

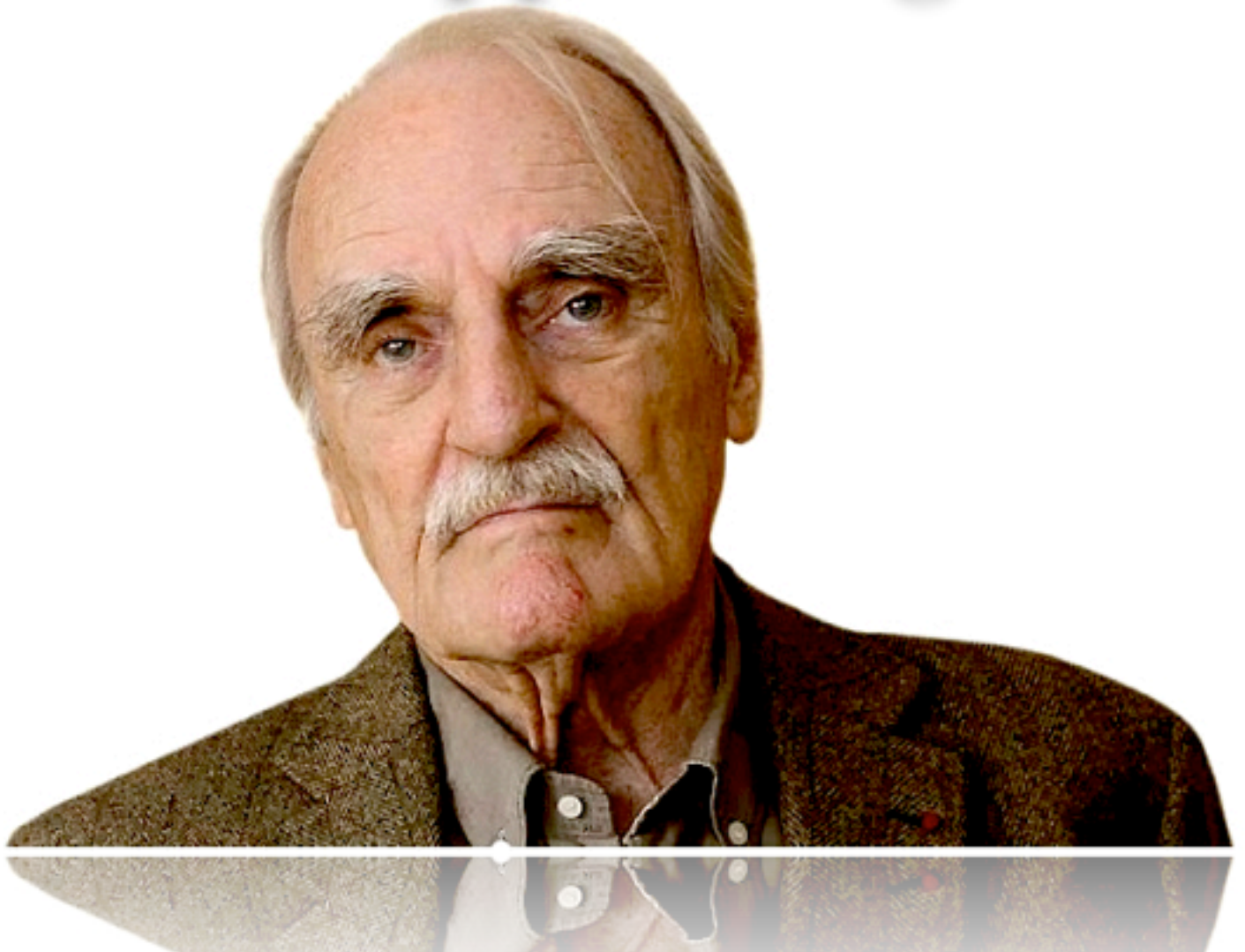
Interview with

Jean Raspail

author of

The Camp of the Saints

*“Our Civilization is
Disappearing”*



October 26, 2013

<http://islamversuseurope.blogspot.gr/2013/10/jean-raspail-author-of-camp-of-saints.html>

[Image] Jean Raspail.

I've written before about *Camp of the Saints*, the 1970s novel by Jean Raspail that eerily prefigured our current predicament. In it, hordes of third-world savages hop into boats, come to Europe as uninvited guests, and simply invade and occupy our continent.

The current issue of the French magazine *Valeurs Actuelles* has an interview with Jean Raspail.

Interview

What do you feel about the current situation?

You know, I've no wish to join the big group of intellectuals who spend their time debating immigration... I have the impression that these talks serve no purpose. The people already know it all, intuitively: that France, as our ancestors fashioned it centuries ago, is disappearing. And that we keep the gallery amused by talking ceaselessly of immigration without ever saying the final truth. A truth that is moreover unsayable, as my friend Jean Cau noted, because whoever says it is immediately hounded, condemned then rejected. Richard Millet came close to it, look what happened to him! [See here for more on this].

Is the seriousness of the problem being kept from the French people?

Yes. Starting with the politicians in charge first of all! Publicly "*everything's going well, Madame Marquessa*". But behind closed doors, they acknowledge that "*yes, you're right: there is a real problem*". I have several edifying letters on this subject from prominent leftist politicians, from those on the right too, to whom I sent the Camp of the Saints. "*But you understand: we can't say it ...*" These people have a double language, a double conscience. I don't know how they do it! I think the distress comes from there: the people know that things are being hidden from them. Today, tens of millions of people don't buy into the official discourse on immigration. Not one of them believes that it is an opportunity for France "*une chance pour la France*". Because reality imposes itself on them, every day. All of these ideas boil in their heads and don't come out.

You don't believe it's possible to assimilate the foreigners welcomed into France?

No. The model of integration isn't working. Even if a few more illegals are escorted to the border and we succeed in integrating foreigners a bit more than today, their numbers will not stop growing and that will change nothing in the fundamental problem: the progressive invasion of France and Europe by a numberless third-world. I'm not a prophet, but you see clearly the fragility of these countries, where an unbearable poverty is established and grows ceaselessly alongside indecent wealth. Those people don't turn to their governments to protest. They expect nothing of them.

They turn to us and arrive in Europe in boats, ever more numerous, today in Lampedusa, tomorrow elsewhere. Nothing discourages them. And thanks to the demography game, by the 2050s, there will be as many young indigenous French as there are young foreigners in France.

Many will be naturalised.

Which doesn't mean they'll have become French. I don't say these are bad people, but "*naturalisations on paper*" aren't naturalisations of the heart. I cannot consider them my compatriots. We need to drastically toughen the law, as a matter of urgency.

How can Europe deal with these migrations?

There are only two solutions. Either we accommodate them and France – its culture, its civilisation — will be erased without even a funeral. In my view, that's what's going to happen. Or we don't accommodate them at all – that means stop sacralising the Other and

rediscover your neighbour, that means those next to you. Which means that we stop giving a damn sometime about these “*Christian ideas gone mad*”, as Chesterton said, or these depraved human rights, and that we take the indispensable measures to distance ourselves, without appeal, to avoid the dissolution of our country into a general *métissage* [literally race-mixing but used as a sort of equivalent of the English diversity]. I don’t see any other solution. I travelled a lot in my youth. All peoples are fascinating but when you mix them too much, it is much more animosity that develops than sympathy. *Métissage* is never peaceful. It is a dangerous utopia. Look at South Africa!

At the point where we are now, the measures we would have to take would necessarily be very coercive. I don’t believe it will happen and I don’t see anyone who has the courage to do it. They would need to put their soul in the balance, but who is ready for that? That said, I don’t believe for an instant that the supporters of immigration are more charitable than me: there probably isn’t a single one of them who intends to welcome one of these unfortunates into his home... all of that’s just an emotional pretense, an irresponsible maelstrom that will engulf us.

Is there therefore no solution other than submission or coercion?

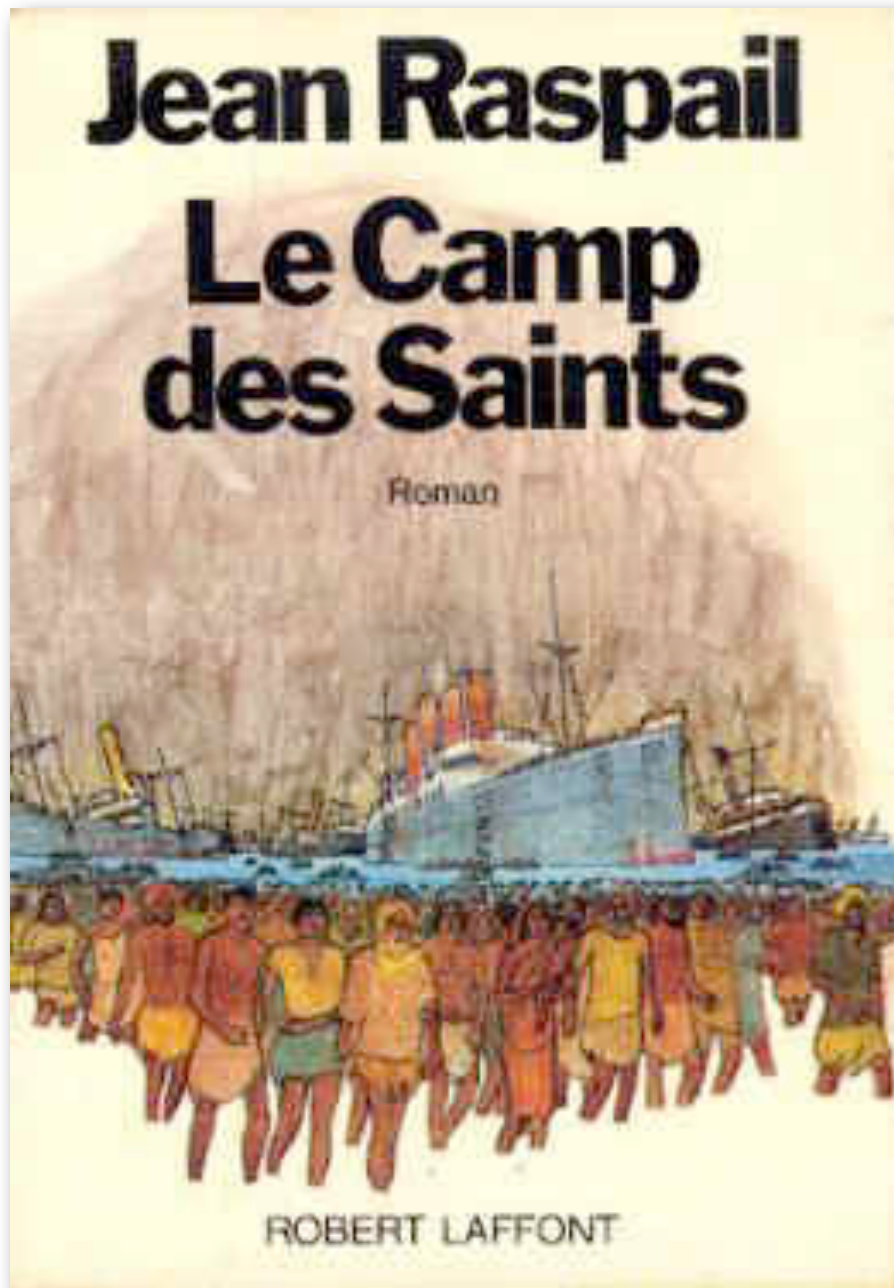
There could perhaps be one, but it will only have one chance: isolates where a population that is ethnically and culturally threatened by other communitarianisms could find refuge. Besides, it’s already happening: we can see already that the French “*de souche*” [indigenous] are fleeing the so-called “*sensitive*” districts. The demonstrations against homosexual marriage are also a form of communitarianism: they testify to the rejection by millions of French people to the “*change of civilisations*” promised by the Left and by Christiane Taubira. Today, everyone condemns communitarianism, but it could be a solution, at

least temporarily. These opposed communitarianisms will reinforce themselves mutually by the animosity they will convey and that will end, finally, in extremely severe confrontations. Even if we don't need to wish that adversity occurs.

You don't believe in a sudden new beginning, as has occurred many times in the history of France?

No. It would require an epic spirit, an appreciation of an elevated destiny for a sudden new beginning to be possible in France. It would require people to still believe in their country. I don't see many of them left. At least reforming from top to bottom the national education system and the audio-visual media, taking away the platform from the teachers and the journalists who are participating in the disinformation... We have desacralised the idea of the nation, the exercise of power, the past of the country. We have put cracks in the statue of France, we have disfigured it (especially the Left!) to the point where nothing inspires respect any more. The power of the false ideas disseminated by the national education system and the media is boundless. But as for me, I have lived in France for 1,500 years, I'm OK with what is mine, and I've no desire for it to change...

The Camp of the Saints



What is happening in Lampedusa now was eerily anticipated in the 1970s by the French novelist Jean Raspail in his novel *Le Camp des Saints* (*The Camp of the Saints*).

The title comes from a passage in the *Book of Revelations*:

And when the thousand years are ended, Satan will be released from his prison, and will go forth and deceive the nations which are in the four corners of the earth, Gog and Magog, and will gather them together for the battle; the number of whom is as the sand of the sea. And they went up over the breadth of the earth and encompassed the camp of the saints, and the beloved city.

Raspail quotes this passage at the start of the book. What follows it in the Bible is not quoted, but at least offers us some hope of redemption:

But fire came down from heaven and consumed them, and the devil who had deceived them was thrown into the lake of fire and sulphur where the beast and the false prophet were, and they will be tormented day and night for ever and ever. Then I saw a great white throne and him who sat upon it; from his presence earth and sky fled away, and no place was found for them.

The people of Europe eagerly await the cleansing fire from heaven.

Raspail was, of course, accused of racism when he published his book in 1973. He replied that;

“this is no wild-eyed dream” and “we are inevitably headed for something of the sort”.

The book was republished in France in February of this year. Sales have been rocketing. It is currently 46th in the Top 100 best-selling books on Amazon France.

An English translation of the book is available online here for free download.

[http://www.jrbooksonline.com/PDFs/Camp_of_the_Saints.pdf]

Here's an extract from the book:

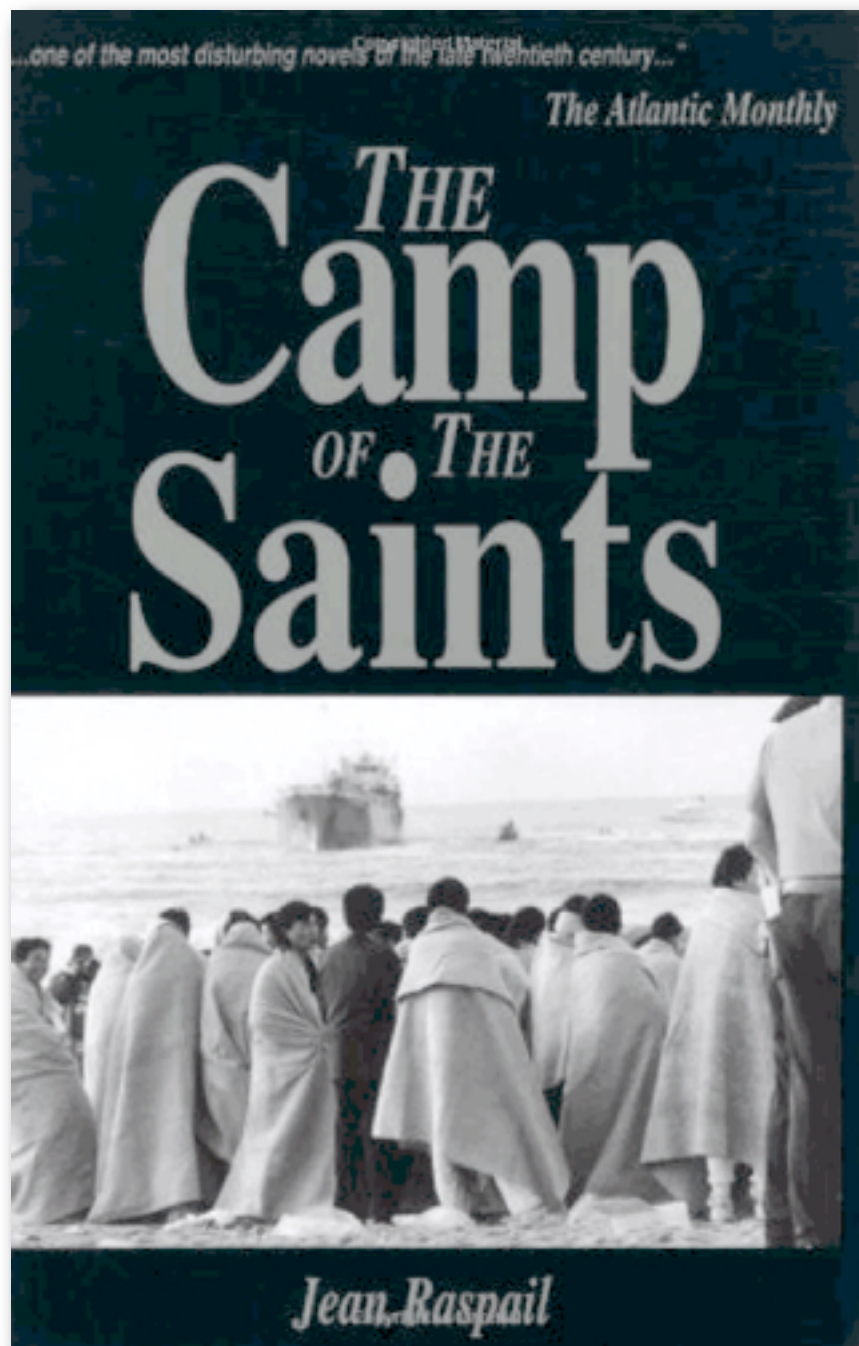
“The world is controlled, so it seems, not by a single specific conductor, but by a new apocalyptic beast, a kind of anonymous, omnipresent monster, and one that, in some primordial time, must have vowed to destroy the Western World. The beast has no set plan. It seizes whatever occasions arise. The crowd massed along the Ganges was merely the latest, and doubtless the one with the richest potential. Divine in origin, this beast? Or infernal, more likely? Be that as it may, the phenomenon, hard to believe, is a good two centuries old. Dostoevski analyzed it once upon a time. And Péguy too, though in different form, when he railed against the “intellectual clique.” And even one of our former popes, Paul VI, toward the end of his reign, as he opened his eyes and discerned, at long last, the work of the Devil ... Nothing can stop the beast. That much we all know. Which is probably why the chosen few have such faith that their ideas will triumph, and why the ones who persist in the struggle know only too well how futile it is ...”.

THE CAMP OF THE SAINTS

By Jean Raspail

Translated by Norman Shapiro

Originally published in French as *Le Camp Des Saints*, 1973



And when the thousand years are ended, Satan will be released from his prison, and will go forth and deceive the nations which are in the four corners of the earth, Gog and Magog, and will gather them together for the battle; the number of whom is as the sand of the sea. And they went up over the breadth of the earth and encompassed the camp of the saints, and the beloved city. — APOCALYPSE 20:9

My spirit turns more and more toward the West, toward the old heritage. There are, perhaps, some treasures to retrieve among its ruins ... I don't know. — LAWRENCE DURRELL

As seen from the outside, the massive upheaval in Western society is approaching the limit beyond which it will become “meta-stable” and must collapse. — SOLZHENITSYN

I HAD WANTED TO WRITE a lengthy preface to explain my position and show that this is no wild-eyed dream; that even if the specific action, symbolic as it is, may seem farfetched, the fact remains that we are inevitably heading for something of the sort. We need only glance at the awesome population figures predicted for the year 2000, i.e., twenty-eight years from now: seven billion people, only nine hundred million of whom will be white.

But what good would it do?

I should at least point out, though, that many of the texts I have put into my characters' mouths or pens—editorials, speeches, pastoral letters, laws, news stories, statements of every description—are, in fact, authentic. Perhaps the reader will spot them as they go by. In terms of the fictional situation I have presented, they become all the more revealing.

—J.R.

THE CAMP OF THE SAINTS

One

The old professor had a rather simple thought. Given the wholly abnormal conditions, he had read, and reasoned, and even written too much—versed as he was in the workings of the mind—to dare propose anything, even to himself, but the most banal of reflections, worthy of a schoolboy's theme. It was a lovely day, warm but not hot, with a cool spring breeze rolling gently and noiselessly over the covered terrace outside the house. His was one of the last houses up toward the crest of the hill, perched on the rocky slope like an outpost guarding the old brown-hued village that stood out above the landscape, towering over it all, as far as the tourist resort down below; as far as the sumptuous boulevard along the water, with its green palms, tips barely visible, and its fine white homes; as far as the sea itself, calm and blue, the rich man's sea, now suddenly stripped of all the opulent veneer that usually overspread its surface—the chrome-covered yachts, the muscle-bulging skiers, the gold-skinned girls, the fat bellies lining the decks of sailboats, large but discreet—and now, stretching over that empty sea, aground some fifty yards out, the incredible fleet from the other side of the globe, the rusty, creaking fleet that the old professor had been eyeing since morning.

The stench had faded away at last, the terrible stench of latrines, that had heralded the fleet's arrival, like thunder before a storm. The old man took his eye from the spyglass, moved back from the tripod. The amazing invasion had loomed up so close that it already seemed to be swarming over the hill and into his house. He rubbed his weary eye, looked toward the door. It was a door of solid oak, like some deathless mass, jointed with fortress hinges. The ancestral name was carved in somber wood, and the year that one of the old man's forebears, in uninterrupted line, had completed the house: 1673. The door opened

out on the terrace from the large main room that served as his library, parlor, and study, all in one. There was no other door in the house. The terrace, in fact, ran right to the road, down five little steps, with nothing like a gate to close them off, open to any and every passerby who felt like walking up and saying hello, the way they did so often in the village. Each day, from dawn to dusk, that door stood open. And on this particular evening, as the sun was beginning to sink down to its daily demise, it was open as well—a fact that seemed to strike the old man for the very first time. It was then that he had this fleeting thought, whose utter banality brought a kind of rapturous smile to his lips: “*I wonder,*” he said to himself,

“if, under the circumstances, the proverb is right, and if a door really has to be open or shut ...”

Then he took up his watch again, eye to glass, to make the most of the sun’s last, low-skimming rays, as they lit the unlikely sight one more time before dark. How many of them were there, out on those grounded wrecks? If the figures could be believed—the horrendous figures that each terse news bulletin had announced through the day, one after another—then the decks and holds must be piled high with layer on layer of human bodies, clustered in heaps around smokestacks and gangways, with the dead underneath supporting the living, like one of those columns of ants on the march, teeming with life on top, exposed to view, and below, a kind of ant-paved path, with millions of trampled cadavers.

The old professor—Calgues by name—aimed his glass at one of the ships still lit by the sun, then patiently focused the lens until the image was as sharp as he could make it, like a scientist over his microscope, peering in to find his culture swarming with the microbes that he knew all the time must be there. The ship was a steamer, a good sixty years old. Her five stacks, straight up, like pipes, showed how very old she was. Four of them were lopped off at different levels, by time, by rust, by lack of care, by chance—in short, by gradual decay. She had run

aground just off the beach, and lay there, listing at some ten degrees. Like all the ships in this phantom fleet, there wasn't a light to be seen on her once it was dark, not even a glimmer.

Everything must have gone dead—boilers, generators, everything, all at once—as she ran to meet her self-imposed disaster. Perhaps there had been just fuel enough for this one and only voyage. Or perhaps there was no one on board anymore who felt the need to take care of such things— or of anything else—now that the exodus had finally led to the gates of the newfound paradise. Old Monsieur Calguès took careful note of all he saw, of each and every detail, unaware of the slightest emotion within him. Except, that is, for his interest; a prodigious interest in this vanguard of an antiworld bent on coming in the flesh to knock, at long last, at the gates of abundance. He pressed his eye to the glass, and the first things he saw were arms. As best he could tell, his range of vision described a circle on deck ten yards or so in diameter.

Then he started to count. Calm and unhurried. But it was like trying to count all the trees in the forest, those arms raised high in the air, waving and shaking together, all outstretched toward the nearby shore. Scraggy branches, brown and black, quickened by a breath of hope. All bare, those fleshless Gandhi-arms. And they rose up out of scraps of cloth, white cloth that must have been tunics once, and togas, and pilgrims' saris. The professor reached two hundred, then stopped. He had counted as far as he could within the bounds of the circle. Then he did some rapid calculation. Given the length and breadth of the deck, it was likely that more than thirty such circles could be laid out side by side, and that between every pair of tangent circumferences there would be two spaces, more or less triangular in shape, opposite one another, vertex to vertex, each with an area roughly equal to one-third of a circle, which would give a total of $30 + 10 = 40$ circles, 40×200 arms = 8,000 arms. Or four thousand bodies! On this one deck alone!

Now, assuming that they might be several layers thick, or at least no less thick on each of the decks—and between decks and below decks too—then the figure, astounding enough as it was, would have to be multiplied by eight. Or thirty thousand creatures on a single ship! Not to mention the dead, floating here and there around the hull, trailing their white rags over the water, corpses that the living had been throwing overboard since morning. A curious act, all in all, and one not inspired by reasons of hygiene, to be sure. Otherwise, why wait for the end of the voyage?

But Monsieur Calgues felt certain he had hit on the one explanation. He believed in God. He believed in all the rest: eternal life, redemption, heavenly mercy, hope and faith. He believed as well, with firm conviction, that the corpses thrown out on the shores of France had reached their paradise too to waft their way through it, unconstrained, forevermore. Even more blessed than the living themselves, who, throwing them into the sea, had offered their dead, then and there, the gift of salvation, joy, and all eternity. Such an act was called love. At least that was how the old professor understood it.

And so night settled in, but not until daylight had glimmered its last red rays once more on the grounded fleet. There were better than a hundred ships in all, each one caked with rust, unfit for the sea, and each one proof of the miracle that had somehow guided them, safe and sound, from the other side of the earth. All but one, that is, wrecked off the coast of Ceylon. They had lined up in almost mannerly fashion, one after the other, stuck in the sand or in among the rocks, bows upraised in one final yearning thrust toward shore.

And all around, thousands of floating, white-clad corpses, that daylight's last waves were beginning to wash aground, laying them gently down on the beach, then rolling back to sea to look for more. A hundred ships! The old professor felt a shudder well up within him, that quiver of exaltation and humility combined, the feeling we sometimes get when we turn our minds, hard as we can, to notions of

the infinite and the eternal. On this Easter Sunday evening, eight hundred thousand living beings, and thousands of dead ones, were making their peaceful assault on the Western World. Tomorrow it would all be over. And now, rising up from the coast to the hills, to the village, to the house and its terrace, a gentle chanting, yet so very strong for all its gentleness, like a kind of singsong, droned by a chorus of eight hundred thousand voices. Long, long ago, the Crusaders had sung as they circled Jerusalem, on the eve of their last attack. And Jericho's walls had crumbled without a fight when the trumpets sounded for the seventh time. Perhaps when all was silent, when the chanting was finally stilled, the chosen people too would feel the force of divine displeasure. ... There were other sounds as well. The roar of hundreds of trucks. Since morning, the army had taken up positions on the Mediterranean beaches. But there in the darkness there was nothing beyond the terrace but sky and stars.

It was cool in the house when the professor went inside, but he left the door open all the same. Can a door protect a world that has lived too long? Even a marvel of workmanship, three hundred years old, and one carved out of such utterly respectable Western oak? ... There was no electricity. Obviously, the technicians from the power plants along the coast had fled north too, with all the others, the petrified mob, turning tail and running off without a word, so as not to have to look, not see a thing, which meant they wouldn't have to understand, or even try. The professor lit the oil lamps that he always kept on hand in case the lights went out. He threw one of the matches into the fireplace. The kindling, carefully arranged, flashed up with a roar, crackled, and spread its light and warmth over the room. Then he turned on his transistor, tuned all day long to the national chain. Gone now the pop and the jazz, the crooning ladies and the vapid babblers, the black saxophonists, the gurus, the smug stars of stage and screen, the experts on health and love and sex. All gone from the airwaves, all suddenly judged indecent, as if the threatened West were concerned with the last acoustic image it presented of itself.

Nothing but Mozart, the same on every station. Eine kleine Nachtmusik, no less. And the old professor had a kindly thought for the program director, there in his studio in Paris. He couldn't possibly see or know, and yet he had understood. For those eight hundred thousand singsong voices that he couldn't even hear, he had found, instinctively, the most fitting reply. What was there in the world more Western than Mozart, more civilized, more perfect? No eight hundred thousand voices could drone their chant to Mozart's notes. Mozart had never written to stir the masses, but to touch the heart of each single human being, in his private self. What a lovely symbol, really! The Western World summed up in its ultimate truth ... An announcer's voice roused the old professor from his musings:

“The President of the Republic has been meeting all day at the Élysée Palace with government leaders. Also present, in view of the gravity of the situation, are the chiefs of staff of the three branches of the armed forces, as well as the heads of the local and state police, the prefects of the departments of Var and Alpes-Maritimes, and, in a strictly advisory capacity, His Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop of Paris, the papal nuncio, and most of the Western ambassadors currently stationed in the capital. At present the meeting is still in progress. A government spokesman, however, has just announced that this evening, at about midnight, the President of the Republic will go on the air with an address of utmost importance to the nation. According to reports reaching us from the south, all still seems quiet on board the ships of the refugee fleet. A communiqué from army headquarters confirms that two divisions have been deployed along the coast in the face ... in the face of ...”

(The announcer hesitated. And who could blame him? Just what should one call that numberless, miserable mass? The enemy? The horde? The invasion? The Third World on the march?)

“... in the face of this unprecedented incursion”

(There! Not too bad at all!) ... and that three divisions of reinforcements are heading south at this moment, despite considerable difficulty of movement. In another communiqué, issued not more than five minutes ago, army chief of staff Colonel Dragasès has reported that troops under his command have begun setting fire to some twenty immense wooden piles along the shore, in order to ... (Another hesitation. The announcer seemed to gasp. The old professor even thought he heard him mutter:

“My God! ... in order to burn the thousands of dead bodies thrown overboard from all the ships ...”

And that was all. A moment later, with hardly a break, Mozart was back, replacing those three divisions hurtling southward, and the score of funeral pyres that must have begun to crackle by now in the crisp air down by the coast. The West doesn't like to burn its dead. It tucks away its cremation urns, hides them out in the hinterlands of its cemeteries.

The Seine, the Rhine, the Loire, the Rhône, the Thames are no Ganges or Indus. Not even the Guadalquivir and the Tiber. Their shores never stank with the stench of roasting corpses. Yes, they have flowed with blood, their waters have run red, and many a peasant has crossed himself as he used his pitchfork to push aside the human carcasses floating downstream. But in Western times, on their bridges and banks, people danced and drank their wine and beer, men tickled the fresh, young laughing lasses, and everyone laughed at the wretch on the rack, laughed in his face, and the wretch on the gallows, tongue dangling, and the wretch on the block, neck severed—because, indeed, the Western World, staid as it was, knew how to laugh as well as cry—and then, as their belfreys called them to prayer, they would all go partake of their fleshly god, secure in the knowledge that their dead were there, protecting them, safe as could be, laid out in rows beneath their timeless slabs and crosses, in graveyards nestled against

the hills, since burning, after all, was only for devilish fiends, or wizards, or poor souls with the plague. ...

The professor stepped out on the terrace. Down below, the shoreline was lit with a score of reddish glows, ringed round with billows of smoke. He opened his binoculars and trained them on the highest of the piles, flaming neatly along like a wooden tower, loaded with corpses from bottom to top. The soldiers had stacked it with care, first a layer of wood, then a layer of flesh, and so on all the way up. At least some trace of respect for death seemed to show in its tidy construction. Then all at once, down it crashed, still burning, nothing now but a loathsome mass, like a heap of smoking rubble along the public way. And no one troubled to build the nice neat tower again. Bulldozers rolled up, driven by men in diving suits, then other machines fitted with great jointed claws and shovels, pushing the bodies together into soft, slimy mounds, scooping a load in the air and pouring it onto the fire, as arms and legs and heads, and even whole cadavers overflowed around them and fell to the ground. It was then that the professor saw the first soldier turn and run, calling to mind yet another cliché, arms and legs flapping like a puppet on a string, in perfect pantomime of unbridled panic. The young man had dropped the corpse he was dragging. He had wildly thrown down his helmet and mask, ripped off his safety gloves. Then, hands clutched to temples, he dashed off, zigzag, like a terrified jackrabbit, into the ring of darkness beyond the burning pile.

Five minutes more, and ten other soldiers had done the same. The professor closed his binoculars. He understood. That scorn of a people for other races, the knowledge that one's own is best, the triumphant joy at feeling oneself to be part of humanity's finest—none of that had ever filled these youngsters' addled brains, or at least so little that the monstrous cancer implanted in the Western conscience had quashed it in no time at all. In their case it wasn't a matter of tender heart, but a morbid, contagious excess of sentiment, most interesting to find in the flesh and observe, at last, in action. The real men of heart would be

toiling that night, and nobody else. Just a moment before, as the nice young man was running away, old Calguès had turned his glasses briefly on a figure that looked like some uniformed giant, standing at the foot of the burning pile, legs spread, and hurling up each corpse passed over to him, one by one, with a powerful, rhythmic fling, like a stoker of yesteryear deep belowdecks, feeding his boiler with shovelfuls of coal. Perhaps he too was pained at the sight, but if so, his pain didn't leave much room for pity. In fact, he probably didn't think of it at all, convinced that now, finally, the human race no longer formed one great fraternal whole—as the popes, philosophers, intellects, politicians, and priests of the West had been claiming for much too long.

Unless, that is, the old professor, watching "*the stoker*" and his calm resolve—the one he called "*the stoker*" was really Colonel Dragases, the chief of staff, up front to set his men an example—was simply ascribing to him his own ideas. ... That night, love too was not of one mind. Man never has really loved humanity all of a piece—all its races, its peoples, its religions— but only those creatures he feels are his kin, a part of his clan, no matter how vast. As far as the rest are concerned, he forces himself, and lets the world force him. And then, when he does, when the damage is done, he himself falls apart. In this curious war taking shape, those who loved themselves best were the ones who would triumph. How many would they be, next morning, still joyously standing their ground on the beach, as the hideous army slipped down by the thousands, down into the water, for the onslaught by the living, in the wake of their dead? Joyously! That was what mattered the most. A moment before, as he watched "*the stoker*," the professor had thought he could see him move his lips, wide open, as if he were singing. Yes, by God, singing! If even just the two of them could stand there and sing, perhaps they could wake up the rest from their deathly sleep. ... But no other sound came rising from the shore, no sound but the soft, foreboding chant welling up out of eight hundred thousand throats.

“Pretty cool, man, huh!” exclaimed a voice in the shadows.

Continue reading by downloading the book (and many others) here ...

[http://www.jrbooksonline.com/PDFs/Camp_of_the_Saints.pdf]

Version History & Notes

Version 2: May 26, 2015 — Added cover, formatting changes.

Version 1: Published Apr 22, 2015

Notes

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Knowledge is Power in Our Struggle for Racial Survival

(Information that should be shared with as many of our people as possible — do your part to counter Jewish control of the mainstream media — pass it on and spread the word) ... Val Koinen at [KOINEN'S CORNER](#)

Note: This document is available at:

<https://katana17.wordpress.com/>