

Chapter Twenty-One

EVERYTHING CONNECTS

Remy knew they had quit the Casbah by the transition from slouching purple shadows to a dim sunlight, with rays only intermittently breaking through the billowed clouds. Little was visible, for the trunks of the seven youths who had eventually won a share of him—having fended off all the grandfatherly claimants or those their own age—well-nigh curtailed the litter on which he was being borne.

“Traitor!” one had snapped, kicking at Remy’s left arm, his initial peep, “The two . . .” barely out. After the sandal had swished by, he continued, “. . . other French agents!”

The teenagers, four dressed in faded shirts and tattered dungarees and three in *shai*-stained *djellabaat*, wildly skimmed the store before fixing their glower on the tenebrous rear section. Their anxiety was relieved by a cashier’s vaunt, “I spied them hightailing it through the side door, fancying no part of our Casbah scufflers!”

Remy joined in the fleeing, his impetus not neighborhood bravado but a glimmer that his situation was not irredeemable. *At least, these are malleable*. Feigning alacrity, he cautioned, “Perhaps fled merely to implement a telescopic, in-the-crosshairs aim. Surround me. Alive, I’m worth more than twice as much as dead!”

The effect was immediate: Four sank to their haunches and beetled their torsos over his frame, while the remaining three, their backs to him, linked arms in a cordon.

From his “déclassé throne of clothes,” Remy decreed, “Yes, keep me low, out of the line of fire of one who’ll joyously settle for the lesser prize. This Gaul must be bound,” a glance at the French agent felled by the bottle (“Roland?”), just then commencing to stir and moan.

“As must you,” an upright youth in a taupe jersey pullover countered, scraping blood from the right corner of his lips, a wound gained in the five-minute melee. Prevailing had been two with switchblades, a stripling who had seized and menaced the Coke’s jagged, “neckless base,” and four others wielding ripped-off bars from metal racks or nail-spiked table planks or legs. The women had also scuttled in to egg on their family males.

With both leashed and the Frenchman lugged into the contiguous darkness, they started to grapple with “What now?” Their excitement at having successfully staked their claim was supplanted by the realization that for the first time in their lives possessing something valuable they had become susceptible to being cheated of the windfall.

They groped about for convenient allies. “Ketchaoua’s imam,” suggested one, tall, gangly, with brunet hair and eyes. He was brusquely impugned, “And he’ll pocket the money in the name of the mosque.” The innuendo of a mustache and two missing front teeth designated the scoffer as a late adolescent.

“Our Islamists’ office two blocks over,” advocated a third, stringy, with amber eyes in a pockmarked face. “Which will forthwith squander our bounty on rabid cabals”: The high-pitched rebuff emanated from an awkward teen with bony cheeks, a prominent Adam’s apple, and curled eyelashes as black as the nevus on his chin.

“The Great One himself!” was blurted out, the impulsiveness and depth of the exclamation inducing Remy to spring upward and peep through gaps at the hyenalike onlookers, expecting to discover them parted and Foucin strolling in.

“Yes!” asserted a short, burly lad, whose plump cheeks and flaring, pimply nostrils streamed with perspiration, “a brawler, given his cracked and bleeding knuckles.” For emphasis, he stabbed a pudgy finger in the air.

“That’s it!” agreed the second speaker, whose right hand still clutched the Coke.

Remy rejected a pondered challenge, cognizant of having no case to argue. “Yes, M. Foucin, a wise decision. All the same, you must be on the move. The two Gallic agents even now are rallying their compeers for an assault on this warehouse.”

Four heads nodded, and the grimaces of the other three registered a sage concurrence.

“Cousin Ibrahim,” the one who had proposed Foucin hailed a bystander. “Five dinars if you dial our commissioner’s office. Report that we have the Seventh and are toting him up the hill to his Gendarmerie.”

He was tall, “probably an older seventeen,” with deep-set raven eyes, tanned ruddy cheeks, and an angular cleft chin. His thin muscular chest was not “heaving like the others’.”

“Hmm?” Remy pinched his countenance. “Along those narrow alleys, how easily an ambush can be laid. Best whisk me off to a boulevard: There you can scout out any threats, and a swarm’s sure to converge, hundreds of witnesses affirming you are my captors.”

An anxious hexad was tarrying for the fifth to retort. “Ibrahim,” he resummoned, “say that we haul the devil via Bab Azoun to Place des Martyrs, there to await M. Le Grand.”

Three right hands lunged forward to clap the youth’s broad shoulders, and all around smiles burst forth. “Mousa, our general!” one averred scarcely above his breath. He, the last to speak, had reddish-brown hair, “shockingly worn *en brosse*.”

Barking orders, their delegated leader detached himself from the two-tiered ragged circle. “Tear two poles from a rack, strap them with the canvas from that table, lob him onto the stretcher, retie his wrists and ankles with strips from it!”

From lifting to trussing, over and over Remy weakly grumbled, “Gently, gently, I’m four times wounded.”

Mousa, himself the tallest, assigned the bearers by height: “gangly” and “*en brosse*” manned the front, “toothless” and “chin mole” the middle, and “amber eyes” and “plump cheeks” were *l’arrière-garde*.

The flank each took was determined by which limb had sustained the milder injury during the “battle royal” for custody. Mousa, of course, headed the procession.

Outside on the downward slope, at first they had roughly jounced the litter, but through a resolute effort after ten steps had coordinated their pace and adjusted the crooking of their arms, thereby steadying their burden to a joggle.

Within three minutes, the *brancardiers* (“stretcher-bearers”) and those who had knotted behind them on their egress from the store reached de la Lyre Square. Passed its meat-and-

vegetable covered market, they were soon traversing the sidewalk of the ornate Théâtre National.

By then the bated gossip from the cluster, sixteen-to-eighteen deep on the sides and in the rear, was reduced to one, the wonderment, “They’ve shackled Satan!”

Remy could already see the three-lane Bab Azoun and calculated that Place des Martyrs—“and Foucin”—was half a kilometer away. Having abandoned the idea of escaping from the teens (“I’m their life”), he was casting about for a variant stratagem when, under the distorted shadow of the nineteenth-century Italianate theater, “at unawares” his transporters were pulled up by a thundering command, “You know me!”

Yearning to flesh out the voice, which though heard before he was unable to pinpoint, Remy tried to peer through the shielding thighs.

“Surrender the traitor to me and these policemen dispatched by Commissioner Foucin! To each of you, I’ll award a chit certifying you as his captors, entitled to the reward.”

The slack in the canvas ties about his wrists enabled Remy to elevate his torso onto his elbows. A slit between the hips of the two lead bearers disclosed the familiar visage of the one advancing, garbed in a tan uniform not April seventeenth’s robin’s-egg silk pajamas and robe: “Karami.”

In lowering the stretcher, the youths bent their frames, thereby exposing the soot-colored shirts of twelve helmeted riot policemen, a barricade across the sidewalk.

At the far left, separated by several strides from this row, dawdled two, clad in Western suits. “So they’ll triumph in the end. *Un plan de secours* to a backup,” sighed a slumping Remy, examining their poised beguilement, identical to his view of them from the bottom of the Café de Flore stairwell.

Karami—so he was France’s “aerie-dwelling agent in Sûreté Nationale”—halted a pace from Mousa. “What is your name?” The pitch and clarity convinced Remy that he was targeting the concourse, not the adolescent in the pullover and dark gray *djellaba*.

“Mousa Goudjil ben Cherif.”

From his coign of vantage Remy could discern Karami’s tilted neck and jiggling left shoulder. With his task finished, a hand shot up, flourishing a stenographer’s pad sheet of paper. Tendering it, he proclaimed, “Read it, *Sayyid* Mousa, loudly so that each member of this magisterial panel can hearken and adjudicate.”

““This document avouches that Mousa Goudjil ben Cherif is one of the captors of the traitor Omar Naaman ben Ibrahim and is entitled to one-seventh of the reward.””

Squawked was the advice from one in the growing throng, which now blanketed half of the theater’s perron, “Insert after the traitor’s name, ‘turned in alive,’ or kiss three hundred thousand goodbye.”

All gazes were riveted on Karami, whose scribbling evinced that heartily he was acceding to the proposed emendation.

A fresh paper was thrust toward Mousa, who concluded his full-mouthed reading with the notification, “It is signed Hussein Karami ben Djelloul, deputy of Commissioner Tawfek Foucin and dated the twenty-sixth day of Ramadan 1409, the second of May 1989.”

No time to concentrate on Foucin, Remy alerted himself, since another renovation had begun to acquire “shape and size and substance” in his mind.

“*Sayyid Mousa*,” Karami shouted into his face, “with the Casbah public as notaries to the document’s authenticity, are you satisfied?” The off-white sheet with its black scribbling was being flaunted against a pillow of salmon-pink cumuli.

The procedure was repeated with the two front bearers, “*en brosse*” and “gangly.” One tread having brought Karami to the midpoint of the litter, bulwarked by “toothless,” Remy nudged his left hand past the thigh of the youth and yanked at the tan coattail. “*Monsieur, merci beaucoup!*”

He rapidly shifted to Arabic, further minimizing his susurrations. “You save my life! I snatched a peek at my French and American friends by your storm troopers.”

“Sadek, what mumbled the traitor?” Mousa twisted to demand.

“*Mafeesh haga!*” Karami snarled, having extracted his hem from Remy’s grasp. Soft buzzes rippled from those proximate to the stretcher, ratifying that their ears attested to the deputy inspector’s lie.

Remy withdrew his left hand, stuffing it under the canvassed pole. “Yes, I said ‘nothing’!” He crafted his voice to convey his alarm.

“This is Karami!” was yammered from the rear. “Be wary! When he slithers into her periphery, verily his mother’s eyeballs track him.” The gibe incited a guffawing bray: “*Le rire risqué*,” in his thoughts alliterated Remy.

“I heard him,” the hobbledehoy on the right declared. “The devil ‘*merci beaucoup*-ed’ him, trumpeting there’re French—” Streaking over the litter, Karami’s mauley grabbed the neck of “chin mole,” who, jerking free, with a stammer resumed, “. . . Fre-French and A-American agents standing beside his gendarmerie.”

As Karami retracted this arm, his fist delivered a vindictive thump to Remy’s sternum. “*Rien! Mafeesh haga!*” the assailed, having emitted a deathbed shriek, winced “Nothing!” in two languages.

Mousa and “gangly” hared to Karami and, with their stiffened fingers jabbing the startled officer’s chest, coerced him back two paces.

“Only M. Le Grand!” a nettler who had clambered up a lamppost cawed, and from right, left, and rear the admonition was pealed, “To the Great One only!”

Mousa and “gangly” sped to the front. The stretcher had no sooner lurched forward than three hands with lightsome flair—“and to clustered hurrahs!”—jettisoned their slips of paper.

“*Les genda— Les gardiens de la . . . Vos matraques!*” a flustered Karami, shunting his Arabic, commanded. Nevertheless, as the *brancard* neared their rank, through the teenagers’ denims and robes Remy saw the black-uniformed trousers, against the seams of which limply hung their unsheathed enameled nightsticks, swing aside.

He wrenched his neck to catch a glimpse of Leroy and Devereaux. Despite failing, he was certain that the physiognomic *sang-froid* he had twice beheld was “fast withering too.”

2

Past the National Theater the cavalcade turned north onto the narrow sidewalk bordering the arcaded Bab Azoun. Pouring from the shops, the “aggrandizing droves, however, sheer us into the street itself,” and even cars and taxis were pulling over, its occupants scrambling

out to augment “the swelling scene.”

As they paraded by, salvos of “Our Seven Heroes!” and “Satan is tethered!” greeted the *jeunes hommes*. With their half-veils uplifted, several women darted in to spit on Remy, but so securely did the bearers screen him that their hair, neck and shoulders suffered the brunt.

At the midway point to Martyrs, the pavement reverberated with a double-time tramp of many boots, and the stretcher was instantly palisaded by the legs of two squads of camouflaged-clad soldiers (“So Foucin’s involved!”).

“No! No!” spurted “the multitudinous tongue.” “Only our Seven!” From every angle, stones, cans, and bottles were pelted, harassing “the honor guard of my cortège”—Remy’s dubbing—into a hasty retreat.

The message ringed the litter. “He is there! Stationed on the top tier of the monument, alone, to receive us, the scabs of the Casbah!”

From his canvas bed, Remy was able to descry over the bearers’ crowns the Moorish windows of the observation deck where the three ninety-meter concrete fronds intersect and, briefly, the triangular whiteness of the monument itself.

At its base, “as if still on guard,” stood three massive statues of generic Revolutionary fighters, one fronting each leaf and “none sculpted to resemble any of *les neuf historiques*.”

With Mousa’s first step, a resonating stamp, onto the gray cement of the square, the stalking crowd grew dumb. Martyrs was deserted—“in stark contrast to Foucin’s and my drive-by fifteen days ago”—its Ramadan celebrants apparently herded onto the sidewalks of the dingy shops and apartment buildings opposite it.

During the litter’s fifty-meter progress to the monument’s trisected stairs, the two branches, those rearward and those awaiting, merged, although the conflux maintained a deferential interstice between themselves and the *civière* (“litter”).

Prior to launching into their ten-step mounting to the first landing, the teenagers in Remy’s ken inflated their chests and tightened their abdominals, banishing any trace of a slouch. In spite of the incline, the rhythm of their gait became crisper, and Remy, aslant, distinguished in the adolescent profiles an experiential severity boring in.

Your limbs must be wearied although, my annealed figurines, should I succeed, your trekking has just begun.

With the initial rise of stairs negotiated, the masses streamed onto the esplanade, jockeying for a spot from which to observe the blossoming of the spectacle.

Each countenance was “frenzied with awe,” yet none trespassed the steps, Remy speculated from his restricted perspective: His temples were being jounced from the navy *djellaba* right thigh of “amber eyes” to the indigo-denim left of “plump cheeks.”

The five paces of the landing crossed, they embarked on the next stage, a bumpy, gravity-tugging ascent that slid Remy’s body retrad and tensed the leashes about his wrists and ankles to their limits.

“The third *gradin* will break my bonds,” a supposition not to be tested, for two strides onto the second level, Mousa halted, freezing the others and “stranding me adangle over the top step, my head as pendulous as the unfortunate M. Ballard’s!”

By craning his neck, he espied the one descending the third tier, his gauged treads stemmed at the fourth from the landing.

“Display!” Mousa shouted. The litter, with Remy clutching the posts, was hoisted aloft, the upshot being, before the mobs’ adulation exploded, the laconic “Algeria salutes you!” (intimately relayed to the *brancardiers*) reached him unmuffled.

He likewise intercepted Foucin’s cue for the stretcher to be declined and brought forth.

“Here in the Square of our Beloved Martyrs, you’ve appeased their stipulation,” Foucin proceeded. “To us who gather to pay homage to you, mere emblems of a nation’s concerted gratitude, sing out your names, forever (God willing!) to be treasured in its history.”

There was a dazzled hesitancy, then “Mousa Goudjil ben Cherif.” A geyserine roar surged, engulfing the square.

“Mohammed Ibrahimi ben Yazid.”

“Abdelhak Belhouchet ben Rafik.”

“Edress Deha ben Hadi.”

“Sadek Hedouci ben Salah.”

“Mahmoud Merbal ben Faisal.”

“Bachir Ounissi ben Abdulaziz.”

After the final ovation had abated, Foucin, now in a town-crier’s whoop, declaimed: “Your native land desires to reward you, as ordained by our sacral laws. These citizens are conclamant witnesses to this parole. Do you prescribe more, that this pledge be legitimized in writing? If so, it will be effected.”

“Nothing!” chorused the seven.

“Thus, illustrious patriots, prepare your charge for delivery. May I approach?”

Veering to the left, Foucin dictated that the “jingoistic juveniles” (Remy’s burlesque) implement a right face away from the monument.

Kept stable, even during their responses, the stretcher was lowered to the cement. (“It goes without saying, I must not be affronting it,” and concomitantly the recognition came: why Foucin had scripted that a third-level climbing not precede the ceremony.)

In imitation of Mousa, each of the bearers sidled to the right or left, according to his position. The extra space, Remy chortled, “will make it easier.”

Straining as far as the strips would allow, he brazenly stared at Foucin, in martial strides advancing. All the air his lungs could imprison, Remy sucked in.

At the point the *commissaire divisionnaire* was leaning forward to embrace Mousa, he spewed his caterwaul: “Monsieur, I would address the countrymen whose ancestors bore my treacherous deception! By your leave!”

Foucin completed the hug and in the course of the looping accolade of the other six appeared oblivious to Remy’s continuance. “I too extol these striplings, who have dispatched not just this shameful national tragedy, but also a desiccated soul—*l’immonde!* ‘vile!’—engenderer of no happiness since it espoused treason. Grant me a last chance to redeem myself.

“People of Algeria, invest me with the blessing of succoring my birthplace—land I despoiled—before I’m hustled out to execution: A foreign government planted me here, a regime with auxiliary plots against Algeria, horrid machinations of which *I* know.

Vouchsafe me permission to serve the country I perfidiously betrayed.”

Previous to slumping onto the canvas, Remy “disembogued a sigh, entire of magniloquence!”

Apprehended by the front row, the gist of his peccavi, he envisioned, would posthaste roll backward. From the stairway’s height, with a negligible stir, he scanned the aggregation, idling until Foucin—“that cynosure, who deigned not a glance at me”—enclasped Abdelhak (“gangly”), the last bearer, and returned to his mark.

“Speak!” blared he. “Would any patriot scorn so much as a grain of the Sahara which might benefit his native land? Speak!” He threw his arms up, extending them and incorporating, Remy carped to himself, “the whole . . . universe, not excluding its suburbs.”

Slowly he raised his frame again, propped elbow-high. “Only to the president!”

Not to grin, Foucin pursed his lips, a stifling which the adolescents, despite their effort, were not successful in emulating. The laughter spread to the shoal’s rim and tumbled inside.

Rollers swept over, soon verbalized at the rear in a mocking chant, “To the president only!” a catchcry expeditiously usurped by the congregation, “albeit not its omphalos, who’s intrigued by my exaction.”

Foucin’s hand rose, checking both the cachinnation and the slogan. Three strides conveyed him past Mousa to the fringe of the litter, and for the first time, his eyes fastened on the captive. A brisk nod followed.

Once more Remy elevated his strapped torso. “M. Foucin,” he hued, “under your personal torture doubtless you can extract those embalming schemes against Algeria’s patrimony.” He desisted long enough for the antiphon which he hoped would volley.

“Torture! Torture!” the horde bellowed, fleetly embellished as “Torture the devil!”

Across the visage of Foucin, a brooding exasperation had developed—“for in taking up that burden, he had contrived to absolve his homeland from that encumbrance”—and straightaway a duplicate gesture afresh subdued the swarm.

“However, should it be you, Commissioner Foucin, who arrogates these revelations? Would you not breach Algeria’s Constitution by seeking to be a party to that which statutorily . . . concerns you not? My disclosures are properly enounced to the president—President Chadli Bendjedid. As the nation’s legal scholar, you fully cognize it is he who must deduce their relevance and delegate the obligatory action.”

Remy modulated the pitch of his allocution, now within ear reach of only Foucin and the bearers. “All have constantly revered your ‘sacred mission’: to hunt down and bring to justice the Unholy Seven. Your obsession spawned the nation’s, as you mandated. Nonetheless, if Algeria is to wear proudly the mantle of statehood, will the personal suffice? That being the case, the state dies with the person.”

He paused as if he himself was meditating. “Let it go! ‘All the power [a] government has . . . ought not to be arbitrary and at pleasure.’ You will get me—‘Whither shall I flee from thy presence?’—but let not your mania trample on the law, slur over *le symbole délégué de la République*, the president, for then the traitor is tortured by the traitor.”

The hush of the square was superseded by environing murmurs from the crowd, nervously irritated that a possibly sophistic lemma had been concealed from it and equally impatient for a rebuttal which would clarify, as he always had, the gap.

When none emerged, Remy seized control of the tier's "dead air," his voice amplified to encompass the muster. "M. Foucin, would you, from personal avidity, deny these intrepid seven their due? To surrender *their* caitiff to *their* president." Again his words softened into dialogue, "Does Foucin aspire to rule Algeria, or is Algeria's Constitution hallowed?"

The "pandemonium of whispers" trailed off, no signal from Foucin required. Asudden with four steps he bridged the distance, stopping just short of the lateral Mahmoud.

There he knelt and uttered sotto voce, his Arabic terminating in French, "Why M. Naa—M. Lazar, and here I thought you'd slipped out of Algiers without bidding *au revoir!*"

"And I apologize," Remy answered quickly, "for missing our rendezvous at the Al-Nigma." He lifted his eyes. "You may be aware of a shooting in the Casbah."

Foucin tipped backward, depositing the bulk of his weight on his haunches. "He's badly wounded, yet the surgeons at El Kettar assure me, God permitting, he will survive. Between gasping moans, M. Jacques de Larosière informed me that M. Belmazoir was attempting to help *you*," he boggled, with a shake of his head.

"It'll take me a year to decipher the happenings of this afternoon. M. Jacques, your onetime double and an aide-de-camp to M. Thierry—But I 'preach to the choir!'—had his face pulped, was dragged to the Gendarmerie, and fobbed off as you, prompting Sergeant Ghouraf to page me from yet another staged conference with your ambassador."

His tempo accelerated, word hurtling word. "That allegation I had scarcely confuted when Kamal scurried in. An out-of-breath youth was outside panting that a different 'you' had been detained by a band of teens, led by his cousin. They purposed to turn 'the genuine article,' litter-bound, over to me at Martyrs.

"Right off I believed him, so before I left, I ordered your stretcher cordoned by soldiers, but the masses put me in my place, as I witnessed from a distance. Assured you were in safe Casbahian hands, I sped to Martyrs to await our heroes.

"There I learned that earlier your procession had been waylaid by our M. Karami, whose own arrest I had to enjoin fifteen or so minutes ago. The complaint's so serious (possession of child pornography) that it should dissuade his brother-in-law, Prime Minister Merbah, from any consideration of interve—"

He broke off with an affected "Whew!" His body inclined, its right fingers touching and, for balance, then gripping the shrouded pole. "You'll not escape. In fact, from the tidbits which have sifted in, it's you who are in need of my protection—from the Palestinians, the French, and probably the Americans. And now you crave, in an ego-spurred *auto-da-fé*, to filibuster. Forswear, my penultimate antagonist."

Unwavering was Remy's stare. "Is it not time for you to give over? What I'll divulge to President Bendjedid will aid Algeria, and it's he who's deputized to close this tragicomic book. The runt of the Cerberean Seven should be consigned to him . . . who'll pass me on to you"—he interjected a rasping chuckle—"a ravenous Ugolino in the periphery.

"Nevertheless, that formal authorization (and is not a country sustained by its formalities?) should be his to you, not you to yourself." He paused before appending, "May the power of *Lailatul Qadr* descend upon you!"

Erecting himself to full stature, Foucin retreated the seven paces, volte-faced, and having snapped a salute, communicated his request to the young men, his voice not abundantly

clarion to travel beyond the vicinal rows.

“Great Captors, as the Night of Greatness impends, I humbly implore that you accord me, who ‘have done the state some service,’ the honor of walking by your side . . . as you deliver your charge to our president.”

3

*Le rat avec l'odeur de la Seine
Est attaché comme vieux Satan.*

The thirty-third stride attained and the litter upthrust, there resounded, in what was to be its definitive version, the throng’s jubilant chant. “‘The French-sent *traître* is taunted in French,’ self-congratulated each,” Remy evoked, while himself venturing an Arabic translation: “The Seine-scented rat / ’S caught in old Satan’s knot.”

The procession which from the north had entered Martyrs Square by Rue Bab Azoun had departed southerly by the parallel Boulevard Ernesto “Che” Guevara. Remy overheard Foucin indicate to the adolescents that they were bound for the Palais du Gouvernement, “where the President breathlessly awaits you.”

At the outset, no verse, solely the routine of cheers and the beldams’ scalping ululations, had greeted the boosting. The accrual of the ritual elevation, thereby allowing the populace to “batten on” the nation’s long-anticipated “feast,” Remy was certain, had been Foucin’s.

Similarly, he had determined that “my ‘presidential reception’ will coincide with *Lailatul Qadr*’s 7:36,” just over a half-hour away “at this slow tempo.”

By the seventh upheaving, greeted by the crude couplet, “hardly a quarter of a kilometer have we wended; four-fifths of the trek is still ahead.” The first raising, just outside Martyrs, had liberated him from Foucin’s obstinate scrutiny. Held aloft, he crammed his right hand into the deep pocket of the jeans, locating “Marie’s box.”

At the third hoisting, when the *ur*-version of the satanic verse eclosed, with a twist of his neck, Remy digested the enormity of the rout, so inlaid that the four lanes of the coastline boulevard had disappeared. The lateral celebrants, initially confined to the sidewalks by the hundreds of police, had encroached until they conscripted its two exterior lanes.

The moment the triumph was by, they wedged into the rearward, aggregated sway or dashed ahead, copying the gendarmes, to see it file by again.

Though a mere whisper away, Foucin had not instituted a duologue. “One’s in progress internally, essaying to ferret out what I’m plotting.” A smirk crept in, an outreach from his eyes. “My brother enemy, still no trust!” Remy’s lips mouthed.

Five minutes later, at Port Saïd Square, one of the city’s “green oases,” without warning the heads of the bearers pivoted to the right, their action halting the litter at “19.”

Foucin’s agitated command, “Let her pass!” nonplused Remy. Pushing himself up, through the gap between Edress’s overalls and Mahmoud’s denims he perceived her in a *haik* and half-face *niquaab* wrench herself loose from the clamping arms of a policeman.

“No, madam, no!” he cried out, provoking a callous glare from Foucin.

As Leila tried to bolt past, his hands shot forth and grabbed her shoulders, transferring to her frame the tremors that had arisen in his own. “Mme. Ballard, given the rowdy ecstasy of the masses, you may not approach him. Keep on the outside of me, and if you must, there speak your farewell.”

A rapid, adept maneuver constrained her hands in Foucin’s right, and with his other he clapped the scapula of “chin mole.” “*Sayyid* Edress, kindly shift up.”

His subsequent pronouncement soared, designed to carry far beyond its immediate target. “A wronged widow, you’ve earned a martyr’s license to walk the traitor home!”

As the cortège recommenced, Leila’s head spun round, and he gazed at the red bruise above her left eyebrow. “Monsieur,” she began, before her voice gave way.

His tone drastic, Remy importuned, “Mme. Ballard, please retire! Do not have my burdened soul assume yet another guilt! Return! Foucin, lead her away!”

“No!”

He vexatiously sank backward, comprehending that it was with this entreaty, not his, the commissioner would empathize.

The litter continued an additional five paces, “to ‘28,” Remy calculated, “or more probably ‘9,” the pause having started them over.”

At his second peek, a concentrated view of her harrowed eyes and brow, there dawned on him her engraved objective: *My God, she’s planning to throw herself at Chadli’s feet!* Overwhelmed by such a prospect, he upbraided himself, *Scoundrel, get her out of your maze!*

In English, “that universal tongue” Foucin had acknowledged he had never mastered, he projected his voice over the interposing figure. “Mme. Ballard, two hours ago I triggered your brother’s tumble down a Casbah flight of stairs. To his side you must speed!”

When she did not flinch, a herald that she would not be diverted, he swiftly made the resolution: To strip away all guile in the few moments they had left.

“Madam, since our acquaintance, through my insensitive comments about your husband—thank God, now interred—time and again I hurt you, perhaps subtextually intending to, so decked with fault am I, and never begged your pardon.

“Pray let me now. What he did, I have faith, sprang from his love for you, and a fear he would lose that love. . . . Knowing you, how could he doubt that it was forever?”

“‘Weak not wicked,’ not just you convinced me: a laudatory judgment, all that humanity can aspire to merit. His murderer—the adjectives reversed—will not receive the punishment he deserves, if the scales of justice were truly balanced, yet a severe one, intrinsically venesecting for him. While not his life, his life’s desire will be nulled. I could accomplish no more.”

During the protracted speech, Remy had striven not to miss the superseding enumeration: “23.” He resumed in French, “M. Foucin, ensure Mme. Ballard’s prudent withdrawal, I beseech you.”

Her exertion, wresting her right hand free, abruptly stopped the engrossed litter and as much astounded Remy as did her supplication. “Monsieur, how can I help?”

The rejoinder came from Foucin, who, manacled the arm she had thrust out, plucked it back. “You cannot, Mme. Ballard, and you torment yourself in so believing. His doom was fixed thirty years ago. It’s God who ushers him to this day of reckoning.” Her shoulders

regripped, he had shaken her with stern patience, each shudder quaking through Remy.

“Show mercy! He must not die!” a plea disdained by Foucin’s blunt jussive to the bearers, “Move on!”

He stamped a vehement stride, Leila in tow, “as *il était une fois* (‘once upon a time’), motivated by the same adamancy, he had shuffled the stretcher-leashed corpse and Houda across the sea boulder.”

With such force that the stiff, tattered canvas threads pricked his wrists like briars, Remy hurled his body forward. He disputed in Arabic, the language by birthright uniting the three. “My fate is sealed! Do not struggle with it! I’ve witnessed the anguish your husband’s death inflicted on you!”

Not toward her, but at his clenched, tourniqueted fist, he peered. “Madame . . . Mme. Leila, in a testimony of our . . . our *amitié*—dearly cherished as one of God’s most compassionate bequests to me!—discharge this parting appeal. Let not the little I’ve attempted dissipate without some good: M. Belmazoïr . . . he is family-bare. I’ve weathered the agony he’s enduring. Go to him, to him who *can* be saved!”

At “32,” the poles tensed, and excepting one nominal, Remy veered back to English. “Through my selfishness I lost my sister (the letter, the letter), and blame myself to this very moment. Let this be our God-vowed *nathr*: Go to him! Tell me you will.”

Foucin, whose half steps had nudged her along, his trunk the pale separating Remy from her, stopped with the litter, the tone of finality, if not its literal nuance, having been detected. His screening frame appreciably dipped, and as Remy raised his eyes, she lowered hers, permitting each simultaneously to take measure of the other.

Her “I will . . .” he caught before the *civière* was uplifted, there welcomed by the rollicked chant, “*Le rat avec l’odeur de la Seine / Est attaché comme vieux Satan.*”

When it was declined, both she and Foucin had vanished. At his reappearance Remy’s numbering had reached eight.

“She’s safe,” he mumbled in profile. “My wife will meet her at the hospital.”

“Most solicitous, conjointly.” A diplomatic silence was maintained till Foucin leaned in to spar, “You know the murderer.”

Remy laughed affably. “Maybe you’ll have to spend two years on this afternoon.”

Foucin’s hand, which had initially grazed the edge of the stretcher, a few treads on, found a rest atop the canvas-enveloped rod. “I’ll leave M. Belmazoïr to the women. God willing, they, she will save him, whom I failed.”

Not an option the egotistical remonstrations, *Was it a failure who sacrificed himself for me today?* in lieu Remy wagged his head. “In their hearts he and his sister never felt your love failed them. ‘Love failed!’: a monstrous oxymoron.”

He blew out, for transition’s sake, a whistling sough. “In the upswing of the litter, the concluding words of Mme. Ballard I lost.”

“Of the English I’m ignorant, yet as I escorted her to the sidewalk, the French she wouldn’t refrain from crying into my sleeve were,” Foucin paused, casting a puzzled squint at Remy, “. . . were ‘I will not cease!’ . . . Verbatim Blake, if my memory doesn’t betray me: ‘I will not cease from Mental Fight, / Nor shall my Sword sleep in my hand.’ I think she means . . . but you can better interpret.”

Remy's answer did not summarily emerge. "Tolstoy, if I read him correctly, sees men in reference to place; women, to time."

"And his men are big and even the old ones young, and his women small and even the young ones old."

"You love those you can do for, not the ones who can do for you." Remy did not vent this beatitude—less from the trepidation Foucin would offensively divine that they related to Mme. Ballard ("And you a married man!") than from a conviction of what the denotative response would be: "Tolstoy, I'm sure you're cognizant of its history, acknowledged having appropriated the precept from Laurence Sterne, a not immaterial British novelist."

The procession was nearing the Al-Nigma. This "'star to every wand'ring bark,' where first our literary camaraderie effloresced," emboldened Remy to tender his petition.

"M. Foucin, when was I not pelting you with leave-taking favors? A new one menaces, the demurrer of which I'll candidly respect."

"And it is? Advise me before predicating my refusal." The enunciated sincerity seemed to be mirrored in a twinkling downward glance.

"My father is old. When God will . . . would you attend to . . ."

Foucin hurriedly interceded, "You honor me with that request. I'll apprise his neighbors of your entrustment."

The thirty-third intervened, and having been propelled skyward, Remy, adangle at the top, queried whether Foucin was subliminally participating in the ragged couplet.

Afterward, his left hand once more having enringed the pole, the *commissaire* broached the premonishment: "When I enter the chamber, you must understand," he hesitated, as if debating how to couch the portent, "you will be the last of the Unholy—"

A siren's distant whine halted Foucin—"a grateful deflection for both of us!"—who stepped away. Returning in half a minute, he informed, "The president approaches, unable to contain his yearning to embrace our heroes."

During Foucin's circling, in which he passed on an explanation to each teenager, Remy intuited with triumphal resignation that the precipitant flaunting of the *brancard*, which the autocade merited, would terminate twenty-three days of lively jousting between them.

Again beside him, Foucin, obviously pressed for time, said, "I must forsake your company to render homage," before delivering a straightforward profession, "There's but to say, 'Au revoir, . . .'"—he deliberated, yet the lull was insufficient to persuade Remy that the words were casual and unconsidered—"my redoubtable confidant."

Of his reply, four had escaped prior to his ascent, "Goodbye, until we . . ."

At the top, where "Foucin's coltish gallants bounce me about like a baby on a lap," he did not complete the suspended sentence. His mind, instead, was assailing his tongue for persisting beyond the farewell: "Later, Foucin might esteem that truncated clause as derisive, and a taunted man you don't relish having on your tail."

Brought down, Remy testily complained to the more broadly smiling lad at his side. "You'll jolt my guts out. Are you greedy for the reduced price, 'Sayyid' Edress?"

"*Nous ferons comme nous voulons, traître . . .*" The youth's grin strained to bypass his ears. At the dams-of-Tizi-Aimoula mispronunciations, Remy began to snigger, his overt mockery inciting "chin mole" to switch his flout to Arabic. "We'll do with you as we wish,

traitor, and toss the money to the wind! Algiers is one!”

Three strides on, he blustered to the others, “Up with the *bâtard, encore!* Rattle him till the headache bruises of hogtied, Hell-bound Satan migraine to melon size!”

“Heavenward am I rocketed by their clean and jerk, a seditious twenty-eight paces antecedent my due,” Remy protested to himself, “and jiggled more than Sir Falstaff!”

A glimpse back revealed Boulevard Zirout Youcef inundated by chanting Algerians. The whole of the city “has cascaded onto it, and the insolent Edress speaks the truth: They are one,” still Remy could not resist subjoining, “for now: ‘A chaos huddled together.’”

Lowered, he rolled toward his right side, obscuring his arm. Though Foucin had exited the scene, nevertheless, he had to be wary, not for a second underestimating “my seven bearers.” His hand burrowed into the right pocket of the baggy “Mad in Amrica” jeans.

Throughout the scampering and outfit-changing on the roof, the dogging of the Casbah’s nether streets, his two unlikely twilight rescues, the bundling onto the stretcher, the winding up of the toy cavalcade, and its present winding down, not for an instant had he forgotten “Marie’s box,” thirty minutes ago fondled but not explored.

Scrunched against the canvas, the jeans hampered the squeezing of his fingers under its lid, their clawing through the upper layer of crimped and smudged jujubes—“scant grains of their sugar coating not jarred loose”—and their delving below the cardboard divider.

Not as accessible as at the threshold of the Café de Flore, “where in a blink my index was in and out,” here a thrust was required before it touched the metal. While stroking it, he reflected: “That humanity’s corded bond is not frayed, my life’s the proof.”

His second catalogue began with HIV and Saul, both hazarding their lives—and losing—rather than acquiesce to long-nosed French injustice. The two elders: the *aagooz* who wept because he could not better host him and the stately matron who caressed his father’s unfeeling leg, pining to comfort.

Three formerly slighted: Commander Azzedine, to whom he was a conscientious protégé (“in my fashion”); Khaleel, “a good-enough best friend, but I was not!”; and the young French *soldat*, “my first kill.” Next the boy Mohisen, who flung evil, “incarnated in a five-dinar note,” into the wind, conceiving “it could be blown away.”

Then Foucin—but mentally he denominated him, “*Sayyid* Matoub Lakhtour, alias *Commissaire Divisionnaire* Tawfek Foucin”—who, undaunted by what will erupt, “won’t renege” on his promise “to bury my father.”

The sister Houda who had sought to save her brother, and Mohammed the brother who had saved him.

As had Leila, who “has never deserted her will to love,” tirelessly “spinning filaments of silk” in defiance of the spite and apathy which would disconnect “beauty” from “faith.”

His father, “who at this moment glides his fingertips across a Braille Holy Qur’an and prays for his son.

My mother and sister, who, pray God, watch over me now and forever.” His daughters and granddaughters, “henceforth never to be seen.”

And Marie, “who will elude a universe of commissioners to reconnect with me. Her love is as smothering as God’s—and I hope He’s as plumply ripe as she!” These “‘realit[ies] I cannot doubt.’”

For, bearing a second box of Turkish Delight as the coming-home gift (*wherever home may be*) and attired in a gray pinstriped Armani suit, he had “come again . . . / Tho’ it were ten thousand mile [*sic*]!” The torturous odyssey had been substantially hers.

Setting out on the night of the “wrong number” call from Famagusta, Turkish Cyprus, she detoured only to drop off—“abandon/*brader*”—the four-month-old Remy *films* at Claudia’s. Quickly she had grown quite adept at improvising diversions “to sidetrack Foucin and his agents.”

After he had narrated the exploits of the original box of jellies, on her insistence, the substitute would be preserved, “it being for now her only family heirloom.”

“My ‘nature abhors a vacuum,’” in the shop last night Remy had blithely mused, gaping at the empty corner of the bottom tier, since he had eaten three of the bite-size jellied cubes.

And there was at hand a neatly fitting backup *à un plan de secours*: “HIV’s microrecorder, its cassette ‘no larger than a limp [uncircumcised] penis,’” intuitively “ditched,” or so he had told Devereaux, to keep it from being confiscated.

“Not merely a cautious man, I would be precautious one,” he had decreed, remembering Noura and the time the French had plumbed his depth better than he theirs.

His compendium tolled, a shivering idea induced him to withdraw his embedded finger from the metal: This one, like Devereaux’s, was *de fabrication française*.

“I must be certain.” And Remy embarked upon a second travail, slithering the tape-recorder from the box, out of his pocket, over his hip, and along his ribs. Positive that all were watching for their president, he drooped his shoulders and, by tautening the right strap, maneuvered it under his armpit.

He waited. The blare of patriotic music from lamppost loudspeakers prompted Mousa’s order, “Up with the traitor!” his teenage vocal cords cracking on the final syllable.

Aloft, with his ear scooped downward, he rolled the lighter’s Rewind flint wheel and tapped the *Marche-Arrêt* refill screw till he located the passage sought, barely discernible above the roar: “Paris has . . . opted . . . to look forward . . . not to the past . . . Toward American potentiality, not Le Puy’s dormant volca—” Remy rehit the screw.

Preceding the litter’s plummet, he successfully restowed “HIV’s lighter” into the box, conscious that “I’m aptly wired with something more explosive than a bomb.”

Brought down, he discovered himself in the shadow of Bendjedid, who was curiously bent over him, as if examining some rare species tossed up by the sea. After the president’s circulation round the stretcher, involving some rather stilted hugs and back claps of the seven, he sniffed at Remy, “And what is this that’s only for my ears?”

The gross figure in Remy’s murmur, “Evidence of French intrigue, worth ten billion francs,” staggered the questioner. Another, eclipsed by his right shoulder, on tiptoes must have been monitoring since he whispered into the snapped-back ear.

The message conveyed, Algeria’s phlegmatic leader, in an uncharacteristic bellow, proclaimed: “First of all, our *Lailatul Qadr* prayers anon beckon us. Succeeding those—God willing!—we’ll reconvene at El Mouradia. There to each of these valiant striplings I will dole out a check of, uh, 72,000 dinars.

“As for this traitor, General Khaled Nezzar”—Chadli glanced over his shoulder at his Defense Minister, who propped up his government—“have him fettered in steel and lobbed into our Mercedes. In due course, I’ll impatiently hear him out, my breath bated till I can surrender him to our nation’s beacon, Commissioner Foucin.”

He waved vaguely toward the crowd on the right, not at all ruffled by the fervent outburst the name provoked.

Into the executive office at the Moresque presidential palace, flanked by six soldiers in camouflaged uniforms, Remy hobbled, his wrists cuffed behind his back, his ankles shackled, and completing the ensemble, a third gaggle of fetters interconnecting the two.

He searched for Foucin, not anticipating a prominent descrial of him among the status quo, but “his eyes, I suspect, have never left me.” Remy’s lit on the adolescents, all beaming, three of whom with both hands tremblingly clutched a 10 x 24 cm. piece of paper, “unquestionably a check, afraid to stuff it into a pocket, as their four confederates have.”

He was halted five paces from Bendjedid, who rose from his desk and nonchalantly purred, “For a ceremonial second, please excuse us.”

An adjacent military aide “on cue” chuckled, ““To the president only!”” this envoi ushering everyone out, each save one with a fleer on his countenance.

The moment they were alone, Chadli marshaled him through a door, concealed by green velvet drapes, and into a sanctum sanctorum, dark except for a low-hanging lamp over a Louis XV burlled-walnut coffee table.

On it were two knobby ball-shaped ashtrays, the left one with a lit cigarette, confirmation for Remy that a third person lurked outside the domain of the incandescent.

During their advance, Bendjedid fumbled with a key to unchain the captive’s right hand. Seated in a bronze-finished Acropolis chair, with permission Remy situated the microrecorder between the two *cendriers*.

In the next ten minutes, by fast-forwarding he located focal points on the cassette. “We’re nearing the spot where Ambassador Leroy confesses to the murder.” “Here M. Devereaux implicates Paris.” “Phonological experts can authenticate their voices.” A wheeze skirled, compelling Chadli to turn and probe for its signification.

Remy glossed, “If I were Mitterrand, I’d pay a pretty garden full of francs for this guile not to be publicized.” He was recollecting, however, “*The General wags his finger.*”

“Just so,” Bendjedid concurred, the conversation zeroing in on his favorite subject.

They dispatched me so that a French president would evade any possible embarrassment—and behold! I yet connive to fulfill my mission was Remy’s introspective, cock-a-hoop addendum, prior to vocally switching circa a third of “16,093 kilometer [*sic*]!”: “And would an American president, a Republican at that—”

“M. George Bush,” Chadli interposed percipiently.

“. . . desire the world to be privy to the ‘closeted skeleton’: An ambassador, a prospective Under Secretary of State, a rising star—*une étoile filante*—of his party, had convivially killed a ‘traitor,’ not of his country, but to himself?”

Khaled let out a guttural snort, which, before it died, Chadli mimicked in a twitter.

“*Le monde doit ne savoir rien,*” Remy proceeded, “notwithstanding Paris and Washington should let it—the world—know of Algeria’s unfortunate \$26 billion

international debt. Prod some stalled loans from the stingy World Bank, and they—capital’s capitals—will, most definitely, not be centime/penny pinchers themselves.

“*Quel est argent, comparé à l’honneur de votre patrie?* ‘Villain[s],’ they must ‘be condemned into everlasting redemption.’ Their pawns, M. Leroy and M. le Directeur, can announce their retirements and be decorated. ‘Take the [Credit] and let the [Cash] go.’”

Remy leaned across the table toward Bendjedid, though his surveillance was striving to penetrate the blackness beyond his corporeal form. “Still and all, would not it be prudent to retain, as an in-vault reserve, the third pertinent voice on the tape, locked away in some maximum security cell?”

(He would escape and “somehow make it ‘home’ to her. But hush! Dare not let your eyes betray that design. Minister Khaled’s nobody’s fool!”)

Seamlessly, he continued, “The people of Algeria would be satisfied with a report of how the Crowning Traitor was executed, his corpse burned, and his ashes rained down on the Southern Sahara.

“With debts written off, schools and hospitals sprouting (well-nigh as fast as the population), manna-dropping military hardware, and always some *pourboire* leftovers for those who garnished such a *cadeau* for their native land”—he would extend an open palm to Chadli and, after a modest lingering, drift it, needlelike, toward the veiled pole—“who would care that what was reputed to have happened to *la troisième voix* didn’t?”

The scene which Remy had scripted and enacted in his mind was curtained with a non-nonplussed Nezzar tilting in his head—“halo-imprisoned, it ‘miraculously’ seemed to float in midair”—and spitting out: “Foucin would!”

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The litter shook as it was lowered; the “insubstantial pageant” dissolved. Through half-closed lids, Remy bleared at the rigid shoulders and puffed-out chests of his bearers, soaking up the melodramatic strains of the national anthem, “*Kassaman*” (“We Pledge”).

“*[Flourish.]* And a tittle tardy, the president, I do believe, is prepped to invade the stage, *deus ex machina*, to receive his devil,” Remy clucked.

He would embrace Marie again—“*Inshallah!*”—and there would be yet another child. “It doesn’t matter whether a girl or a boy!” (Verily, the voice of his father, not apprised of Remy *filis*-to-be, intruded, “God grace you with a male-child this time!”) And he imagined that furrowed visage laughing as it had forty years ago when with Remy in his strong arms they had strolled toward the cool waters of the sea, in lagged pursuit of Noura.

“You, boy, ‘*Sayyid*’ Edress,” Remy jauntily hailed the contumelious *porteur de la civière*, “dream not I won’t squeal to President Bendjedid how saucily you have misconducted me, the four-times-wounded!” The taunt failed to break the “princox’s” attention pose. *In the making there a patriotic fanatic*, Remy’s epanodos, *a fanatical patriot*.

Then, “for the simple reason that my brain giddily reels,” he harrumphed, “I’ve proved Dr. Samuel Johnson wrong.” The forward-thinking Remy dawdled to reminisce: Himself yapping from beneath the tables and racks of “weary, stale, flat, and [. . .]profitable” clothes, “I’m the seventh traitor!” “Five hundred thousand for the Great Traitor!”

His throat cleared, he was leaping to his feet, a glass of anything save *champagne pétillant* in his right hand: “Nay, Dr. Johnson, sirrah, you’re mistaken. Not ‘patriotism,’ ‘the last refuge of a scoundrel is . . . [treason].’”

No sooner had Remy mouthed that word than the cannon sounded: Immediately from every minaret in Algiers the city was steeped in the power of *Lailatul Qadr* and awash in the joyously uplifting azan, “*Allahu Akbar! Allahu Akbar!*”—albeit given the country’s state of affairs, he was sure more than a few heard, “*Al-shrh Akbar!*”

THE END

Notes and Commentary: Chapter 21: “Everything Connects”

May 2, 1989 (Tuesday) and 26-27 Ramadan 1409

p. 352: SIGNIFICANCE OF THE TITLE OF CHAPTER 21: “Everything Connects” is the final of the four chapters incorporating the opposing pairings, “everything and nothing” and “connects and disconnects.”

See the essay “Philosophy, Religion and the Murder Mystery Genre” at the end of the notes of chapter 3, N3:41-44, where the philosophical connections between the four chapters are discussed.

As with the other three chapters, here it is left open as to whether the title is ironic, that is, whether everything does connect.

The word “connect” by itself is never used, but three times it occurs with prefixes: Leila is described as one who scorned those who sought to “disconnect ‘beauty’ from ‘faith’” (364); Marie, Remy was confident, would devote her life in order “to reconnect with me” (364), just as this reunion with her is his primary goal; and Remy is triply bound in chains, one about his “cuffed” hands, a second around his “a shackled” ankles, and a third which was “interconnecting the two” (366).

These three forms of “connect” resonate with symbolism: the earthly and the supernatural; his first family in Algiers, his second family in Le Puy, and the bond of love which joins the two; the present as interconnected with the past and the future; and so forth. Yet against the symbolism of these three variants (disconnect, reconnect, and interconnect) the reality stands out that the base form (connect) is never used by itself.

As for the second word of the title, “everything” likewise never occurs in the chapter. This absence is emphasized by the three times its antonym “nothing” occurs: Remy uses the English “nothing” twice as well as its French (“*rien*”) and Arabic (*mafeesh haga*) translations, in each instance followed by an exclamation point (355).

His seven captors use it once. When asked if they need any assurance in writing that they are due the reward, they shout, “Nothing!” (357).

pp. 352-68: CHRONOLOGY OF CHAPTER 21: The chapter is basically told in chronological order and covers the span from 6 p.m., when the Coke bottle struck Roland’s head and the males of the Casbah moved in to claim Remy and thus the reward, to 7:36, when the cannon blasted and the call to prayers indicated that the fast was over and the Night of Greatness had begun. As would be expected in a final chapter, the fates of the major characters are detailed.

Note: During Ramadan, a new day begins at sunset. Thus technically the last

paragraph of the novel occurs on 27 Ramadan with the action preceding it happening of the twenty-sixth. In the Gregorian calendar, the entire chapter is set on May 2, which will not become the third until midnight, outside the span of the novel.

pp. 352-55: SECTION 1

p. 352: “Remy knew they had quit the Casbah”: Section 1 opens at 6:18, eighteen minutes after the end of chap. 20.

p. 352: “seven youths”: This is the final heptad of the novel, an obvious parallel to the seven women who transferred Remy’s paralyzed father on a litter to the attic (10.156).

Heptads have occurred throughout the novel as the notes to 2.23, N2:33, and to 10.156, N10:11, reveal. That seven is a symbolic number in Islam is discussed in the 11.178 note, “a 1213,” N11:23-24.

The following is a summary of the important uses of this numerical symbol:

The Seven Great Traitors (2.17 and thirty-eight other times).

The Algerian War lasted seven years (Nov. 1954 to July 1962); by 1989 the French had been out of Algeria for almost twenty-seven years (17.283). Ballard is murdered on Feb. 27 (9.149, although the date is implied earlier in the text).

The two heptads of dancers at Trimalchio (2.17 and 23).

Dante’s Seventh Circle, where homosexuals reside (2.19).

Omar is seven when he makes his vow to God to always take care of Noura (3.36).

The seven teenage girls, one of which is Noura, are kidnapped (3.38).

The seven French paratroopers who torture “Noura” (3.43).

The seven prostitutes near the Al-Nigma (5.76).

The seven cats of Remy’s made-up aunt (6.99).

The number of children in Foucin’s birth family, the Lakhtours (7:115-16)

The seven torturing cycles envisioned by the women of Tizi Aimoula (9.137).

The seventh aisle in the garment warehouse down which the opening to the tunnel was (10.159 and 20.349).

“‘17-7,’ the seventeenth of Rajab, the seventh Muslim month” (10.160), the day that Ballard made the telephone call to set up the meeting at Zaracova.

Remy pacing his hotel room in strides of seven (13.215).

The seven boys who deliver the flowers to Mme. Belmazoir (14.228).

The Monument of Martyrs Square, Remy says, was opened seven years ago, 1982 (14.233). Actually, nearly seven since its opening occurred on July 5, 1982.

The seven penises on which Morcel’s sister was forced to perform fellatio (14.234).

The seven-year difference in Houda's and Mohammed's ages (15.241).
The 7,000 dinars which Tinfingers would receive for obtaining Remy's fingerprints (16.271).

Seven is also a symbolic number in Islam as was discussed in the 11.178 note, "a 1213," N11:23-24, where the following points were made:

The most sacred night in Islam, most consider, is the twenty-seventh of Ramadan when the first part of the Holy Qur'an was delivered to the Prophet Mohammed by the angel Jibril or Gabriel.

The number seven delineates the following: the number of the layers of the earth, the number of skies, the number of the levels of heaven and of hell, the number of circumambulations that a pilgrim must make around the Kaaba during Haj, and the number of the major sins (polytheism, witchcraft, suicide, usury, stealing from an orphan, desertion in battle, and slandering a chaste woman).

In addition, there are certain structural patterns which are repeated seven times, such as the exclamation "*awgh*": It is used in seven chapters: 3.43 and 50; 11.176; 14.236; 15.253, 254, and 256; 17.282, 287, and 291; and 18.311 and 314.

Additionally on 3.50 and 15.254, *awgh* is cried out seven times.

Such stylistic occurrences of seven are pointed out in the notes as they occur in the text.

p. 352: litter: Remy's being carried on a litter parallels the transfer of his father, described On 10.155-59 and the stretcher to which Mohammed's and Houda's father was strapped (15.242).

p. 352: "'Traitor!' one had snapped": The action flashes back to 6:06, the immediate aftermath of the five-minute scuffle among the two chaperoning groups, the teenagers and the grandfathers.

One of the seven victorious teenagers calls Remy a traitor when he speaks of the two remaining French agents.

p. 352: *shai*: Arabic for "tea."

p. 352: *djellabaat*: The plural of *djellaba*, the native robe worn by some Algerian males.

p. 352: tenebrous: dark; gloomy.

p. 352: fleering: Derisive laughter (at the cowardice of the two French agents).

p. 352: "his situation was not irredeemable": This is the only negative use of "redeem" in the novel and thus is a foreshadowing of its end.

An overview of the theme of redemption in the sin/repentance/redemption pattern of the novel is given at the end of the notes of chap. 18, N18:72-74.

p. 352: "Alive, I'm worth more than twice as much as dead!": Alive, 500,000 dinars;

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dead, 200,000 dinars (19.322 and 20.335 and their notes, N19:33 and N20:15).

p. 352: beetle over: jut; overhang.

p. 352: “déclassé throne of clothes”: The word “déclassé” was used by Remy to describe the clothes he was dressed in (20.351), but now he switches to a majestic metaphor to describe these plebeian garments.

p. 352: taupe: dark, brownish gray color.

p. 352: “five-minute melee”: 6:00 – 6:05. A flashback to the “battle royal” ensues.

p. 352: “the Coke’s jagged, ‘neckless base’”: Remy conjures up the wording used to describe the broken wine bottle drawn from “Noura’s” vagina: Marc “exhibited a serrated, neckless base” (3.48).

p. 352: neckless: “having no neck” (*Webster’s Third*).

p. 352: scuttle in: An intransitive verb meaning “scurry,” as in “a tiny man came scuttling in” (*Webster’s Third*).

p. 352: “What now?”: The same question which Remy had put to himself on 20.350: “*What now, M. Pauvre Diable?*”

p. 352: windfall: Any unexpected acquisition, gain, or stroke of good luck.

p. 352: Ketchaoua: Ketchaoua is the major mosque of the Casbah. It is partially described On 19.315 and more fully in its note, N19:10, which also lists other places in the novel where this mosque is mentioned.

p. 352: imam: Leader of a mosque, the one who conducts the prayer service and delivers the Friday sermon. He differs from an *alim*, who is an Islamic scholar and sometimes a teacher.

- p. 353: “Islamists’ office:” An Islamist element was prominent in the Oct. 1988 demonstrations in Algiers against the FLN government. Islamists basically hold that Islam is as much a political ideology as a religion. They support a strict interpretation of the Qur’an. Thus they typically call for a restriction on a public role for women in society, support a theocratic, not a democratic, form of government, and vehemently advocate the elimination of non-Islamic influences, particularly from the West, in Muslim society. When Algerian President Chadli Bendjedid implemented steps for a multiparty state, the Islamists grouped into a new party, the Islamic Salvation Front (FIS), on Feb. 18, 1989. It is to this party the youth with “amber eyes” is referring. To go into historical events beyond the time span of this novel, the FIS decisively won the first parliamentary elections in Dec. 1991. On Jan. 3, 1992, the army cancelled the second round of elections and forced Bendjedid to resign. He was replaced by a military-backed High Council of State, which was led by his Minister of Defense Khaled Nezzar (another instance of “Brother Enemy?”). The FIS was dissolved on Mar. 4, 1992, an action which forced its supporters to go underground. What resulted was a brutal guerrilla war which lasted for the next twelve years. By 2004, the government largely defeated the Islamist rebels through brutal repression and religious and social concessions.
- p. 353: “rabid cabals”: Intrigues and plots by zealous Islamists.
- p. 353: nevus: A birthmark, mole, or other colored spot on the skin.
- p. 353: “The Great One himself!”: Foucin.
The exclamation startles Remy who at first believes that Foucin has arrived on the scene.
- p. 353: hyenalike: The spelling in the online *Wiktionary*, the only dictionary in which I found the adjective listed.
A Google search revealed that most articles spell it with a hyphen: “hyena-like.”
- p. 353: Gallic: French.
- p. 353: five dinars: About fifty US cents.
- p. 353: “up the hill to his Gendarmerie”: The Gendarmerie Nationale where Foucin has his office.
The building is located on Blvd. Hadad Abderazak, the northern boundary of the Casbah, about 625 m. (684 yd.) north of the clothing warehouse.
- p. 353: hexad: group of six.

- p. 353: Bab Azoun: Rue Bab Azoun, the eastern border of the Casbah, runs north to south (its vehicular traffic is one-way).
It is one-eighth of a mile east of the garment warehouse. A left turn onto it leads directly to Martyrs Square, about a fourth of a mile (400 m.) due north.
The “three-lane” Bab Azoun is lined with shops which have “arcaded” storefronts (354-55).
The major artery which parallels it on the east is the coastal Blvd. Ernesto “Che” Guevara and on its west is Rue Ahmed Bouzrina. All three lead to Martyrs.
- p. 353: Place des Martyrs: The square which houses the monument to the martyrs of the War of Independence.
Thematically it is significant that Remy, the last traitor, should be brought there.
The monument was described on 14.233 as Foucin and Remy drove by it.
For some additional details about the monument and its history, see that page’s seven notes, N14:41-42.
Remy will provide further information on the square and the monument on p. 356.
- p. 353: M. Le Grand: Foucin’s sobriquet.
- p. 353: *en brosse*: The complete French term is *cheveux en brosse*, literally “hair in the style of a brush.” In it, the hair is cut very short so that it stands up stiffly.
It is sometimes translated as “crew cut” or “burr cut.”
The crew-cut style is frowned upon in Islam because it is considered to be a Western style haircut, although while performing haj, a Muslim shaves off all of his hair.
The Prophet wore his hair so that it fell between his earlobes and his shoulders, according to the Hadiths (Muslim 30.5773 and Al-Bukhari 72.788).
Hair that falls below the shoulders is viewed as feminine and in North Africa as a sign of homosexuality.
- p. 353: “two-tiered”: As described on the previous page, one tier of four youths are resting on their haunches while a second tier of three is standing.
- p. 353: “ragged circle”: This is the last of the four uses of the “ragged circle” image: 2.33, 3.48, and 17.282.
See the 2.33 note for the situational and symbolic comparisons and contrasts of the image.
- p. 353: truss: bind; tie.
- p. 353: “four times wounded”: The significance of the four wounds inflicted on Remy during this day is examined in a brief essay at the end of the notes on Chap. 20, N20:80-82.
- p. 353: “‘gangly’ and ‘*en brosse*’”: Knowing the names of only one of the seven youths,

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Remy denominates them with sobriquets from their descriptions on pp. 352-53.

p. 353: *l'arrière-garde*: The rear guard.

p. 353: “battle royal”: A free-for-all.

p. 353: “Outside on the downward slope”: The procession leaves the garment store at 6:15.

This paragraph was based on a passage from bk. 10, chap. 24, of *War and Peace*: “The boys, adjusting the litter to their shoulders, started hurriedly. They walked unevenly, jolting the litter. ‘Get in step,’ said one of the foremost boys.”

Since Remy is six feet tall, the litter is about seven feet long (never mentioned in the text).

p. 353: *brancardiers*: As translated in the text, in French, “stretcher-bearers.”

pp. 353-54: de la Lyre Square: Place de la Lyre has a covered market called Marché de la Lyre, filled with stalls vending fresh fruit, vegetables, meats, fish, and dairy products.

- p. 354: “they were soon traversing the sidewalk of the ornate Théâtre National”: The building is described in the second paragraph down as a “nineteenth-century Italianate” structure.
The time is 6:19.
- p. 354: “shackled Satan”: See the 20.350 note, N20:77, for a discussion of the shackling of Satan during Ramadan and the peace which Muslims feel on *Lailatul Qadr*, knowing that they are protected from the temptations of him and his devils. To summarize, the Hadiths of Al-Bukhari 1077 and of Al-Tirmidhi 1961 narrate that the Prophet Mohammed said during Ramadan, “The rebellious devils are shackled” and “the gates of Hell are closed.” Concerning *Lailatul Qadr*, the Qur’an 97:5 states that on that Night of Greatness there will be “peace until the rise of the morn.” To ensure this serenity, the angel Jibril (Gabriel) will lead the largest army of angels ever assembled to the earth to form a holy barrier to keep Satan and his devils in Hell. This metaphorical “shackling” of Satan by Gabriel, the Casbahians contend, is paralleled by the capture and tying down of the last of Algeria’s great traitors, a “human devil,” by the seven youths.
- p. 354: “Place des Martyrs . . . half a kilometer away”: One-third of a mile. This distance is from the National Theater, so there is no conflict with the figure given in the p. 353 note, “Bab Azoun,” above, N21:6.
- p. 354: “at unawares”: An archaic adverb (hence the quotation marks) meaning “unawares; suddenly; unexpectedly” (*Webster’s Third*).
- p. 354: “though heard before he was unable to pinpoint”: This parallels the situation on 8.118: Remy knows “the ‘arras’ phrase—yet not from where.”
- p. 354: chit: “a small slip of paper with writing on it” (*Webster’s Third*).
- p. 354: “April seventeenth’s robin’s-egg silk pajamas and robe: ‘Karami’”: See 13.210: “Karami was . . . clad in matching robin’s-egg pajamas and robe, ‘both silk.’”
- p. 354: “*un plan de secours* to a backup”: “‘A backup plan’ [in French] to a backup.” Remy first used the French phrase on 20.346 and will again employ it on p. 365.
- p. 354: “his view of them from the bottom of the Café de Flore stairwell”: See 20.342: “Attracted by a rumbling cachinnation from above, Remy distinguished the shaded contours of Devereaux and Leroy.”
- p. 354: “‘aerie-dwelling agent’ in Sûreté Nationale”: On 19.327, Devereaux spoke of France’s “expensive aerie-dwelling agent” in Algeria’s Sûreté Nationale (Algiers’ police force).
- p. 354: concourse: Crowd or gathering.

- p. 354: *djellaba*: A robe, the traditional outer garment of Algerian men. Mousa's pullover is described on p. 352.
- p. 354: *coign of vantage*: An advantageous position for observing an action.
- p. 354: *Sayyid*: A title given to an Arab male, such as "Mister" in English or "Monsieur" in French. The word will be used frequently in addressing men or young men in this chapter, sometimes facetiously.
- p. 354: *perron*: An external flight of steps, especially one at the front of a building.
- p. 354: "kiss three hundred thousand goodbye": See the p. 352 note, N21:3-4. If Remy is turned in alive, he is worth 500,000 dinars; dead, 200,000.
- p. 354: "shape and size and substance": The "shape, size, substance" polysyndeton was used by Remy two times earlier in the novel: 3.50 and 17.279. As mentioned in the notes to these pages, N3:38 and N17:17-18, Houda employs a similar expression on 15.253, but the order is different ("size, shape, substance"). Remy hears this passage when he listens to her voice on the tape recorder (19.317).

- p. 355: bulwark: to support, secure, or man.
- p. 355: “*merci beaucoup!*”: “Thank you very much!” in French.
- p. 355: “*Mafeesh haga!*”: In Arabic, “Nothing!” as Remy translates in the next paragraph.
- p. 355: *le rire risqué*: Daring or risky laughter, especially given Karami’s importance.
- p. 355: hobbledehoy: An awkward and gawky adolescent male.
Here it refers to “chin mole.”
- p. 355: mauley: Hand.
- p. 355: “*Rien!*”: “Nothing!” in French, as the text translates.
- p. 355: hare: As an intransitive verb, “to run fast or move hurriedly.”
- p. 355: jettison: “to discard something as useless or burdensome.”
- p. 355: “*Les genda— Les gardiens de la . . . Vos matraques!*”: Karami intends to say, “Policemen, raise your truncheons (or nightsticks or billy clubs)!”
However, flustered, he breaks off his command to them, “Pol[icemen],” and calls them “Guardians of the [Peace],” but discontinues that term by ordering them to use “Your truncheons!”
- p. 355: *brancard*: One of the French terms for “stretcher.”
- p. 355: physiognomic: Of or relating to “the facial features that show the qualities of mind or character by peculiarities . . . of characteristic expression” (*Webster’s Third*).
- p. 355: *sang-froid*: In French literally “cold blood,” in English it means “cool self-possession or composure.”
- p. 355: “twice beheld”: Leroy and Devereaux had displayed aplomb as Remy left the Café de Flore (20:341) and after he had escaped from Tinfingers, at the landing just below the café (20:342).
- p. 355: “fast withering too”: The wording is based on Keats’s “*La Belle Dame*”: “And on thy cheeks a fading rose / Fast withereth too” (12).
- p. 355: “too”: In the same way that Karami’s control disappeared as manifested by his flustering command.
Section 1 ends at 6:29.

pp. 355-60: SECTION 2

p. 355: “Past the National Theater the cavalcade turned north”: The action continues from the previous section. The procession turns onto Rue Bab Azoun at 6:30.

p. 355: sheer: “to cause [someone or something] to deviate from a course; swerve” (*Webster’s Third*).

- p. 356: “the swelling scene”: From *Henry V*, Prologue, l. 4: “And monarchs to behold the swelling scene.”
In Shakespeare’s play “swelling” means “splendid, magnificent,” as it does in my novel, the growing size of the assembly already indicated by the words “aggrandizing” and “augment.”
- p. 356: salvos: A burst of cheers or applause
- p. 356: “Satan is tethered!”: See the p. 354 note above, N21:8.
- p. 356: *jeunes hommes*: In French, “young men.”
- p. 356: “At the midway point to Martyrs”: The time is 6:34.
- p. 356: double time: A marching cadence of 180 three-foot steps a minute; normal cadence is 120 steps a minute.
- p. 356: palisade: A transitive verb meaning “to surround, furnish, enclose, or fortify with palisades” or long strong stakes set in the ground in a close row as a means of defense.
Here, metaphorically the legs of the soldiers are compared to these stakes.
- p. 356: ““So Foucin’s involved!””: Remy suspects that Foucin has sent the soldiers as an extra precaution to ensure that he will not escape.
This surmise infuses his facetious comment to himself in the next sentence.
- p. 356: “the multitudinous tongue”: From *Coriolanus* 3.1.158-59: “—at once pluck out / The multitudinous tongue,” that is, the voice of the multitude.
- p. 356: “Only our Seven!”: A variation of the earlier “Only M. Le Grand” and “To the Great One only” (355).
- p. 356: “the honor guard of my cortège”: A cortège, “a ceremonial guard assigned to escort a distinguished person or to accompany a casket at a funeral,” is most frequently associated with a funeral, but just like “honor guard” it has a more general meaning, “a ceremonial procession.”
Remy’s light tone suggests that he has come up with another backup plan that will allow him to escape from becoming Foucin’s corpse-to-be.
- p. 356: “The message ringed the litter”: At 6:37 the procession comes to the end of Rue Bab Azoun.
The young bearers are able to discern Foucin who is positioned on the third tier of the Monument of the Martyrs.
- p. 356: “three ninety-meter concrete fronds intersect”: As indicated in the p. 353 note above, N21:6, Martyrs Square and its Monument were partially described on

14.233. See its eight notes, N14:47, for more details about the cenotaph.

p. 356: “three massive statues of generic Revolutionary fighters”: Through their weapons and their attire, the three statues represent the three stages of the revolution.

The earliest stage (1954 – 1956), when the insurrection was largely confined to the countryside, is symbolized by a soldier in a *burnoose* (open-front robe with a hood), a *chèche* (turban), and civilian shoes, carrying a breach-action rifle.

The second stage (1957 – 1959) is represented by a soldier in a half-sleeved *gandoura* (robe without a hood), a military cap, and crude army boots. He is carrying a semi-automatic rifle with a cartridge belt slung over his shoulder.

The last stage (1960 – 1962) is emblemized by a soldier in a modern military uniform of shirt, pants, a pith helmet, and regulation boots. In his right hand he carries a bayoneted AK-47 assault rifle and in his left a raised torch, representing freedom.

p. 356: *les neuf historiques*: In French “the historic nine.” The term refers to Algeria’s “founding fathers.”

See the 6.88 note, N6:17-18, which lists them, their role in the revolution, and their fate.

p. 356: “With Mousa’s first step”: At 6:38.

p. 356: “Foucin’s and my drive-by fifteen days ago”: On the afternoon of Apr. 18 (14.233-34).

p. 356: “the dingy shops and apartment buildings opposite it”: At the time of the novel (1989), as many tourists have noted with disgust, fronting Martyrs Square was a line of rundown shops and apartment buildings.

The area has since been renovated, resulting in a more suitable environs for this monument to Algeria’s freedom fighters.

p. 356: trisect: divide into three equal parts or, here, tiers.

p. 356: interstice: “a space that intervenes between one thing and another” (*Webster’s Third*).

p. 356: *civière*: A synonym for *brancard*, French for “stretcher.”

p. 356: ken: “range of vision; the sight or view, especially of a place or person” (*Webster’s Third*).

p. 356: “experiential severity”: Gravity based upon experience and manifested in a person’s expression.

p. 356: anneal: strengthen; toughen.

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- p. 356: figurine: A small sculpted or molded figure; statuette.
- p. 356: “*should I succeed*”: An indication that Remy has developed a new plan.
- p. 356: esplanade: A public walk; “a level open space of paved or grassy ground, especially one designated for walking” (*Webster’s Third*).
- p. 356: trespass: As an intransitive verb, it means to “violate” (*Webster’s Third*).
- p. 356: *djellaba*: A robe worn by some Algerian men.
Here, “amber eyes” is wearing a navy-blue one.
- p. 356: retrad: an adverb meaning “backward” (*Webster’s Third*).
- p. 356: *gradin*: In French, “tier.”
- p. 356: “adangle over the top step, my head as pendulous as the unfortunate M. Ballard’s”: Just as at the end of the first chapter Ballard’s head was “dangling over the top step” (14), so Remy’s is in this last chapter.
Later Remy will again be described as “adangle at the top” (363).
For other instances of the dangling image, see the 5.79 note, N5:34.

- p. 357: “Display!”: Mousa’s order is given at 6:41.
This order to raise the litter and thus display their captive Remy parallels the “Expose!” order given by the French lieutenant, revealing Noura, on 3.42.
- p. 357: “Algeria salutes you!”: Remy used an ironic version of this greeting, “France salutes me!” on 20.334.
See its note, N20:11, for the history of the salutation.
- p. 357: *brancardiers*: stretcher-bearers.
- p. 357: decline: As a transitive verb, “to bring or move down” (*Webster’s Third*).
- p. 357: geysérine: “of or relating to a geyser” or “like a geyser” (*Webster’s Third*).
- p. 357: sacral: “holy; sacred” (*Webster’s Third*).
- p. 357: conclamant: An adjective meaning “crying out together” (*Webster’s Third*).
- p. 357: parole: One meaning of *parole* in French is “formal promise.”
A rarely used meaning of the word in English is “word of honor” or “promise.”
See its earlier use on 25.239.
- p. 357: charge: A person or thing entrusted to someone’s care.
- p. 357: “jingoistic juveniles”: A playful Remy so dubs these excessively patriotic teenagers.
- p. 357: affronting: A play upon three meanings of the word given in *Webster’s Third*:
Remy “appears directly before” something in a face-to-face “confrontation”;
Remy’s presence “insults or offends” someone or something.
- p. 357: “why Foucin had scripted that a third-level climbing not precede the ceremony”:
The traitor Remy must not despoil the monument by stepping onto the platform where the statues of the three martyrs stand.
- p. 357: *commissaire divisionnaire*: Foucin’s official title: “divisional commissioner.”
In full, *commissaire divisionnaire de police*. See the 4.55 note, N 4.12.
- p. 357: “Monsieur, I would address”: Remy’s speech begins at 6:47.
- p. 357: accolade: “a ceremony involving the recognition of special merit, distinction, or achievement,” often involving “a ceremonial embrace and kiss” (*Webster’s Third*).
- p. 357: “a desiccated soul”: “Desiccated” here means not just “dried up,” but “drained of vitality” and “divested of vigor, spirit, passion, and human sensitivity”

(*Webster's Third*).

This was the mental state which Foucin (Remy's real audience) was in after finding out that he had led to safety old Belmazoir.

It had caused him to retreat to the Sahara, outside "the human 'halo,'" where he sought "redemption in self-torture" (14.232).

p. 357: "*l'immonde!* . . . 'vile!': Remy uses the French word and then translates it into Arabic (rendered here in English as "vile").

The word was previously used by old Belmazoir: "'We're the despicable,' a nervous Belmazoir whined, employing the connotative synonym '*l'immonde*'" (2.33).

This speech is recalled by Remy on 4.61.

p. 357: espouse: It carries a double meaning, "marry" and "adopt usually as a matter of policy or practicality" (*Webster's Third*).

p. 357: "Grant me a last chance to redeem myself": Remy says that he wishes to redeem himself for his treason, a hypocritical exhortation.

The theme of redemption as it fits in the sin/repentance/redemption pattern of the novel is discussed in an essay at the end of the notes of chap. 18, N18:72-74.

p. 357: hustle out: As a transitive verb, "to convey forcibly and hurriedly" (*Webster's Third*).

- p. 358: *disembogue*: An effluence metaphor where Remy's sigh is compared to the "discharge" of "water through an outlet or mouth" (*Webster's Third*).
- p. 358: *peccavi*: A confession of sin or guilt.
- p. 358: *cynosure*: Any person or thing that is the center of attention or interest.
- p. 358: "Abdelhak ('gangly'), the last bearer": Although "gangly," being on the first row, is the third to call out his name (357), he is the last one to be embraced by Foucin since his circling of the litter began not with those on his right, but on the bearers' right: thus after Mousa (the central leader), he proceeded to Mohammed, Edress, and Mahmoud (descending the right side of litter), and Bachir, Sadek, and Abdelhak (ascending the left side).
On p. 355, Karami proceeded in a different way: First, Mousa, then the first row beginning on its right, Mohammed ("*en brosse*") and Abdelhak ("gangly"), and the middle row on the left, Sadek ("toothless"), at which point the deputy inspector is interrupted.
- p. 358: "the whole . . . universe, not excluding its suburbs": From Melville's *Moby Dick*, chap. 104, para. 3: In attempting to describe "this leviathan," the narrator Ishmael says he would have to include "the whole circle of the sciences, and all the generations of whales, and men, and mastodons, past, present, and to come, with all the revolving panoramas of empire on earth, and throughout the universe, not excluding its suburbs."
- p. 358: "Only to the president!": Remy is mimicking the earlier cry of the crowd, "To the Great One only!" (355).
- p. 358: *shoal*: Crowd; a great number of people thronged together.
Its nautical meaning of "a shallow place in a river or sea," however, influences the use of the maritime metaphor "rollers."
- p. 358: *roller*: A heavy, swelling wave that breaks on the shoreline.
- p. 358: *catchcry*: "a distinctive word or expression (as a catchword or slogan) serving to attract attention or rally support" (*Webster's Third*).
- p. 358: *omphalos*: The navel; a central point; a rounded stone in Apollo's temple at Delphi, regarded as the center of the world by the ancients.
- p. 358: *hue*: In some dialects an intransitive verb meaning "to make outcry; shout" (*Webster's Third*).
- p. 358: *embalm*: A less-used meaning, "to fix in a static condition; leave with no opportunity to grow or develop."
Remy asserts that the foreign schemes will prevent Algeria, a developing country,

from prospering, and that they even challenge its patrimony or existence as a free country.

- p. 358: antiphon: A responsive chant.
- p. 358: volley: to discharge in a burst of words suggestive of the firing of many guns or other weapons.
- p. 358: “that burden”: In taking up the onus of torturing in order to track down the Seven Great Traitors, Foucin hoped to relieve the majority of Algerians from that horrible responsibility.
See 16.248 which comically describes how inadequate most people are in the skill of torturing: “But we’re . . . ignorant of the racker’s soul-scorching art” and “God’s not blessed us with the pestle-and-mortar finesse of the torturer’s trade.”
- p. 358: arrogate: arrogantly appropriate something without right.
- p. 358: “a party to that which statutorily . . . concerns you not”: Foucin was appointed to bring to justice the seven, Remy reminds him, not to hear secrets affecting the welfare of the state.
- p. 358: “to the president—President Chadli Bendjedid”: Remy (and Foucin) are aware of his hypocrisy in invoking Bendjedid, who was a mere puppet of his Minister of Defense Khaled Nezzar, as will be discussed on p. 366.
- p. 358: “the nation’s legal scholar”: A subtle rhetorical strategy of Remy’s, to praise someone whom you are challenging as competent.
- p. 358: allocution: A formal address, especially one with warning or advising with authority.
- p. 358: “sacred mission”: See 14.222: “Foucin . . . just prior to embarking on his ‘sacred mission.’”
- p. 358: “Let it go!”: The personal vendetta, which arose from a private action of his, inadvertently helping old Belmazoir escape (6.99 and 7.116).
- p. 358: “All the power [a] government has . . . ought not to be arbitrary and at pleasure”: Remy is quoting from Locke’s *Second Treatise on Civil Government*, chap. 11, sec. 137: “All the power the government has, being only for the good of the society, as it ought not to be arbitrary and at pleasure, so it ought to be exercised by established and promulgated laws; that both the people may know their duty, and be safe and secure within the limits of the law; and their rulers too kept within their bounds, and not be tempted, by powers they have in their hands,” to overstep these bounds.

- p. 358: “Whither shall I flee from thy presence?”: From Psalms 139.7: “Whither shall I go from thy spirit? Whither shall I flee from thy presence?” (KJV)
- p. 358: “*le symbole délégué de la République*”: “the delegated symbol of the Republic.”
- p. 358: sophistic: Clever and plausible, but unsound and tending to mislead.
- p. 358: lemma: A proposition assumed to be true and used in proving a theorem.
The crowd believes that Remy has offered a subtle argument.
- p. 358: “as he always had”: However, its members are confident that Foucin will see through and publically rebut the notion in words which they would understand. Although Foucin avoided all publicity (7.113), his sacrifice, his common apartment, his old automobile, his charity, and even such incidents as his treatment of the four teenagers near Martyrs Square (14.234) had offered a standard of human conduct which inspired the Algerian masses.

p. 359: “dead air”: “silence occurring during a radio or television broadcast” (*Webster’s Third*).

The jargon, broadened to mean any silence, but with an implication of “death,” was previously used on 4.87 and 15.242.

Here the anticipated execution of Remy, the last traitor, suffuses the atmosphere of Martyrs Square.

p. 359: muster: As a noun, “assemblage.”

p. 359: caitiff: “a base, despicable person,” but with an insinuation of its “obsolete” meaning, “captive; prisoner” (*Webster’s Third*).

p. 359: “pandemonium of whispers”: From bk. 11 of the *Odyssey* where the shades in Hades surround Odysseus, “rustling in a pandemonium of whispers,” according to the translation (not named in my notes) which I used.

The translation is anachronistic since the term “Pandemonium” is a Miltonic coinage (*PL* 1.756), so it would not have existed in Homer’s Greek.

p. 359: “with four steps . . . just short of the lateral Mahmoud”: The litter, as mentioned in the p. 353 note, “Outside,” N21:6, is seven feet long.

Foucine’s four steps would bring him almost to the end of the right side of the litter, a half-stride from Remy’s face.

Mahmoud (“amber eyes”) who had manned this point had previously stepped to a further right position, although his body was somewhat lateral with Foucine’s.

p. 359: “Why M. Naa— M. Lazar”: This is the last use of Foucine’s “Why M. Lazar” expression. It was previously used as a greeting to Remy on 7.108; 12.194; 13.203; and 16.264.

On 20.351, Remy imagined Foucine saying it.

Here the commissioner varies the exclamation by beginning with the first syllable of Remy’s Algerian name before saying “M. Lazar.”

While Leroy had greeted Remy by using parts of two of his aliases before using his true name “Naaman” (20.335), Foucine begins by using part of this name prior to shifting to the one which he had always used as a greeting at supposedly unexpected meetings.

That he does not use Remy’s Le Puy name (Montpellier) is no indication that he does not know it since both Leroy and the DGSE would have seen that he received it.

Foucine’s omission is palliative: to assure Remy that he has had no design to involve Remy’s French family.

p. 359: “our rendezvous at the Al-Nigma”: See the note which Foucine left at the Al-Nigma for Remy: “Telephone my residence when we’re to leave for the airport” (19.315).

p. 359: “He’s badly wounded, yet . . . will survive”: One strand of the plot is

concluded: Mohammed survives. However, he will be mentioned several more times (362 and 364).

- p. 359: El Kettar: The major general hospital in Algiers, it is located adjacent to the El Kettar Cemetery, which was mentioned in the 4.63 note, N4:34, and on 5.78 and in its N5.29 note as the western boundary of Bab el Oued. The location of the cemetery in reference to the Belmazoir residence is established on 17.285 and in its note, N17:35, and on 19.314 and in its note N19:5. The El Kettar Hospital is about a kilometer from where Mohammed was shot.
- p. 359: “Jacques de Larosière . . . your onetime double and an aide-de-camp to M. Thierry . . . had his face pulped”: This summarizes what happened to de Larosière after he shot Mohammed. Convinced that he is the Seventh Traitor, the Casbah bounty hunters in pursuit of him (20.348) had captured and taken him to the Gendarmerie. Foucin’s “your onetime double” refers to Jacques’s Apr. 20th imitation of Remy while the latter was visiting his father (17.279-82 and 18.311).
- p. 359: boggle: As an intransitive verb, “to be or become confused or overwhelmed as by something very difficult, surprising, etc.”
- p. 359: “But I ‘preach to the choir!’”: This is another example of the similarity of Remy’s and Foucin’s minds since Remy had used this expression, with a punning alteration, in speaking to Leroy: “But I ‘preach to the “queer”” (20.336). In using the idiom, Foucin means that he does not need to explain to Remy that Thierry Devereaux is the chief of security at the French Embassy since he has obviously been in contact with him, perhaps even before he arrived in Algiers on Apr. 9.
- p. 359: “Sergeant Ghouraf to page me from yet another staged conference with your ambassador”: When de Larosière, whose face was so battered that Ghouraf failed to recognize he was not Remy, was brought to the Gendarmerie (5:55), the sergeant telephoned the presidential palace and got word to Foucin that a Casbah mob had captured someone who might be Remy (6:03). Foucin immediately left the conference and sped to the Gendarmerie, arriving at 6:10. There he immediately ascertained that “Remy’s double” had been seized, not Remy. From Jacques he learned about the shooting of Mohammed who was strangely trying to help Remy. Foucin stopped this interrogation to call the hospital to find out the condition of Mohammed (6:15). (The times are not specified in the text.)
- p. 359: “An out-of-breath youth was outside panting that a different ‘you’ had been detained by a band of teens, led by his cousin”: At 6:20 Ghouraf interrupts Foucin’s further questioning of de Larosière with another report about Remy. A Casbah youth (“Cousin Ibrahim,” who had delivered Mousa’s message on foot,

presumably unable to gain use of a telephone) says the seventh traitor has been captured by some Casbah lads, led by his relative.

They are transporting the traitor, strapped to a litter, to Martyrs Square where they wish Foucin to meet them.

As a precaution, before leaving the Gendarmerie (6:24) Foucin orders two squads of soldiers to proceed to Rue Bab Azoun, the route the youths were taking. Foucin drives toward the scene (6:25 – 6:33).

- p. 359: “I ordered your stretcher cordoned by soldiers, but the masses put me in my place, as I witnessed from a distance”: Foucin had the litter surrounded with an “honor guard,” a decision which the crowd vehemently rejected (356). The two squads arrived at 6:34. On foot, in disguise, and from afar, Foucin witnessed this rebuke.
- p. 359: “I sped to Martyrs to await our heroes”: Foucin returned to his car where he was driven to Martyrs Square using Boulevard Ernesto “Che” Guevara, the street directly east of Rue Bab Azoun (6:34 – 6:37).
- p. 359: “There I learned that earlier your procession had been waylaid by our M. Karami, whose own arrest I had to enjoin fifteen or so minutes ago . . . possession of child pornography”: The fate of Karami is limned, a fitting one given his actions on 13.210-11. Foucin was at the Gendarmerie or riding to the scene of the procession during the Karami episode (6:20 – 6:29) so he did not witness it. He was told of it by an aide at 6:37 when he reached Martyrs Square. The time that he narrates this event to Remy is 6:54, around seventeen minutes since he ordered Karami’s arrest.
- p. 359: Prime Minister Merbah: Kasdi Merbah was Algeria’s prime minister from Nov. 5, 1988, to Sept. 9, 1989. See the 19.330 note, N19:66. His portrayal in my novel is entirely fictional. Since Karami is presented as the prime minister’s “brother-in-law,” Foucin, who had to accept the status quo until he eliminated the Seven, would have tolerated him as a deputy inspector.
- p. 359: “an ego-spurred *auto-da-fé*”: Literally an “act of faith,” here it refers to a public ceremony of repentance and humiliation.
- p. 359: “from the tidbits which have sifted in, it’s you who are in need of my protection—from the Palestinians, the French, and probably the Americans”: Foucin’s principal source would be de Larosière, who under interrogation probably spoke of the pact between the French and Palestinians. However, in the Karami episode Remy himself had spoken of “my French and American friends” (Devereaux and Leroy), with his speech at once confirmed by “chin mole” (355).

- p. 359: “my penultimate antagonist”: The Seventh Traitor is not Foucin ultimate antagonist, but his next to last.
His final antagonist is the action of the French who in 1955 tried to wipe out the Lakhtour clan by scattering the bones of those they had rounded up and massacred after the attack on the Lakhtour villa, “not having spared even one tenth-removed cousin.” Foucin continued, “Once the seventh traitor . . . is dispensed with . . . I’ll plunge into a new search for the bones of my father, my mother, my six siblings” (6.99).
- p. 359: “Cerberean Seven”: In Greek and Roman mythology, Cerberus is the three-headed dog guarding the gates of hell.
In the *Inferno* Dante has the three-headed monster watching over and punishing the gluttonous of the Third Circle (canto 6).
However, through the adjective “Cerberean” Remy calls up here the scene in Milton’s *PL*, bk. 2, where Sin, who had been raped by her own son Death, had given birth to a pack of dogs: “about her middle round / A cry [pack] of hell-hounds never ceasing barked / With wide Cerberean mouths full loud, and rung / A hideous peal” (653-56).
When frightened (“disturbed”) they would crawl back into Sin’s “womb, / And kennel there,” taking “their repast” on their mother’s “bowels” (657-58 and 799-800).
Milton does not, as Remy does, specify the number of whelps.
- p. 359: “a ravenous Ugolino in the periphery”: Just as on 2.19, where a waiter friend of Saul’s supposedly referred to Remy as “the Ugolino” in Saul’s section of Trimalchio’s, so in the last chapter “a ravenous Ugolino in the periphery” is used, but here by Remy to taunt or goad Foucin.
Count Ugolino in Dante’s *Inferno* (canto 33) appears in Circle 9 (the circle of treachery/treason). He is pictured gnawing on the skull of his enemy Archbishop Ruggieri, who had locked him, his two sons, and his two grandsons in a tower whose door was nailed up and where they died of starvation, Ugolino last having engaged in cannibalism.
Ugolino was a handsome brave soldier who committed treason against his city and brought great suffering to his family. Both Remy and Foucin exhibit some of these same characteristics.
Additionally in both references (to the hell-hounds and to Ugolino) the gnawing metaphor connects Remy and Foucin since the two men’s past acts (both having destroyed their families) gnaw at each man’s soul.
- p. 359: “the power of *Lailatul Qadr*”: *Lailatul Qadr* is sometimes translated as “the night of power.”
See the 19.330 note, N19:66.
- p. 359: volte-face: As an intransitive verb, “to perform a volte-face [an about-face]” (*Webster’s Third*).

- p. 360: “Great Captors”: The epithet used by Remy on 20.332 (Great One, Great Deceiver, Boy of Great Beauty, and Great Traitor) is applied by Foucin to the seven youths.
- p. 360: “who ‘have done the state some service’”: From *Othello* 5.2.349: “I have done the state some service, and they know ‘t.”
Foucin’s request to the teenagers is delivered at 6:57 and closes section 2.

pp. 360-67: SECTION 3

- p. 360: “*Le rat avec l’odeur de la Seine / Es attaché comme vieux Satan*”: The action shifts forward eight minutes to 7:05.
To taunt France, the Algerian crowd uses French for this chant. However, as Remy will note four paragraphs down, their “couplet” is “crude.”
Its rhythm is free; its rhyme is so slanted that it is negligible; “avec” meaning “with” in this construction should be replaced by “à” which is used to mean “with” in indicating a characteristic or a feature; and “le” should precede “*vieux Satan*.”
Remy’s “Arabic translation,” as well, is far from exact. A literal rendition would be: “The rat with the odor of the Seine / Is tethered like old Satan.”
- p. 360: “thirty-third”: See the 6.92 note, N6:32-33, for the symbolism of the number “thirty-three” in Islam.
- p. 360: upthrust: As a transitive verb, it means “to thrust up” or “to push up in an upthrust” (*Webster’s Third*).
The third paragraph down will establish that this is the seventh elevation of the litter.
- p. 360: “‘The French-sent *traître* is taunted in French,’ self-congratulated each”: Almost identical to the braggadocio of the women of Tizi Aimoula: “‘The Frenchman is taunted in French!’ self-congratulated each” (9.138).
- p. 360: “The procession which from the north had entered Martyrs Square . . . had departed southerly”: The narrative flashes back to 6:57 when the procession begins to leave Martyrs Square for its meeting with the President.
- p. 360: Boulevard Ernesto “Che” Guevara: A stretch of the coastline boulevard from Martyrs Square south to Port Saïd Square, a distance of c. 400 m. (around one-fourth of a mile).
This comrade of the Cuban President Fidel Castro first visited Algeria in June 1963 as a representative of Cuba at a celebration of Algeria’s independence.
He returned in Dec. 1964 at the invitation of Algeria’s president Ahmed Ben Bella, with whom he had a long discussion about the progressive movement in

Africa.

The two men became close friends. Shortly after Guevara's capture and execution by Bolivian soldiers in Oct. 1967, this section of Algiers' Boulevard Zirout Youcef was named in his honor.

See the 5.78 note, N5:30, for the separately named segments of the coastal highway.

- p. 360: Palais du Gouvernement: The offices of most of the government's ministries, including the Prime Minister's, are in this building, located on Rue Docteur Cherif Saadane, approximately .75 mile (1.2 km.) south of Martyrs Square. Foucin wants the surrender to occur at the beginning of *Lailatul Qadr*, 7:36, so he does not set the Presidential Palace which is too far a distance, about 2.3 miles (3.75 km.) south of Martyrs Square. Nor does he set the National Assembly building, where the country's legislature meets, which is too close, two-fifth of a mile (.65 km.) south of Martyrs.
- p. 360: "ululations": A high-pitched sound, "yu-yu-yu," made by the rapid movement of the tongue and uvula. In North African countries, it is used by women to express celebration. See the 9.150 note, N9:39.
- p. 360: "batten on": "to feed gluttonously; glut oneself, usually followed by "on" or "upon" (*Webster's Third*).
- p. 360: "presidential reception": Remy plays upon two meanings of "reception": "receiving" something (here the prisoner Remy) and "a formal social function where guests are received."
- p. 360: "*Lailatul Qadr's* 7:36": In his mind Remy reinforces 7:36, the beginning of the Night of Greatness.
- p. 360: "seventh upheaving, greeted by the crude couplet": With the flashback finished, the time of the action returns to 7:05. At this point, the procession has traveled "a quarter of a kilometer," around 250 m. Since their destination, the Palais du Gouvernement, is around 1200 m. from Martyrs Square, the litter-bearers still have to march about 1,000 m. (4/5 of their trek).
- p. 360: "The first raising, just outside Martyrs . . . locating 'Marie's box'": This first lifting of the litter occurred at 6:59 since it took two minutes for the bearers to move from the square to Guevara. That Remy would use the first moment in which he was free from Foucin's scrutiny to verify that he still has the sweets for his wife indicates that the box has a greater significance than just as a gift.
- p. 360: "third hoisting": This elevating of the litter occurred at 7:01.

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p. 360: “*ur-version*”: the first or primitive version of the chant.

p. 360: “satanic verse”: Remy’s obvious reference is to the chanting couplet which refers to him as being bound up like Satan.

The allusion, however, has both an ancient and a contemporary theological significance. In 1988, Salman Rushdie published his novel *The Satanic Verses*, taking his title from an alleged incident where Prophet Mohammed attempted to gain conciliation with the polytheistic inhabitants of Mecca by praising three of its goddesses.

This episode was widely circulated in the first two hundred years after Mohammed’s death. According to traditions, while reciting Sura 53 of the Qur’an in Mecca, after verse 20, Mohammed inserted three verses which praised these three goddesses worshipped by the Meccans.

The verses seem to challenge both Islam’s monotheism and Allah’s supremacy by accrediting other supernatural forces. Early scholars recognized these theological problems and thus excluded the three verses from the Qur’an.

The incident is even disavowed in Sura 22: 52, in which the angel Gabriel states that Allah allowed Satan to tempt Mohammed into uttering the heretical verses, hence their historical reference as “the Satanic verses.”

In the received (some critics say, revised) version of Sura 53:20-23, the pagan goddesses are not praised, but are attacked.

In Rushdie’s novel only a brief dream sequence deals with Prophet Mohammed’s life in Mecca. This episode concentrates on the events recounted above, in which the Prophet first praised three pagan goddesses worshipped by the Meccans and then renounced their divine affiliation as an error induced by *Shaitan* (Satan). This short segment of Rushdie’s novel was not the reason the Ayatollah Khomeini issued a fatwa calling for Rushdie’s death, the ultimate censorship of not only theological tyrants but also of beasts of prey.

Religion in either its soul-thirsting or bloodthirsty manifestation is the principal baggage humanity lugs from its animal ancestry.

p. 360: *eclose*: An intransitive verb meaning for an insect “to emerge from the eggshell or pupal case” (*Webster’s Third*).

p. 360: *rout*: noisy mob.

p. 360: *triumph*: “a triumphal procession or stately, especially public, show or pageant” (*Webster’s Third*).

p. 360: “*aggregate*”: to gather into a whole or mass.

p. 360: “*sway*”: “the sweep, force, or momentum of something” (*Webster’s Third*).

p. 360: *duologue*: “a dialogue confined to two” (*Webster’s Third*).

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- p. 360: “My brother enemy”: This is the third and final use of this expression, a testimony of the suspicious nature of each Muslim, who while greeting a fellow Muslim as “brother” is thinking that the person could be an “enemy.”
See its first two uses on 5.75 and 7.112.
- p. 360: “Five minutes later”: At 7:10 Leila tries to rush past a policeman and run to the litter.
- p. 360: Port Saïd Square: A small park (“green zone”), 60 x 70 x 70 x 90 meters, located about 320 meters or 350 yards south of Martyrs Square and a half-block east of the National Theater.
In colonial rule, it was called Place Bresson.
At the time of the novel, 1989, it was a popular nighttime cruising area for homosexuals and pedophiles, according to Allouache’s novel *Bab El-Oued* (1998 ed.), p. 31, a fact not known to Remy.
- p. 360: “green oases”: Small parks or areas of greenery in an urban environment.
- p. 360: *haik*: An outer robe worn by Algerian women.
- p. 360: “half-face *niqaab*”: A veil which covers a woman’s lower face, but leaves the eyes and brow exposed.

- p. 361: *Sayyid*: Arabic for “Mister” or “Monsieur.”
- p. 361: “engrave”: “impress deeply; infix as if with a graver [a cutting tool]” (*Webster’s Third*).
- p. 361: “*at Chadli’s feet*”: Chadli Bendjedid, the president of Algeria.
Remy realizes that such a plea to Bendjedid would implicate her as an accomplice in any plan to smuggle Remy out of the country, the punishment for which was death.
This account for Remy’s serious pun upon “grave.”
- p. 361: “‘that universal tongue’ Foucin had . . . never mastered”: On 7.117, Foucin said, “I never studied—and thus am an abecedarian in—that universal tongue [English].”
- p. 361: “two hours ago, I triggered your brother’s tumble”: See 20.342. Remy is off by just over a half-hour. He delivers the news about her brother to Leila at 7:15. However, it was at 4:44 that Ahmed, trying to get out of the way of the sliding Tinfingers, got his feet tangled up and joined the tumbling PLO leader.
- p. 361: “your husband—thank God, now interred”: Remy tells her that he knows she had completed her main purpose, burying her husband.
Devereaux had revealed that development to Remy at the Rue Brazza flat (20.333 and its note, N20:8).
- p. 361: “time and again I hurt you”: In their first interview (9.143-46) and their second (12.190-91 and 194), he vexed her by mentioning Ballard’s relationship with Belmazoir.
In their drive to Houda’s dwelling, she recognized his ridicule of her narrative (15.249).
In his own mind, Remy self-expressed either a desire to turn Leila against Ballard by revealing his monstrous actions (12.200 and 13.215) or inwardly making fun of her efforts to present his actions as good (15.248).
Even before he meets Leila, he conceives of Ballard as a “devil” (6.95) or criticizes him before another character (13.217 and 15.250).
Finally, Remy thinks that every time he envisages Leila, he “craved for Ballard to be hurt, to suffer” (15.239).
- p. 361: “what he did . . . sprang from his love for you, and a fear he would lose that love”: On 12.192, Ballard told Leila, “I fear you will not [forgive me] when all is known [the ruse on Mohammed and Houda in which he participated].”
- p. 361: “‘weak not wicked””: Remy’s attitude toward Ballard changes toward the end of the novel, such *anagnorisis* (“recognition or discovery” in Greek) and *peripeteia* (Greek for “reversal”) essential to the ending of a complex tragedy, Aristotle held. Several characters speak of Ballard’s weakness although through most of the

novel Remy sees him exploiting his strength in order to be wicked.

Ballard himself uses *faiblement* (the French adverb for “weakly”) in describing his actions in the ruse inflicted on Houda and Mohammed at the Toumi apartment on Feb. 15 (1.3) and concludes that there is “strength in confessing our weakness” (1.13).

On 12.192, Leila tells Remy that Ballard called himself “the weak man, *un nul*” over breakfast at her apartment the morning after what Remy knew to be the deception at the Toumi.

Leroy, who earlier referred to what Remy had called Ballard’s “perversion” as an “idiosyncrasy” which his friend kept “bridled” (13.217), later calls him “poor weak Paul” and refers to Ballard’s “*faiblesse*” (20.338 and 340).

Houda also saw the weakness of Ballard: “I hold M. John [Ballard] was grappling with his weakness” (18.299), referring to his drunkenness, sexual overtures at their Feb. 8 rendezvous, his willingness to be unfaithful to Leila (15.251) and principally his deception of Feb. 15.

She also maintained that “Ballard was kind, not unlike you [Remy]” (18.299).

Biased against homosexuals as his comments at Trimalchio’s suggest, Remy saw Ballard as a caricature: “*Let . . . the queer [be] no more than the queer*” (5.70). The “perverted American seemed to him to be one of the lesser devils which strive to imitate . . . the Great One” (6.95).

By 12.200, he considered Ballard to be “a *lusus naturae* [freak of nature].” Through three-fourths of the novel, he mocked any effort of Leila or other characters to see any goodness in Ballard.

The realization that Ballard was not basically “wicked” comes slowly to Remy principally through the acceptance that Leila could not have selected an evil person to love nor could have Houda.

This recognition manifests itself in his identifying himself with Ballard, an idea repulsive and unthinkable to Remy early in the novel. For instance, becoming Ballard he called “a horrible thought” on 6.86.

On 11.170, when Remy thought, “I must proceed with Ballard’s caution,” he is not making a serious comparison. His wording, replete with “melodrama,” mocks Ballard.

From chap. 17, he begins to associate himself with Ballard:

On 17.283, he speaks of “outvying even Ballard” in his punctuality. Contrast this thought with his comment to himself on seeing that Leila had come down early to await him and his taxi, “But I’m not Ballard” (15.247).

He notes a major similarity between himself and Ballard on 17.292: “Like me, [Ballard] entered [the Toumi flat] as an imposter.”

On 18.299, he says to Houda, “The vitiation of M. Ballard cannot be denied. I suspect, however, he wasn’t aware of the nuanced machinations, planned and by and large executed by a true villain.”

In the same chapter, Remy thinks of “the residual particles of Ballard’s blood” as his hand, protecting Mohammed’s, is smashed by the prison guard (312).

On 19.319, Leila passes Ballard’s *burnoose* to Remy, who wears it as his disguise from Apr. 21 to May 2.

In chap. 20, to Leroy Remy praises Ballard as “too full of the [milk of human

kindness],” quoting Lady Macbeth (338), and in his first catalogue of people who had helped define who he is, Remy admits that he had shown a “jaundiced compassion” toward Ballard, “ill-deserved” by one human being to another (342), that is, he admits that he had wronged Ballard because of his perceived homosexuality.

Penultimately he compares the precarious situation he is in, strapped to the litter and with his head dangling over its end, with how Ballard died, with his head dangling over the top step of the disco (21.356).

p. 361: “a laudatory judgment, all that humanity can aspire to merit”: Remy accepts here that all human beings at times commit wicked acts out of weakness.

A few, such as Leroy, commit them out of a belief that there is strength in wickedness.

The majority of humanity slips into sin and hence immediately feels remorse.

A minority, however, charge into sin believing that they are so powerful or their entitlement is so exceptional that they can do as they wish.

Therefore, they feel delight in being able to sin.

p. 361: “His murderer—the adjectives reversed”: Leroy (unnamed) is wicked not weak.

p. 361: venesect: to perform the operation of opening a vein for drawing blood in the treatment of a disease.

Remy’s metaphor suggests that the murderer of Leila’s husband will not be punished publicly, but his retribution will be internal: The life blood of his ambition will be slowly drained from him.

p. 361: null: A transitive verb meaning “reduce to nothing” (*Webster’s Third*).

p. 361: “His doom was fixed thirty years ago”: Remy became a collaborator for the French on Dec. 8, 1958. The date that Foucin is speaking here is May 2, 1989. The span of his treason is thirty years and almost five months.

- p. 362: regrip: “to grip again” (*Wiktionary*).
- p. 362: jussive: A word expressing command.
- p. 362: *il était une fois*: The French expression, translated in the text, was used earlier on 9.135.
- p. 362: “he had shuffled the stretcher-leashed corpse and Houda across the sea boulder”: See Mohammed’s account on 15.232: “Braced by the corpse, my sister and he . . . ‘sliddered’ across to the rope [ladder].”
Remy conjures up the scene where another, like his father and now himself, was tied to a stretcher.
- p. 362: “pricked his wrists like briars”: The image recalls the title of chap. 13, “Binding with Briars,” in which Foucin borrows the image from Blake’s poem, “The Garden of Love,” l. 12: “binding with briars our joys & desires” (13.207 and partially quoted on p. 218).
- p. 362: tourniquet: As a transitive verb, “to apply a tourniquet or something resembling a tourniquet to” (*Webster’s Third*).
Its past participle form is used here.
- p. 362: “disputed in Arabic, the language by birthright uniting the three”: Remy, Foucin, and Leila were native Arabic speakers.
- p. 362: “Mme. Leila”: This is the first time that Remy addresses her by her praenomen, previously always having used her husband’s cognomen.
During internal dialogues, however, he had spoken to her using an apostrophe, as at the end of chap. 12: “Leila, I have the license plate . . . Dear Leila, who other than” (220).
- p. 362: *amitié*: The meaning that Remy intends is “friendship,” not “affection,” although he, Leila, and Foucin would be aware that the French word is ultimately derived from the Latin word *amare*, meaning “to love.”
- p. 362: “family-bare. I’ve weathered the agony he’s enduring”: By his treason, Omar had lost his Algerian family.
- p. 362: “veered back to English”: Remy switches to English because he knows that Foucin is not fluent in it.
Some of what he reveals in his speech, such as “the letter,” could incriminate Leila.
- p. 362: “Through my selfishness, I lost my sister (the letter, the letter)”: Remy believes that through secretly joining the FLN, he broke his *nathr* to God always to look after his sister (3.37).

In putting his devotion to the revolution ahead of his family, he caused Noura and the six other teenage girls to be kidnapped (3.38).
Breaking his promise to God led to the French decision to use Noura in turning Omar into a collaborator.

- p. 362: “God-vowed *nathr*”: A promise to God to do something.
For a more complete discussion of the Islamic concept of *nathr*, see the 3.37 note, N3:6.
- p. 362: pale: A narrow, upright, pointed stake used in fences; a fence; a barrier.
Used metaphorically here.
- p. 362: “to take measure of the other”: This is the seventh and last chapter in which the “measure-for-measure” imagery is used.
Fittingly, it occurs during the farewell between Remy and Leila.
See the 1.3 note, N1:11, for a list of the seven chapters and the nine appearances of the confrontational phrase and a discussion of the Biblical source of it (Matt. 7:2) and the Shakespearean source (the play *Measure for Measure*, specifically 5.1.419).
- p. 362: *civière*: French for “stretcher.”
- p. 362: decline: As used on p. 357, “to bring or move down.”
- p. 362: “At his reappearance a minute later”: Leila’s “I will” is spoken at 7:19.
Remy is held aloft a minute.
After another, at 7:21 Foucin reappears.
- p. 362: “Most solicitous, conjointly”: Remy thanks Foucin for his and his wife’s “conjoint” care, attention, and concern.
- p. 362: “two years on this afternoon”: On p. 359, Foucin had said, “It’ll take me a year to decipher the happenings of this afternoon.”
- p. 362: “they, she will save him”: The correction in pronouns indicates Foucin’s belief that because of Remy’s request Leila will spend much effort to ensure that Mohammed will lead a successful and productive life.
- p. 362: “the egotistical remonstrations, *Was it a failure who sacrificed himself for me today?*”: Remy’s reasoning is thus: To accept the hypothesis that Foucin failed Mohammed would indicate that the latter is a failure. The youth’s action in saving Remy is an altruistic testament that he is not.
From interrogating de Larosière, Foucin knew that Mohammed had been shot “attempting to help *you*” (359).
If Remy asserts that Mohammed’s sacrifice in helping him that day showed the youth was not a “failure,” he would not only sound “egotistical,” but would also

direct their conversation to why Mohammed had so changed his view of him. Instead Remy wishes a more “egotistical” puzzle to have solved: how Leila had finished her sentence “I will . . .”

- p. 362: “he and his sister never felt your love failed”: Just as Remy changes his view of Ballard in the latter part of the novel, so Houda and Mohammed mellow their antagonism toward Foucin.

Although they never forget that he was responsible for their father’s death, both recognize that his grief is profound and his desire for repentance is sincere.

It is an imaginary scene which first posits Huda’s change. In Remy’s chap. 15 interior dramatic duologue (see the p. 1.3 note, “protested,” N1:10, for this literary term), in which he imagines Houda reacting to his description of Mohammed’s rape of her, Remy asserts that Foucin “loves you in the same way the father he killed loved you” (15.256). Houda’s answer is not a firm denial; she says that this conclusion “may be more [yours] than mine” (256).

Later in chap. 17, although she never speaks directly to Foucin, with Leila as an intermediary, Houda saw how genuine was the sorrow which Foucin felt at the death of their mother and how assiduously he was that Mohammed be informed so he could perform his Islamic duties (17:285-87).

As for Mohammed, he allowed Foucin to bandage his hands (18.312), rode in the car with him (18.309 and 19.315), and allowed only Foucin to help him carry the coffin of Houda (19.313-14).

Witnessing or hearing about these events, Remy comes to his conclusion, a flattering overstatement, that the siblings “never felt your love failed them.”

- p. 362: “‘Love failed!’: a monstrous oxymoron”: An oxymoron is a figure of speech in which opposite or contradictory ideas or terms are combined.

Since abiding love is not subject to change, it can neither succeed nor fail. It is a constant.

- p. 362: “Of the English I’m ignorant”: See the p. 361 note above on “universal tongue,” N21:28.

- p. 362: “Verbatim Blake, if my memory doesn’t betray me: ‘I will not cease from Mental Fight, / Nor shall my Sword sleep in my hand’”: Lines 13-14 from Blake’s poem “And did those feet.”

The quotation suggests that Leila will not only help Mohammed but will also continue her efforts to free Remy.

- p. 363: “men in reference to place; women, to time”: Remy’s comment on Tolstoy’s distinction between men and women in regards to their attitudes about place and time is similar to one which his father taught him when he was nine. Remy had told him that he had exhausted “places” in the Casbah to take Noura. His father answered, “Places? It has the density of time, our Casbah. Your sister cognizes that” (5.78 and its note, N5.31). Concerning time alone, on 12.189 and 200 Remy further identifies women as mostly concerned with the future and men with the past, a conclusion independently reached and asserted by Foucin (13.203).
- p. 363: “[Tolstoy’s] men are big and . . . the old ones young, and his women are small and even the young ones old”: Foucin’s generalizations about two other differences between Tolstoy’s men and women, I must admit, mirror my own ideas from reading the Russian novelist.
- p. 363: “‘You love those you can do for, not the ones who can do for you.’ Remy did not vent the beatitude . . . from a conviction of what the denotative response would be: ‘Tolstoy . . . acknowledged having appropriating the precept from Laurence Sterne’”: Tolstoy writes in *War and Peace*, bk. 1, chap. 28, “As Sterne says, ‘We don’t love people so much for the good they have done us, as for the good we have done them.’” Tolstoy translated a part of Sterne’s *A Sentimental Journey*; thus it would be the logical choice for the quotation. A check did not uncover it there, nor anything approaching the sentiment. Additionally, I scrutinized several annotated editions of *War and Peace*, none of which indicated the work of Sterne from which the quote was taken. I will continue looking. If any reader knows the source of the quote, I would appreciate if she or he would inform me. Remy sees this “beatitude” as a characteristic of women. One reason that he does not voice it is the precept speaks of a woman’s love and he, a married man, does not wish Foucin to interpret that his relationship with Leila was anything more than friendship.
- p. 363: Laurence Sterne: An 18th-century British novelist.
- p. 363: “not immaterial”: important. There is also a play upon the contrast which Sterne’s works stress: The world of the imagination is more crucial than the material world.
- p. 363: “The procession was nearing the Al-Nigma”: It is c. one-fourth of a mile (.4 km.) from Port Saïd Square, after which “Che” Guevara Blvd. is called Blvd. Zirout Youcef, to my fictional Al-Nigma. The time is 7:26.
- p. 363: “the Al-Nigma. This “‘star to every wand’ring bark’”: This pun on the Arabic word for “star,” *nigma*, is incorporated into the quote from Shakespeare’s sonnet

116: “It [Love] is the star to every wand’ring bark, / Whose worth’s unknown, although his highth [altitude] be taken” (7-8).

See the 4.53 note, N4:8, where the name of my fictional hotel and its relationship to a real hotel in Algiers are discussed

p. 363: “where first our literary camaraderie effloresced”: In Remy’s hotel room on the night of Apr. 12, Foucin and he discussed or allude to numerous literary works or authors:

Sophocles’ *Oedipus*: 7. 106 and 111, N7: 14-15 and 25;

Coleridge: 7.106, N7:15;

Dante: 7.107, N7:17;

Shakespeare’s *Troilus*: 7.116, N7:39;

Plato: 7.109, N7:20;

Shakespeare’s *Antony*: 7.117, N7:42;

Aquinas: 7.117, N7:43;

and their divergent literary preferences: 7.117, several notes on N7:42.

Before they go to the hotel, Foucin quotes from Tolstoy (7.105, N7:12). The discussion of Tolstoy in the previous paragraphs (363) prodded Remy to remember the night the Russian writer was first mentioned.

p. 363: “leave-taking favors”: See 6.87; 7.114; 9.149; 10.166; 13.209; 14.236; and 16.272, although not all of these are “leave-taking” requests and some are made over the telephone.

p. 363: “My father is old . . . would you attend to . . .”: Foucin realizes how difficult it is for Remy to speak of his father’s death, so in Remy’s pause he hurries to grant his consent even before the request is verbalized.

p. 363: “propelled skyward, Remy, adangle at the top”: The last use of the dangling image in the novel.

It balances his (Omar’s) fear on 5:79 of being left dangling by the French.

Like his father on 10:158, he is suspended in a litter or stretcher.

See the 1.14 note, N1:37, for a discussion of the use of the dangling image in seven of the novel’s chapters, the other major instances occurring on 6.89, 14.238, 15.242, and earlier in this chapter, 21.356.

p. 363: enring: “encircle” (*Webster’s Third*).

p. 363: *commissaire*: commissioner.

p. 363: “When I enter the room . . . you will be the last of the Unholy”: Foucin’s phrasing indicates that Remy’s death will be quick.

The only reason that he had tortured the earlier traitors was to gain information which would lead him to those not captured yet.

By stressing that Remy is the last, this torturing would be unnecessary. Remy’s assertion that he has information about “embalming schemes [by France]

against Algeria's patrimony" (358) Foucin does not believe. He regards this claim as a stalling tactic: "And now you crave, in an ego-spurred *auto-da-fé*, to filibuster" (359).

Therefore the text suggests that Remy's death will be a mercifully swift one.

p. 363: premonishment: prior admonishment; advance warning (*Webster's Third*).

p. 363: *brancard*: French for "stretcher."

p. 363: autocade: "motorcade" (*Webster's Third*).

p. 363: "twenty-three days of lively jousting between them": From Apr. 10, when Remy called on Foucin in his office (4.54-58), to this day, May 2.

p. 363: "my redoubtable confidant": The time of Foucin's speech is 7:28 (symbolic of the Seven Great Traitors and of the twenty-eight years since the French flew them out of Algiers).

Of the two basic meanings of "redoubtable," here Foucin means "commanding respect."

In speaking of Remy, in a sign of their rapport, he uses the same term "confidant" which Remy had mentally employed when describing himself in terms of the important people in his life: "the sometime confidant of the Great One M. Foucin" (20.341).

See its note, N20:46, where "confidant" is defined as "a close, trusted friend, to whom one confides intimate matters or secrets."

p. 363: "that truncated clause as derisive and a taunted man you don't relish having on your tail": The "truncated clause" is "Goodbye, until we [meet again]" in the torture room.

The phrase "on your tail" is another hint that Remy has developed a plan of escape since he envisions Foucin tracking him with a greater vengeance because he would feel that Remy was taunting him with this farewell.

p. 363: "Sayyid' Edress": The single quotes indicate that Remy spoke the honorific title sarcastically.

p. 363: "*Nous ferons comme nous voulons, traître . . .*": The translation, "We will do as we wish, traitor," and the rest of Edress' jeer will close out this paragraph (363-64).

p. 363: "dams-of-Tizi-Aimoula mispronunciations": "Dam" is an archaic and usually disparaging term for a woman.

It was employed twice in chap. 9: "They were sporting, these dams of Tizi Aimoula" (137) and "You butcher French like the dams of Tizi Aimoula" (152).

Their poor command of French was also mentioned on 9.138 and 150-52.

p. 363: “inciting ‘chin mole’ to switch his flout to Arabic”: Edress had begun in French, but after “*traître*,” noticing Remy’s sniggering at his French, he started over, speaking his scornful defiance in Arabic.

- p. 364: “toss the money to the wind”: The image of someone tossing something valuable into the wind was employed two times earlier: 6.91 (Mohisen; the *pourboire* from Ballard) and 17.290 (Remy’s father; the Braille Qur’an).
- p. 364: “*bâtard, encore!*”: French for “bastard, again!”
- p. 364: “the headache bruises of hogtied, Hell-bound Satan migraine to melon size”: There are no physical descriptions of Satan (*Shaitan*) in either the Bible or the Qur’an.
The Biblical idea that Satan had bruises on his forehead perhaps arose from Gen. 3:15 where God told Satan as the serpent that the descendants of Adam and Eve “shall bruise thy head” and the serpent “shall bruise his [humanity’s] heel.”
The Christian idea that Satan and other devils had horns is bolstered by Rev. 13:11: “Then I saw a second beast coming out of the earth. It had two horns like a lamb, but it spoke like a dragon.”
Not until the European medieval period is Satan depicted with horns, the cloven hoofs of a goat, and an enormous tail, a phallic symbol. His image seems to be based on the pagan god Pan, who had horns and hoofs and was associated with sexuality.
That Edress would employ a Christian description of Satan (as having bumps or bruises on his forehead) is not to be unexpected given the 132 years of French colonial rule.
His “hogtied, Hell-bound” image of Satan during Ramadan is Islamic doctrine. See the p. 354 note above on “shackled Satan,” N21:8.
- p. 364: migraine: *Webster’s Online Dictionary* lists “migrained” as the past tense of the verb “migraine,” but does not define the verb.
The *Urban Dictionary* lists it as a verb meaning to “suffer from a migraine attack.”
My first use of it (1991 version of my novel) probably predates both of these and thus is a neologism.
The context of my sentence suggests that as an intransitive verb “migraine” means “to progress from a bruising headache to a melon-size migraine.”
- p. 364: “clean and jerk”: Weight-lifting idiom meaning “a lift in which the barbell is cleaned and then thrust directly overhead so that the arms are completely extended.”
Remy’s playful tone indicates that he is gleefully certain that his new scheme for his escape will succeed.
- p. 364: “a seditious twenty-eight paces”: Remy means that the litter has been thrust up not after the bearers’ thirty-third pace, but after the fifth.
He labels this act “seditious,” which *Webster’s Third* defines as “of, relating to [or] of the nature of . . . conduct tending to treason but without an overt act.”
The number twenty-eight is symbolic of Remy’s years of exile (April 13, 1961, to the date of this chapter, May 2, 1989).

- p. 364: “jiggled more than Sir Falstaff”: A reference to *Merry Wives* 3.3.118-46 where Falstaff, who has been hidden in a basket of dirty clothes, is jiggled about by the servants as the basket is carried out.
In 3.5.4-6 and 80-113, Falstaff describes his stinking and jouncing trip in the basket before he is thrown in the Thames.
- p. 364: Boulevard Zirout Youcef: The part of coastal highway on which the Al-Nigma is located.
- p. 364: “A chaos huddled together”: From Marcus Aurelius’s *Meditations*, bk. 4, point 27: “Either it is a well-arranged universe or a chaos huddled together, but still a universe.”
One commentator suggests that Aurelius is punning on the Greek *chaos* (“space”) and *kosmos* (“harmony”).
Remy’s pessimism about Algerian unity mirrors de Larosière’s mockery of their fickleness: “Algeria’s Greatest (momentary) Hero” (20.347).
The time is 7:30.
- p. 364: “‘Mad in Amrica’ jeans”: The Western clothes which Remy stole from a roof clothesline and donned after escaping from the Palestinian switchblade attack: He “button[ed] the flowery Sri Lankan shirt and survey[ed] the too large bluejeans, labeled ‘Mad in Amrica’” (20.345).
He wears this outfit for the rest of the novel.
- p. 364: “the two unlikely twilight rescues”: From de Larosière through Mohammed’s assistance (20.348) and from the three French agents through the greedy determination of the Casbahians, spurred on by Remy’s hints, and of the seven brawling teenagers (20.351 and 21.352-53).
It was Remy’s own wit that kept him from Karami’s grasp (21.355).
- p. 364: “the winding up of the toy cavalcade, and its present winding down”:
“Cavalcade” refers to the procession of the litter.
In referring to it as a “toy,” which was wound up in the clothing warehouse and now is winding down with the imminent appearance of President Bendjedid, Remy seems to jape at his plight.
Again this raillery reinforces the belief that he has a scheme to escape.
- p. 364: “‘Marie’s box,’ thirty minutes ago fondled but not explored”: At the first raising of the litter (6:59), Remy verified that the box of sweets was still in his pocket (p. 360 and its note above, “The first raising,” N21:25).
It is still 7:30 when he begins to maneuver his fingers inside the box while he continues to review what had happened to him that afternoon.
Thus the time span is more exactly thirty-one minutes.
- p. 364: “Not as accessible as at the threshold of the Café de Flore where in a blink his index was in and out”: On 20.335, before entering the Café de Flore, Remy’s

“knuckles touched ‘Marie’s box,’ inside which he stuck an index finger, probing.” Since Remy had mentioned to Leila that he had placed a “small device” (19.331; on the previous page called a “booby-trap charge”) behind a plank in her aunt’s shop, a reader might think that he has wired the box with a similar, but larger, explosive.

- p. 364: “it [his index finger] touched the metal. While stroking it, he reflected”: The cheap suspense of what is in the box of candy is extended as Remy reaches this second point of *anagnorisis* (Greek for “recognition” or “self-discovery”). See 20.341 and its note, “The husband,” N20:45, for an earlier moment of *anagnorisis*, where Remy discusses the people who were important in his life. Also see the p. 361 note above, “weak not wicked,” N21:28-30, for an examination of how such self-discovery changes Remy, producing a “reversal” (*peripeteia* in Aristotle’s discussion of a complex tragedy, although the concept applies equally to complex comedies).
- p. 364: “That humanity’s corded bond is not frayed, my life’s the proof”: For a second time, Remy invokes the wording of the doctor at the Palestinian camp: “If any filaments remain in humanity’s cord” (16.266). He had first remembered it after Leila, dressed as an old woman, had warned him that Foucin knew his identity. On asking her why she had helped him, she said, “Because you’re in need of [help]” (19.319), a statement which he immediately realizes is “as good a definition of the human bond as e’er I’ve heard” (320).
- p. 364: “second catalogue”: His first catalogue was on the landing below the Café de Flore (20.451). There he listed nineteen people, the cat Snooks, and three titles he had acquired in his life (library director, deliverer of a Braille Qur’an, and traitor). This second catalogue, like the first, since it is mental, takes only a few seconds of 7:32.
- p. 364: “HIV and Saul, both hazarding their lives—and losing”: On 19.328-29 and 20.341, Devereaux described the fate of HIV and Saul. Fittingly Remy begins with them since he had ended his first catalogue with HIV and Saul (20.451). For “hazard” and its Shakespearean source, see 17.278 and its note, N17:13.
- p. 364: “long-nosed French injustice”: Remy remembers a description of the French used by Foucin at their first meeting, “Why the French, other than that they have long Gallic noses which bridge the Mediterranean” (4.78), and revived by him on 16.270, “So the French do have long noses.”
- p. 364: “the *aagooz* who wept . . . and the stately matron”: Rachid who cried because he could not better entertain his guest in his basement room (19.322) and Mme. Remidi who ached to comfort Remy’s paralyzed father, an effort which in time

caused her to be murdered (10.158-59).

- p. 364: “Three formerly slighted”: In his first list (20.342).
- p. 364: Commander Azzedine: The military commander at Blida, south of Algiers, who sponsored Omar for membership in the FLN. He is referred to on 2.21 and 24; 3.38 and 42; and 18.301. For the real-life Azzedine, see the two 2.21 notes, N2:27 and 28.
- p. 364: “in my fashion”: “in some way or to some extent, but not very well.” Modeled on the repeated line of Dowson’s “Cynara”: “I have been faithful to thee, Cynara! in my fashion.”
- p. 364: Khaleel: Omar’s “good-enough best friend, but I was not!”: Khaleel is mentioned on 3.40; 6.88-89; 10.158; 16.263; and 20.349. Fixated on Houda in his early years and from Dec. 8, 1958, a secret operative for the French, Omar could not be a “best friend” to anyone.
- p. 364: “the young French *soldat*, ‘my first kill’”: The French army private who Omar was required to kill in order to become a member of the FLN (2.24).
- p. 364: “Mohisen, who flung evil, ‘incarnated in a five-dinar note,’ into the wind”: The parking attendant old Abukadir told Remy that Mohisen was seen “ripping into pieces a one-dinar note and throwing its shreds into the briny wind” (6.91). On 6.95 Remy speculates that Ballard had left him a five-dinar note, and it was this that Mohisen had torn up and thrown away. Only the reader knows the ironic understatement here since it was “a one-hundred-dinar bill,” which Ballard realized was “a week’s provision” for Mohisen’s family (1.8).
- p. 364: “*Sayyid* Matoub Lakhtour, alias *Commissaire Divisionnaire* Tawfek Foucin”: Foucin’s true name, which is given on 6.130. His official position is “divisional commissioner,” and as defined on the p. 354 note above, N21:9, “*Sayyid*” is a title which is the equivalent of “Mister” in English and “Monsieur” in French.
- p. 364: “who . . . ‘won’t renege’ on his promise ‘to bury my father’”: Another indication that something will arise which will allow Remy to escape from Foucin. Remy is confident that despite this deception Foucin will keep his promise given on the previous page.
- p. 364: “would disconnect ‘beauty’ from ‘faith’”: The morally good characters in the novel—those in this second catalogue—connect beauty with faith: the physical with the spiritual, the worldly with the transcendental, humanity with God, etc. Leila is particularly associated with this beauty-faith bonding. On 9.148, while

studying her face, which Remy finds to be a mirror of her soul, he concludes that “Beauty is not truth . . . Beauty is faith.”

This is an alteration of Keats’s penultimate line of the “Grecian Urn”: “Beauty is truth, truth beauty.”

See the note to that page, “Beauty,” N9:33, for an analysis of the difference between Remy’s and Keats’s assertions.

- p. 364: “His daughters and grandchildren, ‘henceforth never to be seen’”: Another veiled reference to Remy’s escape, which seems to entail that he will be separated from his descendants, but not from Marie.
- p. 364: “reconnect”: Four sentences after using “disconnect” Remy speaks of “reconnect.”
- p. 364: “Her love is as smothering as God’s—and I hope He’s as plumply ripe as she!”: The adverb means “in a plump way” (*Webster’s Third*).
 Remy’s connection of Marie with God.
 The word “hope” brings in the third of St. Paul’s trio: “So now faith, hope, and love abide, these three; but the greatest is love” (1 Cor. 13:13).
 Just before his death this biblical chapter was in Ballard’s thoughts, for he quoted from verses 4-7 (1.13).
 This ends the second catalogue of those who have influenced his life. It includes twenty-one people and one supernatural being.
 It omits Ballard and the cat Snooks, but adds three other people (Azzedine, Khaleel, and the French soldier that he killed in his initiation ritual) and God, a supernatural being somewhat overwhelmed by a mortal, his wife Marie.
- p. 364: “realit[ies] I cannot doubt: In *The Principles of Psychology*, vol. 2, chap. 21 (“The Perception of Reality,” section “The World of ‘Practical Realities,’” the eighth true paragraph) James used “*whose reality I cannot doubt.*” Remy changes this to “realit[ies].” James’s italicizing of the passage is also disregarded.
 The full passage is also pertinent because it contains the crucial word of my novel, “connect”: “*Whatever things have intimate and continuous connection with my life are things of whose reality I cannot doubt.* Whatever things fail to establish this connection are things which are practically no better for me than if they existed not at all.”

- p. 365: “For, bearing a second box”: With his reminiscences completed, Remy’s mind shifts to an unspecified future where he and Marie are reunited. To stress the “torturous odyssey” which lies before each of them, he begins with a play upon “For, bearing” and “forbearing,” with its meaning of “patiently enduring” and “long-suffering” (adapted from *Webster’s Third*). His imagination of their future here is far less bright than the dream he had on the Casbah roof. There Marie and he were in a Montreal bed kissing and celebrating their love (20.344). Here he parenthetically adds how uncertain he is about where they will settle: “(wherever home will be).”
- p. 365: “gray pinstriped Armani suit”: There is irony in Remy’s choice of his suit in his dream. The first time that he saw Leroy the ambassador was wearing a “dark gray pinstriped silk suit” (5.71), “the embroidered label of the designer” (5.75) of which Remy wanted to know. In a bit of irony of his own, Leroy came to their last meeting dressed in “a gray pinstriped silk suit” (20.335). It is to be supposed that from mulling over the style of the coat Remy at some point had concluded that Armani was the designer. Remy is wearing an Armani shirt on 4.59, the only other mention of the Italian designer.
- p. 365: “come again . . . / Tho’ it were ten thousand mile [*sic*]”: The last two lines of Burns’s “A Red, Red Rose”: “And I will come again, my Luve, / Tho’ it were ten thousand mile!” (15-16). Remy appends *sic*, meaning “thus [it was in the text],” to indicate that the plural form, “miles,” should have been used—and would have if Burns had not needed a rhyme for “while” (14).
- p. 365: Famagusta, Turkish Cyprus: How Remy gets, or will get, to the largest city in Turkish Cyprus is unexplained.
- p. 365: “the ‘wrong number’”: Remy imagines that he will have to use such ploys since he believes that Foucin, once more pursuing him, would be tapping Marie’s phone.
- p. 365: “to drop off—‘abandon/*brader*’—the four-month-old Remy *fil*s”: If Remy impregnated Marie on April 7 (4.53) and the *fil*s (“son”) is now four months old, thirteen months would have elapsed, so it would be in May 1990 when Marie left the child with her daughter Claudia—in Remy’s dream. For *brader*, see the first use of the French expression on 2.16 and its five notes on the theme of abandonment in the novel, N2.6.
- p. 365: “it being for now her only family heirloom”: The box would be Marie’s “only family heirloom” since she would have deserted her “son,” daughters, and granddaughters to join up (connect) with her husband.

Like Remy, she would forsake her first family in France in order to start a second family in Canada or “wherever.”

- p. 365: “My ‘nature abhors a vacuum’”: This subsection returns to the time 7:31 when Remy was “stroking” “the metal” object in Marie’s box of sweets (364). At once, however, his mind flashes back to the previous night (May 1) in Leila’s aunt shop. The familiar expression about “nature” probably was first propounded by Aristotle in bk. 4 of his *Physics*. There he writes of *horror vacui* (to use its popular Latin translation), the theory that nature abhors a vacuum. Thus empty space, Aristotle continues, is always sucking in surrounding gas or liquids to avoid being empty. Galileo, Pascal, and Boyle, among others, by and large disproved Aristotle’s speculation.
- p. 365: “he had eaten three of the bite-sized jellied cubes”: That is, Remy had created his own “vacuum” in the box.
- p. 365: “backup à *un plan de secours*”: “backup to a backup plan.” The French phrase was previously used by Remy on 20.346 and 21.354.
- p. 365: “HIV’s microrecorder, its cassette ‘no larger than a limp [uncircumcised] penis’”: Since Remy’s thought occurred the night before, he is not quoting Leroy from 20.341, where at the café the ambassador added “uncircumcised” between “limp” and “penis.” Instead, Remy is quoting HIV’s original description of the cassette on 2.25: “Its cassette’s no larger than a limp penis.” Thus “uncircumcised” must be bracketed here since it is Remy’s emendation. This is the final of the seven uses of the “limp penis” image in the novel, all of which are listed in the 2.15 note, “twirling,” N2:3.
- p. 365: “intuitively ‘ditched’ . . . to keep them [the French] from confiscating it”: On 19.329 when Devereaux asked if there was anything “incriminating Leroy on the faux Dupont [microcassette recorder]” Remy lied that he had “stuffed it in a courtyard urn” along “with some clothes.” Devereaux obviously believed him since he later said that the recorder he had strapped to Remy’s back was “much superior to the one you ditched” (20.334).
- p. 365: “a precautionous one”: The term “precaution” is often, but not exclusively, used in referring to Ballard: 1.1 and 4; 4.57; and 15.249. Here Remy applies this characteristic of Ballard to himself.
- p. 365: “remembering Noura and the time the French had plumbed his depth better than he theirs”: The French lieutenant had convinced him that Noura was being violated, knowing when Omar saw that his sister had not gone through the ordeal, he would “break” and agree to become a collaborator.

- p. 365: “His compendium tolled”: With his accounts of the past and his speculation about the future finished, Remy returns to his present situation where the time has still not reached 7:32.
He pulls back his index finger from the microcassette recorder which he had placed in Marie’s box of sweets, wondering if it could possibly be as faulty as the one strapped to his back by Devereaux had been shown to be in the Café de Flore (20.341).
- p. 365: “*de fabrication française*”: French-made.
- p. 365: “I must be certain””: Remy’s speculation here is not to be taken seriously. His recorder had always functioned perfectly, and there is no reason for him to think that it would suddenly malfunction.
He is simply impatient to hear the words on the cassette which he believes will save his life.
- p. 365: “the blare of patriotic music from lamppost loudspeakers”: During Ramadan horn loudspeakers are often attached to street poles of major boulevards in Muslim cities to magnify the cannon blast and the call to the Maghrib prayers which break the fast.
These are being used here to pipe in the Algerian national anthem, as will be specified on p. 367, a signal of the approach of President Bendjedid’s cavalcade.
- p. 365: “he rolled the lighter’s Rewind flint wheel and tapped the *Marche-Arrêt* refill screw”: These features of the faux Dupont lighter that turn it into a microcassette recorder were first mentioned in chap. 4: “A firm tap at the bottom refill screw of the ST Dupont silver-plated lighter stopped the recorder . . . Remy pressed the *Marche-Arrêt* screw again” (62) and “Using the flint wheel to fast-forward” (63). See the 4.62 note, N4:32, which translates the French terms as “Play-Stop.”
On 19.317, Remy again listed two parts of the lighter: “Tapping the refill screw and thumbing with the flint wheel.”
- p. 365: “Paris has . . . opted [. . .] Le Puy’s dormant volca—”: Devereaux’s wording from 20.341 where he confessed that France was willing to betray and sacrifice Remy, one of its agents, in order to gain the services of a more powerful person, Leroy.
See the two notes on his speech, “Paris” and “potentiality,” N20:42.
- p. 365: rehit: “to tap once again” (online *Urban Dictionary*; not listed in standard print dictionaries).
- p. 365: “HIV’s lighter””: Remy typically speaks of the faux Dupont as “HIV’s lighter” (10.164 and 17.287) since he had made the request for it to HIV in Trimalchio’s (2.33).
It was, however, another agent of DGSE who placed the lighter in the items left in the 2269 locker at Orly airport, called “the 2269 cache” (4.53).

To Remy it is “HIV’s” recorder that has captured all, including Leroy’s confession.

p. 365: “more explosive than a bomb”: The suspense, which above with merit I called “cheap” (the p. 364 note, “it,” N21:40), is punctured.

There is no bomb in Marie’s box of sweets, although Remy’s wording suggests that he had contemplated placing one there.

His reaction—he “disdained to turn” (20.340 and its note, “his qualms,” N20:40) does not suggest that he had forecast that the French deception involved an alliance with Leroy.

However, being a precautious man, Remy had decided that he wanted a recording of his conversation with Devereaux and later with Leroy at the Café de Flore.

This he could use against the French if they did trick or “abandon” him once they had the confession from Leroy that he had murdered Ballard.

p. 365: “Brought down”: The litter is lowered at 7:34.

p. 365: “And what is this that’s only for my ears?”: On p. 358, Remy had said that he would reveal the plots against Algeria “Only to the president!”

p. 365: “ten billion francs”: In May 1989, one US dollar equaled 6.58 French francs. Ten billion francs would be equal to about a billion and a half US dollars.

p. 365: “Another, eclipsed by his right shoulder”: His Defense Minister, General Khaled Nezzar, who will be addressed by name two paragraphs below (366).

p. 365: “our *Lailatul Qadr* prayers anon beckon us”: The Night of Greatness would begin at 7:36 p.m.

p. 365: El Mouradia: See the 20.332 note, N20:3, for a description of the official residence of Algeria’s president.
It is about 2.6 km. (1.6 miles) south of the Al Nigma.

p. 365: 72,000 dinars: The reward, 500,000 dinars, divided by seven, the number of the young captors is c. DA71,428.
A generous Bendjedid rounds off this figure.

- p. 366: “As for this traitor, General Khaled Nezzar”: At first reading, the person named seems to be in apposition to “traitor.”
- p. 366: “my breath bated”: The expression “with bated breath,” meaning “with the breath held in because of fear, excitement, etc.”
Here the emotion is Bendjedid’s feigned awe, anticipation, and excitement at the prospect that Foucin—hypocritically called “our nation’s beacon”—will soon finish his life’s work of bringing the seven traitors to justice and retire.
- p. 366: Moresque: Moorish in design.
- p. 366: “wrists cuffed . . . ankles shackled . . . a third gaggle of fetters interconnecting the two”: In the above discussion of the significance of the title of this chapter, N21:1, the symbolism of the three sets of fetters is note.
- p. 366: “among the status quo”: Almost all of those in attendance at the presidential palace are ministerial and military cronies of Bendjedid and Nezzar, the “status quo” of Algeria about whom Foucin spoke on 7.113.
- p. 366: “a 10 x 24 cm. piece of paper”: A c. 3.9 x 9.5 inch piece of paper, which would be about 1/4th larger than the usual size of a check.
- p. 366: “To the president only!”: The aide uses the wording of the mob (21.358), not Remy’s “Only the to president!” (358)
- p. 366: envoi: Something said in farewell or conclusion.
- p. 366: “each save one with a fleer on his countenance”: With a derisive laugh.
The “save one” is Foucin, who presumably is suspicious of Remy—and Bendjedid. However, his conscience will not allow him to intervene since he has been convinced by Remy’s argument (358-59) that he must subordinate his personal desires to the decision of the president.
- p. 366: marshal: to lead or guide.
- p. 366: sanctum sanctorum: A place of utmost privacy.
For the corrupt Bendjedid and Nezzar, since this room is the place they are going to negotiate their anticipated billion-dollar profit, it is their “holy of holies,” the literal Latin translation.
- p. 366: “dark except for a low-hanging lamp”: This image of illumination was used on 3.42 where Omar looked into a room through the peephole and saw a “room . . . dimly lit by a low-watt bulb hanging from a strand of wire” and on 13.215 where Leroy’s study was “dark except for the light channeled . . . by a shepherd’s hook floor lamp.”

- p. 366: **burled-walnut**: Having the pattern from the grain of a walnut tree burl.
A burl is a large rounded outgrowth on the trunk or branch of a tree that is often used decoratively as a veneer or finish.
- p. 366: **cendriers**: In French, “ashtrays.”
A sexual image: The no-larger-than-a-limp-penis microcassette recorder is positioned between the “two knobby ball-shaped ashtrays.”
- p. 366: **skirl**: to sound out in a shrill, piercing tone.
The sound is made by Nezzar.
- p. 366: **Mitterrand**: The president of France from 1981-1995.
The other two places he is mentioned in the text are 2.30 and 14.236.
- p. 366: “*The General wags his finger*”: On 2.18, Remy had imagined a scene where French President Charles de Gaulle insisted that France owed a debt of gratitude to the seven “misnomered” traitors: “*The General intoned, wagging his finger at the chief of counterespionage, ‘They have served France.’*”
- p. 366: “zeroing in on his favorite subject”: Money (Remy’s “a pretty garden full of francs”).
The term “zeroing in on” means not just “focusing on,” but also refers to “the zeroes” in FF 10,000,000,000, mentioned on p. 365 and in its note, “ten billion,” N21:46.
- p. 366: “*They dispatched me so that a French president would evade any possible embarrassment*”: See 2.30: “DGSE was worried about what [secrets] had been passed on [by Ballard] before [his death] . . . ‘[T]he next time President Mitterrand busses PLO Chairman Arafat, he desires solely a scraped cheek, not [an embarrassing disclosure] hissed, ‘So you French shitasses had a radar malfunction.’””
- p. 366: **cock-a-hoop**: elated; exultant; boastful; conceited.
- p. 366: “circa a third of ‘16,093 kilometer [*sic*]’”: The straight-line distance from Paris to Washington, D.C. is c. 3,835 miles or 6,172 km.
An impish Remy uses the “ten thousand mile [*sic*]” figure from l. 16 of Burns’s “A Red, Red Rose,” cited above on p. 365 and in its N21:43 note: “Tho’ it were ten thousand mile.”
Ten thousand miles is roughly 16,093 kilometers, but Remy uses the singular and thus places a bracketed *sic* after the number to indicate that it should be plural.
However, even with the qualifier “circa,” Remy’s math is far off: 1/3 of 16,093 km. is 5,364 km., a significant 808 km. (or 502 miles) short of his destination (and thus treading water in the Atlantic).
He should have used .28, not .33 (“a third”), in calculating the distance: .28 of 16,093 km. is 6,046 km., very close to the actual straight-line distance of 6,172

kilometers.

p. 366: “closeted skeleton”: Plays upon “skeleton in the closet” (“some fact, as about one’s family, kept secret because of shame or fear or disgrace”) and that many a gay even into the twenty-first century was forced to keep himself or herself “in the closet” (“a state of secrecy, especially concerning personal homosexual orientation or activity”).

p. 366: “*une étoile filante*”: French for “a shooting star”; a large bright meteor.

p. 366: “*Le monde doit ne savoir rien*”: In French, “The world needs to know nothing” of what the director of France’s DGSE and the American ambassador to Algeria connived.

The French is partially translated in the last part of the sentence, “should let it—the world—know.”

pp. 366-67: “Algeria’s unfortunate \$26 billion international debt”: The figure comes from the World Bank and indicates the financial mess which oil- and gas-rich Algeria had gotten itself into: In 1988 Algeria’s total external debt was US\$24.8 billion; in 1989, it was \$US26.4.

In both years, approximately seventy percent of the debt was owed to private banks, not to foreign governments. Service on this debt cost US\$8.4 billion in 1989, which meant that the total debt equaled three full years of export income, largely from Algeria’s hydrocarbon resources.

How had this economic crisis developed? In the 1970s, in its “rush for growth” economic policy, Algeria ran up a huge foreign debt through loans from foreign banks, granted because of Algeria’s large hydrocarbon reserves.

However, the drop of world oil prices in 1986 from \$30 to \$10 a barrel, together with poor and corrupt domestic economic management, produced a shattering economic situation, one which forced the government to reduce subsidies to businesses.

Unemployment, already exacerbated by the booming population, further increased.

To rein in one principal aspect of its national debt, the government raised the price on certain heavily subsidized commodities, notably bread. This led to the bread riots of Black October 1988, so brutally suppressed by the military that President Bendjedid was forced to institute political reform, including the abolishment of the one-party system which had allowed the FLN to govern (1.11 and its notes, “the Islamists” and “a December,” N1:29-30).

- p. 367: “Prod some stalled loans from the stingy World Bank”: In fact, the International Monetary Fund and the World Bank both granted loans to Algeria almost directly after the fictional events of my novel: In May 1989, the IMF granted a large standby loan to Algeria, and in August 1989, a US\$300 million structural assistance loan from the World Bank was received. Over the next ten years Algeria periodically received six more sizable loans from the two organizations. By 2010, largely because of the rising price of oil, Algeria had paid off almost all of its foreign debt.
- p. 367: “capital’s capitals”: Washington and Paris. In 1990 Algeria received US\$26 million in financial assistance from the U.S., the first it had ever gotten from America. A closer relationship between America and Algeria, based on America’s need for Algerian oil and Algeria’s need for American dollars, developed in the 1990s and has continued into the first two decades of the 21st century. As for France, since Algerian independence, it has always provided foreign aid to Algeria, partially to ensure its access to its former colony’s oil and gas industry and partly to compensate for its favorable trade balance with Algeria. On Jan. 8, 1989, to show its support for Bendjedid’s movement toward greater democracy in Algeria and to prevent a complete Algerian economic collapse because of its external debt, France extended a FF7 billion credit to Algeria. In March 1989, French President Mitterrand paid a visit to Algeria to shore up Bendjedid’s standing in the international community. (I chose to ignore this historical event in my novel.) However, France continued to oppose any Algerian demand that its short- and long-term debt owed to French and international banks be refinanced on terms more advantageous to Algeria, without which there seemed no way for the country to reduce its foreign debt. After much negotiation, in July 1991, France dropped this opposition and such restructuring of loans ensued. In my mind, these post facto instances certified that France and the U.S. became less “centime/penny pinchers” than they had been toward Algeria.
- p. 367: centime: The coin system used in France until it transferred to the euro on Jan. 1, 2002. French centimes were demonetized three years later. In 1989, the time of my novel, France had 1-, 5-, 10-, 20-, and 50-centime coins.
- p. 367: “*Quel est argent, comparé à l’honneur de votre patrie?*”: “What is money, compared to the honor of your country?” Remy is baiting both Bendjedid and Nezzar.
- p. 367: “‘Villain[s],’ they must ‘be condemned into everlasting redemption’”: Dogberry’s mangled—he means “damnation,” not “redemption”—verdict on Claudio in *Much Ado* 4.2.58: “O villain! Thou wilt be condemned into everlasting redemption for this.”

However, Remy's citation of the malapropism emphasizes his comic awareness of the difficulty in distinguishing between the two.

Furthermore, the sentence is so structured that "villains" may refer to either Bendjedid and Nezzar or Leroy and the DGSE director.

This is the final use of the redemption theme. Once again see N18:72-74 for an overview of it in the sin/repentance/redemption pattern of the novel.

- p. 367: "Take the [Credit] and let the [Cash] go": An inversion of l. 51 of *The Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám*, trans. Fitzgerald: "Some for the Glories of This World; and some / Sigh for the Prophet's [Mohammed's] Paradise to come; / Ah, take the Cash, and let the Credit go, / Nor heed the rumble of a distant Drum!" (Quatrain 13; 49-52)

From Khayyám's hedonistic point of view, one should spend time on worldly pleasures (the "cash"), not bank on the "credit" one will receive in the afterlife for having lived an abstinent life in this world.

Remy's meaning is different: To avoid a public scandal, Washington and Paris will choose to "decorate" Leroy and the Director, that is, let them "take the credit" of honorable public service, and will direct massive amounts of "cash" to Algeria so that it will not publicize the despicable actions of the two men.

Alternately, Washington and Paris will "take the credit" for having employed and promoted two such seemingly outstanding public servants as Leroy and the Director. To maintain that façade, both governments will be willing to "let the cash [massive financial aid as a bribe for Algeria's silence] go."

- p. 367: "the third pertinent voice on the tape": Remy's.
- p. 367: "He would escape and 'somehow make it "home" to her'": For the internal quotation of "home," see p. 365 above: "For, bearing a second box of Turkish Delight as the coming-home gift ('wherever home will be')."
- p. 367: seamlessly: A pun on *seam/seem* since "seeming" is the external appearance of a situation, not the reality.
- p. 367: "the Crowning Traitor": The "ultimate traitor," in the sense of "final" or "last in a progression" (*Webster's Third*), although "crown" carries religious and political connotations.
- p. 367: "well-nigh as fast as the population": Algeria's population more than doubled from 1962, its independence from France, when it had 11.2 million people, to 1989 (24.7 million).
Since then, its population has continued to explode; in 2012, Algeria's population was 37.1 million.
- p. 367: "manna-dropping military hardware": A slight allusion to 16.258 where the Saharan *alim* asked, "What to do when the sky is falling with paratroopers?"

- p. 367: *pourboire* . . . *cadeau*: The first is French for a “tip” or “gratuity,” while *cadeau* means “present; gift.”
On 2.25, HIV makes the distinction between the two in referring to the annual stipend Remy received from the French government: “No, more than your *cadeau*, a *pourboire* for your *cadeau*.’ And thereafter what Remy’s three previous contacts had styled his ‘gift’ from a grateful French government became his ‘tip.’”
- p. 367: “he would extend an open palm”: The three other “*would’s*” on this page indicate possible events in the future: “would not it be prudent,” “would escape” and “would care.”
However, “he would extend” is grammatically jarring since in the narrative it should be the simple past, “he extended,” as in “Remy leaned across” and “he continued.”
The change from the past tense of the narrative to the future (“would”) is the first overt indication that there is something odd about the meeting being described.
- p. 367: “needlelike, toward the veiled pole”: A reference to the powerful Nezzar, who is in the darkness.
The image is from Blake’s “A Poison Tree”: “And into my garden stole, / When the night had veiled the pole” (13-14), that is, the “Pole Star” or Polaris, the North Star.
Another meaning of “Pole Star” is the “center of attention,” which Nezzar certainly is since Remy knows that he must win his, not the president’s, approval of his scheme.
“Needlelike”: The needle of a compass always points to the North Pole because of magnetic pull. And the Pole Star is never more than one degree from true north, which is the direction in which the North Pole is located along the Earth’s rotational axis.
- p. 367: *la troisième voix*: French for “the third voice.”
Three paragraphs above, Remy referred to himself as “the pertinent third voice on the tape.”
- p. 367: “The scene which Remy had scripted and enacted in his mind was curtailed”: The revelation is given that the episode from “he discovered himself in the shadow of Bendjedid” (365) to the last sentence of section 3 (367) is a figment of Remy’s imagination, a play which ends with the curtain being brought down.
- p. 367: “hal0-imprisoned, it ‘miraculously’ seemed to float in midair”: The description of Nezzar’s head recalls the image of the words above the head of Algiers’ Black Madonna: The words were “floating like a gigantic halo on the apse above her head” (6.82); of Leroy in the study: Remy “perceived Leroy’s hair smothered by the hands, the aureole now riveted on his clasped fingers” (13.217); and of the “iconic caption” and “a rubric to the phantasma” of what happened in his visit to his father (17.281-82).

p. 367: “Foucin would!”: Remy knows the truth, that even for millions on millions of dollars or francs Nezzar is too smart to incur the wrath of Foucin. Thus Remy does not give his own dream a realistic and unhappy ending. This section ends at 7:34.

pp. 367-68: SECTION 4

p. 367: “The litter shook as it was lowered”: The action goes back to p. 365 where Remy was “[b]rought down.”

The litter had been lifted at the sound of the national anthem, which is being played as a salute to the approaching Bendjedid.

p. 367: “the ‘insubstantial pageant’ dissolved”: Remy calls his plan to escape “insubstantial.”

From *Tempest* 4.1.154-56: “Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve, / And, like this insubstantial pageant padded, / Leave not a rack behind.”

The image was used earlier on 3.53 (the substantial presence of the French army in Algeria); 7.133 (Remy’s imaginary prayer in Foucin’s office), and 20.445 (his desire to leave Algeria and spydom and return to France and Marie).

p. 367: blear: As an intransitive verb, “to look or observe dully with or as if with watery eyes” (*Webster’s Third*).

p. 367: “*Kassaman*”: As translated in the text, this is the Arabic for “We pledge.” An alternate English spelling is *Qassaman* and another translation of the title is “The Pledge.”

The lyrics are by the Algerian poet Moufdi Zakaria, who was imprisoned by the French in 1956. He supposedly wrote the poem on a wall of his cell using his own blood.

The melody was composed by the Egyptian singer and movie actor Mohammed Fawzi in 1963.

p. 367: “[*Flourish.*]”: Fanfare or a loud flourish of trumpets. It occurs as an italicized stage or musical direction in Elizabethan plays to indicate the entrance or exit of royalty or nobility, as in *Hamlet* 1.4.6: “[*A flourish of trumpets, and two pieces go off.*]”

Many editions of Shakespeare’s plays, such as the Globe Edition, place the stage direction in brackets [*Flourish.*], for example all instances in *Antony*: 1.1.10; 2.2.28 and 180; 2.6.opening; 2.7.136; 4.4.23; 4.6.opening; and 5.2.190 and 366. Other editions place stage directions in brackets only when they occur in the middle of a speech.

p. 367: *deus ex machina*: A literal translation from the Latin is “god from a machine.” A term in classical dramas, it refers to a deity being brought in by stage

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machinery to intervene in the action.

Remy imagines Bendjedid's Mercedes automobile (366) as the "machine" which brought him within walking distance of the litter.

p. 367: "his devil": This is the last reference to Remy as a "devil."

See the 9.148 note, N9:34, which lists the thirty-three instances in the novel where Remy is termed or associated with a devil, Satan, or a demon.

p. 367: "*Inshallah!*": "God willing!"

p. 367: "'It doesn't matter whether a girl or a boy' . . . Remy *fil*s-to-be": On 4.53, as Remy's flight to Algiers descended, he said to himself, "Why now do I want a son?"

During his meeting with his father, he must have told him that he had two daughters since the latter commented, "And no son" (17.292).

However, he had not informed him that he believed he had impregnated Marie the night before he flew to Algiers.

Earlier in this chapter Remy, looking into the future, further imagined that Marie had indeed borne him a son, the four-month-old Remy *fil*s (365).

p. 367: "with Remy in his strong arms, they had strolled . . . in lagged pursuit of Noura": Remy recalls a childhood incident when he was eight years old: "On Noura's first day at the beach, bolting from his [Remy's] grasp, she had rushed toward the sea, terrifying him; but his father, sweeping him up in his sinewy arms, tempered their pursuit. 'She is wooed by any element not of man, yet will stay chaste to us'" (3.44).

p. 367: lag: Its basic meaning is to stay or fall behind another that is moving at a faster rate.

"Lag pursuit" is an aeronautical warfare term which refers to a tactical maneuver performed in a dogfight whereby the pursuing fighter plane maintains its position astern but outside the turn radius of the plane being pursued. This movement puts the attacker in the defender's blind spot.

This strained metaphor places Omar and his father in the pursuing plane which lags behind but not out of the radius of the tracked defender (Noura).

Just as the defending plane loses its attacker in the resulting blind spot, this first view of the sea has "blinded" Noura to the presence of her father and brother. Because of this labored explanation, I decided to change the technical "lag pursuit," first used in the text of the novel, to the simpler "lagged pursuit.")

p. 367: "'You, boy, 'Sayyid' Edress'": The time is 7:35, one minute before the Night of Greatness begins.

p. 367: contumelious: Rude in a contemptuous way.

p. 367: *porteur de la civière*: The stretcher-bearer.

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- p. 367: misconduct: A transitive verb meaning “to manage badly or behave (oneself) improperly” (*Webster’s Third*).
I did not use the verb in either of these senses. My sentence has a neologistic definition: “to carry or convey someone or something badly.”
- p. 367: “the four-times-wounded”: The significance of Remy’s four wounds is discussed in an essay at the end of the notes for chap. 20, N20:80-82.
- p. 367: princox: In its archaic sense, “a pert youth”; one who is “flippantly cocky and self-assertive” (*Webster’s Third*).
- p. 367: “a patriotic fanatic, Remy’s epanodos, a fanatical patriot”: Epanodos, or regression, is the repetition of the same word or words in an inverted order.
- p. 367: “my brain giddily reels”: An obvious pun on “real” in the sense of turning from fantasy to reality.
- p. 367: “the forward-thinking Remy”: Like so many situations in this final chapter, paradoxically Remy describes himself as “forward-looking” (e.g., his escape, his reunion with Marie, another child, etc.) only to conjure up immediately a situation from the near past (his darting among the clothes racks at the warehouse that afternoon).
This situation leads him to invoke an imaginary scene from the distant past (a challenge to the 18th-century Dr. Johnson) before he is brought back to the present by the cannon’s blast heralding the beginning of *Lailatul Qadr*.
- p. 367: “‘weary, stale, flat, and [. . .]profitable’ clothes”: From *Hamlet* 1.2.133-34: “How weary, stale, flat and unprofitable / Seem to me the uses of this world!” Hamlet’s adjectives are applied to clothes by Remy: “weary,” with its pun on “wear,” indicates the clothes are tedious or irksome; “stale” because they have lost their freshness, are musty, and lack originality; and “flat” or monotonous and dull.
However they are quite “profitable,” as most secondhand clothes are for the seller.
- p. 367: “‘I’m the Seventh Traitor!’ ‘Five hundred thousand for the Great Traitor!’”: See 20.350 where Remy flaunts his treason to save himself from the French.

- p. 368: *champagne pétillant*: The tautology “bubbly champagne,” unless it has gone flat. Remy desires to forget his codename (M. Bulles, the French for “bubbles”) and that of his contact in Algiers (M. Champagne).
See 5.76 and its note, N5:23, which mentions the historical significance of “champagne” in the Algerian War.
- p. 368: “Dr. Johnson, sirrah”: An earlier reference to Dr. Johnson occurred on 10.156 and in its note, N10:9.
“Sirrah” is an archaic term of address to a man, “often used in anger, contempt, or disrespectful familiarity” (*Webster’s Third*).
- p. 368: “The last refuge of a scoundrel is . . . [treason].” Based on the quotation from Boswell’s *Life*, vol. 2, the Apr. 7, 1775, entry: “Patriotism having become one of our topics, Johnson suddenly uttered, in a strong determined tone, an apophthegm, at which many will start: ‘Patriotism is the last refuge of a scoundrel.’”
Boswell adds (stupidly!) that Johnson meant “pretended patriotism . . . a cloak of self-interest.”
As is apparent, Remy alters the structure of Johnson’s apophthegm. The narrative which began with Remy’s treason ends with his sounding that word.
- p. 368: “the cannon sounded”: The time is 7:36.
In the novel, during Ramadan a Great Cannon positioned near the Gendarmerie Nationale building where Foucin had his office was fired to indicate the ending of that day’s fast (6.98 and its note, N6.48).
- p. 368: *azan*: In Islam the call to prayers from the minaret of a mosque by a muezzin, a prayer crier.
- p. 368: “*Allahu Akbar!*”: “God is Great!” See 1.1, the first use of the religious exclamation in the novel, and its note, N1:2.
- p. 368: “*Al-shrh Akbar!*”: The first appearance of the distorted form “*Al-shrh Akbar!*” occurs on 1.3 and is discussed in its note, N1:9.
The symbolism is apparent since, like the beginning, the end of the novel suggests both connection (the correct form of the invocation to God) and disconnection (the mangled form).