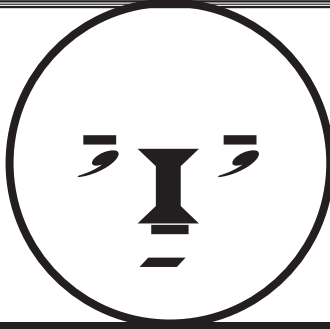


Those first 10 pages of the tapuscrit  
are dated on 4 December 2007  
They were coedited with GT Benness

I, citizen of the world  
is the english edition  
of the French "Mémoire linéaire"



**Jean-François Moreau,**

**citizen of the world.**

I spent the month of October 2007 in Australia, both in Sydney and Hawks Nest, NSW,  
kindly hosted by my friends Geoffrey T and Pamela Benness, and later on in Nov-Dec in Del Mar, California.  
Some nice people here and there reviewed graciously the tapuscrit...

**Dedicated to both friends  
I was fortunate to meet around the World  
who had become my brothers**

**Geoffrey T Benness, Sydney, New South Wales, Australia**

**John R Amberg, La Jolla, California, USA**

**and to all men and women, starting with my family and  
my friends, who helped me to achieve a long life walk  
toward the script of that book assessing why and how  
this is possible for a little human born in a tiny village  
of Brittany in 1938 to feel when he is 70-year-old to be a  
citizen of the World, in spite of failures, pain, doubt and  
distress...**

**and to all men and women who did doubt but never  
resigned in spite of failures, pain and distress...**

**and to all boys and girls who would never resign before the  
achievement of their projects in spite of doubt, pain,  
failures and sometimes have already experienced distress...**

**and to all people in moral distress of all over the world  
who would like to survive...**

**September 1<sup>st</sup>, 1986, 1pm,  
Baltimore, Maryland, USA.  
The American College  
of Radiology Board  
of Chancellors  
Annual Meeting.**

*“JF, when will you be an American citizen?”*,

George R Leopold, MD, Professor & Chairman of the  
Departement of Radiology, University of California, San Diego,  
Chancellor of the Board of the American College of Radiology.

*“Let me just tell you this, George. I’m French but,  
an American who was born in France by chance  
too! But, even more, I’m a citizen of the world!”*

Jean-François Moreau, MD, Professor & Chairman of the  
Department of Radiology, Hôpital Boucicaut, Paris, France,  
Diplomate of the International Society of Radiology delegated to  
the American College of Radiology Board of Chancellors

**Annual Meeting 1986.**

*April 27<sup>th</sup>, 1938, Martigné-Ferchaud, Ille & Vilaine, France*

I was born at 2:30 am at home in an old house termed Le Vieux Pavé. Thus I have become a French citizen regularly registered this morning at the opening of the city hall of Martigné-Ferchaud, a rural village in the eastern French Brittany. My father, Dr Jean-Paul Moreau, settled there November 1936 as a general practitioner graduated at the University of Paris. Last night he assisted my mother during my birth. He met his future wife in 1935 at the garrison of Sarrebourg, in Lorraine. He was doing his military service there as a medical lieutenant. My mother, Marie-Magdeleine Chabiron, was a nurse at the same military infirmary serving infantry troops recruited in Algeria and Morocco, French territories at that time. They truly fell in love and they decided to get married privately in Paris, under the auspices of their friends Gaston and Antoinette Cordier. I am their first child and they already adore me like a unique living jewel. They told me that just after my first breath in after I cried. When I woke up a few minutes ago I had a look at my mother who is as beautiful as a princess and I sipped her milk at her nipples voluptuously. She has dark hair and white silky skin; her body is thin and flexible like Greta Garbo or a Parisian model.

My father is a brown man with a true long nose and curly black

hair. He is proud of both his father, Dr André Moreau, a GP practicing in an outskirt of Paris, and his name. The name of Moreau originates from the province of Poitiers recalling that Charles Martel stopped the Arab invasion there in 732 AD. Thus I belong to the first generation of the so-called “beurs”, the Arabs born in France.

????, 1938, *Martigné-Ferchaud, Ille & Vilaine, France*

My religious baptism offers a day of enjoyment to all my family who is congregating save the grandmother Chabiron who never travels. My parents are uneasy financially because the challenge is difficult for a new young doctor facing two tough experienced colleagues who are supposed to get retired soon anyway; many clients pay with rabbits and chicken more often than in cash money. But they want the catholic ceremony to be exclusive but fairly tasty. My destiny seems to be oriented to medicine. All of the invited guests are wishing me a bright career. My godfather, Antoine Roux, is still a medical student in Bordeaux. Antoinette, my outgoing godmother, is the very Parisian brunette wife of Dr Gaston Cordier, a promising young and ambitious academic surgeon; both of them are my mother's intimate friends. We are catholic. After mass there is a fabulous “Canard à l'orange” at lunch, a meal all adults enjoy. I didn't like the droplet of champagne rosé they

put on my tongue, the corn either; I'm not a big eater, my body is pretty meager but I observe all my environment sharply through my sparkling green eyes. I hear some turmoil is emerging from Czeckoslovakia and my father is just coming back from Lorraine where he had to spend some weeks at the army. Prime Ministers Chamberlain for the UK and Daladier for France are discussing with Chancellor Adolph Hitler and Duce Mussolini. War and peace depend on their wills and diplomatic skills. To-day most of the ceremony attendees try to forget their unavoidable pessimism.

*August 19<sup>th</sup>, 1939, Martigné-Ferchaud, Ille & Vilaine, France*

Yesterday night my brother Thierry was born at home like I was one year ago. No complications occurred. He is browner than Papa. My mother is tired and my father is busy; he starts to be successful since his reputation is improving day after day; he is competent and psychologically close to his patients, mainly women and children. My parents are happy but anxious. There is heavy noise on the up-coming war in Poland. Hitler has been concentrating massive troops at on their borderline. I repeat what they say: "*Pauvre Pologne!*" when comments are made on the discrepancy between the brave but weak Polish cavalry and the Nazi panzer divisions.

*September 15<sup>th</sup>, 1939, Martigné-Ferchaud, Ille & Vilaine, France*

On September 11<sup>th</sup>, World War 2 started. My father, Captain Moreau now, has gone to the army somewhere in Lorraine. Her two sisters-in-law assist my mother. She is courageous and I have become the leading male. I'll take care of both Maman and Thierry. The French army is strong. No doubt the conflict will be brief since the Axis forces will be severely defeated soon.

*June 24<sup>th</sup>, 1940, Martigné-Ferchaud, Ille & Vilaine, France*

Yesterday my Papa came back home. I did not recognize him and I cried when I looked at that unknown man embracing and kissing "my females" who were weeping as well. But Maman rectified the mistake. That man is truly my father. He is safe but highly depressed. Using his panzers Marshall Guderian applied his technique of "blitz krieg" at the Franco Belgian borderline; panicking the French infantry dismantled within a few days. Our army mixed with crowds of civilian people retreated, both rushing to the South. His group stopped in the city of Toulouse. Their mouths had been expressing one obsessional word, "humiliation". Hitler has humiliated them and they are ashamed of both the incompetent general headquarters and the disoriented government who surrendered without true resisting spirit. All of them

are depressed. On June 18<sup>th</sup>, the military staff he belongs to listened to Charles de Gaulle's speech at the BBC in London calling for resistance and desertion. Thereafter one of the infirmary officers decided to join the Free French Forces through the closed Spanish borderline. My father – a true patriot awarded with Military Cross during the conflict - hesitated to accompany that chap – similarly a patriot but in trouble with his wife! - in a “crazy” choice... until the RAF bombed and destroyed the French fleet at Mers-el-Kebir, a port in Algeria. Then he remembered he is a faithful husband in charge of two children the three of them being beloved and cherished. He decided wisely to come back home immediately. He is going to face terrible problems with his practice because most of his clients have gone to the other doctors. He has no gasoline to put in the car's tank since the administration forgot to list him in the priority ticketing; doctors are regularly allotted with a few gallons a week! A Belgian priest a few hours ago sold a bicycle to him; he can tour with his heavy stuff now; he has to become a long distance racer whatever the weather and his schedule.

The Armistice treaty divides the metropolitan territory of France into two parts. We live in Northern France occupied by the German army. A company settles in the school building located just across the street. The field beside the house has been excavated; a dozen panzers

and trucks with their artillery are parked underground and camouflaged beneath the tall oaks. The German staff uses the top floor of Le Vieux Pavé for lodging. The officers won't use the indoor staircase and they put an outdoor ladder from the ground to the balcony they climb up carefully; they remove their boots before they walk silently on the wooden floor. My mother states all German soldiers she has met until now are correct and respectful. I already like the charming orderly of the staff-command I nickname KoKo; he is ready to play with both kids even though he doesn't speak French. Aunt Guite's drugstore at Verdelaïs is just at the borderline separating the Northern Occupied France and the Southern Free Zone encompassing the colonies; the government of Pétain now administers the so-called Etat Français; to-day almost all French people acknowledge his political effort and love him respectfully. My parents guess Aunt Guite is already helping female networks passing vulnerable refugees aiming to reach Spain and Northern Africa through her office; false passports with new identities are supplied still easily; they are especially helpful to the Jews who are flying from the new persecuting laws enacted by the Nazis. The Magnerons are back to Angers with their new girl, Michelle, born last year just a few weeks before Thierry. My four grand-parents look safe whether they live in Paris or in Challans. Grand-Papa who spent all

the WWI on the Eastern Front is a full supporter of Maréchal Philippe Pétain and of the Armistice. The others are still shocked as well as neutral. Germany and Hitler look invulnerable. The French are scared and do obey.

???, 1942, *Le Perreux-sur-Marne, Seine, France*

After the disastrous defeat of the French Army in 1940 and the breakdown of the Hitler-Stalin Pact in 1941, the German army fully controls the whole territory of France. The obsequious Philippe Pétain's staff administrates the territory of France from the far city of Vichy. Yesterday Aunt Françoise Moreau, Papa's younger sister, got married with a young doctor, Dr François-Xavier Carton, working at a coalmine infirmary near Lille. My parents, Thierry and I took the train and after a very long and uncomfortable trip we are discovering my Grand Papa's real estate where he practices at the Perreux-sur-Marne, a sleepy and bourgeois suburb of Paris. Bretons like us cannot understand how severely the Parisians are starving and freezing. Foods and wood or coal are supplied by the black market only. This morning, we visited Godmother Antoinette; the Cordiers live in the fanciest Paris district; their superb condominium at the top of a haussmann-style building faces the River Seine and the Eiffel Tower; Thierry and I stood up at the