

## **B'RITH ESH**

### **Avallac'h, the Avenging Angel of the Children's Future**

During all those long and cruel years of exile I have constantly (and quite unsuccessfully) tried to put the pieces of my life together. Human mind is rearranging in nature which means that people always endeavor to find some hidden meaning or some ultimate significance where, in fact, only chaos is the norm. In that respect, I did not differ much from anybody else. To integrate into an apparently consistent semantic body many converging aspects of my own existential blueprint has always been relatively easy. My ethno-cultural background, my eco-spirituality, my scientific researches in the field of variable levels of bio-reality and my role as prominent champion of the environment all fit together quite well. Yet, there is a "dark" and "shining" segment of my existential unfoldment that does not combine so easily with the rest, despite all my efforts to camouflage it, to repaint it or reinterpret it in a more acceptable fashion: My direct involvement in the domain of national and international security in Europe during the mid-Seventies.

There are too many good reasons why, all along, I have been very reticent to mention such a dramatic period of my life. Firstly, when dealing with a domain as controversial as mine and when facing the usual sanctimonious judgmentalness and sarcastic skepticism of my expected human audience, the proposition that, besides being a "Celtic Holy Man," and "Eco-spiritual champion," "a mad scientist" and a "paranormal freak," I could also have been some sort of a French counter-terrorist "007" does not do my already flickering credibility any good, right? Secondly, in case I would have had the patience to give all my credentials in such a matter and I could have somehow convinced someone of the true and frightening reality, how am I expected to integrate such a horrible discrepancy into the higher picture of my existential makeup?

. For many years, long indeed before my exile, I have endeavored to "rearrange the truth" by describing this episode of my life as some "psycho-behavioral final test of my mysterious initiation." The ultimate proof of my "egolytic" metamorphosis (removal of all personal feelings) that would prove beyond the shadow of a doubt my readiness to take, without hesitation, orders from a "higher power," that operated within my "sacerdotal Celtic clan," be it the most unbearable command according to my own systems of values. More than once I have compared this exercise to the "room 101" of George Orwell's masterpiece: 1984. Just like my final initiatory trial, this would be the worst possible thing on Earth, the absolute worst nightmare of anybody's subconscious.

Therefore, until now, I have systematically described the order of my "sadistic" matriarchal clan to join the "nerve center" of my French worst enemies, as the final apocalyptic "surprise" of an etho-transformational initiation already very much nightmarish, as far as I am concerned.

In fact, the story is a little more complicated and only reflects half the truth of the whole process. I do not mean to give the impression that I am more than who I am but, even within my own "clan of freaks," I have always been some sort of a "super-freak." Without mentioning my metempsychotic system of beliefs, where I have full access to many "parallel lives," I can also recall every bit of memory of this life, dating back to the foetal stage and probably before. At the age of three, while I was myself under heavy processes of initiatory learning, I was also and already "teaching" people and provoking within them major "paranormal happenings" (in the field of their own health, in the domain of their spiritual opening or in the arena of their existential realignment). I was, in fact, so different

from any other past members of my clan that my main teacher, my great-grandmother, ordered me to conceal such dramatic difference from anybody else (my mother and grandmother especially included).

I know how crazy this is going to sound, but it is as though all my thought processes had been already perfectly structured in my mind, even when my external appearance was that of a toddler. What I acquired throughout those long years of initiation had nothing to do with my “cosmic statement of mission,” of which I was aware from the very beginning.

Nor are my intellectual abilities to get some sort of a “holographic” picture and subsequent synthetic analysis of any personal, political or philosophical situation due in any way to my education or initiation. This too was some inborn “gift” or “curse,” depending on the circumstances. My cultural or initiatory acquisitions related only to how to access and redirect our collective unconscious and on how to “surf,” with some measure of success, on the waves of a strange multi-reality bio-continuum otherwise totally unknown to man.

What I am trying to say is the final “surprise” of my existential initiation was no surprise at all. Indeed, I had always known that as “cosmo-justiciary warrior” and as very “special agent” of “Divine Natural Law Enforcement,” I will have to acquire some practical training and knowledge from within the very center of the disease itself. In order for me to become a competent “physician” of our metastatic dying planet, I knew “..”f.. that I would have to journey deep into the core of the human anthropolipoma. I had to feign feelings of revolt and disgust for reasons of “external credibility,” but inside, I had been, always, utterly prepared and quite impatient to carry out my first existential immersion into the abysses of human bio-psychosis.

Although my clan tried to hide from me my real place of birth for many years (a “real” Celtic cultural leader should have been born right in the middle of the Armorican cradle, shouldn’t he?), I knew that I had to enter this life of misery at the very epicenter of the pandemic infection: Paris. Although I was brought back to Brittany only a few days after, it was indispensable for me to have been exposed, at the earliest stage, to the French pestilence, some sort of a radical etho-cultural vaccination. Indeed, people have no idea why and how much France impersonates evil, culturally, politically and historically. France as we know it is the confluence of the two darkest forces in European history: The Romans and the Franks.

The sick megalomania and wicked cruelty of the Roman Empire really do not need to be emphasized. These form historical facts that date back twenty-five centuries and still survive under the cloak of the Roman Catholic Church. In fact, the Roman settlers who colonized Gaul (former Celtic country) were not archetypal Roman citizens, but indeed the very scum of the predatory and mercenary Roman legions. The initial Roman evil was greatly enhanced by a second evil much worse than the first one: The infamous Franks ...contrary to what you can read in your textbooks, Franks were not just another Germanic tribe driven to invade the Gallo-Roman society at the epoch of massive migrations. The well-known Roman historian, Tacitus, who was also the best expert on Germanic populations and Germanic cultures, did not even mention the word “Frank” in his historical masterpiece, “De Germanica.” Tacitus gives amazing details and developments on innumerable Germanic tribes (most of them being utterly unknown to us) but never, and I mean, never, has he made direct or indirect allusion to those mighty Franks who, nevertheless, only a few centuries later will wipe out from the map all other tribes and, culminating at the time of Charlemagne, will rule over most of Europe in the most cruel and immoral fashion.

The word “Frank” is actually Celtic (“frankiz”) which means the renegades (very similar in that respect to the mythical “Hapirus” in Egypt and in the Middle-East). The Franks represent the evil coalition, indeed the culmination, of some “Germanic and Barbarian mafia,” utterly rebellious to their former ethnic and cultural structures. They were also the followers of a new cruel and imperialist pagan cult,

who broke free from their former tribal societies to gang together (most literally) for the purpose of absolute 'Euro-domination. Ritual and systematic murders of all non-cult members, within their own family especially, were the norm by which the entirety of ancient Frank's history has been noted.

Therefore, the roots of France as we know it come; from the" sick conflation of the worst scum of "the Roman Empire merging with the 'worst scum' of Germanic hordes dead set on tyrannizing all sorts of ethnic minorities that represent the true Euro-native populations.

The following historical unfoldment of France only reinforces its malignant roots: 8After the barbaric Merovingians came the infamous Carolingians soon replaced by the terroristic Capetians who scorched their own country, most of Europe and, indeed, the middle-East (the so-called "Crusades") for eight-hundred years. The histrionic tyrant whom we call Napoleon was the "perfect" sadistic successor of previous French "royal" megalomaniacs. More recently, Philippe Petain and Charles De Gaulle both exemplify ad nauseam the absolute evilness of the French ~g class that only reflects the sick wickedness of the entire French psyche.

People may think that, as a Breton historical figure, I have a personal agenda against those who massacred and desecrated my people and my country for centuries, coupling horrendous genocide with complete ethocide (annihilation of the cultural, ethical and spiritual substance of a specific human group). I would like then to remind everyone that, beside the murderous attitude toward ethnic or religious minorities, France is the cradle of scientific reductionism (Rene Descartes), of fanatical atheism (1789 French Revolution, Rousseau, Voltaire, etc.), of so-called "scientific racism (Gobineau, Montandon, etc.).

France is also the true pestilential source of the worst form of anti-Semitism (i.e. Charles Drummont). My Jewish brethren may remember the Slavic people of Poland or Russia as their most infamous tormentors (the word "pogrom" is indeed, all too sadly, Slavic) and, the psychotic German people under the spell of the most potent "golem" ever engineered, as the worst genocidal perpetrators throughout their history. Yet, the true keepers of the Jewish ethos know that the French almost achieved what the Slavs, the Germans or, indeed, the Catholic inquisition could not do, their global "ethocidation." After Napoleon and his ruthless policy of forceful "Jewish integration," I am not afraid to say that the termination of the Jewish ethos in France was almost complete. In the process, the Jewish population in France became utterly acculturated, shameful of their own spiritual identity and stripped from their most basic dignity. In the wake of such cultural crime against humanity, the ugly concept of "Juif honteux" was born whereby to be Jewish was viewed ~s a disgrace by the French Jews themselves. Actually, the Jewish ethocide in France has been so complete that the Eastern European and German Jews fleeing persecutions and seeking protection in France in the thirties were violently rejected and cruelly stigmatized by the French "Jews" who did not want to be "contaminated" by the "Jewishness" of those new immigrants, a Jewishness from which they had tried really hard to distance themselves. The same sad phenomenon on rejection occurred once again at the beginning of the sixties }when Jews from North Africa (Morocco, Tunisia and Algeria, especially) had to be repatriated in France. Still today they remain deeply ostracized and, indeed, segregated from the French "Jewish" mainstream.

If I have been giving so much emphasis on the "Jewish question" in France, it is because the issue is highly sensitive and deeply emotional to me. According to my own ancient Hyperborean tradition, the Hebrews represent the Armorican "lost. tribe" (history has its own interesting sense of irony). Actually, the common origin dates back from a much more mythical space/time dimension sometimes referred to as "Arqa" (or "Arkha") but, this is another, and much more secret, story....

Before those whom you would improperly call the “Jewish people” decided to part from us and wade their way throughout history under the flag of their own diaspora, the original Armoricans, their Spartan brethren (1st book of the Maccabees, 21-3) and the ancient Hebrews were one single people, children of the same” Avallac’hian” dispersion. It was the time when the divine feminine principle had not been replaced, yet, by Yahweh and his aggressive new patriarchal beliefs and patterns. It was a time when the sacred oneness of God was still mentioned in the plural mode (Elohim) to reflect its sacred bio-diversity.

A time when Hyperborean Venetic (Lycian) populations such as the Luwi (tribe of Levi), the Solymi (Hierosolymi... Jerusalem), the Daneans (Samson and the Tribe of Dan), and many more (Galatians, Galileans, etc...), brought into the Middle-East the heavenly light (the root “Ebr-“ in Breton still signifies the “sky”) from the West.... Actually, the true genesis of the Jewish people is doubly Hyperborean since another Polar radiation, coming from the North through the Steppes miraculously rejoined the Western Venetic migration during the high Middle-Age after the Khazars have given birth to the culture we know as “Azkenazim.”

Coming back to our modern times and to the most secretive episode of my past “cosmic duties” in Europe, after I had successfully completed every bit of my eighteen-year long sacerdotal initiation (nine years to acquire the feminine “Lore and Powers” and nine more years to assimilate the masculine “Wisdom and Forces” of the ancient “Druidic Warfare”), I was ready to “engage the enemy” on my own terms. When I allude to my period of “deep undercover counter-terrorist field operative,” it usually goes from September 1975 to December 1978 to match my official assignment when I had been appointed to Lieutenant (at 21, the youngest Lieutenant of my generation) by the French government. Actually, my “political” engagement dates back to 1971 when I joined- an extremely dangerous paramilitary organization that had been secretly set up by people whom I choose not to name nor to define, when they decided to make dramatic changes within the French political landscape by breaking apart the two traditional gangs that competed (sometimes as tactical allies) to maintain France under their own dirty boots: The Communists (and their Marxist allies within the French Socialist Party) and the Gaullists (after their “Coup d’Etat” in 1958 in Algiers and the highly conspirative so-called “Fifth Republic” that ensued).

France at that time was in a painful recovery process after the climate of civil war that followed the betrayal of De Gaulle after he, unilaterally, broke his agreement with the French military forces who brought him up to power on the Algerian question. For his own political (and, indeed, physical) survival, after the best elite forces of the French military (such as the Foreign Legion, the paratroopers, the commandos, etc.) became dead-set on ousting the renegade, De Gaulle created his own private paramilitary forces, mostly composed of the most dangerous elements of the Corsican mafia (Committi, Pasqua, Sanguinetti, etc.) to oppose the OAS (Secret Army Organization). De Gaulle’s “political” assassins are often referred to as the “Barbouzes” and the front for their paramilitary goons was, then, called the SAC (“Service d’ Action Civique”). After thousands of murders (both in France and abroad), after torture had been entirely legitimized, and after several years of ruthless civil war, mostly carried out underground, the OAS had been militarily defeated (most of its leaders murdered, “evaporated” or in jail).

Yet, far from being totally annihilated, the OAS remained “dormant,” very especially its secret elite force (“Commandos Delta”) that had received strong Israeli support and training owing to the strong Jewish presence inside the OAS (Sephardim Jews from North Africa) and due to the strange pro-Israeli ideology of the OAS which, in that respect, cannot be considered “fascist” although a so-called “antifascist crusade. against the OAS” inspired a political tactical alliance between De Gaulle’s assassins and. the secret Communist paramilitary forces. Some people may not clearly remember how;

anti-Semitic (and very especially, anti-Israeli) De Gaulle really was, but this aspect of his sick nature was not lost on the persons in Tel Aviv, those precisely in charge of the external security of Israel....

Most emphatically, I am not going to give detailed operational accounts of my very sensitive involvement into that ultra-secretive time period in French history. Suffice it to say that after years of ruthless clandestine warfare against the Gaullists and the Communists, the new president Valery Giscard D'Estaing recaptured France in 1974. In order to "defuse" as much as he could Gaullist reprisals against his person, he temporarily nominated the turncoat Jacques Chirac (a Gaullist renegade) his first Prime Minister before he could put Raymond Barre (foremost member of the secretive international organization known as "Trilateral") in his rightful position.

At the same time, he kept his secret agreement with the OAS by appointing several of their people as ministers within his own government (and, most importantly, he nominated Pierre Poniatoski as "State Minister of the Interior" (Police, Counter- Intelligence, etc.), giving him a very special and unique status that turned him into some sort of second Prime Minister.

This was the same Poniatoski, who all along had been the "secret liaison" between those who had put Valery Giscard D'Estaing in power and the "new OAS," whose main paramilitary front was then "Ordre Nouveau" ("New Order Organization") and the PFN ("New Forces Party"). Analogically speaking for the sake of a clearer understanding, the PFN was playing the role of the Irish "Sinn Fein," while Ordre Nouveau represented the "IRA"....

President Valery Giscard D'Estaing not only nominated a few high profile persons of his secret tactical alliance to his government, per se, but he also appointed many members of his former paramilitary allies as key people within the leadership of the Army and the Police, with all the violent internal wars one could expect in such a situation with the Gaullists and Communists already in place. This may explain why, although I already had a political record extremely "explosive" (this being a gross euphemism) which included a long series of violent paramilitary actions against the police forces of the former Gaullist government, I could still have been nominated as a Lieutenant and start my deep undercover work with the tactical flexibility of being, henceforth, an official "French serving officer."

The most fascinating part (for me and for whoever reads those lines) of my very special assignment is that even within this sulfurous "cloak and dagger" unsung saga of the French political underground during the seventies, I was myself secretly undercover within the "official" undercover operation (double layer of extremely sensitive "work"). Actually, save those who directly set up the acrobatic articulation of the whole operational design, no one around me knew my true secret assignment, not even my own family or the other "operatives" taking orders from me. I cannot think without a deep and sorrowful touch of regret to those "political geniuses" who had concluded with me such daring and elaborate alliance. We are talking strategy here and no longer tactics. Had I failed even once in carrying out my "suicide missions" or should I have been "made" by the people in charge of the "first layer" of this political underground, the very purpose of their secret agenda would have died with me in the same time.

What sort of supernatural instinctiveness and, almost frightening Machiavellianism drove them to merge their own agenda with mine?... When, exactly did they locate me, how early was it that they knew about my "secret self," what method did they use to read me like an open book and, above all who could be so brave as to trust me so completely in such a high-risk gamble where chances of success are nothing short of zero? Honestly, I am still in awe and, quite frankly, extremely perplexed on the whole issue. Last and not least, I am almost surprised to be still alive, most obviously against all odds and against all "logics." Does this mean that my assignment is not totally over yet? I cannot help but to

hope so, although I do not have any clue as to the true “end game” of my, let us say “complicated,” existence.

So, after beating around the bush for too long now, what exactly was my “true assignment” and what did I do in fact that apparently gave full satisfaction to my mysterious “remote controlling puppeteers?”...

My agenda was to scorch the French psyche down to ashes as far as its’ most evil psycho-cultural patterns are concerned. And so I did.

Although I did not know exactly how it could happen, even when I was a child, I was consumed by my idea to resuscitate the Jewish ethos from its criminal death in France and, at the same time, to eradicate the evil matrix that caused such a cataclysmic ethocide. To do so, my plan and that of my “puppeteers” combined was to eradicate anti-Semitic terrorism from the sick French psyche not by merely fighting the terrorist per se, but by annihilating the idea of terrorism and its ideological foundation through some sort of “heavy surgical procedure” in which we would go directly to the epicenter of the malignancy to remove the main tumor and all its metastatic outgrowths. Guided by some radical socio-homoeopathic principles in which the “like cures the like,” we fought evil with super evil and responded in kind to terrorism by sheer “horrorism” with a degree of psycho-political success that matched our fanatical level of etho-tactical determination. As far as I know, after the completion of our “scorch earth policy” against the psycho-ideological support system of anti-Semitic terrorism in France, there has not been one single such domestic terroristic action ever since.

I would not be entirely honest should I try to deny the drive toward revenge that motivated me all along. Being the “avenger” of so much injustice upon so many victims suited me all the more that I could also use some burning strength and some glacial determination to carry out, without flinching, my sacred mission of “Cosmo-Justice Vigilante.”

Aside from my unprecedented level of ideological and tactical determination, among many other unique psycho-cultural features of my strange inner makeup, there is one in particular that contributed more than anything else to bring me total success in such an undertaking: My ability to understand, to absorb and, to a point, to adhere with sincere fanaticism to any higher cause as long as it is very hubristic, very altruistic, very extreme, very heroic, very revolutionary and also... very dangerous! The most interesting part of this psychological feature is that, while I will systematically surpass even the most radical elements of such cause in being always more extreme, more committed and, let us face it, more crazy than they could ever be, I still maintain entirely the global picture and my higher motivation that will keep me from getting stuck at an inferior degree of ideological perspective. As an example of what I am talking about, I am going to pick a theme- cruelly fresh in people’s memory and yet so hopeless and so complicated that it defies any incoming solution anytime soon: The situation in the Balkans.

I understand perfectly the beautiful righteousness of a Serbian warrior during the recent wars. I know his historical validation. I remember his father or grandfather being tortured, shot and mutilated by the Croat Ustase, the Nazi death squads of Ante Pavelic or by the Einsatz Kommandos of the Waffen SS Boanian division with the white scimitar on the collar of their ghastly uniform. I feel for his culture and for his history. I know everything about the heroes of 1389 and the mythical “Maid of Kosovo.” I will also always remember the hellish camp of Janenova. I also cry for his dignity being shredded away a little more every day under the hostile thrashing of the world’s media for whom he embodies the new “arch bad guy” in town. I love the fierce beauty of the Albania “Black Tiger” fighting totally outnumbered for the magnificent ancient Illyrian culture and for his most basic right to live a free man

in his own land which he cherishes just as much as his Serbian former neighbor and current enemy does. I have so much compassion for the heroic Croats who defied injustice and Serbian hegemony with only the glorious momentum of their forefathers' sacrifice and such proud ancient history that dates back to the last Sarmatians, my beloved Steppe brethren. My heart is completely with you, Bosnian Holy Warriors, you who had only your faith and your green headband to oppose the mortars, the tanks and the heavy guns that cowardly shelled you from so far away on the mountain, while the whole world was watching you with total indifference. I remember you my Bogomil brethren who converted en masse to Islam rather than recant your so precious Cathar beliefs or being burned by the Inquisition.

And yet, you are repulsive genocidal monsters, tormenters and rapists of innocent beautiful young women and slayers of wonderful children, the all of you! You are fighting with lofty claims to virtue against the injustice that history has horrendously brought upon you, but at the same time, in the name of your divisive righteousness, you are perpetrating even worse injustices against your former friends, your long time neighbors and your ex-Yugoslav brethren just because they happen to speak your own language with another accent, to pray to God with a different approach or to have remote ancestors who, half a millennium ago, made the mistake of choosing the wrong alliance. Similarly, I love Tito for his fanatical bravery during WW2, for his remarkable ideological courage against the Soviets and above all for making people who had hated each other so much for so long, believe for two generations that they were, indeed, ..brothers. The sons of his chimerical, yet so beautiful, dream of Yugoslavia... Yet, how could I not hate him for his sick megalomania, for his ruthless ethno-religious repressions, for his infamous political police and for hundreds of political assassinations I could go on and on forever. I swear that when I say to a Serb, an Albanian, a Croat or a Bosnian how much I love them, understand them and respect their ideals, I could pass any polygraph and prove my absolute sincerity.

At the same time, when I am telling them, like right now, that they are only cowardly, grubby historical maggots whom I would gladly submerge, very slowly, into the lava of my favorite Greenlandic volcano, I would pass the polygraph just the same....

Save maybe Israel, to which I am certainly so partial that I would not accept the idea of playing the role of any hypothetical opponent. There is, otherwise, no debate, no conflict, no dispute for which I cannot identify myself totally with one side and the opposite side as well I could, indeed, go as far as siding with some theoreticians of the 1789 French revolution (Ebert, Robespierre, Saint-Just, etc.), even at the time when their hordes invaded and slaughtered Brittany and our Vendean allies, to bring more social justice, to deliver them from Catholic obscurantism and from monarchic despotism. Yet, at the same time how could I not support the magnificent Chouans, my Celtic brothers and their heroic guerrilla for their own ethnic and spiritual survival?...

When, almost thirty years ago, I was "working" with those OAS super-fascists, it was easy for me to share and understand their own claims to virtue and their struggle against the injustice that De Gaulle had brought upon them. It was also easy for me to be fiercer than they were, more heroic or suicidal in combat than they could dream of and more crazy or extreme than they would hope to be. At the same time, I knew perfectly that they represented an especially pestilential form of evil which I was dead set on stamping out, quite ruthlessly, indeed.

At that time, I navigated with the same perfect ease between French Trotskyists and French OAS "Commandos Delta," Italian super-leftists and Italian super-fascists, German extreme Anarchists and Germans who viewed Heinrich Himmler, his SS and all other Nazis for that matter as despicable moderates and traitors... so fanatical and so high their Hyper-Hitlerism could have been back then! I have spent a lot of time with many other interesting members of the most violent fringe of what was called, then, the "international armed subversion." They all shared in common a total contempt for their own survival, an irreconcilable hatred for our world of decadence and wickedness' but, above all,

a ferocious thirst for more justice on Earth. Of course, they also shared a deeply fragmented, highly pernicious and sickly divisive ideology that kept them from fighting together against their common enemy, just like the American Indians or the Scottish Clans in other places and other epochs. As usual, they were giving their life for Justice; for Freedom and for Cosmic Purity, but at the same time, owing to their ideological incompleteness and “scapegoating” divisiveness, they were bringing to the world more injustices, more Big Brothers and more hellish pestilences.

What does it take to break the circle of ideological fragmentation, of philosophical incompleteness and ethocidal divisiveness? Who am I to condemn all previous revolutionary attempts to heal the world from its inherent injustice? Do I make all those remarks as a theorist from a pure utopianistic position or do I have the answers that everyone has been looking for since the very beginning of so-called civilization? Well, actually I do. I would not have been able to carry out my hubristic agenda, with any measure of success, unless I could have found a way to pulverize, once and for all, the hideous “Gordian knot” of revolutionary acculturation. The very existence of my own “combat team,” its everlasting cohesiveness, its flawless tactical efficiency, and its very survival to this day testify to the apical validity of my own ideological foundations. To win a war according to my highest principles of Absolute Justice, one must learn not to fight against but, instead, to fight for. To fight for a “super-ideal” that no other fragmented ideals can match. To fight for a cause so supreme, so complete and so pure that risks of ethno-cultural disintegration no longer exist.

The first step toward ideological transcendence is radical transpersonalization. My “super-ideological” soldiers did not fight for themselves, for their family, for their ethnic group, for their nation or, indeed, for the human race as a whole. My Bocratic warriors were fighting for Life, Life in its most Sacred, complete and transpersonal expression.

The second step is to remove all pseudo-ideological abstractions and speculations from the rules of engagement. It is amazing how badly people have been slaughtering one another for so long in the name of totally meaningless theorizations and empty mental projections. To protect and serve our own planetary life support, its biodiversity, the sacred synergy of all ecosystems and, ultimately, for the Super-Ethos of Divine unfolding creation here on Earth represents the most concrete, immediate and self-fulfilling return that any potential crusader could dream of.

The third and most fundamental step is to fight for something so high, so sacred, so righteous and so sublime that never ever would there be any sort of ideological, political or spiritual values that could replace it, surpass it, make it obsolete or subaltern, or transcend it. My idea of Absolute Justice fits perfectly that definition. Actually, any other concept takes, at best, a remote second place when it comes to competing with Absolute Justice. Even other so-called “absolutes” such as Life, Death, Love, Harmony and, indeed, God represent senseless abstractions if separated or antagonistic to the idea of Absolute Justice. Said on purpose as a terrible semantic provocation, if God has to account for his work to any higher system than his own, it is to Absolute Justice Itself. If there is one right God, himself, does not have, it is that of perpetrating injustice. If God has a higher source, it has to be Absolute Justice. And, if God has to... pray (O... blasphemy!), God prays to Absolute Justice. To me, Absolute Justice is God’s God, nothing less!

Although it should be the subject of a voluminous ideological manual written with the purpose of “combat tool” on how to achieve the inner-and outer- bio-revolutionary levels required in such a “holy war” (and maybe soon enough I will write it). I must still give short examples of the absolute novelty and unapproached radicalism of my “Bocratic warfare.”

To have a chance to surmount and transcend the deeply ingrained ethnic, religious, political or historical divisiveness of groups or individuals, one needs to offer the former belligerents a much

higher cause to rally to than their past fragmented ideals. In order to break the circle of their own ethno-historical hatred whose sick momentum often goes back centuries earlier, people must be offered a “super-ethno historical” ideal that will make them let go of their old legitimation toward slaughtering one another. From being the wrongful “avengers” of some past ethno-historical “wrong,” they ought to become the righteous “Avengers” of some future “Cosmo-Bio-Justiciary” true Right. My Warshals are the Avengers of the Future.” Sounds poetic and frightening enough?

Indeed, when grandchildren attempt to get even for the massacre of their forefathers, they do not bring them back to life, do they? At best, all they could do is, unjustly, exact revenge on the innocent descendants of those who perpetrated the crime. When on the contrary, as in my biocratic ideology, one sees himself as the “Avenger of tomorrow,” he may, through his actions, actually prevent his own grandchildren to die or to suffer from the eco-degradations which the bio-criminals do perpetrate today!

From micro-tribal conflict, people must go to “super-tribal” warfare. If we want former ethnic warriors, religious fighters or ideological soldiers ever to become one with one another, they have to access to a higher rank of ethnic, religious or ideological warrioriness. Transmuted by the supreme alchemy of Bio-Justice, all those formerly divided combatants could merge into my “athanor” (transmutational cauldron) and be metamorphosed into “Biocratic Monks-Warriors” to fight as new brethren in arms within the same “Sacred Bio-Phalanx” against any enemy of Life and against any foe of Justice wherever they may hide, even especially within their very own heart.

If we cannot create, pretty soon, our own “Super-Tribe of tomorrow,” there shall be no tomorrow at all. We must become a people. We shall need still to unite around a new common language, a new ethno-cultural system and around a bio-historical founding myth, which we will have to build ourselves. I may sound utopianistic when, in fact, this is the easy part. But, the preexisting possession of our own “philosophers’ stone” and, above all, the “operational directions” on how to use it, this, indeed, represents the hard part of the whole operation, without which no bio-alchemical transmutation will be actuated and completed, ever. Quite fortunately, we may have it already....

I do not mean to compare myself as some “Bio-Justiciary Galahad” whose multi-millennarian sacred lineage handed over to me the “Green Grail” as a whole. Yet, I think I have gotten the full and detailed instructions on how to operate the aforementioned ‘philosophers’ stone.” If I would not, how could you explain the existence and survival of my first “combat team” and that of my bio-ideological organization a few years later. The both of them. were exclusively composed of formerly antagonistic combatants of such extreme ethnic, religious or ideological wars. After my own bio-transmutational work upon them, the former Nazi was the most dependable brother in arms and best friend of my Israeli crusaders, who, in their turn, were fighting hand-in-hand with former Arabic “Mudjahidins” who had themselves become one with ex-OAS fighters who, in their turn had become best friends with a foremost and historical Gaullist “barbouze” and with many former leftists and Communists... all of them the loving “holy warriors” of my highly alchemical Biocratic team....

You cannot teach a wolf to eat salad. Only the true Warrior (with a “H” highly capitalized) can be a real “Peacemaker.” I did not try to remove their inherent “violence” from their heroic blueprint. On the contrary, I was teaching them “Hyper-Violence” in its most natural and healing perspective: Righteous violence against wrongful violence. Lofty violence toward “Hyper-Justice” without room for compromise or divisiveness, ever. Some pure transpersonal violence entirely redirected toward loving compassion for Life as a whole. In another text I have termed “Warshals” those super-warriors who must so learn to become “Servants.” I removed from them their anger and replaced it also with “Sacred Hate:” Hate of injustice, hate of biocriminal ignorance and above all hate of cowardly indifference that turns so many into vile accomplices, just when our mother the Earth is being constantly raped, desecrated and mortally wounded. No more external scapegoats to put the blame on ever but, prior to

beginning their holy crusade for bio-reunification, they had to acknowledge and overcome their own inner “demon” which formerly drove them to initiate the battle on the outside when, in fact, the most important battlefield dwells within everyone’s own heart. No more criminal and external “ethnic cleansing,” but instead internal self-bio-ethic catharsis without which the true warrior will not understand the true meaning of Love and the true nature of Peace that represent the two wheels of his or her own Bio-Justiciary “war chariot.” In my ideological system, there is no room, whatsoever, for what you would call “individual hatred.” My Warshals are not allowed to hate people, as persons or as groups. People, even the most malignant of them, are not worth the “Sacred Hate” I am referring to. They can (indeed they must) express unconditional hate toward issues, ideas or actions that are unquestionably evil, but they cannot, semantically speaking, hate one single individual or a category of people even when they are perpetrating the worst atrocities.

To my “Warshals,” the true enemy is no longer his or her brethren in arms whom he was fighting before, but this criminal cowardice and pestilential indifference which was formerly and cravenly hiding within their heart and still lurks into all the members of the self-styled “human” species who have not yet renounced their sick dreams of bio-dominion and of self-deification, especially those who are hiding behind their sanctimonious “good conscience” to ignore as much as they can the ongoing Biocide (annihilation of Life as a whole) in order for them to have full license to express as disgustingly as they wish their most repulsive egotistical impulses and still “enjoy” their pathetic and meaningless stinky little existence, regardless of the “final solution” that is being perpetrated just before their blind empty eyes....

Armed with such supreme “weapon system,” my “combat group” seems to have successfully accomplished what no other had achieved before. Not only did we scorch the French psyche to ashes, according to our specific agenda, we did it with perfectly clear consciousness, from an all-encompassing Bio-Justiciary ideology and for sublimely universal pure motives that remain absolutely unapproached to this day, ready indeed to take a new departure toward higher bio-strategic objectives.

Actually, my system today has been semantically refined to the point that the ancient Machiavellian modus operandi which I had then inherited from my Israeli brethren no longer applies. I do not believe anymore that “the end justifies the means.” Actually, I think that if my “work” has been brutally interrupted a few years ago, when I entered my times of exile and atonement, it was because I had to learn something. Something, indeed, so fundamental that, unless I could eventually understand it in its full significance and reintegrate it operationally into my former ideological system, any attempt of mine to further my Bio-Justiciary “holy-war” would be blocked and vetoed by my own higher chain of command.

Now, I know that even for the sake of higher Justice one cannot bring even the slightest touch of injustice into the system, lest the whole undertaking becomes entirely stained and contaminated. Free, at last, from any ideological and semantic contradiction, I am ready to resume my “holy crusade” for bio-reconciliation on Earth and teach other Bio-Servants how to protect, serve and uphold the Divine Natural Laws for the Reign of Absolute Justice to make a second coming on our newly resurrected Sacred Planet.

In the name of my only Mistress, Justice and of her two daughters, Life and Death, and before the fire of my own final immolation which I have just, harshly, ignited, I very humbly fold around you all, my metaphorical green wings of “Antediluvian Bio-Archangel,” as mark of my bio-compassion, as foretoken of my bio-vassalage and as ultimate symbol of my bio-sacrifice.