

social and political model where different cultures coexist with equal rights under the law. We do not want to assimilate and we do not want to be stuck somewhere in the middle. We want to foster our own identity and culture. Assimilation is cultural rape. It means renouncing your identity, becoming like the others." For Jahjah, Europe does not belong to the Europeans, it belongs to the Arabs as well: "I don't believe in a host country. We are at home here and whatever we consider our culture to be also belongs to our chosen country."

It is likely that Sarkozy did not realize what was really at stake when he declared "total war" in order to recapture the suburbs for the French Republic. However, for the Muslim radicals—invariably described in the media as "youths"—it is quite literally a war. The French government is renegeing on the 1975 Strasbourg Resolution. If multiculturalism is impossible except as different cultures "coexisting" on neighboring but different territories, the attempt of the French Republic to reconquer the suburbs is a strike at the heart of the culture of the immigrant "youths," an attempt to deprive them of their country. It is cultural rape, it is forcing them to become like the others, namely secularized Europeans.

Sarkozy, who deployed only policemen in his war, was unable to prevail because he did not have the weapons to win a territorial conflict. After two days of rioting, police officers warned that they did not have the means to win what they (correctly) described as a "civil war." The riots spread to the whole of France. Dozens of schools, shops, and factories were set ablaze and thousands of cars and buses. Molotov cocktails were thrown into buses while the passengers were still on them. The police were shot at.

Moreover, Sarkozy's enemies in the government did not want the interior minister to win the battle for the suburbs, which would make him immensely popu-

lar with ordinary Frenchmen. Prime Minister Dominique de Villepin, who is Sarkozy's main rival for the presidential elections in 2007, blamed the latter for having incited the "disturbances" with his inflammatory rhetoric which was said to have "provoked the youths."

While the battle for the suburbs went on, political bickering paralyzed the government. Jacques Chirac, the corrupt center-right president of France, who in 2002 won the elections in the second round from the far-right Jean-Marie Le Pen, distrusts Sarkozy. Chirac sees Villepin, an aristocrat appointee who has never held an elected office, as his crown prince. The president and the prime minister refused to crack down on the "youths" in the suburbs. They favor a policy of "dialogue" and "appeasement."

The latter constitutes not only an appeasement of the radical Muslims and the thugs in society but also of one's own mind. Indeed, it is more convenient to think that the cause of the riots is plain thuggishness resulting from discrimination on the job market.

The poor natives who live in the immigrants' neighborhoods know better, however. They know that the generals of Eurabia, the leaders of the "youths," drive BMWs and Mercedes (which no one dares to set alight), and that they use mobile phones and PCs to instruct their highly mobile troops. The war in France is not about social injustice, but about territory. ■

Paul Belien is the editor of www.brusselsjournal.com.

National Suicide

Jean Raspail foretold the breakdown three decades ago.

By James P. Pinkerton

WE WERE WARNED. Three decades ago, Jean Raspail published a novel, *The Camp of the Saints*, which served as a worst-case-scenario warning about the consequences of unchecked immigration into his native France and, by extension, into all of Europe. Raspail's book was a big seller in his home country, but his message was not heeded. Now, of course, he is being vindicated.

Today, after 9/11, Madrid, London, and the broad-daylight murder of Theo Van Gogh, Paris is burning.

How could this have been allowed to happen? What led to this influx of lions into countries full of lambs?

In *The Camp of the Saints*, Raspail provided his answer. Those who wel-

come large quantities of immigrants, he giped, were "righteous in their loathing of anything and everything that smacked of present-day Western society, and boundless in their love of whatever might destroy it." And so he spun his outrageous tale: one million poverty-stricken people ship out of India, bound for Europe. Along the way, other countries refuse to allow this teeming armada even the meagerest docking privileges—and who could blame them? As Raspail describes the scene aboard the immigrant convoy, "Everywhere, rivers of sperm. Streaming over bodies, oozing between breasts, and buttocks, and thighs, and lips, and fingers ... a welter of dung and debauch."

But France is persuaded that these people are a “million Christs,” whose arrival will “signal the dawn of a just, new day.” In other words, Raspail writes, what the French are lacking is a proper sense of national-racial consciousness, “the knowledge that one’s own is best, the triumphant joy at feeling oneself to be part of humanity’s finest.” Instead, he concludes, after having been beaten down by decades of multicultural propaganda, “the white race” has become “nothing more than a million sheep.”

And so this Indian multitude—reduced to 800,000 by rampant onboard disease and violence—is allowed to land in Southern France, whereupon the Ganges Horde immediately commences rape, rack, and ruin. Then other immigrants come pouring in to the West, too: “the swarthy millions roaming the streets of New York and

object ... proclaimed the dignity of those who had lived there—their discretion, their propriety, their reserve, their taste for those solid traditions that one generation can pass on to the next, so long as it still takes pride in itself.” Such objects, and the ideas that connect them and give them value, are the touchstones of patriotism. As another Frenchman, Emile Durkheim, observed, nations survive only if they unite around common emblems of nationhood.

Another who agreed that group solidarity requires a sense of uniqueness was George Orwell. Writing in 1941, when his country was in danger of losing to Germany, Orwell rallied his fellow citizens, reminding them, “When you come back to England from any foreign country, you have immediately the sensation of breathing a different air. Even in the first few minutes dozens of small things conspire to give you this

With comparable sentiments, Raspail summons up his poetical-historical defense of France. In the novel, an aging professor, clearly a symbol of France itself, muses aloud about long-ago Gauls who defended their homeland. “Had I been with Aetius,” he pronounces, “I think I would have reveled in killing my share of Hun.” Girding himself further as he prepares to take up arms against the looming sea of trouble, the old man reflects about what it might have been like to fight alongside Charles Martel, Godfrey of Bouillon, the Byzantines, and Don Juan of Austria, who defeated the Turks at the naval battle of Lepanto in 1571. In Raspail’s view, the ghosts of the past should speak loudly to the present with their common adjuration: repel the barbarians.

Second, if Raspail was right about what motivates people to defend their homeland, he was equally right about what it takes to de-motivate them. His novel may be a dystopic parable, but he was dead-on in his depiction of the systemic guilt-tripping that has afflicted the West. Only a few years before he published his book, Susan Sontag had wailed, “The white race is the cancer of human history.” Using such suicidal sentiments as grist for his fictional mill, Raspail sets up a confrontation between a conventional Everyman and a group of self-hating multiculturalists. Says Everyman: “There’s not one of you proud of his skin, and all that it stands for.” To which the answer comes, “Not proud, or aware of it either. ... That’s the price we have to pay for the brotherhood of man. We’re happy to pay it.”

Yet just as Raspail was right about the beliefs of many fellow Westerners—our breed is bad, we deserve to be birth-controlled and aborted out of existence—he was also right about the grand strategy of many in the Third World, for whom “the winning of the North,” through immigration-invasion, has been the ultimate goal.

IN RASPAIL’S VIEW, **THE GHOSTS OF THE PAST** SHOULD SPEAK LOUDLY TO THE PRESENT WITH THEIR COMMON ADJURATION: **REPEL THE BARBARIANS.**

London, or the myriad blacks and Arabs ready to spew from the cellars of Paris.” And so the glory of Europe is extinguished forever.

Many, of course, have simply dismissed Raspail as racist. But two factors elevate his writing and his message.

First, he demonstrates a canniness about human nature and what it takes to motivate people to defend their homeland. “Man never has really loved humanity all of a piece,” he writes. It’s inherent that we like some more than others—and some not at all. Indeed, in the spirit of Edmund Burke, the wisest of political scientists, Raspail invokes the spine-stiffening power of stolidity and continuity that is unique to one’s own place. Describing one Frenchman’s centuries-old house, he lyricizes, “Each

feeling. The beer is bitterer, the coins are heavier, the grass is greener.” This paean is romantic, perhaps even irrational, rhapsodizing, but Orwell had a war to win, and so he offered even more particularist patriotism: “There is something distinctive and recognizable in English civilization. It is a culture as individual as that of Spain. It is somehow bound up with solid breakfasts and gloomy Sundays, smoky towns and winding roads, green fields and red pillar-boxes. ... Moreover it is continuous, it stretches into the future and the past, there is something in it that persists, as in a living creature.” After reading that apostrophe, what son or daughter of Albion wouldn’t leap to the defense of their sceptered isle against invaders or despoilers?

So while Raspail did not know the specifics of Vicente Fox's slow-motion demographic crusade to recapture much of America for Mexico, he apprehended the general truth, decades before Fox first articulated his *reconquista*.

The irony of France's situation today—as immigrants and the children of immigrants commit exactly the kind of mayhem that Raspail warned against—is that far more than most peoples, the French have a strong sense of nationhood, from their overall striving for *la gloire* to their picky campaign to purge non-French words from their vocabulary. And unlike, say, the British, the French have no advanced tradition of civil liberties that prevents a tough approach in the assimilation of foreigners. Yet on the other extreme, unlike, say, the Germans, they have no totalitarian history to live down. So in theory, there's no reason why the French couldn't use statist coercion to turn North African Muslims into good and loyal Frenchmen.

But now we know, in reality, that Paris has failed. And why is that?

Most obviously, the French have a lot of people to Gallicize; almost 10 percent of the population are Muslims, not the gentler Hindus of Raspail's imagining. Moreover, many of these Third Worlders have imbibed the radical ideology of Frantz Fanon, the French West Indian who became a partisan for radical causes, culminating in his 1961 book, *Les Damnés de la Terre* (*The Wretched of the Earth*). Fanon's influence has always been greatest in the Francophone world, and so his hymns to the "cleansing power of violence" have been northstars of Euro-leftist philosophy.

Piled on top of Fanon is the legacy of 1968, which hit France even harder than the United States. A critical mass of the French intelligentsia has permanently embraced the worst of '60s ideology, which holds that all authority is terror-

ism, that the cure of nationalism is internationalism, and that the West, in particular, is guilty as charged—of all charges. These were the people that Raspail most feared and at whom *The Camp of the Saints* was most targeted.

In the decades since, the premiers of Paris cultivated an image of hard-nosed *realpolitik*, in which the coolly calculating descendants of Descartes would use facts and logic to resolve the Ethnic Question. And so in 2004, the government imposed a ban on headscarves—worn mostly, of course, by Muslim women—in state schools and in other public institutions. The new law was intended to accelerate the French-ification of the non-native population, and it might have worked, if it had come 10 or 20 years earlier. Instead, mostly unemployed Muslim youths, with no citizenship in their home country, and no loyalty to their new country, have staged their own *Lord of the Flies* along the Seine. No wonder the French are so cynical about everything, especially their government; they have paid their taxes, suffered through the political speeches, and now they discover that *l'état* has failed in its most elemental Hobbesian function, which is the maintenance of order in the streets.

But even before the recent riots, the aging Raspail—he was born in 1925—was bluntly pessimistic about France's fate. Last year he published a piece in *Le Figaro*, declaring

[T]hose of French stock—bludgeoned by the throbbing tom-tom of human rights, of 'the welcome to the outsider,' of the 'sharing' dear to our bishops etc., framed by a whole repressive arsenal of laws known as 'anti-racist,' conditioned from early childhood with cultural and behavioral 'crossbreeding,' with the requirements of 'plural France' and with all the by-prod-

ucts of old Christian charity—will no longer have any alternative but to degrade their own children, or merge, without offspring, into new-mould French 'citizen' of 2050.

Because I am convinced that the fate of France is sealed, because 'My house is their house' (Mitterand), inside 'Europe whose roots are as much Muslim as Christian' (Chirac), because the situation is moving irreversibly towards the final swing in 2050 which will see French stock amounting to only half the population of the country, the remainder comprising Africans, Moors and Asians of all sorts from the inexhaustible reserve of the Third World, predominantly Islamic, understood to be fundamentalist Jihadists, this dance is only the beginning. ... France is not the only concern. All of Europe marches to its death.

Of course, it might not be only Europe. America faces threats, too. And just on Monday came news that Australian authorities had arrested 17 men allegedly involved in a terror-bombing conspiracy. One of these "Australians" is Abu Bakr, a "spiritual leader" born in Algeria, who until the arrests was best known for extolling Osama bin Laden as a "great man."

This should serve as a reminder to us all: while a few in the West have been sounding the alarm against foreign invasion for many years now, many in the East have been sounding a clarion call of their own—that they're coming to conquer us. ■

James P. Pinkerton is a columnist for Newsday and a fellow at the New America Foundation in Washington, D.C. He served in the White House under Presidents Ronald Reagan and George H.W. Bush.

All the Veep's Men

The text of the Libby indictment suggests Fitzgerald isn't finished.

By Justin Raimondo

THE RESPONSE OF the neocon Right to Patrick J. Fitzgerald's indictment of Scooter Libby was predictably bizarre. The same people who are telling us that the real story in Iraq is that our troops are building schools and helping little old ladies cross the street threw their hats in the air and all but claimed vindication. David Frum, writing in the *Daily Telegraph*, could hardly contain his glee. In Frum's alternate universe, what he calls the "big theory" of Fitzgerald's investigation—"a sinister cabal of senior administration officials deceived the United States into fighting an unnecessary war"—has been debunked. This means the "little theory"—"there was no deception, no conspiracy, no punishment, and no compromise of security," except that somebody told a bunch of white lies—is supposedly vindicated. One wonders what indictment he was reading—or if he read it at all. His *National Review* colleague, Jonah Goldberg, declares, with characteristic light-heartedness, "it sure looks to me like this investigation is going nowhere." Five counts of lying: no big deal.

Neocons are tough on crime—except when it concerns their own. R. Emmett Tyrrell, the *American Spectator* editor who has now apparently taken up a second career as a comedian, mocks the outed Valerie Plame. The Democratic leadership, says Tyrrell, "apparently believes the pretty female agent could have been assassinated, presumably while shopping among the foreign agents in nearby cosmopolitan Tysons Corner or right there in the produce section at the Safeway, bashed by a coconut

hurling assassin." Tyrrell doesn't dare aim his disdain at Fitzgerald, but the implication is that the special prosecutor foolishly believes this, too.

The *New York Sun*, the neocons' vanity newspaper of record, hardly waited until Fitzgerald's press conference was over before it demanded a pardon for Libby. Inveighing against "overzealous" prosecutors, the paper opined that Libby "may have been telling the truth," or maybe he "misremembered"—yeah, that's it!—and, in any event, no crime was ever committed, except, of course, by Joe Wilson and perhaps Fitzgerald himself, who has launched "an assault on the Presidency." If only Libby and his friends in the administration had outed a Mossad agent, instead of a covert CIA employee, perhaps then the *Sun* would realize the seriousness of Fitzgerald's investigation. Instead, however, it insists that the president should "shut down the prosecution," a battle cry that has not yet been taken up by the rest of the neoconservative movement. Give them time.

The Scooter Libby Fan Club is taking its cues from a widespread misconception, echoed in the *Sun's* editorial, that nothing in Fitzgerald's indictment implicates Libby, or anybody else, with committing the "underlying crime"—outing Plame. Libby's defenders have resorted to the same tactics they utilized in lying us into war: cherry-picking. They lift isolated sentences out of Fitzgerald's indictment and ignore the overall portrait he draws of what was clearly a conspiracy to expose Plame's identity.

A federal indictment is not exactly *Atlas Shrugged*. It is concise and spare almost to the point of austerity, wasting no words on anything other than informing the defendant of the charges against him. This does not, however, describe the Libby indictment. In a most unusual move, Fitzgerald cites a statute Libby is not charged with violating—Title 18, United States Code, Section 793—the Espionage Act, forbidding disclosure of classified information to persons not authorized to receive it. Furthermore, the indictment is structured as if in preparation for pending charges, noting that Libby had security clearance and had signed a "Classified Information Nondisclosure Agreement," stating in part, "I understand and accept that by being granted access to classified information, special confidence and trust shall be placed in me by the United States Government," and "I have been advised that the unauthorized disclosure, unauthorized retention, or negligent handling of classified information by me could cause damage or irreparable injury to the United States or could be used to advantage by a foreign nation."

Libby's fans are no doubt muttering, "But he wasn't charged with espionage!" No—not yet. The key to understanding what Fitzgerald is up to is contained in the transcript of the press conference.

Frum underscores the misconception that minimizes the indictment when he writes, "Under the little theory, if Mr. Libby had only told the truth about what had happened, there would have been no crime at all." This question—"If Mr. Libby had testified truthfully, would he be being