

*The Camp Of The Saints- Jean Raspail*

“The old professor had a banal thought. He had read too much, thought too much, written too much to dare utter, even alone with himself, in such totally abnormal circumstances, anything other than a commonplace worthy of a schoolboy’s composition.”

“Every day, from dawn to dusk, that door stood open, and so it was this evening—a fact that the old man seemed to notice for the first time.”

“The old professor felt rising in him that sort of shudder of humility mixed with exaltation one sometimes feels when very firmly putting one’s mind to the ideas of infinity or eternity. On this Easter Sunday evening, eight hundred thousand living beings and thousands of dead ones peacefully lay siege to the Western World.”

“The technicians of the coastal power plants had no doubt already fled northwards alongside all the terror-stricken people of the region, who had turned tail and silently cleared off so as not to see, to seeing nothing and in that way understand nothing or, more precisely, nothing they did not want to understand.”

“Mozart had never composed to stir the masses, but to touch the heart of each person, in his private self. The sole truth of the West.”

“The West does not burn its dead. Its cremation urns are hidden in shame on the outskirts of its cemeteries.”

“So great was his certainty that the human race no longer formed a single whole, contrary to what the philosophers, intellectuals, priests, and politicians of the West had for so long claimed... Man has never loved mankind as a whole—all its races, religions, cultures—but only those he recognized as his own, those of his clan, however large it might be. As for the rest, he forces his love, and it is forced from him, and when the evil is done, all that remains is for him to disintegrate. In the strange war that was coming, victory would go to those who loved themselves most... ‘Isn’t it great!’ said a voice from the shadows.”

“ ‘So what? My [snotty kid who goes to Calgues] real family is all the people coming off those boats. Now I have a million brothers, sisters, fathers, and mothers. A million wives. I’ll have a child with the first one I see, a dark child, and then I’ll no longer see myself in anyone.’”

“His gaze betrayed the flabbiness of his soul.”

“ ‘Three centuries, father to son... disgusting. I look at you and you know what I think? I think you’re perfect. That’s why I hate you. And it’s here, to your house, that I’ll bring all the most wretched ones tomorrow. They know nothing about what you are, about what you represent. Your world means nothing to them. They won’t try to understand. They’ll be tired. They’ll be cold. They’ll build a fire with your lovely oak door. They’ll shit all over your terrace and wipe their hands on the books in your library. They’ll spit out your wine. They’ll eat with their hands from the pretty pewterware I see on your wall. Sitting on their haunches, they’ll watch as your armchairs go up in flames. They’ll use your embroidered sheets to play dress up. Every object will lose the meaning you attach to it. What’s beautiful won’t be beautiful anymore. What’s useful will become laughable. And what’s useless will become absurd. Nothing will have any real value anymore, except maybe that bit of string left in a corner that they’ll fight over, breaking everything around them. Who knows?’”

“When a man is sure of his cause, he does not die so easily!”

“But soon there were too many poor. You didn’t even know them. They weren’t from here. Just nameless people. The whole place was overrun with them, and they were so clever! Worming their way into families, houses, towns. They forced their way in by the thousands, with an unerring knack. They got in through the letter boxes, begging for help, their dreadful photos bursting from the envelope every morning to make their demands on behalf of this or that association or charity. Everywhere, they insinuated themselves, in the newspapers, the radio, the churches, the factions—they were all you saw anymore, entire nations that no longer even needed

linen but instead check with their name on it, bristling with heartrending appeals, appeals that almost seemed like threats.”

“Thus, as he remembered quite well, on the very same day the previous pope had sold off the Vatican, the professor had once and for all closed his cupboards and chests, his cellar and pantry to the world. Treasures, library, paintings frescoes, tiara, furniture, statues... the people had sold it all, cheered on by Christians, the most emotive of whom, gripped by the contagion, had even wondered whether they shouldn't follow his lead and become paupers in their turn. In the grand scheme of things, a ridiculous thing to do. For he had thrown it all into a bottomless pit: it didn't even cover the rural budget of Pakistan for one year! Morally, he had only succeeded in showing just how rich he was, like a maharajah divested of his property by decree. The Third World wasted no time reproaching him for this, and he lost all credit for his deed. From that time on, His Holiness wandered about in his deserted palace, now become squalid by this deliberate act of destitution. He died in his empty rooms, on a plain iron bed, between a kitchen table and three wicker chairs, like some suburban priest: too bad, not just anyway gets to be crucified before the assembled people.”

“Objects shape a man more than the play of ideas. This is why the West had come to despise itself and throw itself onto the roads like a herd, fleeing northwards, no doubt vaguely aware that it had already lost by extruding so many ugly things not worth the trouble of defending.”

“ ‘The old, familiar jungle has gone quiet. The White man is afraid. Rich and alone, what else can he do in his White dignity? So he once again celebrates his pointless wealth and precious solitude.’ ”

“The man with nothing believes nothing certain: experience has taught him that it never is for him. When luck evaporates, myth springs up to take its place. It is when all certainty is gone that hope swells.”

“These [consulates] all had the same white skin, the same thin faces, the same plain dress—canvas shorts or pants, short-sleeved khaki shirts, open sandals—and, above all, the same deep, unsettling gaze, the gaze of prophets and visionaries, philanthropists and fanatics, martyrs, criminal masterminds, utopians. The gaze, in short, of all those whose personalities split because they are uncomfortable in their own skin.”

“Everywhere a Western flag flies in this city, there's a crowd waiting for no apparent reason.”

“Altogether, a few hundred thousand blacks, Arabs, and sundry other swarthy peoples, somehow invisible to the eyes of the ostrich-like Parisians and of whose true number no one had the least inkling ever since the authorities started doctoring the statistics, for fear of too brutally awakening the sleeping-walking capital from its tranquil slumber.”

“It's true, I owe you my life and I'm going to give you my kingdom in return [roughly quoting Revelation 20:8-9]. The time of a thousand years is expiring, the nations are rising from the four quarters of the earth, the number of whom is as the sand of the sea. They will go up on the breadth of the earth and compass the camp of the saints about, and the beloved city...”

“The world seems to be controlled, not by a single orchestra conductor, but by a new apocalyptic beast, a sort of anonymous, omnipresent monster who has vowed, first and foremost, to destroy the West. The beast has no specific plan. It takes advantage of the opportunities that present themselves, the crowd assembled on the banks of the Ganges being but the most recent and most consequential of them. Perhaps it is of divine or, more likely, demoniacal origin?”

“Ballan began to doubt the value of his atheism.... As he sank into the black water, he was overcome by love and homesickness for the West. So painful to him was this final awareness, this rejection of all that he had been in life, that he deliberately opened his mouth and greedily inhaled death.”

“The little Consul looked like nothing so much as a tired old magician who knows he won’t pull off his trick and doesn’t pull it off, but tries it for his audience all the same, not for honor or anything of that kind, but because a failed magician deserves a coherent end, however ridiculous, just as a failed Westerner owes himself a grotesque end, in front of the audience that once cheered him on. For grotesquerie is the only reasonable outcome when greatness is not recognized by all.”

“If one wishes to understand Western opinion as regards the immigrant fleet or indeed anything else of a foreign nature, one essential fact must be borne in mind: to wit, that it did not give a damn about anything. Strange though it may seem, being informed about such things only increased its bottomless ignorance, spineless reactions, and crass vanity, to say nothing of the bad taste of its ever more sporadic outburst. Oh yes, to be sure, it treated itself to scruples now and then, but in the same way that it went to the movies or prepared to watch the weekly television series. That is to say, spontaneously or with the help of professional middlemen. The spectacle of the world, served up in the comfort of one’s home by that whore named Mass Media, merely enlivened the void into which Western opinion had long ago sunk.”

“I wonder whether a government responsible for something exists anywhere in the world.”

“This was what the President thought, in any case, and he immediately shrugged his shoulders a little, just for himself. After all, was he not the first of the French, up to his neck in the monster’s maw, playing both sides like all the rest: racist antiracist, patriotic conscientious objector, sensualist Marxist, democratic fascist, communist owner, ecumenical Catholic, unionized individualist, insured, pensioned, irresponsible, egoistic humanitarian?”

“And what a dismal, repellant animal this Dio chap’s universal man was! Under the journalist’s pen, he took every form, the only constant being his incompatibility with traditional Western man, French national man.”

“When freedom is generalized to include antisocial instincts and licentiousness, then freedom is dead.”

“When your name is Jean Orelle—prophet of your time, champion of freedom, hero of all the great causes, shining beacon of every human right, friend to fallen leaders, and advisor to the great of this world—when that is your name and old age has arrived, ready to erase it all I the name of a well-earned rest, when the time for wielding ideas has passed and that of taking the fresh air in the shade of a hundred-year-old pine tree has come, do you not owe it to yourself to raise your head one last time, if only out of loyalty to your self-image, so hazy and naïve that you nearly smile to recall it, a smile mixed with tears at the emptiness of it all?”

“Three thousand two hundred and sixty-seven priests started feverishly scribbling [when listening to the corporate TV programs] with an eye to the following Sunday, a carry-out sermon, delivered straight to their doors, nothing to do with the day’s reading from the Gospel but no matter, such details had long ceased being of concern to anyone.”

“I’ve remarked it time and again: exceptionally beautiful people are often modest, gentle, affable, considerate. They have great difficulty in making friends, at least among men. They’re forced to make a constant effort to try and make you forget their superiority, be it ever so little.”

“Next I notice that all these people seem satisfied with themselves and the world; it’s astonishing, even a little frightening. They quietly saunter around, this one displaying a quizzical smile, that one a moronic look. Some of the youngsters are dressed in leather jackets with slogans borrowed from the more primitive kind of hard rock; you can read phrases on their backs like Kill them all! But all commune in the certainty of passing an agreeable afternoon devoted primarily to consumerism, and thus to contributing to the consolidation of their being.”

Teachers giving assignments to kids “ ‘Describe the life of the armada’s unfortunate passengers aboard the ships by, for example, imagining that one of these desperate families had just asked you to put them up in your home.’ ”

Unbeatable! With the child's naïve soul and sensitive heart, the dear little angel will cover four pages with infantile pathos to make the concierge cry, and his composition will be the best, the teacher will read it in front of the whole class, and all his friends will kick themselves for having been too stingy with their tears. This is how men are made today."

"Senconac! My dear fellow, learn your trade! You know very well that, as far as advertising is concerned, nothing is sold by the right, much less the far right."

"Because I'm your alibi. Without me and a handful of other survivors in more or less the same sorry state—poof!—there is no more freedom of the press because there is no more difference of opinion."

"Be guilty of the most horrible crimes, rape and dismember little girls, beat old people to death with a hammer for a hundred francs, no matter, modern justice will come running to offer psychiatric aid and the excuse of a poorly made society... It was the fiercest opponents of capital punishment who called for this in the newspapers [instituting the death penalty for a captain who killed some of the armada]."

Hence the cry. Hence the movement. In this day and age, that's how we explain, quite naturally, such things as the miracles of Lourdes, for example. The sun at Fatima? Mass hypnosis. And so on and so forth. Might this essential difference in the interpretation of marvels not be itself a sign? Two opposing camps. One believes in miracles. The other no longer does. The one that will raise mountains is the one that has kept its faith. It will conquer. Mortal doubt has sapped all energy in the other. It will be conquered."

"As soon as it is employed in just one direction, charity is quite a handy weapon. The pastors' airplane was never to be seen flying to the rescue of those who suffered on behalf of no cause, earthquake victims in Turkey, say, or flood victims in Tunisia. No, but it tirelessly resupplied Palestinian refugee camps, Salvadoran guerilla fighters, Bantu liberation armies, going everywhere the voice of hatred was as loud as that of woe."

"Drop by drop, the poison acts painlessly but, at the end of the day, it still kills."

"It is probably a new form of modern warfare, where the enemy attacks unarmed, protected by his wretchedness."

"Deterrents only work when both sides know the rules."

"Victims of no one. Or executed by the mass, which amounts to the same thing."

"As it reached the gates of the Western world, the armada had rid itself of the traitors and manipulators [the White consulates, priests, etc. who helped them on their journey, throwing them overboard, hanging them, etc.] who had until then served it only too well. It had used them, like those occupying armies that subvert and exploit native auxiliaries, all of whom are sooner or later judged and condemned. A classic situation, in which basic human justice always gets the last word. The armada presented itself alone, in the diamantine purity of its race, freed in advance of all chaff, of all compromise, hardened against illusion. Racism."

"A human ideal over and above nations, economic systems, religions, and races... He remembered saying that. And what did it mean? Nothing at all. Above all that, there is nothing. An absolute void, a bit like splitting the atom, or maybe an immense nothingness, let loose all at once."

"What else can you expect from a Brazilian pope!... In the Middle Ages, they would have kicked a few cardinals in the ass, elected a new pope, and declared this one an antipope. That's what I do morally."

"Forget the serious works of art—fiction, plays, music—things meant for a small audience. No, let's talk about mass media, about those who, under the guise of freedom, took a tool of mass communication and shamelessly

bent it to the purposes of intellectual terrorism. Despite the warnings of a few lucid holdouts, we've allowed ourselves to be carried away in a masochistic frenzy to a world of hallucination, and by dint of wanting to allow everything, we've taken the insane risk of having to face up to it all at once, and all alone."

"Throughout the world, schoolchildren know their text [the three telegrams sent by leaders of foreign states to the French president, urging him to take a firm hand against the invaders at the last second] by heart and must be able to recite them and comment upon them on demand, no matter their grade or age, for fear that their vigilance might otherwise slacken and feelings so hateful and contrary to human nature once more arise..."

"Much of the older people listening to him were reminded of the grim, distant past, the years from 1939 to 1945, when heads of state, speaking to their people, really had something to say, and their people, really something to ponder. The younger ones had never heard anything like it, so much so that many were suddenly struck by their hollow existence, that void they thought to be life stirring under the raiment of history's direction."

"I understand this, and yet I nevertheless say, as plainly as possible: cowardice in the face of weakness is one of the most active, most subtle, and most deadly forms of cowardice."

"Those who truly love tradition never take it too seriously... Perhaps it's a bit more subtle than that. Perhaps this fancy conceals the modesty of the well born man who does not wish to make a fool of himself by fighting for an idea, and so dresses it up in heart-wrenching bugle calls, empty words, useless gold trim, and gives himself the supreme joy of sacrificing his life for an utter masquerade. This is what the Left has never understood, and why it is capable of nothing more than hate-filled mockery. When it spits on the flag, pisses on the eternal flame, jeers as the old farts in berets march past—to cite just some of the more obvious examples—it does so in the most dreadfully serious way, like 'dumbasses', the Left might itself say, were it capable of self-critique."

"O you think so, do you? It's obvious you've never been to war! The real enemy is always behind the lines, at your back, never in front of you, never among you."

"Even as we write these lines, we can't help but recall an old American law dating back to 1970: the 'School-Busing Law', the mother of all subsequent antiracist legislation. As whites and blacks in the United States generally lived in racially homogenous neighborhoods far removed from one another at the time, someone dreamed up the idea of advancing the cause of integration by transporting white children to black schools and an equal proportion of black children to white schools every day. This was called 'busing'. Many were the schoolchildren who each day traveled a hundred kilometers as others travelled the same distance, going in the opposite direction. Well, people protested, in the name of pointless fatigue, the absurd cost of it all, the infringement of freedom of choice, of everything you like, but never racism! It was already too late for that, and the word was distasteful."

"These, the most noble of the lot, had begun to doubt themselves, moved as they were by the spectacle of a lost cause, a sight that brings out what is best in a young man. The lost cause was their own, but only a diminishingly small number of them were visited by this revelation."

"But Rubicon's only have moral value. Their banks widen or shrink depending on the determination or cowardice of those who live among them."

"Last minute traitors are the most dangerous kind."

"The strangest conclusion that might be drawn from these five minutes of that shortest day—even though it would have been perfectly obvious to anyone who had bothered to read the signs—was that never once did this multitude seem to realize that this country upon whose soil it had just landed might belong to others."

“In our era of impoverished leveling, with all its dreariness, stupidity, and incompetence, one still occasionally sees them wandering, these wrecks of the past who escaped the new order. As in the political prisons after any revolution, their ranks mainly consist of people of note—industrialists, generals, prefects, writers—but also a smattering of common people, of those humble folk whom the aristocracy and then the bourgeoisie have always dragged along to disaster on their coattails, in part to flatter their need for retainers, but also because there have always existed a few wretches who wish to distinguish themselves from others. But the new order no longer needs political prisons. The brainwashing will last a hundred years, a thousand years. The authorities tolerate these isolated cases, treating them like a species of tramp. They pose no threat. They tell no tale. At the very most, they conjure up in some minds the idea of a vague sort of refusal. They do not reproduce, do not live in groups. As soon as more than four or five of them are to be found in front of a church or under the shadow of a plane tree in some town square, they wordlessly part ways, as if by some silent common accord, fleeing any attempt at communal existence. Since all are filthy and more wretched even than the rest of the population, and since all of them are white, they offer a convenient foil for universal miscegenation and the sacrosanct solidarity they reject.”

“The most intelligent among them quickly understood that, by making themselves useful, if not indispensable, they had also made themselves hated.”

“The Third World’s desire to be indebted to no one, to in no way dilute the radical meaning of its victory by sharing it with renegades. To thank or even acknowledge them was to merely prolong a form of subjection. In this respect, the coprophage had settled the question. Take it for what it’s worth. Or perhaps there’s another, more natural explanation, one that has the additional merit of simplicity: That the dwarf didn’t like the look of Clement Dio’s face. No, not at all!”

“Here, too, history has been falsified... It was not a pitiful multitude that had disembarked there, but a conquering army.”

“Why would I go anywhere else? At my age, one no longer cares for change all that much.”

“In a war, even a lost one, you’ve got to have a few dead bodies, or it wouldn’t be right.”

“It was August 4<sup>th</sup>, 1789 all over again, but instead of abolishing feudalism, they had abolished races. The lion and the lamb, swearing to never again part ways. And then, pressing in with all its mass, the Third Estate, if one may call it that, which formed three-quarters of the assembly.”

“For what is culture if not a pious inventory of the past?”

“I wrote this for myself more than for anyone who might read it, for official history now has the force of law on its side...”