed that question would simply dismiss it out of hand with the glib assertion that *this* time things are going to be different, i.e., “everything’s gonna work out fine,” as a delusive humanist ballad from 1970 intoned. Then they’d hurry to cut off any further discussion.

\*opening remarks to the White House Summit on Countering Violent Extremism, Feb. 17, 2015, viewable at around the 10½-minute mark in C-Span’s coverage: <https://www.c-span.org/video/?324394-2/vice-president-joe-biden-remarks-extremism-terrorism>

One asks oneself whether Caucasian USAns who utter statements as fatuous as Biden’s really believe what they’re saying, or whether they just mouth such things reflexively, from habit, because they know the media and the rest of Big Other’s organs will smother them with kisses for it, but would flay them for saying anything to the contrary?

Raspail observes that not all of those who strike poses of all-embracing humanitarianism actually feel that way in their hearts. He tells of personal conversations with high officials who talk one way when the cameras and microphones are on, yet voice much more realistic views in private. In any case, whatever be their motives, the effect is the same: constant reinforcement of the pro-alien mindset, which enjoys undying appeal among idealists for the self-gratification they get out of endless high-sounding rhetoric about compassion and liberality and universal social justice.

In *Big Other*, Raspail also delves into a further array of sub-topics related to *The Camp of the Saints*. Telling of how his most renowned book came to be a classic, he notes that after its initially lukewarm reception its sales gradually gained momentum through word of mouth from devoted readers who sensed that this futurist novel had struck on something of world-historical importance. Some of his early detractors in the French literary world, watching events unfold in the ensuing decades, eventually came to credit him with the gift of prophecy.

*The Camp of the Saints*, begun in 1971, is indeed a substantially prophetic work. *Big Other* is its author’s reflections four decades later.

—L.F. Mares  
translator  
2011 foreword  
*Le Camp des Saints*

# 'Big Other'

— Foreword —  
2011 French edition\*



*The Camp of the Saints* was written in 1971 and '72 in Boulouris, in a monumental villa of the late nineteenth century English seaside style, grandly christened Le Castelet<sup>1</sup>, which had been lent to me on the edge of the Mediterranean, with a narrow beach and rocky shoals. From the library where I was working, all you saw for 180 degrees was the endless expanse of the sea, such that one morning, my gaze lost in the distance, I said to myself, "What if they came?" I didn't know who these *they* were, but to me it seemed bound to happen that the innumerable poor from the south, in the manner of a tidal wave, were one day going to set out for this opulent shore, the open border of our blessed lands. That's how it all got started.

I had no plan and not the slightest idea of how things would go, nor of the characters who were going to populate my tale. I used to stop for the night without knowing what would take place the day after, and to my great surprise, the next day my pencil raced across the paper without a snag. It went like that all the way to the end. If ever a book was meant for me to write, it was that one.

A sign, years afterward, came to support that feeling.

During the night of the 20th of February 2001, an unidentified freighter, loaded with a thousand Kurdish migrants, grounded itself intentionally, with all the speed its old engines could do, on a crop of rocks jutting from terra firma, and precisely at.... Boulouris, some 50 meters from Le Castelet! That rocky point where I used to go swimming when the weather was nice. It was part

\*Jean Raspail's preface to the 2011 French edition of *The Camp of the Saints* is translated by L. F. Mares (translation © 2018 L. F. Mares).

of my landscape. Granted, they didn't number a million, aboard a decrepit armada, as I had pictured them, but they had no less turned up at my place, all done up like a dress rehearsal of *The Camp of the Saints*, there to perform Act I! The radio report from the police helicopter at dawn on the 21st of February broadcast by AFP seemed drawn, word for word, from the first three paragraphs of the book. The press highlighted the coincidence, which, to certain folks, me included, didn't look entirely attributable to chance....

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That book came out in January 1973.

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At age 48, I had published only tales of travel or exploration, short stories, a series of features and reports in *Le Figaro*, and two rapidly forgotten early novels set in Peru and Japan: nothing to lay any claim to fame in the sanctuary of Saint-Germain-des-Prés<sup>2</sup>, where I didn't hang out much anyway. It was the publisher who took charge of it, and with him all the power of his publishing house. Robert Laffont got in touch, personally, with all the important booksellers of France. It was *his* book. He knew it as well as if he had written it himself. Holding as usual an open table in an Italian bistro in the Rue des Canettes, this reserved man, given to speaking in a neutral voice when he spoke at all, and doing little to uphold conversations, suddenly was coming out of his shell, and with a neophyte's verve was telling his guests about *The Camp of the Saints*. Bravely, albeit unsuccessfully, he even strove to convince the dreaded popess of the literary pages of the newspaper *Le Monde*. In his way, he was quite a naïf, that Robert Laffont....

We were figuring on a bestseller. Come spring, we lowered our sights. In the right-wing press, not much of an overture, with false notes. *L'Aurore* and *Quotidien du Médecin* slid by with interviews, which spared their columnists from taking a position. *Valeurs actuelles* (Paul Vandromme) and *Minute* (Jean Bourdier), which was then a widely read weekly, showed no lack of courage, not to forget the unsung small fry, like *Aspect de la France* or *Rivarol*.

As for the omnipresent *Figaro*, where I used to write regularly and still occasionally do, it blasted me, through the prehumanitarian and paleo-mainstream pen of Claudine Jardin. There was some contrasting and altogether unexpected support, however, in full post-conciliar tacking, from two influential Jesuits, Father

Lucien Guissard in *La Croix*, and Father Pirard in *La Libre Belgique*.... From the big dailies in the provinces, draped in their slanted neutrality, not one line, not one echo, with the notable exception of *Le Progrès* of Lyon, which lumped *The Camp of the Saints* in with Jean Cau's *Les Écuries de l'Occident*. I've felt quite lonely ever since Jean Cau died....

To close out the warm welcome, the left-wing press, *Le Monde* and *L'Observateur* at the head of the pack, mostly kept mum. Thirty-seven years and 25 books later, they still do — blacklisting — though that hasn't held them back, for all these years, from informing everyone of how odious and what a pariah the author of *The Camp of the Saints* is. I consider that an honor, and better yet, in the long run I didn't come out too badly at all!

In total, in 1973: a print run of 20,000 copies, of which 15,000 found takers. Robert Laffont wrote soberly: "A great novel, on a great subject, that didn't find favor with quite everyone...." Game over? Not at all. A beginning.

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It was in the United States, two years later, that the bugle sounded the second charge: The publisher Charles Scribner, a sort of American Gallimard, brought out *The Camp of the Saints* in 1975. They sent me an airplane ticket to New York to come meet the translator, Professor Norman Shapiro, in regard to words and turns of phrase that could lend themselves to confusion. With neither of them did I sense the slightest unease over the theme of that book, notably in the case of Shapiro, who was not a man of the Right.

It was a press and sales success, followed by various reprintings and the T.S. Eliot Award, which was presented to me in Chicago in 1997. Ronald Reagan and Samuel Huntington\* were among its notable readers. Jeffrey Hart, Dartmouth professor, essayist, and renowned American columnist, wrote: "Raspail is not writing about race, he is writing about civilization."

At numerous U.S. universities *The Camp of the Saints*, having become a classic, is still the object of studies and discussions. There followed, in due course, editions in Britain, Spain, Portugal, Brazil, Germany, and Holland, then in Czech, Russian, and Polish.... I'm not quite sure what to make of its translation into Afrikaans, published in Pretoria in 1990.

\*author, *The Clash of Civilizations and the Remaking of World Order*, Simon & Schuster, 1996.

That same year 1975, in Paris, while *The Camp of the Saints* had disappeared from the shelves of bookstores for 18 months — with the exception of a single one, that of Jean-Pierre Rudin, in Nice — the sales department of Éditions Robert Laffont noted, without anything to explain it, a slight stirring in orders that, as weeks went by, kept gaining volume and asserting itself until becoming a steady stream that, from reprinting to new edition, has never ceased, at least not up to the present day. The book's "historical" readers had just stormed the field.

Judging by the result, they were numerous, from all walks of life, persuasive, often influential, sometimes in high places. Many wrote to me, among them Pierre Gaxotte, Thierry Maulnier, Jean Anouilh, Maurice Druon, Jean-Louis Curtis, Michel Déon, Jacques Laurent, Jean Dutourd — right-wingers, to be sure, but also Alfred Sauvy, professor at the Collège de France and director, until 1962, of the National Demographic Institute (the questionable INED, today), who detected in the numbers the irrupting of the inevitable, long before I did. I saved all these expressions of their sentiments, and Sauvy's are precious to me....

Others came to see me on the occasion of book fairs or signings, and it's thus that I came to understand how *The Camp of the Saints* was spreading. I remember a parliamentarian and mayor of one of our big cities who kept a stack on his desk, for all to see, and would offer one to each of his visitors, saying, "Read this. It'll make a lasting impression on you...." Or that taxi driver, in Paris: Like Robert Laffont on the Rue des Canettes, he was regaling his fares with *The Camp of the Saints*, right while driving, "to shorten the ride." At the end of the trip, he'd find a way of selling them a copy, "pretty close to half the time." Going fifty-fifty with a "buddy in the book business," he moved about 10 of them a day. Or then that hotel-restaurateur, in Burgundy, who attached it to the bill, ribboned as a gift, "with the compliments of the house."

And finally, *Adorable Julia*<sup>3</sup>, in Geneva. Many were the times I had applauded her on the stage. In packed houses. A supreme conquest: the unforgettable Madeleine Robinson. That was no easy signing. I couldn't find words to express myself. When I finally handed her her book, she said to me, "You know, since it came out, this must be the hundredth one I've bought. I lend it to people and they don't bring it back, I buy another one and the same thing happens. I've given one to all my friends," and named off some well-known people. "You got me in trouble with some of them. Reading *The Camp of the Saints* is a test."

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The theme of *The Camp of the Saints* is one of extreme simplicity. It can be summed up in a couple of dozen lines:

In the night, on our country's Mediterranean coast, a hundred dilapidated ships run aground, loaded with a million emigrants. Poor folks stalked by misery, whole families with wives and children, swarms coming from the south of our world, drawn by the Promised Land. They yearn. They inspire immense pity. They're weak. They're unarmed. They have strength of numbers. They're the object of our self-reproach and of the mushy angelism of our consciences. They are *the Other*, that is to say Multitude, the Multitude's vanguard. And now that they're here, are we going to take them into our home, into France, "land of asylum and welcome," at the risk of encouraging the launching of other fleets of unfortunates who are getting ready, out there? It's the West, in its entirety, that finds itself threatened. Threatened with submersion. But what to do? Send them back home, but how? Pen them up in camps, behind barbed wire? Not very pretty, and then what? Use strength against weakness? Send our sailors and soldiers at them? Fire? Fire into the crowd? Who would follow orders like that? At all levels — universal conscience, governments, comity of civilizations, and above all each in himself — we ask ourselves these questions, but too late....

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The story respects the three unities of time, place, and action. It's an allegorical text. Everything unfolds in 24 hours, whereas in reality it's about an ongoing submersion\*, over the years, whose catastrophic fullness won't register on us until the watershed of 2045-2050, when the passing of the final demographic tipping point will be under way: In France and the countries around us, in the urbanized zones where two-thirds of the population live, 50 percent of the inhabitants below the age of 55 will be of non-European extraction. After which, this percentage will only keep climbing as a corollary of the weight of the two or three billion individuals, mainly from Africa and Asia, who will have been added to the six billion human beings the earth has today, and against whom our original Europe will be able to put up only its rump birth rate and its glorious senescence.

That's something anyone can read in the press, treated in the

\*Cf. *L'Europe submergée*, Alfred Sauvy, Dunod-Bordas, 1987

manner of banal information, as if it were the most natural thing in the world. Every year, a number of technically well-researched books on the subject appear, but their authors, with precious few exceptions, take great care not to yell that the house is on fire. Leaving out INED, which reshuffles the cards on orders and any which way it pleases, demographers and sociologists are pretty much in agreement on the basics, namely the figures and the time frame, but aside from a few hard-charging dissidents, they accompany it with cautious hedging and soothing reassurances, or make a show of approaching the matter solely from a professional angle, like a conscientious entomologist discoursing on a massive migration of ants. The journalist Éric Zemmour wryly likens them to "a locksmith who forged a magic key to open carefully bolted doors, but who, frightened by the monsters he discovers, slams the door back shut, tosses the key away, and casually declares *that there's nothing behind there to see....*"

The fact is, everybody knows instinctively that the "visible minorities" are going to become the majority, and that there's no longer any way of turning the trend around, other than the inconceivable." At the same time, it's also true that a person can't get up every morning and poison his day and his whole life, right from breakfast, by fixating on the idea that everything is done for. Even then: this strange indolence at all levels of cognition, of authority, of mass communications, of opinion, this reluctance to think and take action at the twilight of the race, this policy of burying our heads in the sand ... That's a point we'll come back to later.

On re-reading *The Camp of the Saints*, I rejoice in having written it in the strength of age and convictions. I don't take back any of it. Not one iota. The present edition is rigorously true to those of 1973 and 1985. It's a book that's impetuous, furious, stimulating, almost joyous in its distress, but savage, at times brutal and revolutive regarding all these lofty consciences that are

\**Mélancolie française*, Fayard 2010.

\*\*Precedents for the inconceivable do exist, and none too distantly. In 1945-46, the transplanting of millions of Germans to make space for Russians and Poles, and still other millions of Poles constrained to forsake their land and their possessions to as many million Ukrainians and Byelorussians. Or again the million expellees boarding ships back to France from Algeria with nothing but their suitcases, in March-June 1962. Brutal exoduses that the world never got excited about. They happened. They're over. They won't be repeated. Unimaginable today, both morally and as a practical matter. Times have changed. The opposing populations, too.

multiplying like an epidemic. Although all the way around it's a novel where by the principle of fiction the author has tacit license to give free rein to his inspiration with no other sanction than that of the audience, some of what's in it is conventionally beyond the pale. Among certain major scenes all just as unacceptable once they're taken out of context, I would cite only the final one, which should be satisfactory to the "good guys," seeing as how it's "the bad guys" who lose the game, and their lives:

The country is being invaded. The authorities have thrown up their hands. The populace is fleeing *en masse* toward the north, abandoning its blessed soil and its looted superstores. Confusion and disorder reign. Anarchy is everywhere. The only defenders the old France has left are 20 diehards, half civilians, half soldiers, holed up in a village that's stood for centuries on the heights that overlook the sea. Without qualm, they fire away at anything that moves. Among them, a young cabinet minister, who has broken with the government to join the last stand:

"Let's proceed legally," the minister suddenly said. "We've picked off 243 migrants, without authorization for it from any legal writ. Actually quite the opposite! So, I propose to you the following decree, retroactive three days, for immediate proclamation. I just wrote it up. Here!"

He took a piece of paper out of his pocket and read:

"In view of the state of emergency proclaimed in the southern districts, until further notice the provisions of the law of the 9th of June 1973, reading as follows, are suspended:

"Any person who incites discrimination, hate, or violence toward any individual or group of persons for reasons of their origin or their belonging to a particular ethnicity, nationality, race or religion, shall be punished by a term of imprisonment of not less than 1 month and not more than 1 year, and a fine of not less than 2,000 and not more than 300,000 francs. Additionally, as accessories to any action constituting a crime or offense, those persons shall be punished who, be it by writings or threats put forth in public places or meetings, or be it by written words, publications, drawings, reproductions, emblems, images, or any other form of writing or pictures or spoken words, whether by sale, distribution, offering for sale, or exposure to the public, directly provoked the perpetrator or perpetrators to commit said action, if the incitement was followed by effects.

"Adopted at the Village this day...signed...etc."

"It's a little late, I admit," the minister resumed. "But until now, who would have dared? That law, I checked, passed unani-

mously. I suppose my parliamentary colleagues back then didn't suspect what it would lead to. Or at any rate, if they had any misgivings, no one would risk airing them. There's a type of unanimity where you don't drag your feet if you know what's good for you."

The next day, all twenty of them were crushed beneath the rubble of the village by an air strike at low altitude from six waves of three planes. Eighteen pilots had been found to do the job, and a general to organize it. The planes bore the insignia of our forces....



So goes the novel, but the cited law, for its part, is no fictional matter, with the sole exception of a shift of date — an inside joke of mine. It concerns a first-of-its-kind law, by private and parliamentary initiative, the Pleven law, passed the 1st of July 1972, and indeed unanimously, Georges Pompidou being president and Pierre Messmer prime minister. Neither one of them was up for a fight, on that subject. One political law. For starters....

The matter of immigration still being in its early stages, back then, of no apparent urgency, and the magistrates of that era proving to be rather reserved, it took that law a while to go into gear. A criminal penalty came to be added that was then only three months.\* That's how *The Camp of the Saints*, published in 1973, got past. It would have fallen within the scope of that law, but made it under the wire, the subsequent legal tightenings not being retroactive. Those are three in number: the Gayssot law (1990), the Lellouche law (2001) and the Perben law (2004), and they received, on President Jacques Chirac's personal initiative as an end-of-term gift, the strongarm support of HALDE, the High Authority for Combatting Discrimination and Promoting Equality.

Out of curiosity I consulted separately two lawyers who specialize in these questions.

What emerges is that, today, if it were being brought out for the first time, *The Camp of the Saints* couldn't even be published, at least not without being gutted. One can gauge how much, in less than 40 years, with a dramatic lurch from the 1990 Gayssot law, our freedom of expression in this country has been curtailed and circumscribed, precisely on that subject.\*\*

And yet, ever since its publication, it's been a widely read book,

\**The Camp of the Saints*, chapter 49.

\*\*It was raised to a year by the law Perben II.

\*\*\**Cf.* more than 300 lines across multiple chapters (listed in annex to the 2011 French edition).

and not by just anybody! On the occasion of subsequent editions, that of 1985 among others, I sent signed promotional copies to various personalities, the majority of them in politics, on the Left as well as the Right. Many wrote back to me, a few lines, sometimes more. Pulling out some names: François Mitterand, Jean-Louis Debré, Lionel Jospin, Louis Mermaz, Robert Badinter, Jean-Pierre Chevènement, Denis Olivennes, François Pinault, Jacques Toubon, Max Gallo...and, turning back time, which catches up with all of us, Raymond Barre, Maurice Schumann, Alain Poher, Louise Weiss, André Malraux.... Letters or cards, handwritten or dictated, I stored them all away. My parachute.... Some are only thank-you notes. Others take positions on its substance to greater or lesser degrees, with strong reservations or measured approval, but all reflect a general tone that in no way corresponds to the shrillness of the four laws that, non-parliamentarians excepted, they had voted for with both hands.

It's on the Left that this contradiction turned out to be the most surprising. To read their emblematic newspapers — *Le Monde diplomatique*, for its part, had opted for a lengthy disembowelment of *The Camp of the Saints*, together with pillorying the author — those are the folks who should have shamed me and smothered me beneath their silence and disdain. Not at all! They responded courteously, starting with François Mitterand. They did do that much. They in no way took it ill that I thought to send them such a book, and a personalized signed one at that! If they didn't agree with it, they let me know plainly, but closed with "cordially" (Lionel Jospin) or "with faithful regards" (Jean-Pierre Chevènement).... Some letters are warm and deeply reflective, well outside of the mainstream rut and the knee-jerk reactions of the Prevailing Orthodoxy that foredoom any glimmer of hope of ever really taking up the question (as one saw again at the start of the past year, with the hurried burial of the wondrous debate on the national identity).

Of all those letters, I'll mention two, the one from Robert Badinter, at that time Justice Minister, and the one from Denis Olivennes, ex-president of the Fnac chain and today CEO of Europe 1. It's not transgressing the confidential nature of private correspondence to say only that they do credit to the intellectual integrity of their signers...and respect that of their recipient.

Someone else I can't leave out is writer and novelist Max Gallo, likewise published back then by the Robert Laffont house. Later a socialist member of the *Assemblée nationale*, official spokesman of the Mauroy government, and editor-in-chief of *Le Matin*



*de Paris*, he countered me implacably in various circumstances, starting right after the book came out, when on the occasion of a TV broadcast where I was given the choice of a guest, I had naïvely invited him! And it was that same Max Gallo, future member of the *Académie française*, who, in 2006, sent me his last novel, accompanied with this inscription: "For Jean Raspail, who had the gift of prophecy. In friendship...." Of course I felt friendship for Max, too, just as for Bertrand Poirot-Delpech, another *Académie* member. Official literary columnist of the newspaper *Le Monde* for more than 20 years, he suddenly broke the implicit code of silence and exhumed *The Camp of the Saints* front and center by devoting one of his final articles to it: "Read this book over, 20 years after it came out.... In our era of ill-managed 'migratory flux,' the fictional future is striking in its verisimilitude, with the awkward predicament it captures, and where it leaves us, forsaken.... The witlessness of those who are being invaded, and their acquiescence to what's about to obliterate them....""



From the sentiments expressed to me, including some I've just mentioned, it emerges that all these folks — on the Right as well as the Left, I want to stress — who are or were participating in the country's government or the moulding of opinion, practice a double way of talking: one that's for public consumption, and another that's personal and kept hidden, as if they had a dual conscience, one that they put out for display like a flag, and another that's taken refuge in the thicket of guilty thoughts they express only in select company, among reliable friends, and even then.... I don't frequent the halls of power, but I've sometimes conversed on that subject, in private, with this or that minister or former minister, this or that advisor to one president or another, and this or that prime minister's chief of staff, whose plain and simple remarks, free of illusions, are poles apart from their official comportment and from the measures and decisions they were responsible for crafting. Real public servants, those guys.... By way of extenuating circumstances, though, to me it seems fair to acknowledge that if they ever came right out and bucked the tide, faced with that whole pack — media, show biz, artists, human-rights types, sociologists, academics, teachers, the literary set, activist groups, spin doctors, legalists, the bishops, leftist Christians, technocrats,

\**Les Fanatiques*, Fayard.

\*\*"Entre deux courages," *Le Monde*, January 7, 1998.

the shrinks, militant humanitarians, mutualists, community organizers, and I could keep right on going — they'd be signing, in that minute, their own civil death warrants.

For across from us, in the other camp, stirs a fearsome phalanx sprung from the breast of our own nation, and yet completely engaged in willing service to *the Other*: BIG OTHER....

Big Other is watching you. Big Other is watching intently. Big Other has a myriad of eyes, ears, and voices all around. It's the Only Begotten Son of the Prevailing Orthodoxy, the way Christ is the Son of God and proceeds from the Holy Spirit. It creeps into consciences. It beguiles charitable souls. It sows doubt among even the most clearheaded. There's no escaping it. It doesn't miss anything. Like Lenin in another setting, it has a legion of "useful idiots" at its disposal. What it says, goes. And the good people follow, hypnotized, anesthetized, like a goose force-fed with angelic certitudes....



The top priority on Big Other's agenda has been to wring the neck of the "core-stock Frenchman," in order to clear the ground once and for all. It was far from an overnight process, but the job is nearing completion. One closing salvo was fired in early 2010 by Minister Éric Besson ("France is not one people, not one language, not one territory, not one religion, it's a conglomerate of peoples who want to live together. There are no core French, there's one crossbred France and that's all"), followed closely, for the *coup de grâce*, by Claude Allègre, who needs no introduction, and Denis Jeambar, the ex-conscience of the weekly *L'Express*. For they both, in *Le Figaro*,\* set themselves to planting that dagger in the back of a very old nation: "There are no core French." That's the opening line of their script, reiterated in banner type across five columns. From the very outset, "excluding any ethnic reference," they enlarge the wound as they please: "The term 'core French' has no meaning.... All of us are crossbreeds...."

To those peremptory statements, there was no response. Not in the newspaper that published them, nor anywhere else. Nothing. For my part — I write slowly, especially in minefields — I got there too late. The next day, *Le Figaro* had closed the debate. I'm reopening it.

Intermixing, crossbreeds, hybrid France.... This innovative historico-semantic con job has done immense damage. It asserts

\*Opinion section, January 27, 2010.

as its premise an amalgam that's brazenly outrageous when you recognize that mass non-European immigration in our country dates back no more than, I daresay, a mere half-century.

It's true that France is the product of a superb and beneficial brew, with a Gallo-Roman base of Franks, Burgundians, Vikings, Visigoths, and Germans, then Alsatians, Basques, Catalans, Jews from Alsace and Lorraine and the Comtat Venaissin, Corsicans, Flemings, Bretons, Provençaux, Scots, Savoyards, Occitanians, and finally Italians, Spaniards, Poles, and Portuguese, but it was Europe that had invited itself over. Nothing but Europe. There they are, the old-stock, core French! Over all that time, that's an awful lot of people, but nothing that in any way justifies — under the pretext that they're "diverse" — calling them crossbreeds and thus sanctioning the real intermixing, the one that defines itself in these terms: interbreeding, the crossing of different races.\*

Turning back, however, to the magisterium of Messrs. Allègre and Jeambar, all the same I came to ask myself honestly: What if, truth be told, I turned out to be a crossbreed myself?

I consulted our family records. Despite their modestness (artisans, peasants, small property owners, junior military men, minor civil servants), they go back in large part to the reign of Louis XIV, and sometimes farther. On the Raspail side it's the Comtat-Venaissin, the Causses, the Rhodanian Languedoc. On my mother's (the Chaix) side, the Dauphiné and Devoluy, "since the very pinnacle of the Dark Ages," in Alexandre Vialatte's signature expression. Spread out on the family tree, one finds Ventavons, Lherminiers, Vernissacs, Brotteses, Duteys, Johauds, Verdets, Pouchoulins, Davids, Pits, du Terrails, Dautels, Barbés, Théoules, Lamottes and the like, in closed ranks, among whom — I searched in vain — no name ever slips in that could make you suspect any exotic ancestry whatsoever. Unless you count the hairy Visigoth forefather garrisoned at Vaison-la-Romaine for King Théodoric II.... My great-grandfather Joseph, a captain of the gendarmerie and member of several scholarly societies, always said — indeed practically swore — that all the Raspails of Vaucluse are descended from them. The Visigoths, as we all know, came from Scandinavia. Another miss! I'm not a crossbreed.

Taking care not to leave out the complement of the old landed and noble lines, which are endowed with very long memories, and the upper middle-class dynasties, a rough count would probably

\**Petit Robert*, 2002, French dictionary (original text: *croisement, mélange de races différentes*).

say that for the moment there are still close to 40 million of us in the same column: core-stock French, and glad of it....

And if they awoke with a start? Hard to say. Big Other has its guard up....



What I can't get over, and what just leaves me shaking my head in outraged and dismayed perplexity, is why so many forewarned French (see above...) are blindly, methodically, even cynically promoting the immolation of a particular France — let's avoid the characterization of eternality, which is so repugnant to them — on the altar of humanism gone overboard.

I ask myself that same question in regard to all these associations for rights-to-this and rights-to-that, all these leagues, these think tanks, these subsidized agencies, these robotic petitioners, these networks of manipulators insinuated into all the gears of the State, these impeccably mainstream media, and all these "thinking people" who, day after day, just keep on trickling their rot into the subconscious of the French nation. Big Other....

Even if there's an outside possibility that they might be credited with a certain amount of sincerity — I myself don't go that far: in *The Camp of the Saints* they're the first to cut and run — I nonetheless have great trouble with the idea that these are really my countrymen. Why do they ceaselessly work to undermine this country's foundation? Are they honestly even still French? Why are they always using their "republican values," dissociated from France, to mean absolutely anything they want, *ad nauseam*, the way former Prime Minister Laurent Fabius did, in his declaration at the 2003 Socialist Party congress: "When the Marianne<sup>4</sup> of our city halls takes on the beautiful face of a young Frenchwoman of immigrant origin, that's the day France will have made a stride in bringing the values of the Republic<sup>4</sup> fully to life...."? Why do they all bend over backward that way to deny the flesh-and-blood country's fundamental character? (Its sacred character, too, though they lack what it takes to conceive of that.) That's the path of treason. Big Other is at the door. They press in: "My home is their home" (Mitterand), in the bosom of a "Europe whose roots are as much Muslim as Christian" (Chirac). To look the future in

\*One might wonder, in just these circumstances, what "values" give warrant to the "VIPs" and to the "thinking people" who are running rampant the same way among our Belgian, Dutch, Luxembourgian, British, Danish, Swedish, Norwegian and Spanish neighbors, who don't live in republics.

the face, at what's coming and how it will be, President Sarkozy still hesitates, one small step forward, one large one back.



Likewise in *The Camp of the Saints*, at the supreme moment of a choice and a decision which will bind the future irrevocably, the president of the Republic is going to flinch. From a hundred ships run aground on our shores, by thousands and thousands forming a human wave that seems to have no end, *the Others* are about to disembark on the beaches and spread out from the coastline to one place after the next, submerging the streets, the footpaths, the yards, the houses. Night has fallen. On the radio and on television, the president is going to speak, and the entire world is listening. He addresses the nation: "Frenchmen, Frenchwomen, my fellow countrymen...." He's not speaking off the cuff. He's weighed every word. He doesn't deviate from the text that he wrote himself. He speaks in a voice that's at once calm, solemn, and forceful. He explains himself and lays out the situation. Speaking about those who are coming and who are invading the country, he says, "Their lot is tragic, though by consequence ours is not less so...." He takes responsibility for his actions: "I have therefore given our military and security personnel the order to use force of arms to keep them from coming ashore. Let me be perfectly clear: Cowardice toward the weak is cowardice of an exceptionally malignant, subtle, and deadly sort...."

And there, abruptly, his voice breaks. He falls silent. Thirty seconds go by, in which nothing more is heard but his labored breathing. When he finally resumes speaking, he's no longer the same man. He's floored by emotion. He improvises. It's hard to hear him, but what he says is going to change the face of the world: "Killing isn't easy. Knowing why is even harder. Myself, I know, but I don't have my finger on the trigger, and some poor soul's flesh a few meters in front of my gun...." And he releases "each soldier, each officer, each policeman, each constable," from their duty of obedience.\*

Big Other reeled him back in.



Once again, so goes the novel. It reduces to 15 minutes or so (the duration of the president's speech) the process used in our liberal democracies — public discussions, parliamentary debates,

\**The Camp of the Saints*, chapter 38.

policy mixtures, votes of confidence, etc. — and whose end result, with the human rights filigree, would unquestionably have been identical: tough talk, followed by caving in.

In real life as we've lived it in France since the 1970s, the urgency of such a speech has not yet been forced upon us. Its time will come, make no mistake about that, but we have — and have had all along — a right to expect, at least on the part of our head of state, clear perspectives and a firm attitude, which hasn't been the case. Whether out of heedlessness (Giscard d'Estaing), complicity of the militant sort (Chirac) or of the feigned variety (Mitterrand), and perhaps out of calculating that there's just no way to do it (Sarkozy), our presidents of the Republic have consistently been careful not to confront the truth publicly, for fear of cornering themselves into having to take real decisions. Each one palms it off on the next: Nothing was done, therefore there must be nothing anyone can do, so let's not do anything, either. The editorialist Ivan Rioufol, who follows these matters minutely, captured it well:

"Our glorious leaders, buffeted along, it's true, by the *fait accompli* of uncontrolled and definitively established immigration, made up their minds one fine day that from now on, and on an official basis, the French Republic would be mixed and multi-ethnic. Nobody was ever advised in advance, much less consulted, about this sudden change of identity, which nevertheless is no small matter...."

And the historian Jean Monneret picks it up:

"But are those people really thinking?"

"Yes, they're thinking. The way one thinks on boards of directors, where the only thing that counts is economic profit...."

In any case, let's take a moment of gratitude for *le Grand Charles*, who, it seems like an eternity ago (1959), came the closest to pointing this out. Not officially, not publicly, but privately, very privately:

"You mustn't just spout slogans! It's all very well that there are yellow French, black French, and brown French. It shows France isn't closed to other races and has a universal calling. But only if they remain a small minority. Otherwise, France would no longer be France. When it comes right down to it, we're above all a European people of the white race and Greco-Roman culture, Christian in religion...."

\**La République des faux gentils*, Éditions du Rocher, 2004.

\*\**La Nouvelle Revue d'Histoire*, 1 / 2010

\*\*\**C'était de Gaulle*, Alain Peyrefitte, Éditions de Fallois, 1994

At least we have that. We still have that much that we can lean on and can cite — it really helps, too! — without danger of being hauled away in chains. Thanks to that, we're still able to write and publish what we think, by interposing General de Gaulle. Not a word to spare, either. The French head of state with enough resolve to take positions like that in public probably hasn't been born yet.

For the moment, they're giving us the same old song and dance. For form's sake, and as a sop to the spectators, they put up a few barriers, which are then just as quickly swept aside by a gigantic countercurrent: expansion of naturalizations; porosity of borders; automatic bestowal of French nationality by *jus soli* or through marriage; the aversion of great numbers of young French to laboring occupations where correspondingly great numbers of immigrants then replace them; unstoppable spiraling of the undocumented (regularization, family reunification, mandatory schooling of minors); unemployment benefits; social services; preferential allocations in housing; subsidization of support groups, etc. And Big Other makes the rounds on all fronts. Siphoning the Christian charity that one owes to one's neighbor, it diverts it to its own ends, and takes the credit. Thanks to the attentiveness of its henchmen, not a deportation or a placement in a holding center goes by that isn't presented — in spite of their minuscule number — to public opinion as an outrage that recalls "the darkest days of our history," a spin that's widely accepted.

Governance has packed it in.

When there's a birth in my family or at my friends', I can't look at that baby of ours without contemplating what's brewing for him in French and European negligence and what he's going to have to face in his adulthood....



The present holds the future. It signals what's ahead. How far along are we?

The French people are "a European people of the white race and Greco-Roman culture," the general established in premise. Today, it would be necessary to qualify that. The white race is now down to being only the country's largest, though even that has lost its meaning, the experts' latest line being that there's really no such thing as race! Reference to it is now illicit, and Big

Other proscribes its mention. As for the "Greco-Roman" imprint, it's getting hard to discern the retention of it in the "cultural leanings" of the generations coming up.

The same goes for the "small minority," beyond which, according to the general, "France would no longer be France." This threshold was blithely crossed, then trampled and overrun. The small minority has multiplied and diversified to the point where the plural is now applied to it, and it's accompanied with a qualifier: *the visible minorities*. So visible that it's no longer even necessary to call on statistics, real or doctored, in order to reckon their extent, feel unease in their proximity, and realize their heft, and their staying power. All you have to do is go where they are, in France's cities, and even villages, to say nothing of the "projects" and the "zones," where the 50 percent threshold projected for 2040-50 has been a thing of the past for quite some time already.

Even showing good will, it's hard to buy the notion that all these people are French, or are bound to become so, and I don't see how it's anything but wishful thinking that the force of law can stamp out this weighty feeling deep in the hearts of millions of Frenchmen, nor the expressing of that feeling, either....

To which, Big Other comes back at us with its argument for all occasions: "We're the victim of our ancestral fears."

*Ancestral*, are they? Well, why wouldn't they be?

In the last chapters of *The Camp of the Saints*, the "ancestral fear" wreaks havoc. It's not just the exodus of June 1940, it's worse, for people aren't one bit better now than they were then, not in the novel at any rate. Now, what are we seeing today? Fear is changing its aspect, manifesting itself in rejection. Call it refusal to "live together." It's not a mass exodus, it's not even a hurried departure, it's just a retreat in an orderly manner, a withdrawal that's both thought-out and instinctive, but the result is identical: The core-stock Frenchman is leaving to go elsewhere, somewhere where *the Other* isn't. From taking a good look around, he's assessed how much integration he's willing or inclined to put up with. He plans his escape as well as he can, and when he senses the time has come to get out while the getting's good, he packs up his family and moves away. Thus, in many urban locations, we witness in action the transfer (or displacement) of populations.

And the phenomenon is widening. Anytime one municipality or another announces that an "integrated" housing project is going to be built in this or that area that's still free of "diversity," right away the local residents start to hear alarm bells, and lay plans to make off. Hardly a charitable reflex, seen from the perspective of

\*Mayotte territory elevated to French *département*, 95 percent Muslim Africans, France's highest child-bearing rate.

the “welcome to others,” but it comes down to a matter of honest assessments, made in the early stage, at ground zero, that rightly merit taking into account. The core-stock Frenchman is voting with his feet: He’s going away....

Going away from there also, following the same impetus, are a certain number of non-core French, the ones the sociologists have given a name that to me seems as ill-suited as it is pejorative: the *beurgeois*<sup>5</sup>, who, just by virtue of being French-born, have grown attached to it at heart.

•••

Finally, that leaves the Christian religion, the “people of Christian faith,” where the paean of *le Grand Charles* ends with a bang.

Today, Catholicism’s big battalions have melted away. Replacements for priests are running low. The episcopate, apart from a handful of bishops, is far short of its former vigor. Among the 8 to 10 million remaining churchgoers, many have drifted away from the dogma and observance, and consider it no longer necessary to be any different from the herd, nor to forego taking advantage of the free-and-easy lifestyle that the rest of the population accords itself, sanctioned by the laws and “republican” values.

And yet, on this point, not long ago I ceased to be pessimistic. The Catholic minority, its back to the wall, is fighting. The number of its faithful is no longer going down. The trend is reversing. The young priests are fewer in number, but intensely motivated.

There, too, the turnaround is starting up. As in the barbarian times of the early Middle Ages, in their abbeys and their priories, the monks and the nuns keep vigil and pray — and, at those places, vocations are pouring in. If one believes in God’s grace, in the reciprocity of the virtues, and in the communion of saints, Christianity in France is seeing the dawn of its rebirth. The churches, last Easter, were packed. From far and wide the faithful turned out spontaneously to support their pope and celebrate the resurrection.

Finally, three times a day, in this country that’s blue in the face from trumpeting its “secularity,” its thousands of steeples sound the Angelus, morning, noon and night. The Marian prayer that accompanied it in the old days, once known to all, is no longer said, but those are our unchanging bells that are sounding, and at least people are hearing them! When you consider that the mechanism and its maintenance are funded by the municipalities regardless of their political orientation, you realize that the Christian roots that Jacques Chirac denied in the preamble of the European constitution haven’t yet been pulled out. There’s probably

not one mayor in all of France who would accept or impose the silencing of those bells at the hour of the triple Angelus! A final unconscious reflex, in the face of the mortiferous wasteland of the faith? Perhaps also faced with mosques?

It might be too early yet to go that far, but who knows ...

That brings us to islam (the religion), or to Islam, capitalized (the group of peoples who profess that religion, and the civilization that characterizes them\*). To these it’s proper to add islamism (the political and religious movement pushing for the expansion of islam\*\*). It’s a sort of trinity that has wakened from its torpor, its colonial subjection, and its dissatisfaction, a billion and a half believers, whose vanguard is in the process of getting a foothold in Europe, not to merge into it, but to entrench itself there.

That isn’t a matter taken up explicitly in *The Camp of the Saints*. In 1973, it’s true, I hadn’t seen it coming, hadn’t anticipated its power. In various circumstances islam figures into it, however, solely by reference to Allah. It’s in the name of Buddha, of Allah, and of the whole Hinduist pantheon, acclaimed in litanies, that the vanguard of millions upon millions disembarks on our shores. It’s toward Mecca that the Muslim workers in Paris prostrate themselves upon learning the good news. The invasion’s religious dimension is a constant element. Constant, but not the chief one. Its primary strength is in numbers. Its foremost driving forces are of a material order, concretely existential: misery, despair, the vision of a promised land, the aspiration to a better life. Religious faith only adds to it the certitude of the sacred: It’s by the will of Allah, of Buddha, etc., that they disembark. A real plus, you might say, and one that’s in short supply among those they’re facing.

If you look at the present day that we’re living in, that’s exactly what you distinguish: the supporting affirmation of the sacred. Whence the mosques; the minarets we’ll probably end up conceding in return for our steeples; the women’s veil; Ramadan and the Muslim holy days; the education of imams as part of “Frenchification”; the sacrificing of sheep; halal marketing; sectarian radio and TV; instruction in the Koran in public schools; the deliberate choice of ethnic first names and what-not; all the weapons of a high profile, the whole apparatus of militant *communautarisme*<sup>6</sup>, with only the risk of overdoing it. That can make you or break you....

\*Petit Robert, 2002.

\*\*Ibid.

I can't say, though, that I wouldn't do much the same thing if I were in their place, even if it meant some concessions to modernity and to equality of the sexes. But I'm not in their place.

Where I am is on the other side.



Islam ultimately is only one component of the submersion. The most organized, and the most determined, but it's not the sole source of the numbers. All manner of the most exotic ethnic groups, tribes, and nationalities are beating a path to our door, and no sooner do they get a foot in it than they ensure their posterity there. The demographer Michèle Tribalat came up with an amusing and circumspect euphemism for this process: *self-engenderment of familial flow*.<sup>\*</sup> As for our own descendants, programmed in Big Other's schools and conditioned ever since infancy to behavioral and cultural "mixing" and to the imperatives of "plural" France, they'll be out of options except to merge into the new "citizen" mould of the Frenchman of 2050 without any backtalk.

All the same, let's not despair.

Assuredly, what in ethnology are called *isolates*, powerful minorities, will live on: perhaps some twenty million French — and not necessarily all of them white<sup>\*\*</sup> — who will still speak our language in its more or less preserved integrity and will persist in remaining conscious of our culture and our history just as they've been handed down to us from generation to generation.

That won't be easy for them.

Faced with the different "communities" that we see forming even now upon the ruins of integration, and which, in 2050, will be definitively and institutionally established, it'll be a matter of — I search for an appropriate term — a community of French perpetuation, as it were. This one will rely on its families, its birth rate, its survival endogamy, its schools, its parallel support and security networks, perhaps even its geographic zones, its sections of turf, its places of safety, and, quite possibly, its Christian and with a little luck Catholic faith, if that cement has held.

That's not going to sit well.

<sup>\*</sup>*Les Yeux grand fermés: l'immigration en France*, Denoël, 2010.

<sup>\*\*</sup>At the very end of the novel, just before they're all crushed in the rubble, an exquisite Dravidian black native of Pondicherry makes a cameo appearance, pitching in at the last stand of *The Camp of the Saints*. "To my way of thinking," he says, "being white isn't a color of skin, it's a state of mind...."

At some point or other the clash will occur, with these hold-outs brought to heel by suitable means that are democratically legal, coercive, and heavy-handed. That's how *The Camp of the Saints* ends also. And after that?

After that, France, all origins mixed together, will be populated only by hermit crabs living in shells abandoned by the members of a gone-forever species who called themselves the French, a species that in no way corresponded to the one that will be wearing this name, through whatever genetic metamorphosis, in the second half of this century.

There exists a second hypothesis. It's that the last isolates hold out until they embark on a sort of *reconquista*, undoubtedly different from the Spanish one, but inspired by the same impulses, with fair odds that in Denmark, Switzerland, the Netherlands, Belgium, Austria, northern Italy and quite possibly elsewhere in Europe other similar isolates join the movement.

Hard though this might be to believe, a risky novel could be written on that subject. Its author might not have come into the world yet, but in one form or another, that book will be born when the time is right, I'm sure of that.

My regards to Big Other.

—J.R.

### Translator's Endnotes

1. *castelet* = the housing around a marionette show
2. a section of Paris known for writers and artists
3. title role in a long-running stage play that starred Madeleine Robinson
4. symbol of the French Republic
5. *beur* = of North African origin
6. Not to be confused with the doctrine known as communitarianism prominently advocated by Amitai Etzioni, ethnic *communautarisme* in the term's usage in France in the early twenty-first century refers to aspirations among subgroups to dissociate themselves from the rest of the society.