

The Great Replacement



Renaud Camus

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Part I

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The enslavement, in the strictest sense of the term, of the indigenous population is the first necessity. In order to do this, we must break its systems of reference; expropriation, dispossession, raiding, objective murder are coupled with a sacking of cultural frameworks, or at least condition this sacking. The social panorama is destructured, values are scorned, crushed, emptied.

Frantz Fanon, *speech given at the Meeting of black authors and artists*

Some raven, escaped from the cage of the last Franco-Gaul priest, will say, from the top of a ruined bell tower, to foreign peoples, our successors:

"Accept the accents of a voice that was once known to you: you will put an end to all these speeches."

Chateaubriand

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Ladies and Gentlemen¹,

it's very strange for me to find myself in Lunel to talk about the Great Replacement because it is precisely here, about 15 years ago, that this phenomenon struck me by the force of its obviousness and that I coined that expression. I was working at the time on a book that was published shortly afterwards by P.O.L. and which was dedicated, it is its title by the way, to the *Department of Hérault*.

I live in the countryside, I spend most of my days at my desk, I have the benefit of some hindsight on what is called "social movements" - let's just say I am not directly implicated in them. Perhaps they appear to me more clearly, when I get the chance to observe them, than they would if I lived immersed in their unfolding. I knew that the population of France had changed substantially, I was aware of what is euphemistically called the "*Projects problem*"², I had crossed a hundred times through those suburban areas where, exacerbating the evils of unemployment and academic failure, violence and delinquency seem to concentrate. But what I noticed, and how could it be otherwise, in the coastal area of the Hérault, was quite different. I wasn't roaming the *Projects*, as they say, and as they say badly, to designate areas which, precisely, do not succeed in becoming *cities* – but we will have the opportunity to see how the antiphrasis, one word for another, the euphemism of euphemism and simply the lie, preside over what happens to make it look like it doesn't happen. And when it did happen, when the evidence is no longer deniable, the same people who said nothing was happening announce irreversible what has indeed been accomplished, and they accuse of nostalgia, *rearguardism*, unrealism those who would like this subject to be mentioned at least once. However, I digress and get ahead of me. I'm sorry.

¹ This lecture was delivered in Lunel on November 26, 2010, at the invitation of two philosophy professors, one "from the left" and the other "from the right." It had the character of an improvised talk. By transcribing it in writing, we developed certain inflections, without modifying the point of view implied by its date.

² T/L note. A remark on urban planning. In the USA, when Blacks from the South went up North they were made to settle in the center of major cities (see, e.g. E. Michael Jones, *The Slaughter of Cities, Urban Renewal as Ethnic Cleansing*, Fidelity Press, 2004). The mainly white middle class started to move in the outskirts, so called 'suburbia'. In France, the opposite happened. When migrants started to arrive en masse, Spanish, Portuguese and Italians after WWII, then populations from North Africa and Sub-Saharan Africa with the decolonization of the 1960s, they did not find lodging in city centers, they were 'parked' in subsidized high-rises (HLM, the French 'Projects') in rapidly built suburbs outside all major cities. So 'suburbia' in French has a negative connotation that does not exist at least in the USA. But French 'suburbia' is not like American ghettos, racially homogeneous (think South Central or Watts in LA for instance). They are still no-go zones to a large extent, but they are not racially homogeneous. There are a lot of immigrants from both Southern Europe and Northern/Sub-Saharan Africa as well as low income native French, even Pieds-Noirs, French people born in the African colonies and kicked out when the decolonization happened in the 1960s. That is why the words 'suburbs' and 'ghettos' will be avoided in this translation. We opted for the word 'Projects' with a capital 'P' to translate several words: '*banlieues*', '*cités*', '*quartiers*'. They all mean an urban area composed largely of high-rises, populated to a large extent by immigrants (even if they are second or third generation), and the cause of endless problems for society in general and the authorities in particular.

So, I was in some old villages in the Hérault, big old villages round and fortified, with narrow streets and tightly packed crooked houses, which in the year one thousand had already, for many of them, a solid experience of the world. Some would say that was before France even existed. Perhaps it was. In any case, it was now *afterwards* one might have thought: because at the windows and thresholds of these ancient houses, along ancient streets, appeared almost exclusively a population unheard of in these parts and which by its clothes, its attitude, its very language, seemed not to belong there, but rather to another people, another culture, another history. And in Lunel, which is not a village, it was this same feeling of having changed world without ever having left the old one, without having left the streets and squares of our country, their statues, their churches, their old familiar landmarks. How many of us experience daily the same sentiment, and not only in the Hérault, the Gard or the Vaucluse, not only in Seine-Saint-Denis when we can still venture there, not just in the North or the Pas-de-Calais, but in all parts of the French territory, along our cities' sidewalks, in public transports, in the Paris subway, when faced with pictures or the reality of our schools or our universities? As if during our lifetime, and even less so, France was in the process of changing its people: you see one, you take a nap, it's another, or several others, which appear to belong to other shores, other skies, other architectures, other mores – that's what they themselves seem to think, too.

It will be said – but perhaps not by you since you are here –, at least we're told every day, that's the official doctrine, radio and television keep harping on it over and over again, and they don't even have to keep harping on it anymore given that they take it for granted that it has been assimilated, that it goes without saying, that nobody will dare oppose it, it will be argued that it is still the same people, a people comprised only of Frenchmen and Frenchwomen: those are the French of today. A Lichtenberg knife, as always: you change the handle, then the blade, but it's always the same knife.

First off, the remark regarding the appellation and the official nationality is not entirely accurate, even according to administrative and legal criteria; because within this population undergoing constant change, in the process of a radical transformation, irreversible, there are a lot of foreigners, of non-citizens. Of course, they do not remain so for long; but as they become French, officially, new ones ceaselessly show up: so that the proportion of non-citizens remains similar, and even increases constantly, despite hasty naturalizations. To which the official doctrine – I am not talking about the law, I am talking about the it-goes-without-saying spewed by the media, which dictates to the law what it must state, to judges what they must judge, to reality the way it must be dressed, to events and news stories what they must mean, even if it were unlikely... – replies that this distinction between citizens and non-citizens has less and less meaning and *raison d'être*, that what matters is to be there, *those who are there*, no matter in what quality and of course in what quantity; and that, on the contrary, we must work to ceaselessly in order to reduce this distinction, until it is almost, or completely, abolished.

It will be objected in vain that this distinction is at the root of the social contract, and of the constitution of any human group as a state: there is citizenship only if there is a non-

citizenship, just as there is a treaty between different parties provided that those who have not signed it are not in the same legal situation as those who signed it; otherwise it has no meaning and no purpose. As is often the case, the In-nocence Party, of which I am President, is taking the exact opposite tack to the current dominant trend and is campaigning for a maximum increase in the difference in status and treatment between citizens and non-citizens. It knows what it is talking about, since its very name refers to a founding pact, mythical of course, such as [Rousseau's] social contract or the Hobbesian *covenant*, but of the same nature as them: namely the pact of in-nocence, of *non-nocence* [T/L. Latin 'Nocere' = 'To do harm']. Each citizen, in exchange for the symmetrical commitment of all the others, undertakes not to harm or even disturb. It is the principle of *less for more*: everyone commits to being a little bit less *oneself* in order to have the leisure to be much more, and to become – thanks to the freedom coming from the reciprocal commitment all the others take not to harm, not to *nocer*, not to disturb, not to hinder what does no harm – everything that is in him of positive virtuality of being and of accomplishment.

However, I am not here to tell you about the In-nocence Party, under which, as you've just been told, or reminded, I am candidate for the presidential election; nor to speak to you about its name and the founding principles of its commitment, even though they often intrigue, amuse or annoy those who hear about it for the first time. I've been invited to tell you about the Great Replacement, which is, it is true, one of the major themes of this party, along with the catastrophic situation of schools, the transmission crisis, the Great Acculturation, but we will undoubtedly have the opportunity to say a word about it; or, still, of what we call, for lack of a better word, the *ghettoization* of the world, its becoming-ghettoized.

I was saying that one of the factors of the Great Replacement was indeed the constant influx of newcomers, immigrants, non-citizens, and their massive presence on the territory; *massive* and often clandestine, a peculiar combination, but no more than the strange status of the so-called "undocumented," migrants who have broken the law since they're not allowed to be here, officially, but are no less, and *by the very fact of this law-breaking*, this is the most extraordinary bit, rights-holders – an astounding situation in terms of both logic and justice, since it is the very criminal act here that endows rights. Moreover, those illegals who don't mind appearing in the media, who have against them the police (at times) but with them the power players (media and politics), don't hesitate, if anything untoward happens to them, to immediately incriminate France and the French: one would think that they are reciting a lesson they've been taught, as soon as they got here, and maybe even before that, that, strange as it may seem to them, those very diatribes, disgusted and hateful, were what journalists and the authorities in France were waiting for, and that it always produced the best results. You'd always believe burglars who would sue the owner of the house because they'd broken a leg in his dimly lit stairs, or because they'd have received an electric shock from a dangling, outdated, plug. Alas, the French are so accustomed, when it comes to immigration, to this Rantanplan [T/L. *A brainless dog in the adventures of Lucky Luke, a 'comic book' character.*] logic that they're no longer surprised by it.

However, the observation of this change of people forces to venture into more difficult a terrain than that of the ultimate and temporary foreigners: namely – it is a vast subject we won't get to the bottom of – the question of *what it is a people*. One of the most effective instruments of the prosperous trafficking of figures, in the case of the Great Replacement, has an undeniable legal basis in which it locks itself up as in an impregnable fortress; and he is quite right because, to a certain extent, this fortress is indeed impregnable: it is the assertion that there is only one kind of Frenchman and, in its well-known polemical form, and dreaded, that no one is more French than anybody else. So a veiled woman speaking our language poorly, utterly ignorant of our culture and, more importantly, overflowing with vindictiveness and animosity, not to say hatred, towards our history and our civilization, will be perfectly able to assert, and she usually does, especially on a television set, to a native Frenchman passionate about Romanic churches, delicacies of vocabulary and syntax, Montaigne, Jean-Jacques Rousseau, Burgundy wine and Proust, and whose family has been living in the same valley of the Vivarais or Périgord for several generations, from where it observed or underwent all the twists and turns of our history, perfectly able to assert, therefore, and most often in all but a kind tone:

"*I'm just as French as you are*," when it's not "*more French*," as I believe I have heard on such an occasion.

And legally that person, if he or she is a French citizen, is quite right, of course. Above all, it wouldn't do any good to object to her saying it. And yet what they say is absurd. More than absurd, it is overwhelming. I won't go so far as to pretend it makes no sense, but, picking up on a distinction that I have long glossed over in my book *Du sens*³, and that of course I borrowed from Plato, from his *Cratylus*, I'll say that this lady's statement has a *Hermogenesian* bent, that is to say of pure convention, as Hermogenes maintains is the meaning of words, in Plato's dialogue, and no *Cratylan* bent, i.e. inscribed in the duration, in the archaeology of root words, even in their very origin, and the origin of that origin. The law may settle for a *Hermogenesian* meaning. I'd even say it has to, it is its greatness, sacrifice and nobility, like that of a priest who renounces the flesh. But life, the life of the spirit no less than life in society, cannot, and the culture even less so, and let's not even talk about literature, which owes everything to Cratylus and nothing to Hermogenes, except some occasional comic effects. If this lady is right, being French is nothing: it is a mockery, a failed joke turned sad, a rubber-stamp on an administrative document. Don't misunderstand me, I'm not saying that the stamp is nothing, I've got too much respect for the word, the commitment, the law, in order to contest its legal scope. But I believe that the law goes astray when it strays too far from the reality of things when it contradicts it, when it pretends to replace it, when, contrary to the literary sentiment of the world (so badly damaged), it makes sacrifices to Hermogenes as to a single god and refuses to acknowledge any debt to Cratylus.

³ *Du sens (dans ses rapports avec l'origine, le temps, l'histoire, l'étymologie, la morale, la culture, la littérature, l'éducation, la nationalité, l'immigration, l'"affaire Camus", etc.)*, P.O.L, 2002.

Georges Pompidou [T/L. 1911-1974. French President from 1969 to his death in 1974], it's hard to imagine, was still talking, just forty years ago, and at Sciences-Po [T/L. Institute of Political Sciences] at that, of *the genius of our race*. Our *what* now? We know that this word, for the past five or six years, has become utterly taboo in our language, where it had nonetheless thrived in peace and quiet with the utmost naturalness for several centuries, a word used by Léon Blum as well as Barrès, Victor Hugo or Racine, although in terms slightly different each time, because it had a very wide range of meanings. The PC police of language, a formidable caste whose judgements make one tremble more than those of a criminal court, have retained for this word the one and only meaning given it by inveterate racists, pseudo-"scientists"; and so they banished it from the city, from its radio-waves and its cabinets, without any consideration for its very deep and broad inscription in our language, nor the richness of its semantic range. And now we miss it, because a people, as aptly perceived by the overwhelming majority of the peoples of the world, it is also a matter of race: by which I think less of a hypothetical community or biological kinship than a long shared history; more to culture and heritage than to heredity. I would add desire, will, love. Individuals who want it can always be aggregated to a people because they love its language, literature, way of life, landscapes. But peoples that remain peoples cannot be aggregated to other peoples. They can only conquer them, submerge them, replace them.

The French, as many of our recent fellow countrymen say when they talk about us, when it is not *chalk-faces* or other nicknames. If they say *the French*, it's good that they do not perceive themselves as such, and obviously they don't want to, it even seems like to more than one of them the idea is almost abhorrent, they reject it expressly. I would like to take this opportunity to point out that the In-nocence party, in its program, recommends that those people be taken at their word, that we take a literal account of their statements and repudiations and that, if they say they are only French on paper, not by heart or soul or true belonging, and feel more this or that than French, and consider their country of origin as their true homeland, or if they dance and utter cries of joy as they wave a foreign flag when France is beaten or humiliated in some sporting event, well, we grant their wish, we put the administrative status in accordance with their sensitive and proclaimed reality, we take away the Frenchness they don't think much of, if not for polemical reasons, or out of interest.

Shall I quote Charles de Gaulle after Georges Pompidou, going back a little further in time and in the hierarchy of the intellectual capacities? You all know those words full of wisdom and common sense which today, within the Fifth Republic, would earn its originator censorship, the pillory, if not a fine or a prison sentence:

"It is very good that there are yellow Frenchmen, black Frenchmen, brown Frenchmen. They show that France is open to all races and that it has a universal vocation. But on the condition that they remain a small minority. Otherwise, France would no longer be France. We are still first and foremost a European people belonging to the white race, of Greek and Latin culture and of Christian religion. Let's not tell each other stories! Have you been to see them,

the Muslims? Have you looked at them with their turbans and their jellabas?! You can clearly see they're not French! Those who advocate integration have the brains of a hummingbird, even if they're very knowledgeable. Try integrating oil and vinegar. Shake the bottle. After a while, they will separate again. The Arabs are Arabs, the French are French. You think the French body can absorb ten million Muslims, tomorrow twenty million, the day after tomorrow forty? If we were to integrate, if all the Arabs and Berbers in Algeria were considered French, how would we prevent them from settling on the mainland, when the standard of living is so much higher here? My home village would no longer be called Colombey-les-Deux-Églises [T/L. *Colombey-the-Two-Churches*], but Colombey-les-Deux-Mosquées [T/L. *Colombey-the-Two-Mosques*]! »⁴

You'll forgive me for quoting those hackneyed sentences, whose drawback is that in the current ideological climate, instead of comforting the opponents of the Great Replacement and further enhancing the stature of the General de Gaulle by their accuracy of analysis and their character, alas, incredibly prescient, they belittle it, they affect negatively his posthumous stature and have him accused of racism, for the sole reason that he believed in the existence of races, in the age-old legitimacy of the use of this word and in the link between it and what it is to be a people. No, we're being told repeatedly every which way, as our children are forced to believe, and we swear we could hear Hermogenes: a people would be a creation at every moment, it would emerge from a will in action and from nothing else, it would be a pure convention, a shared desire to live together. One might superficially object that, if this is indeed the good definition, the affairs of the country are in a pickle, because this desire to live together does not exist, as is shown by the generalized disorder, the lack of harmony in social relations, the aggressiveness at all times and what the press comically calls, with the genius it has for naming things wrong or, at all costs, not to name them, to name them incorrectly so as not to talk about them, the *incivilities* – although after all, this infinitely euphemistic term *incivility* has some unintended relevance, for it is indeed the *civitas*, the city, that is scorned by such behavior, not to mention civilization itself.

But this veritably Hermogenesian definition of the people, linked to the will alone, and who would not want to know anything about the origins, it would be typically French, it would even be the glory of France, one of the major contributions of the Revolution. First of all, let us note that a contribution of the Revolution, major or not, should not be confused with the essence of France or with its genius: for there is no question, I hope, of limiting France to the Revolution and what follows it, of acting as if our country had started in 1789 or even in '92 or '93, which would amount to throwing away the cathedrals, Enguerrand Carton, the castles of the Loire Valley, Montaigne, Valentin de Boulogne, Racine, Marivaux, *The Portuguese Nun*, Bordeaux's docks and so on.

⁴ Quoted in Alain Peyrefitte, *C'était de Gaulle*, V. 1, éditions de Fallois/Fayard, 1994, p. 52.

There is some truth, alas, in France's megalomaniacal aspiration to universality, which today is costing us so much. To tell the truth, it was originally a coquetry, a fantasy which I believe the Legislative Assembly, which treated itself to it, never imagined for a second that it would be taken seriously, and which was originally intended mainly to grant citizenship, as one makes honorary citizens of a city great figures whose patronage was sought after, such as Washington or Franklin, or the same day, August 24, 1792, foreign supporters of the Revolution, a Thomas Paine or an Anacharsis Cloots – both will become members of the Convention, but both expelled a year later, to top it all off, *for being foreigners*, which was singularly lacking in elegance.

In any case, the people's representatives had too much the very real intuition of what a people is – they were not even thinking about questioning it, and that's a dead giveaway – to contemplate for one moment that the whole planet might one day use as argument their imprudent law in order to claim a universal right to the French character. In the meantime, they have opened a breach, which with time has become a gigantic gap, in which our disaster is unfolding. To that breach, as long as by its dimensions it did not threaten the balance and eventually the very existence of the city, the nation, the people as a living and embodied entity, France owes infinitely precious contributions: it is only fair to mention an Apollinaire, a Marie Curie, a Levinas, closer to us, and so many others, Jews, Germans, Poles, Italians, Orthodox after the soviet revolution, heroes of freedom and independence in every country in the world. But in the end it is not appropriate to exaggerate the specific nature of this possibility of becoming French.

Certainly the emancipation of the Jews, promulgated in our country earlier than anywhere else, on September 28, 1791 – and I am well aware of the particular resonance of this aspect of things in a city such as Lunel, with its very ancient and brilliant Jewish culture –, adorned France with a special attraction in the eyes of many oppressed Jews from all parts of Europe and the world. If they took advantage of the opportunity to become French, it was of course because they were oppressed, but it was also because it was France, and out of love for it, gratitude, admiration. Is there any need to remind that this love was on occasion atrociously disappointed, at the time when our defeated country was living under a foreign yoke? It did not die out, however. Let us remind everyone, however, that this love had not been much less lively for Germany itself, for Italy, for England, which, at least, did not betray it. Was Disraeli, a convert, it is true, not Prime Minister of Great Britain as early as the middle of the 19th century, and showered with honors that could not have been more deserved?

That country prides itself less than France of its supposed universality, and our claims in this area tend to make it smile. That said, it has not welcomed fewer foreigners than France and owes them no less of its greatness and prestige. Let us think of Van Dyck, Handel, the Herschels, Rossetti, Josef Conrad, to say nothing of all those who found refuge across the Channel as if in exile, without voluntarily relinquishing anything of their culture or nationality: Italians of the Risorgimento, Foscolo, Manzoni, the libertadores of Latin America like Miranda, the founding

fathers of communism and anarchism, Marx, Bakunin, later the countless refugees from Nazism, Pevsner, Freud, Wittgenstein, already an old habitu   of Cambridge at the time of the Anschluss – you'd fill an entire dictionary.

What I am trying to show is that in the French relationship with nationality, there is nothing, historically, so specific. I'd go so far as to say that we're dealing here, to a large extent, with some kind of modern myth. The dogmatico-antiracist doxa is always very quick to denounce the national novel, but its criticism consists mainly of writing new chapters in it, generally less flattering, with which it replaces the old ones – it's another form of Great Replacement... And notwithstanding the universalist aspiration, put forward so much in retrospect for the past forty years, the idea of a people is about the same in France as it is in the other countries and among the other peoples: one is French essentially by birth and by ancestors, by one's family, and to this main core group may aggregate marginally men and women that a particular love of France has led them to desire to stay, or that tragic or serendipitous circumstances have led them to settle in our country, where they enjoyed themselves and where they made their lives. These people may have played a considerable role in the affairs of the country, but quantitatively they barely count, at least until the end of the 19th century.

Against the successive self-serving whims of historiography, I believe in two crucial testimonies, because they are difficult to distort: architecture and literature. On the numerical importance of the wealthy bourgeoisie of the Belle   poque (a class constantly described as a narrow caste of privileged profiteers), on the actual state of the peasantry at the time of the Beloved [*T/L. King Louis XV (1710 - 1774)*], on the comparative lifestyle of the middle and upper classes in France and Italy during the Baroque age or during the neo-classical era, I believe more the architecture, including of course the vernacular architecture, the simple building, an architecture without architect, than the successive theses of ideological historians, ideologized, peremptory as the doctors one finds in Moli  re. Likewise, on the conception that one could have of what a people was, a people in general and the French people in particular, on the notion of belonging, on the sentiment of national community, I gladly rely on literature rather than on the ex post reconstructions of the organic intellectuals.

And, concerning this last point, the literature is unequivocal: until the 1970s or so, until the onset of the crisis of belonging, right up to the first waves of mass immigration, forcing one to wonder what it is to be French, and forcing to give this biased question long-winded answers too subject to the overriding need to say what must be said and nothing else, being French is certainly different in its content from what it is to be English, Spanish, or Danish, but it is in no way different in nature. However, one must admit that the most compelling testimony of the literature on the subject is its silence. Except in times of war, except abroad, according to literature, its heroes and heralds, nine times out of ten it goes without saying. It's a given which it assumes is the same with the readers, and of which it does not intend to make the subject of

introspection, of a definition less still – what's the point of defining when you're not a dictionary or code, that which everyone understands very well from birth?

I remember when I was going to Belgium as a young writer, to give talks in bookstores or such, I was very surprised that the fact of being Belgian, *belgianness*, belonging or not to the nation of Belgium, the Belgian people, were the subject of endless questioning. Being Belgian seemed a full-time occupation, and still is. I was glad that being French was not so demanding. Shall I admit it? I didn't want it any more than that. Oh, I was just as patriotic as anybody else, but not one bit chauvinistic, and I believe I still am. I didn't think the French countryside was more beautiful than Scotland, I did not value French literature more than the English, nor French thought more than German thought, nor Berlioz or Fauré more than Mahler or Brahms, nor the hotels of Saint-Germain more than the Italian palaces, nor Poussin higher than Titian or Velasquez, nor the history of freedom and the rule of law more than in Great-Britain or the United States. I was determined, I think, to do my duty as well as I could, if need be, but, being French, I didn't think about it all the time, and it wouldn't have occurred to me to brag about it.

Alas, I was rejoicing too soon. A time soon came, and we're still in it, where being French was just as "problematic" as being Belgian, as ambiguous, as subject to endless discussions, happily aggressive. I long for a simple and self-evident feeling of belonging, which does not compel to constantly question oneself about it. I wish I could be French as the Arabs are Arabs, the Jews Jews, the Japanese Japanese, the Poles Poles; and be able to, like before, not think about it, except as we realize from time to time a quiet evidence, which is not a fabrication and re-fabrication of each instant. The paradox is that these Frenchmen by culture, a culture not very French at first sight, who are so quick to use this absolute weapon of language against me: "I'm just as French as you are," they're often very well versed, in another identity, Arab for example, whose solidity, relevance, and depth they do not question for one moment, while radically challenging the legitimacy and the very existence of mine – for if they are just as French as I am, I repeat, then *French* doesn't mean much.

The adjective carries about as much weight in this case as "American" when a terrorist launches an attack in the United States, and when television, ever virtue-signaling, insists throughout the report that he is an *American*, "born in the United States": it is this "born in the United States" that get us thinking (Americans are often born in the United States, why specify it in this case?). We will have to wait until the very end of the "news" to learn that the name of this amateur chemist is (let's say) Muhammad Walif. *American*, in this case, was not the most *performative* piece of information: it only has a meagre hermeneutic power. But one of the advantages of the permanent censorship imposed on speech by the media-political apparatus, in a dogmatic-antiracist regime, and the great didactic merit of this progression in the manner of a chess knight that it imposes on speech is that we have become wonderful semioticians. Long have I dreamed to write a drama or opera libretto that would have been called *The Projects*. In it, we would have followed a *Projectee* falling in love with a *Non-Projectee*, one of

the families giving a big ball, the rival gangs fighting, a silk ladder [T/L. *La scala di seta*, an opera by Gioachino Rossini.] falling from a tower...

And at the same time –this is the paradox I'm talking about –, that this French belonging, reduced to the status of a masochistic Spanish inn where everyone lives together, becomes something so weak, so disaffiliated, exclusively voluntarist and, to stick to my terminology, so purely hermogenesian, the other belongings, other people's belongings, I mean, whether national, religious or ethnic, do not seem the least bit shaken, quite the contrary. Their kind still remains the infinite majority around the world. Being French, English – a fortiori "British" –, American, are being ordered to make less and less sense and to be content with a very formal meaning; but being Arab, Chechen, Muslim, Jewish, Korean, Wolof or Armenian remains what it has always been, a kind of intangible identity, having become natural through having been for a long time cultural.

We have on this point – the inequality of intensity and integrative power of those identities – a somewhat pathetic illustration in the growing number of conversions in France, of young French people and native French to Islam, accelerating the pace and highlighting the Great Replacement. Of course I do not doubt for a second that among these conversions there are some that proceed from a deep spiritual movement, a prolonged reflection matured in the depths of the soul, an authentic religious revelation. These are worthy of respect. However, most of them, when one hears, sees and listens to the converted, and to the extent that one dares to probe the kidneys, brains, available brain time [T/L. *Reference to the CEO of one of the main French TV channel who once said that he was 'selling available brain time' to companies advertising on his channel.*] and hearts, seem to have their origin much more in the despair of being nothing, in the post-cultural daze, in the de facto de-civilization, the respect for strength, the need to belong, the gregarious instinct, the impatience of submission, the sense of history.

My conviction is that being French, up to the generations that preceded ours, was of a nature quite similar to that of those simple and strong identities that we see around us quietly persevere in being and prosper, while this one withers and fades, narrows itself, apologizes for altogether being, stammers indefinitely its verbose reasons for existing, pretentious and disembodied.

We've been lied to a lot, that's the point I wanted to make. We're being tremendously lied to. We're being lied to *sincerely*, I want to believe that, by ideological conviction, by the natural inclination of the organic intellectuals to say to a society – and more precisely to its authorities, in this case the media-political complex – what they want to hear. We have been lavished daily, and still are, with huge lies that only the Great Acculturation would of course allow. It was indeed necessary that the teaching of forgetfulness had already largely achieved its purpose, for historians to be able to say and repeat without laughing, in this hysterical and paranoid tone of voice used by the perpetual indoctrination – we talk *in spite of the bad guys*, always, we state eternal truths, known to all, but on which only the conspiracy of the rancid obsesses over (I will call my Memoirs *The Life of Rancid*) –, repeat without laughing, as I was

saying, that France had *always* been a country of immigration. The truth, since we're talking about it, is that during fifteen hundred years or so, until the end of the 19th century, France had experienced virtually *no* immigration. It has of course welcomed immigrants, foreigners who had come on their own and who often played, either directly or through their children, a considerable role in the political and cultural history of our country: I think of Mazarin, I think of Lully, I think of Law, I think of Zola's father. But these foreigners did not make a migration, when we they would have us believe (and we can only believe it provided we are staggeringly ignorant, which is why our ignorance and that of our children are so well organized) that they have made the nation, that the nation has only ever been made with them, by them, that they are the essence of France. It is one of the ideological foundations of the famous phrase, "I am just as French as you are": *if not more, if not more*, since I'm a foreigner.

But France, France, it becomes more or less understood that it is a simple geographical expression, like Italy in the olden days according to Metternich – we would then have travelled the historical itinerary opposite to that of the Risorgimento Peninsula and walked, ourselves, towards *disunity*. Or rather not, because there would never have been a unity in the first place. Indeed, it is not enough for the media-political complex (of which subsidized associations clamoring a dogmatic anti-racism are the somewhat caricatural armed wing) to convince the French that they are not a people, or that they are only a people in the purely administrative sense of the expression; it still needs, adding insult to injury, to persuade them that *they never were one*, that they've dreamed their common history, that even their past existence, for which they could express a feeling of nostalgia, is a lure, a pure fantasy, an optical illusion, a fancy of the mind; that, in short, like so many other things of which they are quite certain they distinctly remember or which they experience day after day, like violence, like insecurity, like organized daze, like the education disaster, *it's all in their head* (out of which the experts are actively working, as a matter of good citizenship, to taking it off: this is what is called pedagogy⁵).

It is my understanding that according to the current dominant thesis, if not within serious history, at least among what the politically correct police believes and spreads out, it is World War I and the trenches that consecrated the existence of the French people as such, which previously did not exist, was just a mish-mash of dialects, patois, provinces, countries and even villages ignoring each other when they were not engaged in an eternal *War of the Buttons* [T/L. *La Guerre des Boutons*, a 1912 French novel where two rival gangs of kids fight each other.]. And far be it from me to pretend that the French people came out of Jupiter's thigh armed, escaped with his body from a burning Troy, or emerged ready for the story of the Gallic village dealing with lake stilts [T/L. *An adventure of Asterix*.]. Its origin is diverse, like that of most other peoples, and probably a little more so. The fact remains that between the fall of the Roman Empire and the great migrations of the 20th century, the French people has proven itself

⁵ Cf. *Infra*, "What can free thought today be?"

to be a surprisingly stable, lively compound, driven by an early and growing sense of national unity.

It is there that contemporary historiography and its media vulgate on the one hand (but it often happens, unfortunately, that they are indistinguishable), literature on the other, are most clearly in contradiction. And I, for one, prefer to believe the latter, especially when it is contemporary to the facts. One blushes to have to remind it: there's some France in Roland's song, some in Bernart de Ventadour, some, and the better, in Montaigne perhaps Jewish, it overflows in Malherbe, Corneille, Tallemant des Réaux, Saint-Simon, Marivaux, in *Memoirs from Beyond the Grave*, *The Three Musketeers* and *In Search of Lost Time* [T/L. Works by Chateaubriand, Dumas, and Proust respectively.] – some France as well as the consciousness of being French: it is not even so much *consciousness*, by the way, than it is an immediate adhesion of the soul and the spirit to the evidence of things (happy time...).

By dating back to the war of 1914 the true consecration of the national sentiment, i.e. by delaying its occurrence, absurdly, by two, three, five, ten centuries or more depending on the regions, social classes and cultural states, the media-political complex, or more precisely its core in charge of ideological fabrication, kills two birds with one stone, since the date chosen is after the first waves of immigration, Belgian or Italian, not migrations *en masse*, certainly, but of true statistical and social importance. Thus, if it were to be believed, France became herself, and the French people found himself in its truth of convention, volition, perpetual fabrication, only after immigration came to bring her the spark of life, which enabled her to finally reach her constitutive authenticity.

This conception is corroborated by a comical twist in the history of art. We once thought, in our naivety, that art in France (I try not to say *French art* so as not to trigger the PC police), in the second half of the 19th century, had achieved by its richness, its power, let us say the word, by its *genius*, such international prestige that Paris, ahead of Munich, London or Berlin, and ahead of New York by nearly a full century, had become, just like Rome in the 17th century or Florence or Venice even earlier, but for the latter in narrower worlds, the universal capital of the arts, thus attracting, thanks to its prestige, artists from all over the world, who have come to take advantage of its teaching, its unique atmosphere, the creative bubbling of its talent. But we learned from that mistake, and learned the hard way that it was necessary to turn this assessment around, look at it upside down. It wasn't the prestige of France and its art that attracted foreign artists, it was the presence of foreign artists and their quantity, on the contrary, which made the artistic prestige of our country and constituted the essence of its art.

I remember seeing in Paris a great and beautiful exhibition that explained it very well: how foreign artists had made French art. Why they had chosen Paris as a meeting place was not explained: no doubt because it was particularly easy for them to get there. We were clearly invited, as on every occasion and in all fields under a dogmatic anti-racist regime, that is to say immigrationist, that is to say today's *replacementist* regime, to take the hint and draw the ideological and moral lessons from it right away.

These lessons are only one, in fact, since ideology has replaced morality: it is another form of *replacementism*. One can very well be a brute, an obnoxious, noisy, boorish, even dishonest individual, stealing from the till, disturbing in every conceivable way one's neighbors in the building, the neighborhood, the city or the nation, and, yet, consider oneself free of all ethical obligations towards the Earth and its inhabitants as long as at the same time one shows and proclaims a strict dogmatic observance of anti-racism, supports with closed eyes each article of the good doctrine and shows oneself consistent in this commitment, that is to say that one supports as a matter of course all actions in favor of the undocumented migrants, opposes reflexively and unconditionally any attempt to regulate the inflow of immigrants, and considers as abject, "worthy of the darkest hours of our history", the slightest visa refusal. We can even allow ourselves some dispensations or deviations of a practical nature vis-à-vis the articles of the dogma, such as moving heaven and earth so that one's children don't attend middle and high schools composed of too high a proportion of immigrants' children. As long as the sound doctrine is well affirmed and reaffirmed at every chance one gets, there is no morality any more. That doctrine is morality itself.

This is the great triumph of any ideology, and for that ideology it is absolute: to pass oneself off as the moral law – better still, to be in the eyes of society *the whole* of morality, to merge with it.

There are, however, several points that should lead us to radically challenge this pretension of dogmatic anti-racism, immigrationist at all costs, *replacementist* before the term was even coined, to set itself up as the moral law and to present itself, even, as the morality par excellence. The first of these points is its relationship to truth. A morality cannot do without truth. If it does, it is not a morality. But this one lies tremendously. Perhaps it lies with sincerity, perhaps it is convinced of the truth of its lies – that would only be even more alarming. It lies by omission, by suppressing information and censorship, it lies through the permanent fabrication of euphemisms, mass-produced euphemisms. It lies out of fear, love of death, self-love, out of tact and the fear of causing pain – but this fear only applies to the neo-French, present and future; to the archeo-French there is not a single vexation, blame, accusation or insult it inflicts without remorse or guilt. It even lies at times out of interest, I think, careerism, ruthless ambition, desire to advance itself into the world.

However, this is only true of its sycophants, its propagators, its advertisers in the fields of literature, the media, movies, culture, sociology, academe and others: it is certain that without it we have no chance of ever becoming office manager, whatever line of work we're in. Management also loves it, for the most part: it knows all too well on which side his bread is buttered, and how to ensure an inexhaustible supply of cheap labor; moreover, the concern for the country and its dignity has not always been, throughout history, its major concern.

And yet, despite the obvious links of this corpus with mercantile globalism, there is a reluctance to refer to *interest* as the main driver of the replacement ideology and its lies, because we can't ignore, either, all the groups that nobly support these misleading dogmas,

and promote and disseminate them, *against* their own interests, and often the most pressing ones (and sometimes just inchoate): Jews, women, homosexuals, secularists, champions of freedom of thought and free speech, all of them happily sawing the branches on which they sit beside the heralds of "diversity"; who, for their part, do not realize that they are in fact all doing the same, more and more of the same – the undifferentiated universal village, generalized Projects, rather violent, haggard, acculturated and de-civilized (the one where Ilan Halimi is dragging himself at the last hour [T/L. *Man killed in France in 2006 allegedly for the sole reason that he was Jewish.*]).

Replacementism also lies by the creation, the invention of myths, the spreading of *topoi* (conventions), stereotypes and fixed phrases. I have noted a hundred times that it was no coincidence, in this era of institutionalized lie, where all words are fallacious, if the iconic and hackneyed expression "*it is true that*", to the point that I wouldn't be surprised if our epoch was known to posterity, provided there will even be one, one that understands French at that, as the "*it is true that*" period of our history: the period of the where all the speakers, lying being the rule, felt compelled, by a desperate attempt at perpetual reevaluation, to start every other sentence with "*it is true that*". Every time that you hear "*it is true that*", you can be sure that the lies are coming: this refrain says so itself, by antiphrasis.

I've already touched on some of the lies of the replacement ideology, which would so strongly like to be a morality, and be taken for such: that France has always been a country of immigrants, that she has only been herself since she has taken in immigrants, that the French have never been a people, that, yet, they are accused of all the sins of the earth. It is always a little bit like the cauldron argument, which I will remind briefly in case anyone in this room doesn't remember it. First of all, I never borrowed a cauldron from you, secondly, your cauldron was already pierced when you lent it to me, thirdly, it was intact when I returned it to you.

Factual lies, paralogsms and historiographical myths, the machine that produces them works 24/7. We all know its most recent production: the highly convenient thesis according to which it is the parents, grandparents or great- grandparents of our immigrants or descendants of immigrants of North African origin who have liberated France at the end of WWII. This achievement has traditionally been attributed to the Americans, their allies, and to the French resistance, both in and out of the country: from now on, it is necessary to make room, in our gratitude, to the Moroccan, Algerian and Tunisian soldiers who landed in 1944 on the coast of Provence. The In-nocence Party, which I chair, is all the more willing to do so because it has repeatedly expressed its horrified outrage at the abject desecration of the tombs of Muslims who died for France. However, it is necessary to recall, as these points tend to be overlooked by the new trends in historiography concerning the liberation of the territory, or by their opportunistic, media-friendly and popularized version, that among the troops flying the French flag who landed in Provence, a good third were French nationals from North Africa, those who would later come to be called "Pieds-Noirs"; another third were Frenchman from France; and the last third were Arab or Berber soldiers, yes, who for the most part had little choice, which

does not diminish in any way their merit nor the recognition owed them. They were serving under French command. Their presence in these circumstances, if one wants to congratulate oneself of it, as well we should since their input was very valuable, should be included in the list of positive aspects, at least for France, of colonization, since it is due to the latter. Let's add in passing that all did not leave, along their way to get to the Var or Vaucluse, the memory of a behavior typical of shining representatives of civilization. You have to reread *The Skin* or *La Ciociara (Two Women)* [T/L. Novels by Curzio Malaparte and Alberto Moravia respectively.] to recall this, and the terror that those people have sown in Italy, and later in Germany. To the loyal, valiant and balanced fighters among them, there is no question of measuring the depth of our gratitude.

Another area much sought-after part by contemporary historiography, older, is the one that insists on a more recent aspect of our relations with our new, or virtual fellow countrymen: their role or that of their fathers in the reconstruction of France after WWII. There is no denying, in this case either, recognition when it is due, and there is no doubt that it sometimes is. Nevertheless, we can see that the great waves of immigration from the Maghreb date back to the mid-1970s, and that the reconstruction itself was then for the most part complete. Besides, we didn't go looking for these workers that much, contrary to popular belief (when one reads some of them, you would almost think that they were brought here by force!), rather they fought to come to France: we only needed to let the doors ajar, which is still the case, to welcome many more than one could wish for – a singular dénouement, quote unquote, for a colonial adventure which the current Algerian President, Mr. Bouteflika, commonly equates to a genocidal conquest: it is not very common to see a harshly oppressed people rush, as soon as he has been liberated, to the country doing the oppression, in order to remain under his rule; it is to be believed that France, in fact, had not left on the other side of the Mediterranean too bad an impression for her former subjects to have no more pressing matter, as soon as her guardianship had ended, than to go hurtling on her territory. Or did they come as conquerors?

It is mostly Algerians we are talking about here. Now, at the same time that they were supposedly turning France around and were doing all the work necessary for that, their home country was sinking into ruin, tyranny and chaos, living more and more poorly, if we are to believe, as I often do, the architectural and urbanistic truth, on what was left for them to use, the buildings and the furniture, so to speak, left behind by the French colonization, until the ultimate decay of this heritage, abandoned to carelessness, lack of maintenance and prevarication. It will be said that in France there was money and that in Algeria there were none. But that's not true: Algeria is a wealthy country and the proceeds from oil production, had they not been stolen by corrupt despots and by all those whose submission they bought with a lot of money, could have ensured the prosperity, or at the very least the moderate affluence, of that young nation. It is hard to see why the Algerians of France, if they were indeed the ones responsible for the development and well-being of our country in the last

decades of the 20th century, would not have, or their brothers, secured the same for their homeland.

Of course, Algeria was then in the throes of an uncontrolled population growth, probably not exactly compatible with the establishment of a political state founded on the rule of law and on freedom, capable of ensuring prosperity, a state which is itself hardly compatible, apparently, with the Muslim civilization in its current phase of development. However, *Nemo auditor propriam turpitudinem allegans*, no one can be heard who invokes his own guilt. And the population explosion, far from being an inevitability, was encouraged by the public authorities, which in any case were happy about it. I quoted de Gaulle, I will quote Boumédiène [T/L. Houari Boumédiène, 1932-1978, second President of Algeria, 1976-1978], and his sentences are no less well known than those of the General as I reported them earlier:

"One day, millions of men will leave the southern hemisphere to go to the northern hemisphere. And they won't go there as friends. Because they will go there to conquer. And they will conquer it by populating it with their sons. It is the belly of our women that will grant us victory. »

It is common practice to say that this infamous quote must be taken in its context, but doing so only emphasizes the programmatic nature of this statement, which was made at the United Nations in New York on April 10, 1974. The Algerian President goes on to talk about the return of the conquerors to their land, but the least we can say is that this return, so far, is hardly in sight. It is not I who is talking about *conquest*, it is Houari Boumédiène. And we must admit that his words are a godsend for those who attribute the ongoing counter-colonization of France by Algeria, of Europe by Africa and its former colonies, to a concerted plan. I am not going to go that far. I'm not quite certain that anyone, or a bunch of strategists, had the thought occur to them one day:

"We're going to conquer Europe."

I have no idea. On the other hand, one must admit that this would be entirely in accordance with the immemorial and, so to speak, foundational designs of Islam; and that there is no shortage of prophets with long beards and slippers to state loud and clear that this is indeed what must come to pass, what is coming to pass as we speak. Ten years ago they were thought to be mad. Today they are more like accurate forecasters⁶. And I have been told that there is no shortage of male and female politicians in France and Europe who believe what is announced by these turbaned Pythias to be inevitable. It doesn't matter, in the end, whether or not what happens is or is not the end result of a design expressly decreed. The important thing is to realize that it is indeed what is happening.

I just used the term counter-colonization, it is oft found in the In-nocence Party terminology, it's part of our *elements of speech*, to use our opponents' words. We've been

⁶ Cf. "What's going to happen?", in *Communism in the 20th Century*, Xenia, Vevey, 2007.

accused of exaggerating its use a lot, that it is excessive, unnecessarily aggressive. I'm even told that it deters some, though partial to our analyses, from joining our ranks, because of its highly connoted character. Yet, it seems to me perfectly justified, and purely, how shall I put it?... *observational*. I think it even more accurate, etymologically, than that of colonization, when referring at least to French colonization.

Except perhaps in Algeria, and long before that in Canada and in Louisiana, France did not in fact proceed to a *colonization* strictly speaking. I am not saying this in order to diminish the possible historical guilt that would have been born out of her actions. France has conquered territories, founded an empire, she did not, unlike England in North America, Portugal in Brazil, Spain in Central and South America, established *colonies* in the strict acceptance of the term. Colonies, in ancient Greece, and that is where the concept came from, were replicas of the metropolis, doubles, extensions in other places, with the same population, only divided. They involved the transfer overseas of some of the citizens of the metropolis. In this sense Senegal, Gabon, Ivory Coast, Indochina, Tunisia or Morocco were not really, for France, *colonies* in the ancient and foundational meaning of the word. They were simple dependencies, where the metropolis was represented by a small number of administrators, soldiers, missionaries, educators, entrepreneurs. This is essential for the decolonization. The French Empire, for the most part, lasted less than a century. When it came to an end, the countries that were subject to it regained or obtained for the first time their independence, and from one day to the next they were the masters in their own home, or at least they did not have a number of foreigners dictating them the course of action.

The situation was different in Algeria which, although officially a group of French departments, was at least in part a colony, in the sense that the Greeks or the Phoenicians understood this word; or more exactly, was home to a large French colony. But the Algerians, rightly or wrongly, did not consider at the time that the presence of this colony of a million men and women, out of the ten million or twelve as they were then, was compatible with a true independence. They considered – and this view came as no surprise to anyone back then – that the existence of one tenth of the population alien to the indigenous people was too much for them to be able to talk of freedom, independence, genuine mastery of the liberated territory. In three weeks, the French in Algeria, whether they were Christian or Jewish, were thrown out. "The suitcase or the coffin" was, if you recall, the graceful operative motto of this radical action. It did not provoke the slightest indignation within the international community. Even France seemed to find that, truly, one could not expect a tenth of foreigners among the Algerian people (even if their families had been there for four or five generations...) to be accepted on its soil by an independent Algeria.

Today, France has become very comfortable, officially, with four million French people of Algerian descent and Algerians on its own territory, and much more than a tenth of its total population, perhaps fifteen per cent, some say twenty per cent, who do not belong to the native people – maybe it would be better to say: to the *indigenous* people, if we stick to the

context of counter-colonization, which I believe I have shown, with the help of Boumédiène, to be fully justified, even more so than that of colonization in its time. The conquest by the bellies announced by Ben Bella's ouster is exactly what is happening and the relative proportions of populations of such and such origin in France, apart from the fact that we do not know them exactly and that we do not have the right to know and state them, obviously make no sense as long as they are not confronted with the population pyramid. The lower the vantage point in this statistical monument, the smaller the proportion of natives becomes. And if it is illegal to count and to publish its figures, it is not yet completely illegal to believe one's eyes and daily experience, although everything is done to dissuade us from relying on them and to convince us to substitute the judgment of our senses and our minds with those of the only ones authorized to speak, the experts, the sociologists, the organic intellectuals of the anti-racist authorities, the spokespersons of subsidized associations. Were we to shirk from these injunctions and had we the insolence to give credence to our own sight in the streets of our cities, in the Paris subway, in classrooms in junior- and high schools where the ultimate two or three *céfrans* [T/L. *Reverse speech, common in French slang. Céfran stands for Français, French, and is made by inverting the two syllables. It would be Chefren in English. Not necessarily pejorative.*] are more and more often bullied and mocked, it's not to Boumédiène that we should turn to understand what is happening, not even to de Gaulle but to Chateaubriand:

"The Orinoco tribes no longer exist; of their dialect remain a dozen words spoken in the treetops by parrots that have become free again, like how Agrippina's thrush was chirping Greek words from the balustrades of the palaces of Rome. This will soon be the fate of our modern jargons, debris of Greek and Latin. Some raven, escaped from the cage of the last Franco-Gaul priest, will say, from the top of a ruined bell tower, to foreign peoples, our successors: "Accept the accents of a voice that was once known to you: you will put an end to all these speeches."

"So be like Bossuet, so that the last result of your masterpiece outlives, in the memory of a bird, your language and your memory in men!"

The vase of Soissons, the morning at Bouvines, "Madame is dying. Madame is dead", "Gentlemen of England, shoot first!", "We are here by the will of the people and we will only be forced out by some bayonets!", "So much water, so much water!", "France has lost a battle", "And the only string of sea trumpets": *a bird's dream*. [T/L. *All these are well-known sentences or cultural references in France.*]

A valid objection, in the meantime, to the expression *counter-colonization* would be that mass immigration, and the change of population that it implies, are observable as much in France as in Belgium, the Netherlands or Great Britain, in Western European countries that have had only briefly a colonial empire, and a small one that, like Germany and now Italy; or that have had none at all, such as Denmark, Sweden or Norway. That said, and in view of this objection, I see no reason to mind talking about *colonization*, so to speak, in spite of the protests coming this time not from the moderates, who found the term or its derivative

outrageous, but from the fanatics who consider it too flattering, for the masters who are getting ready: *to colonize* would be to enhance, to schedule, give shape, build – and that wouldn't be the mainstay of our settlers...

Some people question the passive de facto acceptance, those past forty years, of this steady stream of new occupants of territory who settle there permanently with their families, establish their descendants, radically transform its appearance and that of our streets, and are precisely, in point of fact, what this country fought against for fifteen centuries in order to avoid it at all cost. What the independent Algeria of 1962 never thought to accept for one second, the presence on its soil of ten percent of representatives from another culture, another civilization, other ethnic groups, foreign to her religion, foreign to her language (*to a certain extent*, given that many French from Algeria, belonging to families sometimes settled in the area for more than a century, it has been said, spoke Arabic), France, as for her, or in any case her media and official authorities, accepts light-heartedly, and in a much more acute form, even, for yesterday's ten percent are the fifteen or twenty percent of today and the fifty percent of tomorrow, as we have just seen, due to the continuity of the incoming flow, on the one hand, and the fertility rate differential on the other – denied, of course, by the organic intellectuals and the authorized experts, as it is their job to deny it, just as they have denied for ages, with the same unfailing spirit (usually called *Mucchiellism* [T/L. *Possibly from Laurent Mucchielli (1968-), a sociologist.*], after the funniest and most ardent of these professional deniers), the declining literacy, the rise in violence or the over-delinquency among "young people who are either children of immigrants or immigrants themselves".

This is precisely what this country, as it then was, victoriously opposed at Poitiers fourteen centuries ago [T/L. *An illustrious battle in 732 where Charles Martel stopped the progression of the Arabs and forced them to retreat to Spain where they remained until the Reconquista of 1492.*], and twenty times since then in the face of other invaders. Why does it consent to it now, in a hardly less directly threatening guise, and no doubt for the long run? It has taken Spain seven hundred years to free herself from a yoke which she would seem to be seeking today, imprudent as she is – but less so than ourselves – exposing herself to it again. However, Islam is not alone in the blame. It is the division in itself, within the people or between peoples destined or condemned to live on the same land, which is a constant threat to the harmony of social relations or to public peace, as we are witnesses every day that passes. This division is what our kings have put all their care and sometimes brutality to avoid at all cost, because they knew instinctively that would proceed from it only unhappiness for individuals, and weakness for the state. And yet they only had to fear the division within the same people and the same religion: what would it have been, as is our case, had several peoples, several religions, several civilizations been concerned?

I said earlier that immigrationists could not have morality on their side, despite the abduction they claim to operate on it; that replacementism could not be a morality, even less so *the* morality, because of its frantic and seemingly compelled, foundational, use of lies, as if

truth were not a first-rate requirement for a morality. But there is another reason that ends up disqualifying as a morality the dogmatic anti-racism in action, it is its formidable propensity to create unhappiness.

For example, it tries to make us take for the expression of the moral law its ritual protests every time undocumented migrants are deported – the vast majority of whom, need I remind, are in no way political refugees but common folks aspiring to slightly better material comfort, trying to escape the mismanagement of their country instead of fighting it on site (possibly with the support of France), as might be considered to be their historical role and duty⁷. But the moral law should not be confused with a visceral sentimentality, direct and without hindsight, non-dialectical, avoiding the pros and cons, which, in this case, consist of an automatic and mechanical support to actions whose result leads to more misfortune, a hundred times more so, delinquency, misery, violence, real racism but not in the sense intended in the pious works, cultural effacement and moral lapse than these actions themselves prevent. In other words, it is not at all a sign of morality to act out of the goodness of one's heart (and even less so if it is out of conformity, cynicism, interest) in order to establish a hellish society. If it is indeed established – and as for me I think that it is so rather a hundred times than one – that the uncontrolled influx of illegal immigrants has a disastrous effect on society as a whole, on the harmony that can be observed in it, on its education system, on the occupancy rate or overcrowding of its prisons, on the safety of its streets and its houses, on the freedom of its mores, on the beauty of its land or the functioning of its welfare system; the government efforts to put a stop to this influx are not in any way immoral, nor are their (rare) attempts at law enforcement. It is negligence in this instance that is immoral.

It remains to be seen why this negligence is so great. It remains to be seen why the people and their designated authorities suddenly consent to what the French of other eras wanted to avoid at all cost, and made so many sacrifices to spare it to the fatherland – I mean of course the invasion, the counter-colonization, the change of people, the Great Replacement.

I thought for a moment that this was to be seen as a distant aftereffect of WWII and the Occupation, of the defeat, especially the devastating defeat of this country that considered itself for a few years, following the last armistice, to be the first world power, and which in a few days was reduced to nothing, to almost nothing, to something negligible in the titanic conflict underway ("What, the French too?" exclaimed Keitel during the preliminaries at Reims in 1945). For the longest time I thought that France, and I still think so, had never recovered from that humiliation, the shame that followed, her compromises and complicities of which de

⁷ Since this speech was delivered, the so-called "Arab Spring" has taken place, officially a restoration of freedom and the rule of law in the countries concerned; and as such very much fervently supported since its inception by the In-nocence Party, but which has in turn given rise, in Europe and France, to massive waves of immigration. It is unheard of, in the history of mankind, for men to be refugees of freedom, unless they were previously collaborators or servants of tyranny. The springtime fugitives are so numerous, however, that one can hardly consider them all former torturers of the political police of Messrs. Mubarak and Ben Ali...

Gaulle has partly washed her clean, certainly thanks to his courage, loneliness and genius, but which after his death have resurfaced almost intact, irreversible, in the collective unconscious mortally wounded. I no longer think and did not think for long that in this *strange defeat*, is the real reason for this astounding abdication in the face of history, the dazed consent to the Grand Replacement. Great Britain, alas, does not consent any more than France, and I take this opportunity to point out that the Great Replacement of the English people on its soil, German on his own, Italian in Italy, the suffocation that has been programmed and is currently at an advanced stage of these great cultures and wonderful civilizations, that have made Europe incomparable, does not sadden me less than the replacement of the French in France. The decay of these cultures, the extinction of these ways of life, the massacre of these landscapes, are not due to mass immigration alone, of course. They rather coincide with it, like the symptoms of a single disease that cannot be attributed solely to the humiliation of 1940 and its aftermath, since Great Britain did not experience this humiliation and, on the contrary, covered herself with glory by her courage and steely resolve in the face of Nazism.

Nazism, whether in the form of the confrontation with it, the collaboration with its representatives, the adherence to its doctrine or the complicity with his crimes, still remains a common denominator in the history of European peoples, and several others as well. Hitler's murderous madness has smeared the language, diverted the meaning of words, changed the course of thinking: directly at first, indirectly and more perversely after that, through a mirroring effect, a flipping upside down, an inversion. This second stage endures still. I called "Adolf Hitler's second career" the effect he has on us, less bloody than the one from his first career but more sustainable, and barely less harmful in terms of global geopolitics⁸. A fatal metonymy is at foot here, whose archetypal form is the famous *reductio ad hitlerum*, and whose logical absurdity, however obvious it may be *logically* (but this is not the ground on which the debate is taking place), is not sufficient to protect us. It is as if, *mutatis mutandis*, vegetarianism was a moral monstrosity on the grounds that Hitler was a monster and that he was a vegetarian. We saw how the word *race*, poor thing, so beautiful in Bernanos or Racine (*Of the princes of my race illustrious sepulchers...*) [T/L. Author and playwright respectively.], has been the victim of the absurd meaning given it by the Hitlerites and their minions, ordered to disappear from laws and speeches. Poor Bernanos could no longer write superbly, in *La Grande Peur des bien-pensants* (it is a fact that he could not write that book at all):

"Alas, around the little French boys leaning together on their notebooks, quill in hand, attentive and pulling their tongue out a little, as around young people inebriated by their first outing under the flowering chestnut trees on a young blonde girl's arm, there used to be in olden days this vague and enchanted memory, this dream, this deep whispering with which the race lulls its own."

⁸ "Adolf Hitler's second career", in *Communism in the 20th Century*, op. cit.

The race no longer lulls its own with any dreams now, it is no longer a vague and enchanted memory, it is completely forbidden to hear its deep whispering under the chestnut trees. Besides the chestnut trees are themselves very sick, except those on television. But there is a more serious matter: all the terms and all the notions that have been affected in some way by the phraseology of the Third Reich have become suspects, and suspects those who use them. And yet many of them were indispensable to the ontological protection system of Europe as well as any other part of the world. Without them, the continent is an open city. Their absence, the ban looming on them due to old, intolerable associations, leave Europeans speechless and wordless in the face of all those who see their peninsula as a natural area of extension, well-being and play for the rest of the world. Just try to pronounce *homeland*, *heritage*, *traditions*, *ancestors*, *roots*, *legacy*, *us*: you will make people laugh before they even get scared.

Even *people* is no longer legitimate. It should be pointed out that *popular*, in Newspeak, now means *that does not belong to the* (indigenous) *people: immigrant, foreigner, French of foreign descent*. It is more or less synonymous with *sensitive*, as in *a sensitive topic*: a popular district, a sensitive area [T/L. *Euphemisms for 'the Projects'*.] (i.e. where the Great Replacement has already taken place). The language, which knows everything, has already acknowledged it – in the face of the colonization underway there is no indigenous people any more, the indigenous ones are no longer a people, or no longer have one:

"The candidate's name is Tufik Lassaoui, which should earn him the votes of the popular districts".

Make sense of that those who can; and they will consider themselves lucky not to have read, in the same coded language:

"...the votes of the districts..."

District by itself can only mean *sensitive district*, aka the Projects. Only sensitive people have districts. For the insensitive ones, no districts.

The colonization-by-belly recommended and foreseen by Houari Boumédiène immediately suggests, for those on the other side who would not particularly want it, a political and strategic response, obvious and basic: make as many children as the colonizer or even more, leave him no space. It would even be, according to some, the fall in the birth rate in France and in Europe, and more specifically the fall in the *indigenous* birth rate, that would unleash the Great Replacement, make it easier for it and hasten its completion. It's a point on which the In-nocence Party and I, who don't always have exactly the same views on everything, but in this case we agree, we hold positions that are a little difficult to explain and not always welcomed, especially in the circles, such as yours, most aware of the change of people underway and least enthusiastic about it. The opponents of the Great Replacement think for most of them that in order to resist it you have to make more and more children. That's not the way we see it.

First of all, we must remind everyone that we are a green party. In-nocence is non-nocence, non-nuisance: the fight, never quite won of course, and that can never be won, against anything that harms man, the species, the air, the earth, the landscapes, the silence, the fauna, the flora, the night. And what most harms mankind and the planet, by far, is human proliferation. The earth can't take it anymore. We hold that all ecological policies are utterly pointless that do not first tackle, this instant and wherever possible, the uncontrolled population growth. And we deem irresponsible, or insane, those are not incompatible, the sociologists or economists who, under the pretext that growth was found to be good for the economy, on some occasions – in fact this is not always the case, far from it... –, advocate always more growth, as if this questionable medication was applicable indefinitely, as if there were no limit to the suitability of its implementation, and as if this limit, obviously in view of the state of the world, hadn't been crossed for a long time.

The most advanced peoples have understood perfectly well deep down inside, despite the manic objections of most demographers, that wisdom lies in demographic stabilization, and even more so in degrowth. No doubt the colonizers once launched by Boumédiène find a terrible strength in the wombs of their women, and their descendants carry out point by point the promise made by this statesman, and the threat it posed. But we believe it would be madness to imitate that force for the sole reason that it is a force, political, military, of conquest, colonizing, while at the same time it is a disaster for the planet, and for our country as well as for the others. At this stage in the development of humanity and science, it is not numbers that give power. Look at Israel resisting alone and for so long in the midst of a raging ocean of hatred, its people isolated among ten or twenty hostile peoples, with a population infinitely larger than its own. We must not fall into the trap of making a blunder for the sole reason that those who conquer us make it, that it helps them conquer us, that it is, along with nocence, one of the means of their conquest⁹: it is no less stupid. The In-nocence party is favorable to the suppression of policies aimed at developing the birth rate, which, moreover, far from protecting us from the Great Replacement, speed it up. Indeed, populations in less favored regions than ours cannot believe that there exists in the world countries where one is paid to make children, or even, when one knows the system, one can live off of this occupation. And they have no more pressing matter than to rush to this unimaginable Eldorado asap in order to give birth to five, six, seven, ten, twelve or even seventeen *replacements*, if that is indeed the appropriate word.

I once published, in a collected work entitled *Communism in the 20th century*, a title borrowed from Alain Finkielkraut and which designates the dogmatic-antiracist power and its rule, the media-political complex and its grip, a short essay entitled *Worse than the disease* and which dealt with the possible remedies to the counter-colonization, forms of national resistance that we can oppose to it. The article dealt with them negatively, given that it mentioned two forms which were, in my opinion, *worse than the disease itself*. The first one

⁹ Cf. *Infra*, “Nocence, an instrument of the Great Replacement”.

was population growth, the second the National Front [*T/L. Far-right political party in France since 1972. Rechristened National Rally since 2018.*], or more precisely Jean-Marie Le Pen [*T/L. Founder of the National Front and its President until 2011. He has been succeeded by his daughter, Marine Le Pen.*]. It is difficult to approach this issue at the moment because the National Front is obviously in a phase of mutation, we don't know what will happen to it, whether Marine Le Pen will become its President as it seems most likely today, which orientation she will give it, what changes she will subject it to, if it will even keep its name or be rechristened in order to bring together all the opponents of the Great Replacement, to whatever political side they may belong originally. Let's not mortgage the future, let us wait. I will only say that I consider as one of the great catastrophes of our recent past, which abounded with those, that the only consistent and explicit resistance to the worst disaster which affects us, the replacement of people, has been embodied for more than a quarter of a century by a man, Jean-Marie Le Pen, that for my part I could not in any way join, to whom it was fundamentally impossible for me to give out my vote. It is because of this impossibility, as well as that of taking part in the election, simply out of desperation, at a defining moment in the history of our country, not having been able to vote for anyone, that I founded the Innocence party in 2002.

I will say a brief word, for time flies and I have already been up here too long, about a third impossible, in my opinion, remedy which would be the recourse, or the return, to Christianity. One of the strengths of the colonizers, of the majority of them, no doubt, and they are well aware of this, they know that this is what we are most afraid of, that it is their most formidable weapon, and this is one of the reasons for their attachment to it, is Islam. Islam is a very dynamic religion, very much loved by its followers, very naturally and as if invincibly destined to conquer. Another religion could have resisted it, it has done so in the past, and it has done so successfully, we need only mention once again Poitiers, Las Navas de Tolosa, Lepanto, Vienna and so many other battles in which Europe as we know it was founded and confirmed. Some believe that the same faith could do us the same favor. Alas, faith cannot be commanded. Against a religion which is alive and which, like all living religions, cares less about morals than about dogma and power, submission and loyalty, a half-dead religion is no match. And I have too much respect and even affection for Christianity, in spite of its turpitudes, to return to it out of interest, out of strategy, for the simple yet true reason that we would be stronger if it still animated us. I have often been accused of being a Maurrassian [*T/L. Charles Maurras (1868-1952), French author and politician of the far-right. As defined by himself, his doctrine advocates a hereditary monarchy, is anti-Semitic, anti-Protestant, anti-masonic and xenophobe.*], by journalists who had read neither Maurras nor me, but who thought that the insult, because of course it was one in their minds, made a good effect in their arsenal and could cause serious damage to their opponent, that is to say me. However, I am not a Maurrassian one bit. I wouldn't find it honorable to rush, and much less so to rush others, into the arms of a religion that would not inspire me to have faith.

It inspires me affection, as I said, often admiration, sometimes anger. It is a very intimate part of my culture. I could say the same, despite my lacunae which are poking gaping holes in its beautiful legacies, of the Greek legacy, the Jewish legacy, the Celtic legacy, the Enlightenment legacy and the free examination [T/L. *Liberum examen*, from Aristotle. *Principle advocating the rejection of the argument from authority / appeal to authority / argumentum ad verecundiam (an argument in which the opinion of an authority is used to support said argument)*]. Foci of resistance to what happens, counter-colonization and Grand Replacement, are not demographic growth, nor religion, nor Jean-Marie Le Pen. They are the culture and the political will, the political will at the service of culture, and of French culture in particular: not that it is necessarily superior to the English or German ones, but because it's ours and the one we're in charge of, in the midst of European culture and all the cultures of the world, to which it has always been exemplarily open. That culture, and the civilization that birthed it, and on which it irradiated for centuries, are among the most precious, the highest, and once the most admired that the earth has ever borne and that mankind has witnessed in the course of its history. We must defend and promote them from the inside and from the outside, a fortiori against ready-made substitutes that are far from being as worthy, be it in terms of gentleness, intelligence, dignity for man, freedom for women, spiritual elevation. I am of course thinking about the so-called multiculturalism, which proves itself daily as a code name, one more, for the spectacular and mercantile dumbing-down, the hyper-democratic daze, the *ruquiérization* [L/T. From Laurent Ruquier, a popular talk show host specialized in light entertainment.] of the mind, the political-cabaret, the Great Acculturation. In order to save what can still be saved, to offer to the life of the spirit, while waiting for something better, some sanctuaries in the current decline, the In-nocence Party, since its inception, has stated among its very first claims the creation in France of a radio station and a television channel dedicated to culture: without any kind of chauvinism, except that of knowledge, the arts, sciences, literature, theater, cinema, music (and I don't mean it in the sense of TF1 or "France Culture") [T/L. *A popular TV channel and a state-owned radio station respectively*].

I was just mentioning Israel, I could just as well mention Quebec: but perhaps rather the Quebec of the second half of the last century than that of today, which unfortunately seems to be somewhat inclined to give up, an effect of mass immigration and so-called "multiculturalism" rather than Americanization and federalism as before. Quebeckers were an outpost of the French people trapped alone among pressing conquerors. Now it is the French who are Quebeckers, or should try to be in order to resist like them to their denaturation, denaturalization, I don't know how to put a name on that which acculturation is only a part, an emblem, a condition, the necessary means.

Faced with the tight cohorts of the Great Replacement, we must assert ever more firmly our will to keep our culture, our language of course, our way of life and our way of being, our religion or what is left of it, our landscapes or our what remains of them, our laws, our mores, our habits, our cuisine, our freedoms. France has always been open to those who wished to join her out of love, admiration, a sincere desire to merge with her spirit and her mode of existence

on earth. On the contrary, she must be closing down completely, and she should have done it a long time ago, to those who would pretend to reestablish on its soil the type of society they left behind. She's not a land of Islam, for instance, and, if it were up to me, she would absolutely refuse to become one. For a very pious Muslim, very attached to the external and collective rites of his religion, especially if he's a fundamentalist, to settle there should in no way constitute a reasonable objective. He's pathetic, and would be comical too if this was not so tragic that the 1905 law on secularism [T/L. *French law that rubber stamped the separation of Church and State.*], which was highly anticlerical originally, whatever one may say, serves today as a cover, by an unprecedented inversion, to the Islamization of the country. Oskar Freysinger [T/L. *Swiss politician opposing the Islamization of his country. Helped pass a law banning the construction of more minarets in Switzerland.*] and his Helvetians have our full support and our admiration for their refusal to see Switzerland cover itself with minarets. We refuse to see France covered by them. But it is very late in the game. The 2012 presidential election is likely to be the last chance for us to assert our passionate opposition to the Great Replacement.

That is why I am candidate, or candidate to the candidacy – less in the hope of success, should I say, than by inability to stand by and do nothing in the face of the train wreck that is unfolding all around us, unprecedented in our history. No episodes for fifteen centuries, as dire as some have been, neither the Hundred Years' War, nor the German occupation, have represented for the fatherland a threat as serious, as fatal, as fatal, and basically as definitive in its consequences than the replacement of its people. With regard to this one, the campaign programs of the other candidates, no matter how serious the current economic crisis may be or how alarming the problem of the national debt, however pressing the fate of the most disadvantaged or threatened of our fellow countrymen in their economic and social status, all those amount to nothing, I'm not afraid to say it. The overwhelming preponderance of the economic over the political, in the debates, is in fact an obvious symptom of the Great Acculturation, De-civilization, and erasing of the national sentiment; preponderance of the price of gasoline over the fate of the state; of pensions over the retreat from History; of the daily life of individuals, however legitimate it may be to do so, over the destiny of the Nation: as if the survival of a nation as such was less important than its comfort as it makes its way, haggard, to the garbage cans of history.

I'll bet it's not. Peoples are having a hard time, ours has proven time and time again that he is capable of making spectacular recoveries. Nations are more resilient than the merchants of available human brain time wish. Civilizations too. We've seen some climb out of the tomb.

Nocence, an instrument of the Great Replacement

Ladies and Gentlemen¹⁰,

Nocence, instrument of the Great Replacement, the title I have chosen to give to this speech may seem a little odd, even obscure. The Great Replacement, I imagine that you understand only too well what it is all about. It is in fact the sad embodiment of Bertold Brecht's infamous joke. You know its original version: "I learn that the government considers that the people have "betrayed the trust of the regime" and "will have to work hard to regain the trust of the authorities". In that case, wouldn't it be simpler for the government to dissolve the people and elect a new one?" You probably know its current version even better: "It's quite simple, all you have to do is change the people". The philosopher Robert Redeker, one of the direct and personal victims of Islamism, which struck him with death threats and forced him to live in hiding for months, pondered in a recent book, *Egobody*, the philosophical implications of the modern body, all of the members of which can be replaced. Replacementists see the people the same way: all parts can be changed indefinitely, it will be always the same people, at least it'll keep the same name.

I remember that one of the first times that this struck me, amazed me, this point of view that was incomprehensible to me, it was while I was listening to the radio, a state-owned radio, forefront, like state-owned TV channels, of the replacement ideology. It was ten or fifteen years ago, there was talk of Spain and the problem of pensions, already, tied to demographics considerations. Who was going to pay the pensions? Soon, some worried, there wouldn't be enough Spaniards left for to pay the Spanish pensions. But the journalist was all reassuring. He thought it was a fake problem. It was indeed enough to bring to Spain Moroccans who would be happy to oblige, Mauritians, Malians, and the matter would be resolved. These newcomers would make excellent Spaniards. They wouldn't be, Spaniards, since they would be Moroccans, Mauritians, North Africans of all kinds, that is to say descendants of the very peoples Spain and her Spaniards had spent seven centuries to free themselves from, and it is the very stuff *Romanceros* are made of [*T/L. Romantic ballads*]. Well, if, for the replacementists, they were declared Spanish they would be Spanish, they would have, an important point, all the advantages of the Spanish status, they would be a boon for Spain.

Needless to say, the number one condition for this mysterious transubstantiation is what I have elsewhere referred to as *the Great Acculturation*. A people that knows its classics does not let itself be dragged to the garbage cans of history without reacting. It needs to not know who it is anymore, what it is, what it has been, in order to agreeing to be replaced. You need to teach forgetfulness for national belonging to be no more than an expression, and less

¹⁰ This speech was given December 18, 2010, at the Espace-Charenton, Paris, for the national conference on the Islamization of Europe.

than an expression, a rubber stamp on a passport, an affiliation one claims when there is a benefit to doing so, for economic or strategic reasons – it's the infamous "I am just as French as you are, and even more so!" heard in any rigged debate worthy of its name –, but that one denies first chance one gets, by saying *the French* to mean those French to whom one belongs without really belonging, by praising such and such *home* recipe to talk about Algeria or Morocco, or by marching through Marseilles waving some Algerian flags and by breaking everything in one's path because Algeria won a football game (by the way, one wonders how the sadness or discontent would have played out, had Algeria lost...).

The Great Replacement, I felt it for the first time in Lunel, Hérault, at least three ages ago, and also in the small, ancient, medieval villages of the coastal plain, when one fine day I realized with amazement that the population had completely changed in a single generation, that it was no longer the same people at the windows and on the sidewalks, that a visible change had occurred, that on the very spot of my culture and my civilization I was walking into another culture and another civilization, which I did not yet know they were adorned with the misleadingly beautiful moniker of *multiculturalism*.

On nocence, now. I am speaking here on behalf of a party, the In-nocence Party, which has a difficult name, I agree, since it made the bet, itself also difficult, that it could spread to the public a concept, that of in-nocence, in two words, which is not at all the same thing as innocence in one word, because innocence is something we lose or are threatened to lose at any moment, an object of nostalgia, of regret, whereas in-nocence in two words, *non-nocence*, the repudiation of nocence, is an ideal to be achieved, an aspiration, something that is in front of us and not behind us. In two words, innocence in two words, non-nocence, the repudiation of nocence, is an ideal to be achieved, an aspiration, something that is in front of us and not behind us. In-nocence in two words states that nocence, that is to say nuisance, the act of harming, damaging or wasting life, of making it dirty, unbearable, that nocence, therefore, is first, that it is always already there, that it is what we have to fight against, within us and outside of us. Nocence is of course nuisance in the ecological sense of the word, and represents all threats to nature and to the quality of life, air quality, water quality, quality of the landscape and of our heritage. It also includes all forms of damage to people and property, from the infamous *incivilities*, so euphemistically named, up to organized crime. In our view, the main advantage of the concept of in-nocence is that it allows us to consider *together* what pertains to politics, ecology, and also to daily life, the real life, the relationship between individuals, citizens, neighbors, fellow countrymen, fellow humans and fellow tenants in buildings, neighborhoods, suburbs, cities, towns.

And yet, considering *together* is precisely what the media-politics complex is incapable of. That's exactly what it doesn't want to do. That's what it's trying not to do, in the context of this great endeavor of obscuring reality which is indispensable to its own survival because if it showed the world as it is, as it has done by carelessness, by incompetence, by calculation, by the play of shadowy interests, the citizens would be sure to hold it accountable. Hence this

language that it invented in order *not to say, not to show*, to hide what is happening and has already happened: the *youth* for delinquents, *popular districts* for neighborhoods that the indigenous working classes have had to flee, *sensitive areas* for areas marked by violence and lawlessness, *multiculturalism* for the great acculturation, *diversity* for the triumph of the latter, the disappearance of identities, the universal Projects. Etc. Hence also this constant separation that it imposes between problems that suddenly seem to float in the air independently of reality and that have no any chance of ever been solved because they have no explanations, because their explanations are hidden and that they must remain hidden: the transmission crisis, the collapse of the school system, the housing crisis, the prison overcrowding, delinquency, violence, insecurity.

We must fight against violence, they say, against insecurity, youth delinquency in the Projects. But they always separate, they isolate, use euphemisms, they try to make it incomprehensible – except for the victims, of course, except for the protagonists on the front line, who themselves know where they stand. They carefully separate the daily life, school, staircases, problems with neighbors, troublemakers, broken windows, looting, drugs, drug trafficking, the *nocence*, in short, the enormity of the *nocence*, on one side, and politics itself, on the other side, history, the destiny of the fatherland, the fate of the French people, i.e., I come back to it, and I am getting to the point, the Great Replacement, the so-called multiculturalism, which is just the code name for the Great Acculturation, and, here we are, the increasing presence of Islam, the increasing hold of Islam on the territory and the landscape, the gradual Islamization of the country.

This and that would have nothing in common, this and that should remain carefully split, it would even be *criminal* – a word that the complex loves – to make a connection between insecurity and immigration, between violence and the so-called multiculturalism, between prison overcrowding and the counter-colonization, between the failures of the school system and the fact that France is presently like an old spinster raising other people's children, children who are foreign to its own culture and often to its own language and who, in many cases, learned within their family, their environment, to hate this culture and this history and this language that one is then surprised by how difficult it is to teach them. I'm certainly not saying that the *whole* crisis in the education system is related is solely due to immigration and the Great Replacement. I am certainly not saying that the *whole* *nocence* has its single source in those. I'm saying you have to be blind or of infinite bad faith for not seeing and for not saying, for not wanting it to be said, that the *nocence* has something to do with the conquest. Better, and that's the point I wanted to devote this speech to, that it is, along with demographics, but that is a different matter altogether, one of the main instruments, one of the means, one you might call military: its armed wing.

Politicians make me laugh who, in order to try to moderate or control this flood of *nocence*, this permanent violence, this unbearable insecurity, this speeding deterioration of social and human relationships on constantly expanding tracts of land we hardly dare to call still

national, appeal, these political leaders, these mayors, governors, ministers, to the religious leaders of the conquerors, hoping that their influence, faith, religion, the softening effect of religion on mores, will calm their aggressiveness and make them soft as lambs. These secular leaders are in the wrong when it comes to that religion. They confuse it with theirs, that of their ancestors. The religion they have to deal with, and in which they put so much hope in order to restore the peace, does not preach first and foremost to those who are strangers to it, the unbelievers, the infidels. Concerning those, it does not preach kindness and goodness, innocence. That is not its primary concern at all. Its primary concern, and this is indeed a *moral* concern, which is precisely what deceives us, is its own triumph, the greatest glory of its god, it is the ever stronger and ever wider establishment of its hold over the world, either through conversion or through conquest, and preferably both at the same time. Anything that goes in the direction of this ideal is good, morally good, religiously good. Nothing that goes in the direction of this ideal could be bad. That's the reason for the striking weakness, which in our naivety astonishes us each time, of the religious condemnations, always barely audible, in most cases, of the terrorist attacks and the crimes committed in the name of the conquering religion. It is that the question of means is perfectly secondary for that religion, as in fact for most religions in their growing phase, which are only very secondarily moralities. The essence of their morality is to vanquish, to win, to subdue, to expand. Otherwise they would betray their *raison d'être*. They wouldn't be what they are.

That religion is not distinguishable from a civilization, a civilization that has known marvelously brilliant moments, that has reached high accomplishments and produced great works, in the field of architecture, poetry, storytelling, mysticism, music. That civilization has never forgotten its nomadic origins and the close tie, the near confusion, that exists in its mind between the struggle and stealing, between the fight and pillaging, between the war and the raid. Consider this characteristic and almost inevitable feature of recent political demonstrations when the direct intervention of the alleged "boons for France" [T/L. *"Chances pour la France,"* as in *'France is lucky to have them!'*. Euphemism for youths of migrant background.] immediately translates into broken windows and shoplifting. I beg their pardon for talking about their violence, because I know they can't take this blame. It seems terribly unfair to them. It pisses them off. As soon as they hear it, they start breaking everything, they loot, they plant bombs.

Make no mistake, though. It's not thugs you're dealing with: it is soldiers. Well, they are thugs, but these thugs make an army, the armed wing of the conquest. It doesn't matter whether they're aware of it or not, and I think they're a lot more aware than we think. Violence, whether it is the noise, the depredations, the occupancy of building lobbies and the requirement that you look down as you pass by, whether it is the stealing, the burglaries, the armed robberies, drug trafficking, the whole of what is now modestly referred to as organized crime or the new, ultra-violent forms of organized crime, violence is thus the instrument of the Great Replacement, of the replacement of people, the counter-colonization, the conquest, the permanent enlargement of the areas of territory already subject to the neo-colonizers. Those of

the newcomers who make life impossible for the natives and force them to flee, to vacate the ground – that's what the Anglo-Saxons call the *White Flight* – or, worse still, to yield on the spot, to assimilate themselves with them, to convert to their mores, their religion, their way of inhabiting the soil and its suburbs, which are the future of the earth.

I got scolded, I'm used to it, for saying the words *ethnic cleansing*, on that subject. All right, we don't want to trigger anyone: let's just say *cleaning*, military cleaning. These colonizers who keep criticizing the natives for not welcoming them sufficiently nor well enough, they seem to have no other priority, once arrived, than to secure the whole place for themselves and, like all colonizers, they dream only of being among themselves, the natives being, according to them, only good at running the business, the store, even if it means the store is looted from time to time.

The famous mixing, the so-called social mix, the melting pot, that was clamored every which way, is perfect for the intermediary phase, now largely outdated over large areas of the territory. The attacks to which policemen, firemen and even doctors are subjected as soon as they venture into areas that are already conquered show this quite clearly: it is in terms of *territory*, of defense and conquest of territory, that the problems that we reduce daily to issues of delinquency, the fight against delinquency, arise.

I am not saying, of course, that all newcomers are engaged in nocence. Nor am I saying, far from it, that *only* newcomers practice nocence. What I am saying is that a staggering, unbelievable, incredibly disproportionate proportion of the nocence is their doing, and that in such proportions the nocence is not a phenomenon that can be left to police action or to the courts, whose softness is well known, impeded as they are by a network of laws, regulations, European directives and even international treaties that leave the Nation defenseless and turn the City into an open city, a kind of Troy where wooden horses would be in every square, celebrated gleefully by the opinion-makers, by the friends of the Disaster in ecstasy, by the impatient collaborators of the Great Replacement. The penal system, whether police or judicial, is helpless in the face of what pertains to the highest level of thought and of political action, and the most pressing political action at that, the most urgent, the most essential to the survival of the state and the people. Every time a native is ordered to lower his gaze and get off the sidewalk, it is a little more of the country's independence and of the people's freedom being dragged in the gutter.

What can free thought today be?

Ladies and gentlemen¹¹,

what can free thought today be? This is the question that our host, Paul-Marie Coûteaux, put to me. And, from the outset, an ambiguity. Is one to understand: a free thought, a thought that would already be free, what could become of it, what fate would it know?

To the question thus understood I would tend to answer: *absence*. Its mode of being would be not to be there – by which I do not mean, alas, to be *elsewhere*, because the essence of what I have allowed myself to call in other places "the dictatorship of the petty bourgeoisie"¹², but which can very well be called if one prefers the reign of the single cultural class, the big central and monopolistic class of cultural convergence, is precisely the fact that *it does not have an elsewhere*. A thousand times more skillful in this than its predecessors in power, it does not exclude, it integrates. It integrates by force, it does not tolerate that one is not part of it, within it, similar to it: it cannot even imagine it. Well, it can imagine an elsewhere, but then it is an absolute, uninhabitable elsewhere, a non-place, limbo, hell, the hell of libraries and voices in the desert. That is why this unique class with cultural power has no opponents, no adversaries, no contradictors with whom it would be possible to discuss: it has only mortal enemies, the outcasts, the accursed, the undead. Whoever is not with it is a monster, the foul beast. No space is provided, by definition, for this teratology of thought.

A free thought, in this sense, is a thought without location, a thought of the catacombs, blind spots on the map, the depths of the forests. The trouble is that the ground is turned over on all sides, that there is no subterranean any more, that the forests are crossed by motorways and footpaths, made accessible to the point of their own disappearance, reduced to copses for show only, landscaped roundabouts, one percent cultural. The map no longer has blind spots, the countryside is shrinking ever more, even the inner exile becomes impossible, the urban sprawl precipitates for the territory its fate of becoming a suburbia. The single cultural class imposes absence on those who don't want to belong to it, but, at the same time, this absence, it chases it away, it is increasingly efficient in reducing the space it takes up, a space it segments and further segments, while taking care not to make any passages between the zones thus defined: so that the doomed species vanish, the intellectual biodiversity shrinking even faster than the former.

Doomed to an absence, compartmentalized, suburbanized, a free thought could only be anatomic, without location, without relation to the scene, without belonging to the public space. But this is only answering to the question of its mode of being, not its being.

¹¹ This speech was delivered at the National Assembly, Lamartine Room, on January 6th, 2011, during the "Estates general on Independence", organized under the aegis of Paul-Marie Coûteaux and Nicolas Dupont-Aignan.

¹² *The dictatorship of the petty bourgeoisie*, interview with Marc du Saune, Privat, 2005.

What could a free thought today be? It's terrible, I realize that I have a natural tendency, that is to say automatically, to hear this question in the conditional tense. A free thought, indeed, *cannot* be *today*. Anatomic we have seen, but anatomic out of necessity, a free thought is necessarily also anachronistic, but anachronistic by its essence. It does not belong to the present because it does not belong to time itself. It is of the same nature as time. It's not from today. And, anachronistic, it is so particularly today because *today* has never been such an unassailable horizon of civilized man. We are the first civilization that builds houses made to last ten years. We are here the first civilization that marvels that a bridge, a magnificent bridge that is the pride of the regime, promises, just a few miles away from the Pont du Gard [T/L. *An ancient roman aqueduct, still standing.*], will still be perfectly usable forty years from now. We are the first civilization that explains the failure of a high school, the violence there, the impossibility of using it transmit knowledge, by the fact that it is old, that was built thirty or forty years ago: what could you seriously do in buildings like this?

Balthus said the 20th century was the century of ugliness. I think it was much more than that, and the 21st century has nothing on it on that score, the *century of junk*. There is a junk effect that extends to everything, and certainly to thought, such as it manifests itself in the public space. That one will not stand the test of time. Idolizing the present, it has no future, but above all, and perhaps even more seriously, it has no past. It has a purely teleological vision of it: in its eyes it is only a slow progress towards what it is, towards this supreme achievement of a thinking humanity: itself. To the great icons of the past, the great peoples, the great civilizations, no greater compliment is ever paid than contemporaneity. *Shakespeare our contemporary. Aeschylus our contemporary. Tocqueville our contemporary.* But Tocqueville, Shakespeare, Cornelius, Aeschylus, the Greece of Pericles nor that of Thucydides, so dear to Jacqueline de Romilly [T/L. *French specialist of Greek Antiquity.*], who has just died who is hereby freed from the burden of contemporaneity, are not our contemporaries at all. They are elsewhere. They're far away. The free thought is a long way *away*. It is neither daily nor journalistic, neither familiar nor contemporary: it is absent, it is not there, it is from another time, it is thinking with the dead. And it's quite peculiar that the nine-tenths of what has been thought naturally and above all culturally for twenty or thirty centuries (but twenty centuries separately, not all together...) would be considered today, and is considered, as inadmissible, revolting or, to use a term that is widely used by those authorized to speak, *criminal*.

Why do you think film directors have taken such a prominent place, to the point of often replacing authors, especially the older ones? Whether it is from the 17th century or from England, Antiquity or Japan, thought comes to us *translated*, doubly so, if not more. We see it well even with contemporary foreign authors who talk on the radio in a language you find yourself understanding. They are actually translated *twice*: translated from one language to another, of course, but at the same time translated, within the second language, in the lingua franca of the day, the official language, the only one authorized, the language of the single cultural class, the central class in which all the others merge from a cultural standpoint, with no leftovers. This monopolistic core class is perfectly sincere. It doesn't realize that it translated

and re-translated, that it translates all within itself, into its own language. She's like Françoise in Proust, talking about *New York ham* and who is absolutely convinced that her boss advised her to buy only *New York ham*; and who is likewise convinced, when she conveys to her employers the greetings of Mrs de Guermantes, that the duchess told her:

"Do convey my salutations."

The unique cultural class is convinced that Aeschylus made her say, through the director:

"Do convey my salutations."

It's no coincidence that we've naturally arrived at the question of language. A free thought is a thought that knows its language. Language is not only an instrument of communication. It is first of all an instrument of perception. The eye does not see what the mind cannot name. Vocabulary is one of the means of vision. It is also, along with the syntax, one of the means of thought. The fewer words we have, the less able we are to conceive, imagine. The fewer tenses and modes we have at our disposal, the less apt we are to think. We have seen the imperative die, replaced more and more often by the indicative:

"Corinne, you turn off the TV and you go to bed now."

We've seen the subjunctive wither away, most of its tenses having become more theoretical than real. Even in the indicative, the past simple is dead and the future isn't much better:

"We give each other a call tomorrow."

"I see you next week."

– further examples, incidentally, of this trending presenteeism and so powerful that we've already met. But the decade that is coming to an end has seen more serious, not only the constant reduction of the keyboard, which loses keys every year, but the collapse of the syntactical structure itself:

"What the kid need? »,

ask in chorus the pedagogues. And when I hear that, what I really want is...

Kazimierz Brandys pointed out that not knowing history is no longer just not knowing what had happened in this or that century, but not knowing that there were centuries. "He didn't know there was a 17th century," he said speaking of a hospital neighbor. Not knowing the language is not just making syntax mistakes, it is not knowing that there is a syntax, not wanting to know it. But the phenomenon no longer affects only those who traditionally spoke badly, it now also affects those who traditionally spoke well: teachers, intellectuals, journalists and politicians. I once referred to the strange phrase "*on how*" as the telluric place where the collapse occurred in the first decade of the 21st century. And in fact, literally not a morning goes

by without our hearing a university or college professor, a historian, an art critic, a great intellectual, invite us to ponder *on how* to make the other person feel more welcome, *on how* to improve the school system, *on how* to protect freedom and democracy. *On how* lends itself to all possible variations and never fails to do so. Just this week I heard:

"If one wants to draw a conclusion *on how* the world is doing... "

"When I watch a film *on how* flowers are born..."

"Of course, one can wonder *on* whether ten years of education were necessary to get there? »

"You ask the question *on how* to make a home cozier? »

"Which means the question arises as to what can be his political role now. »

Indeed... these sentences we hear every day, and in the most authorized mouths, cannot be parsed syntactically. They are not *wrong*, they are impossible to apprehend with grammar. Certainly, they are perfectly understandable, but logic is powerless to dissect their structure. They switch without warning from the affirmative mode to the interrogative mode, well before their end they have forgotten their beginning. Where's the harm, since we understand them? They are a progress of freedom, sings the enthusiastic chorus of the Friends of disaster.

Here we encounter a structure that is very widespread *today*, the today of our title, and particularly disturbing, frightening even, I mean quite capable of driving people mad: it is that, in the case of a single, monopolistic cultural class, nobody being able or willing to live with the annoyance, the contradiction, the antilogy, the opposite is compelled to place itself inside the words themselves, the same words, forced to mean everything and its opposite, and especially their own opposite. Let us think of the *other*, the famous *other*, the Other with a capital letter, the Other who is the object of all veneration – who would dare to speak ill of the Other? – and who has become the very instrument of the Same, his name, barely secret name. The Other is so beloved that we can no longer bear between him and us the slightest difference, the slightest discrimination, in the name of that major quality of the spirit which has become among us the greatest of sins against the spirit. Let us think of *diversity*, which we see on the verge of being inscribed, alongside freedom, equality and fraternity, on the pediment of our town halls and acquiring constitutional value, that is to say becoming an obligation, while on all sides "diversity is diminishing", to quote once again Segalen. Let's think about the *race mixing*, another idol, and which carries in itself its own obvious logical contradiction, since from the systematic mixing of the diverse can only result the same thing, the undifferentiated, the universal village. Let's think above all about freedom, freedom of expression, and freedom of thought, which of course cannot exist without the freedom of expression because I'm not free to think whatever I could think if I don't have access to other people's thoughts, who couldn't express themselves.

Someone, a woman I've never met, but with whom I communicate frequently and admire a lot, recently, and quite rightly in my view, pointed out that the unprecedented nature of the current situation, where the worst enemies of free speech, and consequently, as we've just seen, of freedom of thought, are the very ones for whom they have been invented and codified: journalism, the press, we call the *media* – thus called erroneously, by the way, for here is an example of one more word that says the opposite to what it means, or doesn't mean, since the media, and the audiovisual media even more so than the print media, are the very *means*, if I may say so, the instrument, the intermediary par excellence of the *immediate*, of that which refuses directness, detour, constraint, syntax, non-coincidence with itself, the test of time. In the fight of giants which, in France at any rate, lasted about a century and a half between literature and journalism, between literature and the "universal reporting" so much hated by Mallarmé, it is of course literature that represented the medium, the constraint, the detour, and journalism the immediate: i.e. of course freedom, the absence of philter, of hindsight, the present of the present, these newscasts [T/L. *Actualité*.] still too long that had to be shortened to *news* [T/L. *Actu*.] – Paul-Marie Coûteaux, you have, I believe, at the beginning of this year, a very important *news*.

It is indeed new, new on the scale of History, because it's been going on for at least a generation now, that said media so little mediating, *mediatizing*, the former beneficiaries of this string of laws dealing with freedom of the press that has been heralding the history of the freedom of thought, or so it was believed, that we now see, the so-called Fourth Estate, bring together in their hands all the powers of the other three and take care at the same time, with disturbing enthusiasm, of maintaining the ideological order, of establishing the intellectual law and the summary judgment of the suspects. It should be added that media power has also, and almost par excellence, granted itself the police powers, every step of the way, those of the investigators, those of the repressors or the apprehenders, but before that those of the informers, whistle-blowers, public accusers. With the possible exception of subsidized associations and other leagues of ideological virtue, which together represent one of the most important employers in France, the maverick has no worse enemy than journalism, which itself does not pursue anyone with as much acrimony and vindictiveness as he who allows himself to criticize it.

The power of the Fourth Estate was first to tell their fact to the other three: but for it the story ends there, it sees itself eternally as a vigilante when it's been a judge for so long, as Robin Hood when it's been the Sheriff of Nottingham for ages, as a participant in the May 68 demonstrations while it is a notary public in Romorantin-Lanthenay, as a hero of the resistance when in most cases what happens has no more active, or passive, collaborator than it. A man who criticizes a newspaper, a radio or television program, a station, a channel, such a man is a dead man for this radio, this television, this show, this daily or weekly newspaper: dead because there he will be murdered and murdered again, if silence hasn't killed him. If he still has enough voice to speak out, he'll be called paranoid. Anyone who opposes is crazy, and you have to be to expose yourself to such treatment.

Psychiatry's success in the repressive arsenal of the (allegedly) defunct Soviet Union is well known. But when you think of it, the French version, both Democratic and Republican, of the Soviet psychiatry is more like *pedagogy*. When an opinion is decidedly displeasing, whether to the Fourth Estate or to the first, let's say to the media-political complex, what must act on it, very gently, is *pedagogy*. If the people vote poorly, there is only pedagogy and always more and more pedagogy that will overcome his mistakes and his lack of goodwill. I don't need to remind you of the etymology of the word, and its meaning. In the Soviet Union the opponent was a madman, in France he is an ill-mannered, under-educated child who cannot undergo enough re-education. Maybe it's no coincidence that pedagogy, which, thanks to the infamous I.U.F.M. [*T/L. University Institute for Teachers Training. Academy (one for each region) specialized in the training of primary and secondary teachers.*] managed to finish off our education system, and is at the same time taking care of wringing the neck to freedom of thought: it's all the same fight.