

6 Shadows Of The Old-World's Ghosts

When, only a few months ago, I began writing the first chapter of my own existential catharsis, I did not fully expect that it would eventually turn into a real "dossier" of such semantic and philosophical importance. In reaction to the first dramatic impact it is already having upon some wonderfully responsive people whom I thought existed only in my wounded imagination, I have come to realize that I owe them a detailed and circumstantial account of large segments of my own tumultuous history. I am already infinitely grateful to them for their sublime demonstration of trust and, as some well-deserved expression of my own trust toward them in return, I feel obliged to acquaint them, the children of a possible tomorrow, with facts and events which I have tried too long to suppress for the sake of my own psycho-existential sanity.

The factual universe into which I am soon going to dive is, most literally, abyssal. It is not only extremely painful to me but, indeed, highly disturbing for a non-prepared audience. It is also terribly risky as to its potential statutory consequences for myself but, once again, I am ready to take the chance just owing to the love and respect I feel obligated to offer them for a complete understanding of a being, myself, on whom they are already investing so much and so beautifully.

Aside from what I owe them, this "emotionally charged" and "factual catharsis," could also "cut the grass out from under the feet" of some much less benevolent people who, in a near future, would not have failed to dig maliciously into my "wild past" and to distort the truth according to their usual malignant agenda in the hopes of thrashing my

existential "sanctity" and planting the ugly seed of doubt into my new children's mind. This being said and after you will have taken a big gulp of fresh air before immersing yourself into the nightmarish abysses of my "historical darkness," let us sink deep into the black-hole of my existential graveyard within the European political underground.

Besides being this "supernatural being," "time-traveler from the absolute elsewhere" or more simply the "first mutant of an incipient species" which you are most welcome to join, I also happen to be a Celt. From time immemorial, my own Clan formed a pivotal cultural symbol of the Breton (Armorican) nation which has forcibly become a victimized (and almost entirely genocided) minority of the political monster known as France. From being a sovereign nation and kingdom that once defeated the invincible fascistic imperial armies of the tyrant Charlemagne (battle of Ballon), then an independent dukedom traditionally allied with England against the French, the last remains of Breton sovereignty were brutally crushed during the infamous so-called "French revolution" in which more than two million people (mostly Bretons and Vendéans, both Celtic populations) have been slaughtered by the bloodthirsty 1792's Stalinist hordes. Those who miraculously survived the genocide were eventually annihilated during World War One where the Bretons, purposefully placed by the French at the front line of the worst massacres, suffered a rate of casualty in excess of ten times what the French experienced proportionally: Almost half a million Celts perished from the war and its immediate consequences, the unfortunate ones, forced to unimaginable alcoholism during years of butchery, returned home as pitiable refuses contaminating what was left of the Breton identity with their suicidal dipsomania and absolute spiritual nihilism.

50 *Green Angel with an Attitude*

But France represents not only the Breton holocaust; it is the very cradle of all modern ideological evils. I know, I know, for the non-informed American public, France sounds like a terrific place to spend a great vacation: Its decadent cuisine, its cheap romance and its kinky lubricity make it even more appealing than Vegas itself. Then, there is Lafayette (who a few years after showing so much "compassion" to the American Revolution, did not hesitate to butcher thousands of women and children begging for a few crumbs of bread and . . . freedom), the Statue of Liberty and so many delusive clichés....

No, trust me, the real France has another face, a real ugly face, but the only thing the French are really good at is skillfully hiding the true nature of their evil empire. With Gobineau, France originated "scientific" racism, indeed, up to the very idea of a blond blue-eyed dolichocephalic "Aryan master-race," with all other groups, non-white especially, being disgustingly subhuman. The entire Nazi racist doctrine, explicitly reposes on his own personal work.... Another "illustrious" Frenchman, Brummont, single-handedly invented "scientific" antisemitism. Among other incalculable ignominies, he was also the one who legitimized the abominable lynching against the unfortunate Captain Dreyfus. Scientific reductionism, yes, the French also created it; the name of its heinous father: Rene Descartes....

The list is too long and my disgust is too strong, but remember the atrocities that the French perpetrated only decades ago in Algeria, institutionalizing torture against women and children as a legitimate answer to keeping the Algerians from obtaining self-determination. Without the vehement intervention of the U.S. back then, the French would have ruthlessly slaughtered more millions of victims than they already did.

Talking of the Algerian war, do you remember that the infamous general De Gaulle seized power in 1958 by organizing a violent "coup d'Etat" that paled into sheer insignificance any African or South-American so-called "banana republic"? The current fifth constitution of the French arises from a depraved military coup and has no democratic basis whatsoever. The best part of De Gaulle as a base archetypal Frenchman is that just after using the military to establish his autocratic and megalomaniac dictatorship, he immediately betrayed all his former accomplices (like Salan, Jouaud, etc.), whom he either sent to jail or to the firing squad. A really nice fellow all right. Do you remember how much he betrayed Churchill first and then the Americans after the war? (NATO hardly survived De Gaulle's treason in the 60's.) Are you sure, by the way, that you truly realize the real extent of anti-American feelings in France?

Do you realize also that, alone to my knowledge among all the nations since the infamous Nazi laws of Nurnberg, France has a legal system that criminalizes the use of English in any public, official or media sector (the so-called "Loi Toubon"), to protect the "French race" and the "French language," both superior to any others, especially the inferior "Anglo-American race" and "Anglo-American idioms?" Do you know that the "banana republic" constitution of the French has a special amendment that allows the state to criminalize what is not criminal in the penal system and, conversely, to decriminalize an action that is normally judged criminal by the law, if the sacrosanct "raison d'Etat" dictates? This is plain despotism and fits perfectly in the French tradition of "political mafia." Talking of mafia, have you ever heard of the State Secretary Boulin, who was "suicided" in such a provocative manner that the real objective was for everybody to know and fear the French tyrannical government rather than try to expose its dirtiest

secrets? You may think, but State Secretary Boulin belonged to the former right-wing government, so Mitterand and his leftist government must have somehow changed the rules. Well, ask State Secretary Beregovoy, a former personal friend of the leftist dictator and one of the most important ministers of his cabinet, who was also "suicided" in such a slipshod fashion that it, again, pales into sheer insignificance Boulin's murder. And trust me, I will soon be running out of space should I have the laborious idea of exposing the whole ghastly saga of political assassination in France.

But assassination is not even the worst part. What is probably the most shocking and unbelievable for the American public is the use of "political police death squads" to liquidate political opponents or to put discredit on groups of people who do not agree with the despot in charge of the French dictatorship. Only two limited examples amidst a list as unlimited as it is wicked: Just before I left Europe, a special team of such "police death squads," had been caught in the act by the French "gendarmerie" after they had deliberately desecrated hundreds of tombs in the Jewish cemetery of Carpentras. Many bodies had been exhumed and mutilated in a way that decency cannot allow me to describe. Of course, the purpose was to put discredit upon the right-wing, which was on the verge of winning the forthcoming elections.... Unfortunately for the French dictatorship, its absolutist system of dual police had violently backfired.

You may not know it, but in order to prevent some "coup" from its traditionally ruthless police forces, the French paranoia established two distinct police forces working in very disharmonious synergy within the very same jurisdictions all over the French territory: The police, per se, are a "civilian" (yet quite paramilitary) organization, while the "gendarmerie" consists of military shock troops

only (having at least the rank of sergeant). The usual misconception is that the "civilian" police are generally much lousier, and more corrupt and terroristic than the gendarmerie. To disprove that point, I will only mention the very recent terrorist events that just took place in Corsica, where the people. (like the Bretons, like the Basques, like the Flemish, like the Alsatians, like the people of Languedoc, the population of the Jura, etc., etc.) are trying to detach themselves from the racist and colonialist French hegemonism. After a series of ultra-violent "bomb campaigns," officially attributed to the so-called Corsican separatists, a specially trained elite unit of the French gendarmerie was caught red-handed (quite literally) by the French police, who returned the favor of Carpentras back to the gendarmerie, with a vengeance. The scandal was such that the French Governor of Corsica was flung into jail, high-ranking officers of the gendarmerie were arrested all over France, etc., etc.

The problem for those bozos who designed this tyrannic but imbecilic system of police separation is that they did not plan on the climate of all-out war that constantly and violently opposes the two antagonistic forces, to the highest delight of the French criminals, who have become pretty skilled at pitting one against another and thrive right in the middle of the police cesspool.

More unbelievable from an American standpoint is where the First Amendment of the American Constitution is on a direct collision course with the French "counterpart," in the very idea that the concept of God is explicitly criminal in the infamous legal and constitutional system of France: If one regards the idea of God other than as "strictly metaphorical," one is potentially a criminal. The original French constitution was written by atheistic revolutionaries who paled into gentle insignificance Lenin or Stalin. Their all-out war against religion was such that they (very

theoretically) accepted the evocation of a "supreme being" [sic] only as a metaphor: If someone were to proclaim that such a "supreme being" would be for real, actual, and that, for instance, prayers could be concretely answered, such a person should be seen as a lawbreaker.

The very particular and controversial French concept of "fraud" on which they unsuccessfully tried to get me extradited is exclusively established on the idea of "*suggesting to someone chimerical [sic] events of hope or offear...*" God being, by law, a typical "chimerical" being (absolutely not actual), the mere mention of some Divine action, some Divine inspiration or Divine answer to any form of prayers are, therefore, criminal and this fits the ticket for "fraud." It does not even matter whether gift, money or anything similar was not part of the deal. As long as one mentions the "power" of God, the "mercy" of God or, indeed the "Judgement" of God, the action is inherently fraudulent. Never did the French conspirators attempt to suggest that anyone in my organization had ever "subtracted" even one penny from its humanitarian and ecological purposes. To cover my backside, I even put, on purpose, my own corporation under the aegis and direct management of the French I.R.S. (a very rarely used legal option in France) to prevent forever the enemy from attacking us under any kind of "money fraud" pretext. Although my lawyers and, more indeed, my accountants were mad at me for giving the French government such legal and factual opportunity to rob the environment and starving children of funds they could have used for their own survival, this audacious move saved my life, my honor and my freedom ten years later down the road in the American legal system. And, it did not take my Federal Judge very long to realize, not without total bewilderment though, that the idea of fraud in America and the pseudo-

concept of "fraud" in France, have nothing in common whatsoever.

Thank God (hey, I am breaking the French law...), in the United States, to believe in God, in God's power, in God's mercy or, indeed, to believe in the concept of prayer is not criminal, yet. To have, against the advice of my lawyers, each "consultant" of mine sign a protocol of "spiritual intercession" was a characteristic piece of damning evidence in the eyes of the French laws. It was the same story all over again as when I decided against all odds and all advice to place deliberately and provocatively my organization right under absolute government control. Yet, in America, this "religious" protocol signed by all my "consultants" was, on the contrary, the very proof of my total innocence, and my Federal Judge gave long and strong emphasis to this specific legal question.

Since I have already started to allude to my historic court case, let us make a deep plunge right into it. First of all, when I left Europe in the spring of 1991, owing to my legalism (Remember the chapter in the previous text.), my police record was just as white as snow. The French actually awaited six months before they began to organize their terrible conspiracy against me and my organization. At first, undoubtedly, they must have been quite happy with my departure. They certainly thought that I was going to die or disappear forever in the polar wilderness. But to their utter surprise, and to some extent to my own surprise, not only did I not perish miserably, but indeed all my most grandiose projects came to successful completion to the point that the French got wind of my arctic triumph and began to get scared. Owing to the French paranoid habits, they became increasingly fearful of my return with a new aura of myth'cal exploits added to my already incredible media power and public influence. To them, I was then the enemy number one whose invulnerability, exponentially

multiplied, created a mortal danger for the political, cultural (and to a lesser extent, scientific) French establishment.

You must understand that thanks to my "medical miracles," I had, prior to going to Greenland, already become the most extraordinary public event in the history of European media. When, before millions, people with unquestionable scientific and medical evidence explained that I had changed the genetic makeup of a foetus who was diagnosed many times (as were both parents) with cystic fibrosis prior to my cares, was born not only free from the disease itself, but also from the defective gene (an absolute premiere in the field of genetic engineering, as far as I know), it is not surprising that I broke all previous (and future) ratings of any TV show in Europe!

I know, I know, I have already alluded to all those "feats" in other writings, but it is vitally important that you understand the impact I had back then on the whole French psyche and the panic I could have created, therefrom, amidst the French establishment. People also knew of my scientific background and my many successful experiments within the very core of the best universities and laboratories. The public was aware of my humanitarian and ecological achievements toward which all the money donated to me was immediately recycled. Although provocative and often arrogant, people appreciated my integrity and my no-nonsense eco-philosophy. They did not have to like me. I was rocking the boat of their little comforts too strongly and telling the whole truth too bluntly for them to endear me as they would have loved to, but yet, they respected me and, quite dangerously for the French system, they were listening more and more attentively to my bio-judiciary message.

Therefore, quite logically when on September 24 at 10:00 p.m. Greenlandic time, I aired the message of my absolute and definitive success in all my eco-humanitarian

polar projects toward France, for everyone to know, the French establishment panicked quite literally and decided to organize a total war against me no matter how precipitous and how risky for them it could be. At 8:00 a.m. on September 25, exactly four hours after my message had been aired, the French (political) police raided my Monastery in Brittany, all my offices in Paris and the domicile of all my collaborators in the best tradition of the Nazi storm-troopers. Violence, pillage, physical and psychological torture, illegal arrest, weeks in prison without access to any lawyers, you name it, they did it all! Then, immediately after they stole the files of my organization, they stormed the homes of all my "consultants," including people with terminal health conditions, and started right away to blackmail those unfortunate victims and threaten them (sometimes using physical and psychological violence) to join the political conspiracy or to be sent to jail as my accomplices.... And all that, without a shred of evidence, without any sort of legal grounds or any plaintiff who could have given them even a semblance of legitimacy.

Then, after months of governmentally organized press disinformation, physical intimidation and open violence among hundreds and hundreds of unfortunate and fragile people still under my cares, all they could "accomplish" was to coerce two or three shaken victims, frightened to death, to concur with the storm-troopers that in spite of their miraculous health improvement, I must have been some sort of a "subversive" and, surrendered them into signing a complaint written directly by the "Torquemada" of the French inquisition in person. The chief inquisitor, who was in fact an "inquisitoress," was herself a miserable puppet playing into the hands of the French leftist government owing to her former past "neo-Nazi" activism. Because of her recent criminal forfeiture wherein she used

her position as magistrate to bail out a former war criminal, she was given the choice of helping out the political conspiracy against me, or incurring, herself, immediate indictment....

The French conspiracy was not only organized against me, but also like trying to kill two birds with one stone, aimed at the only non-governmental private and liberal TV channel that had not yet been nationalized, the very channel on which I broke all known ratings of European television. Just owing to the fact that he had invited a "Breton terrorist leader" such as I, the star journalist of this private TV station was immediately arrested, violently interrogated, flung into jail, then released on bail under the pressure of the French public opinion utterly shocked by such gestapo methods. The journalist immediately held a press conference where he gave all the details on such an unheard-of operation, mentioning violence and indeed psychological torture from the special unit in charge of the conspiracy....

Well, you may still wonder why so much violence, so much hate and why such unprecedented means, only to neutralize one person, me. Was it only my position of Breton cultural and spiritual symbol in a context of increased struggle for Brittany's independence? Was it also the pharmaceutical and medical establishment that wanted to get rid, once and for all, of some "Healer-Prophet" or "Spiritual Physician?" Was it, in addition, my belligerent eco-philosophy that enraged all sorts of pseudo-philosophical lobbies? Was it, finally, the chief-guardians of the faith in the old scientific paradigm that spoiled for eliminating a subversive scientific pioneer? Yes and no!

As you may have guessed, there is more to it, much more indeed. Before going to the very point, I would like to highlight the fact that, never ever has the French medical board (usually notorious for its conservatism and

aggressiveness) agreed to gang up with the French conspirators. They tried and tried but yet, the French medical board did nothing but send them to hell! The French wanted so badly for me to be indicted for "practicing medicine without a licence," but they knew that, even in France (and let alone for The Interpol), without the assent and help of the French medical board, the charge was utterly meaningless.

The reason why the French medical board did not agree to hurt me is quite simple, although not well known: Aside from my eco-spiritual and "miracle worker" activities, under my "French" name (Sauvage) which the public did not know (everyone knew me under my Breton name: Gwez), I was the chairman of a scientific association (the Ethical Committee for Alternative Sciences). Its main purpose was to debunk and send to jail all frauds, quacks and other charlatans that plagued the field of so-called "holistic medicine" and the even murkier domain of "parapsychology." My team and I were constantly challenging all kinds of "professionals" with such "claims" by putting them to the test with strictest scientific methodology, in the most renowned scientific institutes and with all sorts of scientific appliances with, let us say, a deliberately skeptical attitude. I have always expressed a visceral and very personal abhorrence toward individuals who, most disgustingly, take advantage of other people's crisis situations to cheat them and defraud them of their money, their possessions or their free judgment. They are a blot and a total disgrace who are playing so much into the reductionists' hands that I have always suspected that, somehow, they are a secretion of those reductionists to put definitive discredit on the idea of true spiritual medicine or on the concept of variable realities....

So, in one word, I was doing by myself what the Medical Board did not dare to do, and most obviously they

very much appreciated my help toward their profession and my decontaminating the Augean stables of "alternative cares." Besides, most of my collaborators were Medical Doctors or, indeed, Surgeons and everybody knew, back then, how much I respected (and still do) the difficult art of the physician and how much I always took care never to infringe upon their own medical field, knowing perfectly that my highly spiritual practice is absolutely not physical or corporeal and, therefore, cannot interfere in any way with the regular course of medical or pharmaceutical treatment. Still today, I remain grateful to the French Medical Board for not giving in to the psychotic conspiracy of the French political establishment. In not doing so, it greatly contributed to putting shameful discredit on the French machination here in the U.S.

Now, let us go back to the most "controversial" and most literally explosive part of my own fiery background which was the best kept secret of the French political conspiracy against me. But before we start to open the gates of my very existential infernos, I must try to replace the whole issue into its higher perspective. As deep as I can remember, in reaction to this putrid world of total injustice, I have always seen myself as the "ultimate rebel." Not once in my entire life did I ever surrender, accommodate or cater to societal darkness. From my tenderest infancy on, I was already this bio-Justiciary "Warrior" with a "W" highly and fiercely capitalized. As mentioned somewhere before, I was even rebellious to my own ancestral tradition, rebellious to my mythical matrix and, more indeed, rebellious to my prophetic destiny. The Hyperborean combat is not my combat, just as the Celtic cause is not my cause. Divine Justice is my combat and the cause of Life is my cause. Yet, aside from my own "internal" ethno-cultural mutiny, I was even more "fanaticized" on waging total war against biocidal "human" civilization. Although I was "officially"

pretty young for such "political" awareness and militancy, I did not spend the "revolutionary sixties" withdrawn into "Merlin's cave." My own clan, back then, was utterly terrified by the depth of my "revolutionarism," so to speak, not only frightened by my "hyper-radical" behavior and ethics, but also legitimately concerned for my very physical survival, without which the mythical fulfillment of their millenarian Hyperborean prophecies would have, of course, abruptly aborted.

Well, I always knew that, before being finally "enthroned" into my definitive status, I would have to pass my last test of fortitude, obedience and behavioral hubris. This test, scheduled from the very beginning of my "initiation," had as its fundamental purpose to excise as ruthlessly as possible the very last residue of my indescribably violent "egolytic" (dissolution of "ego") education. To make absolutely sure that nothing personal, whatsoever, still remained hidden within the deepest layers of my psycho-assignmental makeup, I needed to face the terrifying "room 101" (cf. "1984" from George Orwell) of my own bio-existential unfoldment, knowing that the very "test" was engineered, on purpose, to hurt the most, right at the most sensitive point.

So, under "direct transcendental guidance," the Matriarchs of my Clan ordered me to quest and deserve my own inner Grail by entering the hellish "Montsalvage" (cf. Wolfram Von Eschenbach) of my worst terror. When I eventually and fully realized that such an order was not an outrageous joke and that I had been commanded to join the very core, right in the middle of its central nervous system, of the enemy himself, I thought that I had been catapulted into the worst "twilight zone" of all my existential nightmares. Not only was I supposed to join the French in the very Babylonians cesspool of their hideous capital, but also I had to serve them, from within, in their struggle for

political survival against "revolutionary subversion." I thought, back then that if "they" were behind such a "transcendental guidance," the "gods must be crazy" and that my own Clan got back at me... with a vengeance.

Reaching the lowest point of my nightmarish "initiation," I tried unsuccessfully to dodge the idea by pleading that my whole future mission on this planet, no matter how it could eventually articulate, would be irrecoverably stained by such a blot of unfathomable proportion in case "they" should persist in such an insane order. Can you imagine that, a perfect straight line from mythical prophetic recognition to Hypertheistic Bio-Justiciary "initiation" madly warped, right in the middle, by a sulfurous background, of French counter-terrorist "007"?!!!

And you know what? I just did it! Now, a quarter-century later down the road, I am slowly getting to appreciate the infinite wisdom and stupendous foresight which fueled such an apparently "insane" assignment. Actually, it helped me understand the true nature of man and its governmental secretions in a way that I could never have integrated by non-personal and non-direct experience, no matter how hurtful and nightmarish such a cruel awakening was. Not only was all that I had been told coming from thousands of years of practice of human soul, unfortunately, more than real, but also even my own hyper-misanthropic ideological "upgrade" was not even close to the abominable truth!

Let us refresh a few memories on the societal and political situation of the European cesspool at the end of the "sixties" and the beginning of the "seventies." Terrorist warfare was not only rampant but truly triumphant and on the verge of totally overcoming the very fabric of democracy. Germany, Italy and Spain, to name a few, were completely losing ground to "Marxist" and "Fascist" armed subversion, skillfully "remote controlled" from an already

disintegrating Soviet Union. There was not even a week without political assassination, planes being hijacked or exploded and random mass-murder by deliberate bombing.

The apparent unsolvable problem for any democracy is how to combat terrorism with some measure of success with democratic methods. Indeed, the very objective of the terrorists was to force democratic systems to resort against them to non-democratic actions so that their supposed tyrannical true nature would be exposed to the "working class" to the point where social revolution becomes inevitable. And, guess what? This is exactly what happened then since so-called European democracies had no other choice but to start to fight terrorism with terroristic means. Don't you remember how the whole leadership of the German group, "Baader-Meinhof" committed "suicide" the same night in separated high-security prisons? The awful concept of "suiciding" people, liquidating someone in such a fashion that it looks quite superficially like a "suicide," originated in that time period in Europe.

Prior to joining the enemy, I always thought of government as a body of retarded morons with an infinite thirst for power but congenitally incapable of showing any inherent intelligence. Now, I know better. I know that their ruthlessness goes together with remarkable Machiavellian intellect. How do I know that? Well, my very own story is the absolute proof of it, and I have learned since never to underestimate the enemy's cleverness, the enemy's determination and the enemy's might.

So here I was, the youngest Lieutenant of my generation (already "crazy," no doubt about that, but still provided with an I.Q. of "diabolical" magnitude), selected for my highly developed and highly personal understanding of "political subversion" by indescribably smart government professionals who went to any length to utilize my proven expertise, including very sophisticated "mind control"

techniques, in a terribly risky political gamble.... The role of my secret unit was not only to fight terrorists with terroristic methods but to fight the very idea of terrorism with hyper-terroristic means, which I termed back then, with some kind of truly desperate sense of humor, "horrorism." The point was to practice against the terrorists themselves and their doctrine what I would call some "ideological scorch-earth policy" in which my "unit" carried out, in the name of the terrorists themselves, "actions" of such dramatic emotional repercussions that irrecoverable political discredit befell the terrorists' cause, alienating them from all their support systems and, indeed, from their "remote puppeteers" abroad.

It is quite obvious, just owing to my own most immediate survival, that I am not going to splash all over you people, the details or extent of my "counter-terrorist" activities in the maddest times Europe has ever experienced. But take my word for it, although they would have the best substance for the most lucrative series of "dark political thrillers," even the most "blasé" and "gory" script writer of Hollywood should freak out, most literally, at the mere evocation of some of my past duties toward "god and country." And now, in case some of you, control freaks, had in mind to "debunk" me for "blatant mythomaniac episode," I am going to give you my secret French Police number of identification (C.R.A.C.L. 626-149), my academic credentials as a Lieutenant — or Inspector (Cannes-Ecluse Police Academy 1975-2) and my first "official" assignment into some "paramilitary police elite force" (Second Territorial Brigade, 75018 Paris).

Gratified with a few interesting combat scars on my miserable physical body (and gushing wounds still bleeding in my heart) in addition to a few "citations" for "suicidal bravery," I resigned from my "apocalyptic" governmental assignments in December 1978 after I had fulfilled (actually

far exceeded) my commitment toward my Clan and toward the "sadistic" programmer who "inspired" from above the whole Dantesque last test of my initiatory crucifixion.

It is quite ironic that, by my somber "feats" and "exploits," I had bailed out a French right-wing government which I abhorred so much. But the truth is that although "we" had won the war on paper, in reality I knew that "karma" would soon take over, and, indeed, just following my delicate exfiltration from the political Augean stables of the 'French underground, a Marxist coalition took over the government.... Fortunately for me, in ugly compliance with the habits of the French political mafia, the Frankensteins in charge of the political "special-ops" of the former government stole and destroyed most of the "secret files" that concerned their most sensitive "management" of this interesting political epoch.

Actually, the danger for me was not quite yet the new leftist government who could only get a speculative and remote vision of my past "line of work," but, indeed, my own former employers and "puppeteers" to whom I represented, let us say euphemistically, a dangerous encumbrance and compromising souvenir... or something along these lines. That is why I decided to use an ancient "survival trick" that saved the life of many ancestors of mine in "hot times" of psychotic inquisition: Playing full force the "mad man."

Although I had always been extremely careful to gather factual evidence of every "action" which I was "mandated" to carry out (and even more careful to make everybody know about it... just as some handy life insurance policy), I still knew that unless I gave them absolute assurance of my skillfully staged new "mental derangement," my physical survival would have hung on such a thin thread that a non-paranoid existence could not have been conceivable.

So I became this "crazy miracle worker," clothed in skins and furs, wielding swords and combat axes before all the TV cameras, surrounded by hundreds of "worshipping groupies" and saving the world through delirious "green-utopias" or fighting scientific reductionism by bio-spiritual forces. In one word, the very opposite of the past austere and military-like countenance that characterized me when I was working as "special field operative" for the former government. Apparently my "smoke screen" paid off rather handsomely since, quite unexpectedly, I am still here, twenty-odd years later, writing these lines.... The miracle is not for me to be still alive but to have maintained, all those years and throughout the whole disinformational operation, a surprising semblance of mental sanity.

Now, you may understand a little better why from innocuous "indictments" in absentia that all hinged on my pretend "fraudulent claims of my ability to intercede between God and you guys" (hardly more than a misdemeanor, even in France) to being put at the top of the "hit list" of "Interpol most wanted," the U.S. Justice considered that there was some real suspicion of legal discrepancies.... When you are suspected of "practicing spiritual medicine" without any licence other than God's warrant, you seldom have rogue paramilitary operations taking place in another sovereign country, as was the case in Greenland (Denmark), when the French "governmental terrorists" went after me a few weeks after my secret departure.... By the way, the French operation was so highly personal that after they fully realized that their plot to get me back had been thwarted for good by the U.S. government, they just dropped all charges against my organization and my people, who only got a few fines... for good measure! But because I did not come in person, (guess why?) to my own hearing, according to the disgusting French "constitution" I was automatically considered guilty

and "stigmatized" with mandatory sentencing (maximum penalty allowed by the French penal code). Don't you think that it is very ironic and quite interesting that the only person who was not even part (financially or statutorily) of the organization against which they dropped all charges, me, was also the only one who eventually got sentenced? Well, welcome to the French "twilight zone."...

Actually, the French secret agenda was so secret, even for myself, that I could not use it as much as I had wished to in my extradition case. Only in a court case against the I.N.S., I had to leak some specifics and details of my past as very special "field operative" in order for them to believe that my very physical survival would be at stake should I be "accidentally" brought back to France. To make sure that they got the point, I called as my only witness former Commander of SEAL-Team number two, Frank Thornton (a former acquaintance of mine dating back from our joined underground combat for democracy against the same enemy).

Frank is not an American hero; he is a true American legend who happens to be the most "combat decorated" officer of the United States. His testimony was for me a "strategic hit" not because he vouched for my integrity, my bravery or for my being one of the "good guys" defending democracy not some alleged "terrorist," but indeed owing to his very special expertise in the field of the French political underground. How did he acquire such superlative expertise? Well, aside from his official and glorious assignments in the best military elite in the whole world, Frank has been performing in France some good-old-fashioned "cloak-and-dagger" work for the greatest benefit of the U.S. government itself!

Finally, there was another secret French agenda which I have not mentioned to anyone thus far: This is a very "private" agenda. This is also political and yet it directly

relates to my former practice of "miracle worker." Then, to top it all, it is about one hell of an archetypal Frenchman who, by himself, exemplified the inherent wickedness and repugnant character of the whole French psyche. If some may have wondered why I have survived so long and, surprisingly unscathed, after the leftist government had seized power in France in 1981, it is because I had in its midst my own "life insurance policy" and secret weapon. His name: Francois Mitterand.

This very special individual was not only the autocratic French president back then, but also with the infamous general De Gaulle, the most pestilential example of human being which I can think of. As mentioned in one of the testimonies in my favor from Yann-Ber Tillenon (the Political Leader of the Breton Movement), before he became in haste a "Marxist" at the end of World War Two, Francois Mitterand was an outspoken Nazi proponent whose propagandistic literature during the war greatly contributed to the extermination of thousands of French Jewish children, women and men. When this ignoble coward started to realize that his German friends were losing the war, like so many Frenchmen, he quickly turned coat on the "right" side and joined the Communists and Socialists, pretending that he never really was a Nazi devotee but some sort of a self-appointed "secret agent" of the French resistance, playing the role of a Nazi to glean some... intelligence. Apparently, he must have also been undercover back then, because just after the "political storm" of the French liberation had passed, he turned into an ultra-conservative professional politician, the very one in charge of sending thousands and thousands of unfortunate young French soldiers to die in Algeria at the pinnacle of the worst epoch of French colonialism.

So we have a die-hard Nazi at first, then a fanatical "Marxist," followed shortly after by a Colonialist Fascist

who, just after the French had lost the war in Algeria, went back to his former "Communist" convictions, which he softened just enough to become chairman of the Socialist Marxist party that ganged up with the French Communist party to create a leftist coalition at the beginning of the Seventies. When this Marxist coalition seized power in France, true to his secret obligations toward the Communists (remember his volte face in 1944 and his new turn-coating at the end of the colonialist wars), Mitterand put many of the highest ranking Communists in key positions at the top of his own government. I recall how such an unprecedented political situation in Europe caused, back then, much worries for the free-world in general, and to the Americans in particular.

The degree of chaos and corruption and the magnitude of the political vendettas that followed Mitterand's takeover are absolutely indescribable. Since Louis the Fourteenth, Napoleon and De Gaulle, never ever has there been such a megalomaniac autocrat at the head of France.... So, how come such a tyrannical government, against which my provocative hostility was well-known and well-publicized, never got back at me? The answer: Mitterand. The person was a political maggot and a moral vomit but also an unquestionable intellectual giant... and such an egotistical coward. Only a few people knew, at the time, that the French tyrant was a sick man, a very sick man. His cancer dated back to the Seventies. Now, the question is, how come he survived so long? Well, while the scoundrel was flinging into jail hundreds and hundreds of medical doctors whose only crime was that they practiced one or another of the "holistic cares," Mitterand was having his private staff of holistic physicians and would-be "healers" who took care of his demonic health with apparent diabolical efficiency.

But Mitterand also knew that the actual range of their therapeutical skills on his behalf was necessarily limited;

his health was actually declining. Much slower than what would have happened to him should he have chosen the traditional procedures that he was forcing his fellow Frenchmen to go through, yet he was going down. Because he was so clever, he always knew that he should keep me "free" and "alive" just as a good old fashioned life insurance policy. For years and years actually, he did all he could do to show me his "good intentions." Actually, I happen to have a few photographs (and indeed a few good television shots in the news) where I am standing just at the right side of Lionel Jospin, the former chairman of the French Socialist Party, a very personal friend of Mitterand and, incidentally, the new French Prime Minister!

In one word, if I have managed to survive so well under the Marxist dictatorship of Mitterand, it is only because I was protected, personally, and for very specific selfish purposes, by the dictator himself....

Just after I had reached my peak of "stardom" within European media, an ultra secret meeting was organized on purpose in the "gang's private real estate," in the then famous rue De Bievre 75006 Paris, a street entirely closed to the public due to the very special nature of its most famous resident. The luxurious townhouse was conjointly owned by Mitterand, his old "dirty business" accomplice Francois Dumas who was also Mitterand's Foreign Minister, and their "front," a very rich, very influential and very sexy female Lawyer who was known by the whole French tabloid press to be also "rumored" to be Mitterand's mistress.

As you may have guessed already, the meeting did not turn out quite exactly as the gang expected. With my legendary arrogance of yore, I haughtily declined the favor of becoming Mitterand's very private "miracle worker," not without using some of the most offensive French slang I could think of to express my personal views on the highly

excremental nature of the autocrat himself... but, to tell you the truth, I did not do it right away in response to my own conscience, but after they had conceitedly refused to share with me a part of the vertiginous amount of money they had just received from the Middle-East as "financial compensation" for the French military role within the recent war against Iraq. Actually, every country who participated, even remotely, in this war had received such financial compensation, but France, who just after the U.S was the most involved in the whole theater of operation, is the only country who never actually (or fully) received such compensation. Mitterand and his old accomplice, the Foreign Minister, made sure that this money would first transit through their own personal bank accounts....

I have been taking care of many miserable scoundrels in my life (Remember that I had a whole dying planet to rescue back then.) and there was nothing I would not have done to rescue starving children, endangered species and rainforests. So why not a cosmic anal fundament like Mitterand? Had he been less greedy, less histrionic and a bit smarter, I would have taken the case and, probably, this historical refuse could still be alive today. Like so many others, "free-lunch" turned out to be his own assassin.... On the one hand, I am quite glad that I did not have to dirty myself more than I already was, even for the sake of humanitarian and ecological projects. But on the other hand, one does. not send to hell (literally) such a vengeful megalomaniac and ignominious buffoon without consequences. Actually, from that day on I knew that from a French perspective, my days in Europe were numbered and that I was already running on the edge of the razor. Since I had already made my decision to escape my vainglory, my wrongful followers and my would-be "divineness" by departing Europe and retreating into my former mythical homeland, I was already in Greenland

before Mitterand had recouped from the worst rage and humiliation of his life, which I am quite proud of having "perpetrated," just in the name of the Jewish children he contributed to massacring during World War Two and the Algerian children he personally ordered to slaughter a few years later.

And because I always enjoy very much giving my "detractors" a few good bones to gnaw on, especially after evoking an episode of my life that sounds much like sheer mythomania, they may check the "ultra private" and "ultra secret" phone number of the "female lawyer" who staged the whole thing: 011-33-1-43 29 80 19. Her current phone line may have changed, but they may still verify with the French telecommunication system that in 1991 such a number was actually attributed to someone somehow "important" and that the address it corresponds to is 7, rue De Bievre, 75006 Paris, the "private Versailles" of Mitterand the First, former disgusting "monarch" of the so-called French "republic."

You know, in my life I have been dealing with people more famous, more rich and more influential than you could possibly imagine. Yet, so far, I have never been impressed by any representative of the human race, whatsoever. And if you fully realize the level of existential "impertinence" that I am capable of reaching with one of the five most important world leaders, just try to imagine how far I could go with anyone else.

One last word. Since I have just been alluding to Lionel Jospin, whom I knew quite personally, I forgot to tell you that he has now become the French Prime Minister! By the way, did I ever mention the name of the right-wing French Prime Minister back then, when I was "death-squading" around in the name of "Liberty," "Equality" and "Fraternity" (the French motto)? His name was and still is Jacques Chirac and he happens to be the current French president!!!

Do you think this really makes me feel more secure? You are right, I don't think so, either.

Well, by now, I think that you all know enough to try to put the pieces together. I really hope that you will appreciate how hard it has been for me to relive such painful dramaturgy. I also hope that you will understand that my former theatrical attitude in Europe was not the product of some colorful megalomania but the absolute necessity for me to "play the madman" and act as such.

Let me tell you something, people. I am tired of playing. Even when I was a "child," I did not play. I did not watch cartoons nor did I read comics. Actually, I did not even have toys. Have you seen the movie "Seven Years in Tibet" or "Kundun?" If you did, just transpose the Dalai Lama's situation on a smaller Celtic and Megalithic European "theater of initiation" and you should start to get the picture. It is like I had no other choice but being born fully grownup. As far as I can remember, I always felt upon my shoulders the responsibility of being part of rescuing our living planet from premature demise and, with the help of our Creator, assisting the birth of a new bio-covenant that would reconcile man with the Earth or the other way around. Now, you are getting to understand why I was forced to "play such a game" in my last twenty years. Now, also, you realize that when, in a previous text, I have been defining myself as a "warrior," this was not done from the point of view of a theorist or of some new-age would-be "spiritual warrior."

If, through this memorandum, I am alienating (from some future good work together) a few oversensitive people who otherwise would have wholeheartedly followed me, I am sincerely sorry for them. But I think that I owe it to those who could get over such painful resurfacing of my bleeding memories, for they are part of who I am, whether I like it or not. There is no half truth but only the truth,

perplexing though it may be. I have, now, faced mine and I am ready to face yours. Even at the darkest epoch of my "shadow-warrioriness," never did I harm an innocent nor perpetrate any form of injustice. I am neither ashamed nor proud of what I did and so should you. To variable extents we all need catharsis. I have just done mine, and I am now ready to help you going through your own.

Now, at least, you know probably more about your servant than you know about yourself. Let me serve you serve. Divine Life and Divine Justice need servants. Allow me to be the servants' servant and, nothing that I have endured shall weigh furthermore. It was only the hard blessing of a supremely compassionate Maker who showed me the hard way how softly I should henceforward treat those who have faith in me and entrust me with guiding them on the path of loving bio-realization.

May the Forces of Life and Justice bless you all, thank you for the miracle of our synchronistic resurrection and praise be upon you, my reader, who gave me a chance to give you.