

# *Bye-Bye St. Eloi!*

## *Observations Concerning the Definitive Indictment Issued by the Public Prosecutor of the Republic in the So-called Tarnac Affair<sup>1</sup>*

Addressed to Mme Jeanne Duyé, Examining Magistrate  
4 Boulevard du Palais  
75001 Paris  
8 June 2015

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<sup>1</sup> Translated by NOT BORED! 20 July 2015. An italicized phrase in brackets [*like this*] is the original French; a phrase in brackets without italics [like this] has been added by the translator. All footnotes by the translator. Please note that we have reproduced the image of Saint Eloi, aka St. Eligius (patron saint of goldsmiths), which, without any caption or explanation, accompanied the original French text. It certainly puns on *la galerie St. Eloi*, which is the name of the headquarters of the French counter-terrorist judiciary, located within the Palais du Justice.

<sup>2</sup> Aka the “Tarnac 10.”



“They wanted to play a much more important and direct role in the tracking down and neutralization of the leader of Al-Qaeda. To demonstrate their abilities, they elaborated an extremely audacious plan to seize Osama bin Laden at the home of one of his wives, located on an isolated farm in the Tarnak region, at the edge of the Registan desert. (...) Satellite photos showed that many Al-Qaeda dignitaries chose to live at the farm in question, in Tarnak, with [their] wives and children.” – Roland Jacquard and Atmane Tazaghart, *La destruction programmée de l'Occident*<sup>3</sup>

“Thus the judgment of such a detestable crime must be extraordinarily well-calculated [*traicté*] and different from the other ones. And he who wants to keep the rule of law and ordinary procedures, perverts all human and divine rights.” – Jean Bodin, *De la démonomanie des sorciers*<sup>4</sup>

“Yet we must say that the Inquisition marked progress, because no one could be judged without an *inquisitio*, that is to say, without an examination or investigation.” – Cardinal Joseph Ratzinger, declarations to ARD, 3 March 2005.<sup>5</sup>

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<sup>3</sup> Subtitled *Révélation sur le nouvel arsenal d'Al-Qaida* and published by Jean Picollec, 2004.

<sup>4</sup> “On the demonic mania of the sorcerers,” published in 1580. Translation included in George L. Burr, ed., *The Witch Persecutions* (Philadelphia: University of Pennsylvania History Department, 1898-1912) vol. 3, no. 4, pp. 5-6.

<sup>5</sup> According to the following official sources, Ratzinger didn't give any interviews on 3 March 2005: <http://popebenedictxvi.blogspot.com> and <http://popebenedictxvi.blogspot.com/2008/08/joseph-ratzinger-transcripts-of.html>.

Madame Judge,

The public prosecutor has taken almost a year to produce a mess. What presents itself as an indictment is actually a tissue of convenient inaccuracies, malevolent insinuations, pop psychology, deliberate oversights, and crude paralogisms enriched with pure and simple inventions. It would have pleased us to respond to real [*avérées*] charges, tight argumentation and impeccable demonstrations; but we won't get a chance to do so this time. We must say, due to the fact that the incriminating evidence in this case is virtually nonexistent, the public prosecutor's office has been forced to spend more than 120 pages embellishing upon nothing and has, as a result, extended the vileness of its procedures. We don't have the cruelty necessary to list herein all the imaginary crimes that the prosecutor's office has generously attributed to the accused, despite the lack of any evidence, and upon which it has based its accusations. Profiles and characterizations have been based upon assumptions. There have been evocations of sums of money and operations that never existed. There's been no fear of writing (from a safe distance) that the accused have intended "to lead a communitarian life cut off from market society" and that they [nevertheless] operate the only store in the village. The rest is much the same.

Here we are faced, not with an indictment, but with *a piece of fiction*. Similar to children who connect the dots and thus draw a dragon, the work of the public prosecutor, following a bad story line, has consisted in connecting real, imaginary and false dots until it has miraculously come up with the picture drawn by the police on the very first day of the arrests, indeed, more than a year before them, in their confidential report, "*Du conflit anti-CPE à la constitution d'un réseau préterroriste international: regards sur l'ultra-gauche française et européenne.*"<sup>6</sup> On this point, one will not be surprised that the prosecutor's work of fiction, in order to support its sad counter-terrorist whodunit, prefers to rely upon the two parts of the file that have the greatest affinities with literature: the anonymous testimony of Jean-Hugues Bourgeois and *The Coming Insurrection*. If it should happen that a very good work of fiction manages to account for the real in a manner that seems truer than the real itself, we must admit that the prosecutors responsible for this indictment are terrible novelists. All the seams are visible; the narrative doesn't hold together; it contradicts itself at innumerable points; and its fabric is even torn in spots because it was necessary to stretch the elements so that they would fit together.

We are not at all surprised that the prosecutor's office has deliberately lied,

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<sup>6</sup> "From the anti-CPE conflicts to the constitution of an international pre-terrorist network: views of the French and European ultra-left."

has truncated every item that it has seized, has knowingly attempted to smear the accused, and has hidden every element favorable to the defense; we will not complain about its bestial, traditional partiality. We can even excuse it. We know that this is its way of *raising hell* [*faire le Diable*]. We know the Bible. We've read the *Book of Job*. And we know that all that is *bad* and *willfully* wicked in the prosecutor's office cannot be understood without the Bible, no matter the degree of the alleged secularity of French justice. It isn't the prosecutor's fault if all the categories of modern law are secularized theological categories, derived as much from canon law as from Roman law, which was a civil religion. The justice system merely ignores this fact or it feigns to know nothing about it. Because it is a Biblical scene, quite precisely from the *Book of Job*, that sadly plays out every day, in every investigation, in every indictment, at every tribunal in which a poor wretch is made to appear: fallen humanity, weak and fallible, made to appear before God-the Judge, and the Devil uses all the means at his disposal to convince God of the imperfection of His creation and the perfidy of His creatures. By overwhelming the one summoned to appear, by heaping calumny, temptation, and torment upon him or her, by making him or her trip up and, if possible, fall down in front of everyone, the devil-prosecutor tries to prove to God that His creature has denied Him. And so, in the Old Testament, if God is in the position of judge and sinful humanity is in that of the accused, it is only because *the Devil is in the role of public accuser*. The technical meaning of "Satan" in Hebrew is literally "the one who brings the accusation at a legal proceeding." In Greek, *Diaballein* means to divide, to separate, to calumny, to throw to the ground. The Devil is "the one who calumnies, the one who divides" – the one who, first and foremost, divides the Creator from his creatures. We know that the prosecutor's office is *diabolical*; we are not offended that it calumnies us, that it uses lies, falsifications, insinuations and bad faith. That is what it does: everyone knows that the Devil lies shamelessly. "The Devil doesn't stay within the truth, because there is no truth in him. When he offers up a lie, he speaks from his own depths, because he is a liar and the father of the lie" (John 8:44).

The only thing that, since Biblical times, is new in modern penal institutions is the fact that, while medieval justice still sought to rule upon disputes, to settle conflicts between two parties, and to repair damages, royal justice ended up inventing the figure of the king's prosecutor. Thenceforth, a crime wasn't simply a damage inflicted upon another that had to be offset; it was, above all, an attack on the order incarnated by the king, an attack on power itself. "The punishable act is fundamentally no longer an instance of damage but an infraction; it attacks power, even in the cases in which no one is attacked. The first, the most general, and the continual victim of crime will no longer be the body, goods, honor or rights of

others, but order” (Michel Foucault, *Théories et institutions pénales*).<sup>7</sup> The passage from the monarchy to the Republic changed absolutely nothing in the inquisitorial model of French justice: “royal order” was replaced by “social order,” and “divine order” was replaced by “natural order,” that’s all. Thus what is essentially tainted in this alleged justice, in your justice, Madame Judge, is the fact that the King – excuse us – the State is literally *both judge and jury*: the prosecutor accuses us in the name of the Republic, while you, too, claim to conduct your investigation in its name. And this defect is obviously magnified a hundred times when it comes to “terrorism,” since it concerns the “security of the State,” isn’t it?

Thus, Madame Judge – you who have until now have been quite hesitant to take any investigatory act that would attract negative attention from your hierarchy; you who have done nothing since the departure of Judge Fragnoli,<sup>8</sup> apart from turning down every motion from the defense that could possibly cause trouble for the demented constructions of your predecessor; you whose calculated passivity has validated your colleague’s abuses of authority by not delving too deeply into such a poorly conducted and explosive case – you now find yourself, Madame Judge, *in the company of the Devil*, who has whispered his indictment into your ear. And you are obviously in cahoots with him. You work *for the same boss*. But to what extent will you allow yourself to see this? If you pose the question, you do so while thinking of [furthering] your little career. If so many observers have also posed the question, it is because History isn’t ready to forget your name, should you send us back [to jail] for “terrorism.”<sup>9</sup>

Since the prosecutor’s office has based itself on the terrain of fiction, we face this challenge boldly, although the Code of Penal Procedure only allows us a tenth of the time that the prosecutor’s office has used to produce the results that are now on display. Our prose, we hope, will be both more pleasant and more believable. Herein we deliver the real but necessarily incomplete novel about the Tarnac Affair. It is a narrative that gathers together the essential of the elements at our disposal in order to finally produce something intelligible about the matter and in which it isn’t necessary to force the real to make it fit a pre-established construction. As in a good novel, the chapters follow upon each other in a disorder

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<sup>7</sup> Title given to course offered at the Collège de France, 1971-1972. Published by Hautes études in May 2015.

<sup>8</sup> Thierry Fragnoli, whose lack of impartiality forced him to recuse himself from the case in 2012 after an article was published in *Le Canard enchaîné*. Cf.

<http://tarnac.blog.lemonde.fr/2014/08/02/episode-45-le-juge-raccroche/> (French only).

<sup>9</sup> Cf. “Tarnac: the prosecutor wants Julien Coupat back in jail for terrorism,” *Le Monde*, 7 May 2015: <http://www.notbored.org/prosecutor.pdf>.

that is only apparent. And of course it would be showing our subject matter too much honor to treat it in an orderly way.<sup>10</sup>

## Borders

Borders don't exist. Just like the things that we discuss at great length and no one has ever seen: society, France, time or the concept of the flower. There are seas, some almost uncrossable. There are passes, craggy mountains, lakes whose tributaries get lost in the horizon; there are also deserts, always inhabited, strangely inhabited; there are languages and histories, traditions and parental lines and lines of friendship. But there are no borders. This is why so much equipment is needed to attest to their non-existent existence. Watchtowers, barbed wire, sentry boxes, passports and men in uniform, as well as scanners, drones, sensors, the miracles of infra-red technologies, and cameras created solely to surveill and control those mandatory fictions, the borders.

It's 2008, January 2008. No one had heard of Edward Snowden yet, but everyone knew or at least could know that, ever since 2001, a gigantic machine had been set in motion, at the global level, in order to make records of everything that the planet considers humanoid, and that these records are biometric. It still wasn't known that the NSA was grabbing every photo on the Internet in order to match a name (an identity) with every face that it could see. But it *was* known that the heart of this worldwide movement was the United States of America. It's 2008, in Montreal. A new friend invited us to follow him to the United States. Destination: New York. No intention to add our fingerprints to the imperial files. To give our biometric identities to the Machine, like that, without even having tried to disappoint it [*de lui faire faux bond*]. The border between Canada and the United States is thousands of miles of forests and lakes, lakes and forests. You just swim or walk. Only the first step is difficult. The border doesn't actually exist. All the plebes of the world know that borders are hoaxes, even if someone sometimes gets killed or locked up for having not respected generally accepted beliefs. A friend who is a philosopher had already refused to teach courses in the United States to protest American file-making.<sup>11</sup> Several kilometers on foot through forests in 15-degree weather and the proof was made that the files aren't unavoidable. That we

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<sup>10</sup> Cf. Isidore Ducasse, *Poésies II*. "Je ferais trop de déshonneur à mon sujet, si je ne le traitais pas avec ordre. Je veux montrer qu'il en est capable."

<sup>11</sup> That would be Giorgio Agamben. Cf. "No to Biometrics," originally published in *Le Monde*, 5 December 2005: <http://www.notbored.org/agamben-on-biometrics.html>.

didn't have to subject ourselves to biometric blackmail. It seemed worthwhile philosophically and politically. The trip didn't disappoint us. The clear-cut light, the immense sky, the chiseled air of New York City. The Brooklyn Bridge, despite the hipsters [*les branchés*].

“No, I love that bridge / (everything is beautiful from there / and the air is so clean) / Walking it seems / peaceful / even with all those cars / going crazy underneath,” as Norma Jean wrote.<sup>12</sup> New York – a century ago, it was crossed by a “deserter from 17 nations”;<sup>13</sup> we, unfortunately, happened to cross paths with an English undercover agent who was working for the secret services of at least 11 countries.<sup>14</sup> And, consequently, we started to be tracked by the FBI. But this was part of the trip, part of the game. It obviously complicated our return.

On our way back, two friends awaited us on the Canadian side, in the only bar in a small town. A border town, its only establishment a *General Store*.<sup>15</sup> you can't make this stuff up. A border town, a town of smuggling, certainly; this had been going on for several years. Those who live near borders know that they only exist for those who believe in them. A friend went to find our luggage, weighed down by all that we'd found on the Other Side. Terrifying “subversive” literature. *Assata* by Assata Shakur. *Blood In My Eyes* by George Jackson. *There Where You Are Not*, about Wittgenstein. *Autonomia* by Semiotext(e). Goethe's *Elective Affinities*.<sup>16</sup> The second friend remained with us. Waiting, we played pool. Waiting, we emptied our pockets into the *juke box*.<sup>17</sup> “Ring of Fire.” “I Walk the Line.” “Folsom Prison Blues.” “San Quentin.”<sup>18</sup> All Johnny Cash. The barman and the patrons watched us benevolently. A town of smugglers, music by a prisoner. Silent sympathy, beyond [*en deçà de*] all language. At that hour, in the middle of winter, in a smugglers' bar, unknown patrons were rare. Time passed. The friend who had to return didn't. Something stupid, obviously.

A glance through the windows of the front door reveals a white car with the shark-like appearance that characterizes the cars of marauding cops. Leaving our friend to continue playing pool, we hide in the bathrooms. One per bathroom: one

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<sup>12</sup> Norma Jean Mortenson, aka Marilyn Monroe. Quoted directly from the original English text, which was published in *Fragments: Poems, Intimate Notes, Letters* (Farrar, Straus and Giroux, 2012).

<sup>13</sup> Fabian Avenarius Lloyd, aka Arthur Cravan (1887-1918), a boxer and poet beloved by the Surrealists.

<sup>14</sup> Mark Kennedy. Cf. the chapter of this work titled “A Rapist in Scotland Yard.”

<sup>15</sup> English in original.

<sup>16</sup> With the exception of the title of Goethe's novel, which was given in French, not the German (*Die Wahlverwandtschaften*) in which it was originally written, all of the titles mentioned here were relayed in English by the authors.

<sup>17</sup> English in original.

<sup>18</sup> All song titles: English in original.



in the men's room; one in the ladies' room. Everything is set. The bar's doors slam. A minute later, the barman comes into the bathroom. "I've worked here for 20 years. The cops have never set foot inside. They're here for you. Remain here until they've gone. I'll come get you." We wait. The minutes swell like your lungs when you hold your breath. There's muffled noises. We quiver with each breath. The doors slam once again. The barman is back. "They've snatched your friend. They're going to come back, that's for sure. We've got to find a solution." One of the guys at the bar comes forward. "Follow me," he says and nothing more. We follow him without knowing where he is leading us. To safety or the slaughterhouse. We walk along back alleys in silence, as if the cops are watching us from behind every hedge. The guy says nothing. He gestures left, towards a house. We enter. "OK. This is my house. I won't be sleeping here tonight. I don't want to know what you've done. Your room is on the first floor. The first one on the landing, to the left. Close the door tightly when you leave. Good night." A border town; a town of smugglers. The rough and unaffected solidarity of the plebes. There are still Just Ones on this earth. Friend, we will never forget your name. Eternal gratitude to Johnny Cash.

## A Situ<sup>19</sup> Among the Cops

For a long time, everyone has known the role of the *Renseignements Généraux*<sup>20</sup> in France: to maintain knowledge about and contacts within protest movements in order that the threat that they could constitute remains marginal. The French Republic has founded its legitimacy on the legitimacy of a revolution that took place more than two centuries ago and was almost immediately betrayed. It endures on the condition that it can delay the return of revolution until the end of time, a little like the Catholic Church, which only has a reason to exist if it can manage to hold back Christ's return. It is certain that there have been many episodes in which this or that member of the RG has allowed himself to go as far

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<sup>19</sup> Short for "situationist," a member of the Situationist International ("SI"). Since the SI dissolved in 1972, there haven't been any "situs" for a very long time. But there *are* "pro-situs" (passive admirers of the SI's works and legacy) and "post-situs" (people who have come after or are influenced by the SI). As the reader will see, over the course of this chapter, the authors calumny "situationists" and confound both "situs" and "post-situs" with "anti-industrials."

<sup>20</sup> Short for *Direction centrale des renseignements généraux*: the intelligence service of the French police; the equivalent of the American FBI.

as to kill a Leftist – as in the case of Pierre Goldman,<sup>21</sup> recently elucidated by one of the commandos – but these are somewhat exceptional occasions. These exceptions remind us that the RG in its modern form is a direct descendant of the Brigades Spéciales that, under Vichy, was tasked with tracking resistors, especially Communists, especially those [Communists] not aligned with the Party line. We can say that, until it was merged with the DST,<sup>22</sup> the RG was essentially devoted to an aimless and extravagant work of omnilateral surveillance, at all levels of society, with a slight weakness for [hunting] Leftists. Thus, the power structure was completely informed of everything that was afoot on its soil, from gossip about *stars*<sup>23</sup> to quarrels between political militants. This took place at the cost of regularly occurring small scandals, but was basically accepted by everyone involved. The French tradition of “reasons of State” amply justified several dirty tricks and illegal instances of wiretapping. And whoever was in power never imagined that he or she could govern without these supple, deferential and [eminently] useful means – not even Pierre Joxe.<sup>24</sup> Like everything else, power has an obscure face and, in places, the profile of Yves Bertrand.<sup>25</sup>

And so, even before 2002, the [RG’s] “specialized documentation” contained ample information about the majority of the accused, who were, back then, of an age that made them the objects of surveillance. Gabrielle Hallez, Benjamin Rosoux and Julien Coupat had their little files brought up to date, which might prove useful later. It was known that they had participated in several different demonstrations and social movements; that they had opened *squats*<sup>26</sup>; that they even had a few friends here and there. Coupat’s case was particularly intriguing: the son of an executive in the pharmaceutical industry, fresh out of business school, who passed over – lock, stop and barrel, and without any apparent transition – to the situ wing of decomposed Parisian autonomy; this was something that didn’t happen very often. The betrayal of one’s wife, one’s husband, one’s friends or one’s colleagues always provides a pretext for interesting relational rearrangements. There are always plenty of *interested parties* to put the betrayal

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<sup>21</sup> A French ultra-Leftist (1944-1979), assassinated in Paris, allegedly by an extreme-Right group, *Honneur de la Police*. The revelations about the connections of this group with the French secret services came in 2010: <http://rue89.nouvelobs.com/2010/01/23/jai-assassine-pierre-goldman-un-ancien-tueur-se-confie-134942> (French only).

<sup>22</sup> Short for *Direction de la Surveillance du territoire*; a intelligence-gathering agency connected with the Ministry of the Interior.

<sup>23</sup> English in original.

<sup>24</sup> A French politician (b: 1934); a Socialist, he was the Minister of the Interior between 1988 and 1991, and the Minister of Defense between 1991 and 1993.

<sup>25</sup> Yves Bertrand (1944-2013) was the general director of the RG from 1992 to 2004. He was stone-faced and had a protruding nose.

<sup>26</sup> English in original.

into perspective, and psychology has a ready-made battery of excuses for those who need to fool themselves. But to betray one's class: that's unpardonable!<sup>27</sup> To rally the enemy and use all of the cultural capital that has been invested in you, the languages that you have been allowed to learn, the aptitudes, the knowledge and the means to which you have had access . . . Such a felony has no name. It even scandalizes the public prosecutor's office. And that office is watching. Imagine how many [Karl] Marxes there would have been if the earth had had too many Engels. It also must be remembered that Coupat's parents worked in one of the very French enterprises that the Republic's secret services favored when they needed to find cover for their foreign agents. We can say that, at the offices at which they worked, his parents were surrounded by spies, which was something they only realized later on. Too late.

At the moment that Rosoux, Hallez and Coupat were rewarded with the first entries in their files [*signalements*] for participation in an occupation, the struggles in the Aspe Valley<sup>28</sup> or the unemployed workers' movement in 1998, a shadow was prowling around them in the capital. He observed them from a distance, through interposed texts. This superfluous creature, which had a gnarled and bizarre inner nature and an insignificant outer one, demonstrated a burning passion for literature, particularly that of the 19th century. He was a *reader*, of a type they don't make anymore. He was split between a completely reactionary passion for order and the painful [*térébrant*] fact that, in France, the great literary tradition is tied to revolution, whether it be socialist, communist or surrealist. Thus it was that he, at the ending of his reading, like so many others before him, ended up falling into the situationist trap, that nest of fetishists, that glue for the impotent. There was a preciousness in it that matched his tastes. He most particularly appreciated the possibilities offered by a certain anti-industrial ideology descended from situationism<sup>29</sup> to mark his hostility towards the world, which was simultaneously

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<sup>27</sup> "The great decomposing bourgeoisie certainly will not want to pardon me, either for this pamphlet or any of the rest, and some among them – like Indro Montanelli, who has already cried about it for the last two years or so – wants to accuse me of being a *traitor to my class*, because I have turned all of my weapons against the aforementioned high bourgeoisie, from which I have come. Well, I am honored to receive such an accusation, because there is no humiliation (nor anything else) that this bourgeoisie has not amply merited, and the working class, which has been subjected to the largest number of class betrayals on the part of its alleged representatives, will have reason to congratulate itself because *for once* their class adversary has been struck by the same fate." Gianfranco Sanguinetti, "Preface to the Italian edition of *Remedy for Everything*" (1979).

<sup>28</sup> Against incursions by high-speed railroads.

<sup>29</sup> An allusion to the *Encyclopédie des Nuisances* (EdN) a group, journal and later publishing house founded by Jaime Semprun and others in 1984. Though post-situationist, the EdN was also critical of the situationists. Cf. <http://www.notbored.org/EdN.html>.

massive and inconsequential. It must be said that, at the end of the 1990s, the Parisian post-situationist backwater was exposed to the worst of threats: it could be a group of newcomers, the fruit of an unexpected collision within the unemployed workers' movement between a sucker [*un surgeon*] for Italian autonomy and the [inheritors of the] situationist heritage, who intended to get rid of the dead weight of the latter.<sup>30</sup> Imagine that you have lost 30 years<sup>31</sup> in an unimaginative crab basket and that, suddenly, a young man comes along who, in a [single] great step, reveals to you that the way [out] was in fact always open. This was the step that the journal called *Tiqqun*, linked to Coupat, undertook to take. The supporters of situationist orthodoxy<sup>32</sup> developed a lasting bitterness towards it, as did our young lost soul, who passionately engaged in sterile debates. That the newcomers, who hadn't even taken the time to offer sacrifices to the customary courtiership, had the flamboyance to try to get a grip on their own era<sup>33</sup> – this merited the cruelest punishment and immediate excommunication. This would go far:<sup>34</sup> in January 2008, a poly-traumatized sect of anti-industrials<sup>35</sup> openly called for the arrest of the supposed authors of *The Coming Insurrection*: “Knowing that it took 27 months for the Renseignements Généraux to eradicate 150 resisters in armed Parisian groups, and 10 months for the 10<sup>th</sup> Parachute Division to eliminate 1,500 militants in the Algerian FLN, how much time – bearing in mind advances in intelligence-gathering [*des connaissances*] – will it take, 50 years from now, for the Direction du Renseignement Intérieur,<sup>36</sup> RAID<sup>37</sup> and GIGN<sup>38</sup> to deal with the 50 illuminati of the Invisible Way?”<sup>39</sup> (*Pièces et main d'oeuvre, Terreur et possession*).<sup>40</sup>

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<sup>30</sup> Others have seen a connection and not a break between the situationists and *Tiqqun*. Cf. Patrick Marcolini, “Situationist Inheritors: Julien Coupat, *Tiqqun* and *The Coming Insurrection*”: <http://www.notbored.org/situationist-inheritors.html>.

<sup>31</sup> Swept away in this overly broad dismissal are, among other valuable and *still relevant* contributions, the theory of spectacular terrorism that was developed in the 1970s and 1980s by the ex-situationists Guy Debord and Gianfranco Sanguinetti.

<sup>32</sup> And who would that be? The very idea of a “situationist orthodoxy” would be an anathema to any genuine (post-) situationist.

<sup>33</sup> It is also possible that these “newcomers” knew very little (or very little that was accurate) about the era that had preceded and laid the groundwork for theirs. Cf. Jules de la Bande, “Advisory” <http://www.notbored.org/bonnot-advisory.html> which quite precisely concerns *Tiqqun*'s faulty conceptualization of “terrorism” in Italy the 1970s.

<sup>34</sup> Note: what follows is a *rhetorical question* (albeit a reactionary one), not a death sentence (death being the “cruelest punishment”) nor an edict of “excommunication.” Indeed, it would appear that, far from fearing the authors of *The Coming Insurrection*, this question mocks their impotence or insignificance by juxtaposing them with truly ferocious armed groups.

<sup>35</sup> Note the confounding of “anti-industrials” with the “situationist orthodoxy.”

<sup>36</sup> Formed in 2008 through the fusion of the RG and the DST.

<sup>37</sup> Stands for *Recherche, Assistance, Intervention, Dissuasion*; an agency connected with the French national police.

But at the end of the 1990s, our young man was approaching 30, and his tortured soul was torn. He couldn't become a revolutionary: that would be like throwing himself into the void while leaving half of himself up on the cliff. As the years went on, his fascination became resentment. He ended up hating those whom he wanted to love but couldn't join. The oscillations of his soul became more and more violent as the bitter necessity of earning his livelihood imposed itself and thus enrolled him in a social order in which he'd long felt foreign. And as only a brutal, even absurd, decision could end his existential distress, in which everything appeared absurd, he decided one day *to become a cop*.<sup>41</sup> But not any old cop: he applied at the "Contestation and Violence" section of the Renseignements Généraux. In a world delivered up to capitalist chaos, aren't the forces of order the last refuge of those who want to save the world? He had enough of the dialectic in him to convince himself of it, and too few friends around him to dissuade him. To tell the truth, what else could he do in life with his taste for order and his knowledge of revolutionary movements than to make a career of fighting against them, of fighting *against his own demons*? And what could be less romantic and more *novelistic* [*romanesque*] than being a secret agent?

Thus did Christian Bichet – because that is the name with which he is afflicted – enter into what was for him [a search for] the Grail. What situationist hasn't dreamed of having the complete intelligence files on Guy Debord in his trembling hands?<sup>42</sup> Only a small subjective renunciation would be required to get it: to pass over to the other side of the mirror of revolution.<sup>43</sup> But in this case, he would have access *to everything*, to all of the "specialized documentation," which stripped away his old passions. Thenceforth, he had an office in front of the

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<sup>38</sup> *Groupe d'intervention de la Gendarmerie nationale*, an "elite" group of federal cops that specializes in counter-terrorism.

<sup>39</sup> The "Invisible Way" is a mocking reference to the Invisible Committee.

<sup>40</sup> Published by Editions L'Echappée, 2008.

<sup>41</sup> But consider this: "The real question isn't knowing how a libertarian came to get in bed with the Nazis, but why this type of person thought it would be good to disguise himself as a libertarian [in the first place]." Michel Bounan, *L'Art de Céline et son temps* (1997).

<sup>42</sup> A weird question, the answer to which would, perhaps, depend who that "situationist" really is or, rather, on what his or her real motivations would be. No doubt some would want to know how early the RG had identified Debord as an enemy; others would want to know if he had been a double agent, spy or *agent provocateur*, as certain scumbags have suggested. Cf. *Libération's* reporting <http://www.notbored.org/business-card.html> and Debord's own remarks: <http://www.notbored.org/this-bad-reputation.html>.

<sup>43</sup> Given this text's reference to Edward Snowden, who leaked classified documents from the inside of the NSA, it is odd that its authors cannot imagine that someone within the RG might do the same or that someone hostile to the RG might break into its offices (or computer networks) and steal those files.

[proverbial] keyhole; he was enclosed in that office, naked. There, in the middle of the 2000s, he could be a young and conscientious functionary and, at the same time, he could spend his days reading, learning, studying, making files – just like Debord.<sup>44</sup> The man who so much loved *to know*, could he dream of a more rewarding career than to produce strategic knowledge for the State, that monstrous apparatus of knowledge? He put down in his files his old love for *Tiqqun*, dissected its style, its ramifications, its surroundings. He collected every rumor, every bit of hearsay; a real groupie, he bought virtually every production of the journal, even the ephemeral stuff. There aren't many in France who have a vinyl copy of "*Burn, Hollywood, Burn*,"<sup>45</sup> recorded [in 2002] by the hardcore punk group formed by Mathieu Burnel<sup>46</sup> when he was 20 years old. Benjamin, Artaud, Lukàcs, Foucault, Agamben, Scholem,<sup>47</sup> kabbalism, Otto Rühle and more kabbalism – at the cost of a prince's ransom, he built up a library for the RG that was almost as extensive as the one at Tarnac, and he discovered in the already-accumulated documentation pearls in which he took delight. Christian Bichet was a happy man. The destruction of what of had fascinated him, of the people who tried to put their lives in accord with their ideas,<sup>48</sup> would become his masterpiece. Thus he had to prove *a posteriori* that there was no other [possible] outcome than to live out his schizophrenia in the ranks of the police. In addition, he took it upon himself to settle post-situ theological disputes [*les querelles de chapelle post-situ*], but within the very heart of the State apparatus. So that there would be no doubt about this, he even titled one of his most vindictive notes about the "Coupat Group" after the

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<sup>44</sup> This cynical bit of calumny by analogy relies on the fact that, while reading, Debord used to copy out upon file cards [*fiches*] the phrases that he liked and intended to use in his writings.

<sup>45</sup> English in original. Perhaps a cover version of the song of the same name by Public Enemy.

<sup>46</sup> One of the authors of this text.

<sup>47</sup> "Extinction of the stain, restoration of harmony – that is the meaning of the Hebrew word *Tikkun* [...] What had been hidden under the mild aspect of *Tikkun* (striving for perfection of the world) would be revealed as a potent weapon, one capable of destroying all the forces of evil; and such destruction would in itself have been tantamount to redemption [...] This brings us to a further aspect of the doctrine of *Tikkun* [...] The process in which God conceives, brings forth and develops Himself does not reach its final conclusion in God. Certain parts of the process of restitution are allotted to man [...] As we have seen, the process of restoring all things to their proper place demands not only an impulse from God, but also one from His creature, in its religious action. True life and true amends for original sin are made possible by the confluence and concurrence of both impulses, the divine and the human." Gershom G. Scholem, *Major Trends in Jewish Mysticism*, 3<sup>rd</sup> revised edition (New York: Schocken Books, 1961), pp. 233, 246 and 273.

<sup>48</sup> A phrase that is used here to describe the members of the Tarnac collective and could also be used to describe the members of the Situationist International.

name of an anti-industrial pamphlet: *Dans le chaudron du négatif*.<sup>49</sup> To achieve his goals, he had no need to tire himself out: every surveillance report, every account of every demonstration, every instance of police control, every confiscation, and every illegal wiretap crossed his desk. No matter that his colleagues in the field scorned the fools from “Contestation and Violence”: the scorn was reciprocal. He lived vicariously, through the relationships that came to him, and he discerned the distinct mark of the “Coupac Group” everywhere. He procured a copy of the rough draft of a text that had been published in samizdat form<sup>50</sup> – *The Call* – which he carefully preserved (others would say he preserved it fetishistically). Like any self-respecting village, the Leftist milieu hummed with a thousand rumors, which sooner or later always ended up on the ears of the police: they weren’t slow to be informed of the malevolent rumors that this or that rival little group spread about Hallez, Coupac, Rosoux and company. Aren’t jealousy and slander the alpha and omega of the lives of the little groups, nay, of all the people who willingly shut themselves away? For the rest, it is enough to follow the comments on *Indymedia*<sup>51</sup> in which the “anarcho-autonomes”<sup>52</sup> fight it out amongst themselves to see who comes out on top. Add a little *trolling* here and there, and there’s no need to infiltrate meetings to obtain [information], because the [news] service provides everything that you could want to know, in particular, about the “Coupac Group.” And in fact, in conformity with what’s written in *The Call*, these people<sup>53</sup> were in the process of distancing themselves from decomposed autonomy; it seems that they were bored of its whirring [*ronron*], sterility and poor comfort. It even seems that, more and more, they were absent from Paris and that they were developing relationships with people in the provinces, indeed, in foreign countries. This was what was worrisome, because a radical milieu is easy to control – it’s enough to listen carefully – and a Parisian milieu is even easier to control: it’s so close to the office. And for a long time now, Parisian radicals have expressed a certain polite and quasi-cultural scorn for radicals in the provinces. If all the government ministries are in Paris, they don’t see why the ministries of radicalism should be exceptions.

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<sup>49</sup> Authored by Jean-Marc Mandosio and published by Editions de l’Encyclopédie des Nuisances in 2003.

<sup>50</sup> Anonymously, with no publication information or date (circa 2002). Translated into English as *The Call*.

<sup>51</sup> English in original.

<sup>52</sup> “Autonomes” is our attempt to render “those who are or seek to be completely autonomous.”

<sup>53</sup> The members of the “Coupac Group” circa 2004.

It is 2004, at the moment of the so-called AZF Affair,<sup>54</sup> the AZF being the group that, it seems, tried to extort several million Euros from the State and that corresponded with the Minister of the Interior in the little announcements section of *Libération* under the pseudonym “my big wolf.”<sup>55</sup> The techniques that the cops used were quite sophisticated, the style of the letters [sent to the AZF] was careful and didn’t lack intelligence, as were the locations that the AZF chose to meet with the cops or to place defused bombs on train lines. Given the places concerned and the style of the writing, Inspector Bichet rapidly convinced himself that the AZF group could in fact only be a “Coupat Group.” That in reality everyone in the AZF used that signature. That one would have to be blind not to see it. We must say that conspiracy theories [*le conspirationnisme*] are a part of the poisoned heritage of situationism. Any active and determined group can only be an emanation of the secret services.<sup>56</sup> Without this, how could the situationists portray their continual drinking, pointless bickering and idle chatter as “revolutionary”?<sup>57</sup> But Bichet was the only one in the RG who’d read every line in *Tiqqun*, to have seen the film *Et la guerre est à peine commencée*,<sup>58</sup> in which a placard (a *détournement* of [a line from] Rimbaud) relays the real meaning of the acronym AZF: “This can only be the end of a world, by advancing” – A to Z = the world; F = what rolls towards its end, and the arrow that underlines the initials AZF and that means “by advancing.” Very clear, and yet no one understood. In linguistics, there’s even a name for this stylistic figure: *hyperchleuasme*, something that is so obvious that no one sees it.<sup>59</sup>

At the RG, some began to think that their colleague was in the process of losing control with all his stories about Foucaultian-situationist kabbalistic Leftist

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<sup>54</sup> An *obvious* instance of spectacular or artificial terrorism, i.e., terrorism conducted against the State by the State itself (by one of its secret services or by non-State actors whom it controls), in which alleged terrorists used the threat of violence against train lines to extort money from the government. Cf. Arnaud Ardoin, *AZF : une affaire au sommet de l’Etat*, éditions du Rocher, 2013.

<sup>55</sup> Cf. “‘Suzy’ écrit à son ‘gros loup,’” *Libération*, 4 March 2004: [http://www.liberation.fr/evenement/2004/03/04/suzy-ecrit-a-son-gros-loup\\_471132](http://www.liberation.fr/evenement/2004/03/04/suzy-ecrit-a-son-gros-loup_471132) (French only).

<sup>56</sup> Nowhere does any situationist say anything remotely like this: it is a caricature.

<sup>57</sup> Quite easily: their “continual drinking” was part of what they called “the revolution of everyday life,” and their “pointless bickering and idle chatter” was how they worked out the “bugs” in their revolutionary theory, which then got expressed in their journal, tracts, books, posters, films, et al.

<sup>58</sup> Cf. Uploaded to Youtube on 20 November 2011: [https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=rWcAns\\_KqyM](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=rWcAns_KqyM).

<sup>59</sup> No one who is not thoroughly knowledgeable about the Kabbalistic practice of *Notarikon*, which is the “interpretation of the letters of a word as abbreviations of whole sentences,” to quote Gershom Scholem, *Major Trends in Jewish Mysticism*.



terrorists. But management liked Bichet's work. The year 2003 saw the emergence of a powerful student movement, notably in Rennes, where Rosoux and Coupat lived and where Hallez seemed to go regularly. In 2004, a movement among high-school students stirred to life. In 2005, there were urban riots that the partisans of universal conflagration dreamed about and that gave the State nightmares. 2006 was the year of the movement against the CPE; Rennes was again its seismic epicenter. The graffiti that appeared during the riots in Paris, Rennes, Rouen, Toulouse and elsewhere left no doubt as to the presence of taggers inspired by *The Call*.<sup>60</sup> If Minister of the Interior, Nicolas Sarkozy, was playing with the fire of the movement in an effort to outwit Prime Minister Dominique de Villepin, both held the "Leftists" of the Coupat-and-Company type to be enemies, and this even when they collected their writings in their private libraries: *The Call*, *Tiqqun 1* and *2*, and *The Coming Insurrection* figured prominently at Drouot<sup>61</sup> during the auctioning off of the former Prime Minister's library. It wasn't displeasing for them to be as completely informed as possible about those who defied them in the streets, in the middle of Paris. And then, for a Gaullist, the people who had located themselves [at Tarnac] in Corrèze, more precisely, in Corrèze du Nord – in the Communist canton that had never stopped resisting both the Nazis and Vichy's militias, both the Algerian war and, later on, the offensive led by Jacques Chirac – well, that would be a bit disturbing.

Helped by the troubles of the times, Christian Bichet was able to continue devoting himself to his perverse exegetical passion, with all costs paid. Surpassing his role as analyst for the "Contestation and Violence" section, he began to devote himself to the exercise of an episodic physical surveillance, punctuated by wiretaps that yielded nothing since the people concerned only said insignificant things on the phone. For entire evenings he stationed himself in the street that faced the band's Parisian lodgings, using a telephoto lens to observe and immortalize the colorful crowds of those who visited them. He wanted to go inside innocently, enter into a philosophical discussion on a point that appeared to him to warrant caution, to directly deliver his critique of the texts that he'd read, in order to finally appear as the connoisseur that he'd become, to deliver good and bad marks. But he had to remain in his car. Or go out and stand in the street at three on the morning in case those people departed their hideaway to commit some misdeed that he couldn't track down or prosecute: he was only an intelligence agent, not a wall-jumper; he was an intellectual with a rat's face, not an operative with the physique of an athlete. Then he went home, to Rueil-Malmaison; he'd gone as far as

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<sup>60</sup> Just as lines from texts by the situationists appeared on the walls of Paris and elsewhere during May 1968.

<sup>61</sup> A prominent Parisian auction house.

choosing to live in the same western suburb in which Coupat's parents lived. A journalist had once nicknamed this suburb "the Bay of Nothingness." Christian Bichet didn't spoil it.

During the anti-CPE movement, which politicized an entire generation, Bichet found himself at the heart of the maelstrom: not only were his "subjects" particularly active in this movement, but there was also a palpable discomfort among the politicians concerning this new generation. The Parisian offices of the principal parties were the constant targets of nocturnal attacks that decorated them with unflattering tags. Their top militants were on red alert. The idea of de-radicalizing this generation through counter-terrorism made its way among the old hands of the SAC<sup>62</sup> and the UNEF,<sup>63</sup> among the networks of the sellers of security and the most opaque authorities within the European Union.<sup>64</sup> At the same time, the old dream of merging the RG with the DST – for Bernard Squarcini,<sup>65</sup> Sarkozy's henchman, the dream of getting his hands on the stubborn old bastion of the RG – returned in force. To merge intelligence-gathering and the judiciary, to finally make intelligence-gathering productive in terms of legal proceedings, arrests, convictions – in sum, to produce inmates. What a modern idea! To make use (like the Americans) of an FBI that is maneuverable at will, that never shrinks from a political command; to have an authentic instrument in hand and not a "house" with its internecine quarrels, exhausting internal geopolitics, and crass lack of productivity. For the RG in general and Christian Bichet in particular, this wasn't reform; it was a violation, annihilation, the end of a world. It was a [whole] way of life, a way of apprehending the world, of discoursing, of ferreting about, here and there, of having a drink with the union-members, of spending days reading uselessly, of "working" without concern for results, that was being threatened. And like the old man heading towards his end and more and more resembling the infant that he once was, the RG found their first love, their oldest passion, in their last gasps: the hunt for a domestic enemy; the tracking of extreme-Left "terrorists."

In their final battle against being absorbed into the DST, the RG played to win, and Christian Bichet was their wild card. Joël Bouchite, the head of the RG, accumulated gold stars at "terror" meeting with the Minister of the Interior, Michèle Alliot-Marie. They spoke of the years that they'd worked upon those who, one night in March 2006, in the middle of the anti-CPE movement, had [tried and]

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<sup>62</sup> The Service d'Action Civique ("Civic Action Service"), a far-right/gangster militia active in Algeria and France in the 1960s and 1970s.

<sup>63</sup> The National Union of French Students.

<sup>64</sup> But based on the "successes" obtained by NATO and the CIA in Italy between 1969 and 1980.

<sup>65</sup> The head of the Direction Centale du Renseignement Intérieure (the DCRI) (General Directorate for Internal Security) from 2008 to 2012.

failed to storm the National Assembly, then the Senate, during a nighttime demonstration that had brought together tens of thousands of people. Bichet knew those who'd become, in the phraseology of the RG, the "hardcore" of the most recent movement to worry the State as if he'd made them. The report titled "*Du mouvement contre le CPE à la constitution d'un réseau pré-terroriste européen*" was the desperate and melancholy last card played by the RG: it sought to tell the State of its unrequited love, to save itself from a pure and simple merger-acquisition by the "operational" boors of the DST; Squarcini, a half-Mafioso with pudgy fingers, an obsequious and crafty sycophant, had the disgusting will *to succeed*. Not surprisingly, apart from the inevitable little groups of Trotskyites in the process of splitting from each other, the novelty of this report was the fact that, thanks to the disturbed affectivity of Christian Bichet, it placed the famous "Coupat Group" at the center of subversion in France. Among the nine people who would be arrested on 11 November 2008, seven of them were at the heart of the "Coupat Group" as it was composed in 2007 by Bichet's crazy mind. This report would, moreover, be communicated by the DCRI<sup>66</sup> to trusted journalists at the time of the 11 November 2008 arrests, with the requirements that they couldn't circulate it or mention it when they quoted from it. We can bet that accusing the "Coupat Group" of a series of attacks on railway lines made sense: hadn't Bichet established its identity with the AZF Group, which had already aimed at the railroads? Wasn't it to buy the Goutailloux farm that these clever devils had tried to extort several million Euros from the State? Unless it was the historical unconscious of the RG that spoke up at the beginning of November 2008: on 21 October 1943, from East Paris to Seine-et-Marne, the Brigades Spéciales were tracking another type of "domestic enemy": the people from the FTP-MOI, from the "Manouchian Group," as the RG of the time called them.<sup>67</sup> But that day, the resisters, particularly mistrustful, succeeded in losing them and, during the night, derailed a train carrying supplies headed for Germany. This made the members of the Service boil; they'd had the villains in their sights. The new "domestic enemy" wasn't going to deal them the same blow, 65 years later! Some failures leave wounds that lead to even worse failures. At the time, their honor was safe: three historic RG agents allowed the agency to "dismantle" those groups of non-aligned Communist resisters, whose arrests were celebrated with all the spectacular [*médiatique*] pomp of the moment. At the time, posters were even made for these occasions – red posters.

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<sup>66</sup> The Direction Centale du Renseignement Intérieure (General Directorate for Internal Security).

<sup>67</sup> *Francs-tireurs et partisans – main-d'œuvre immigrée*. "Free-shooters and Partisans – Immigrant Movement," one of the armed groups that fought against the Vichy regime and the Nazis. Missak Manouchian was one of its leaders.

For Christian Bichet, in the world of the police, the arrests at Tarnac were the equivalent of a “consummation” [*concrétisation*] in an amorous affair. A moment of mad joy, divine joy. He could frolic freely among the houses that had been searched, steal the books that he wanted from the common library, rummage around without the least care for discretion. He was, for a moment, at home in the lives of his victims. His flights of fancy were all over the media, in the prose of the SDAT,<sup>68</sup> in the mouth of the prosecutor in Paris. He was everywhere, and he’d *gotten* those whom he’d wanted for such a long time. A kind of moment of triumph in the career of a “narcissistic deviant,” as managerial psychology would diagnosis him. For several days, without knowing it, the world coincided with the diseased brain of Christian Bichet or, rather, his disease became perfectly functional in the existence of the RG.

Wouldn’t Bichet counter-attack when his formidable construction began to shake until it finally collapsed, when people were saying in newspaper editorials, the cafes and even a few colleges that this “Tarnac Affair” was nothing but hot air? He created 7 sibylline blogs on the subject of the affair that were half literary erudition and half historical ultra-Left. His pseudonym was “Isoard is cured,”<sup>69</sup> but nothing was less sure than that. One of the blogs featured an aerial photo of Coupat’s Parisian home with a target overlaid upon it. He indefatigably battled on Wikipedia to defend his theses in the entries related to the accused. He was going to save the stagnating affair, and he would do it alone, if he had to, just as *he alone* had constructed it. Even today, at the bottom of the “AZF Group” entry, you can, bizarrely, find links to the “Tarnac Affair.”<sup>70</sup> Using the addresses [rosaluxembourg@hotmail.com](mailto:rosaluxembourg@hotmail.com) and [ingirum@hotmail.com](mailto:ingirum@hotmail.com),<sup>71</sup> he anonymously contacted a dozen journalists (insinuating that he was close to the accused) to sell them his thesis that Tarnac = AZF. Then he created [lesamisdelacommunedetarnac@gmail.com](mailto:lesamisdelacommunedetarnac@gmail.com), which he used to place himself in contact with critical criminologists to reveal to them – as a member of the Tarnac group – the truth about the ultra-Left. He almost convinced Judge Fragnoli to order an expert analysis of Gabrielle Hallez’ voice so it could be compared with that of the AZF’s telephonic woman-in-the-cabin. The comparison was made, but without letters rogatory and, as the results were negative, the judge couldn’t expose himself to ridicule by ordering it [officially]. To finish up, at the heights of pride, Bichet opened a blog on

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<sup>68</sup> The Sous-Direction Anti-Terroriste, a police force attached to the French judiciary.

<sup>69</sup> Louis François Dominique Isoard, a French revolutionary, put to death on 25 September 1795.

<sup>70</sup> This link has since been removed. Cf. [https://fr.wikipedia.org/wiki/AZF\\_\(groupe\\_armé\)](https://fr.wikipedia.org/wiki/AZF_(groupe_armé)) accessed 12 July 2015.

<sup>71</sup> “Ingirum” would seem to be an allusion to Guy Debord’s film, *in girum imus nocte et consummir igni* (1978).

Mediapart to respond to David Dudresnes' book, *Tarnac, Magasin général*,<sup>72</sup> which he found more than irritating and which he even experienced as a kind of personal attack on the one who had created the affair from A to Z, on the one for whom the affair was The Work. But Christian Bichet was old-school RG: he didn't know how to remove the metadata from the photos that he put on his blogs; he didn't know how to use anonymizing software; he left traces everywhere, like bruises. His battles on Wikipedia, his emails, and his blogs all pointed back to his office at the RG, his primary residence at Rueil-Malmaison or his family vacation home in Toulouse. Perhaps, at bottom, he wanted to be unmasked. A kind of deferred and suicidal recognition. He'd invested so much of himself in this creation that, in the end, he'd completely escaped into it, he had even gone completely out of control. How can you stop loving a child, even one who is stricken with a rare disease, when he or she is yours?<sup>73</sup> Unmasked, Bichet tried to dissuade the journalists who were prepared to reveal his identity, his maneuvers, and his madness by threatening to commit suicide. In the secret services, he was then like a fallen diva, and all his colleagues made jokes about him on the sly. What a fall! Quite obviously, Christian Bichet didn't kill himself: he still works at the RG, in the archives, of course. It wasn't thought good to fire him: with his blogs, hadn't he been trying to serve the Cause right to the end? Christian Bichet is still alive. "The last man will be the one who lives the longest" (Nietzsche).<sup>74</sup>

## A Rapist in Scotland Yard

In the autumn of 2001, among the 11 propositions concerning counter-terrorism that the European Commission offered "in response to September 11th," 10 had already been studied before the attacks. As a counselor to the British Minister of Commerce so happily wrote in an email to his colleagues on the very day that the Twin Towers fell,<sup>75</sup> those attacks would allow the Commission's propositions to be adopted "on the sly." Indeed, the ancestor of all the counter-terrorist legislation that would be adopted "in response to September 11th" was

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<sup>72</sup> Published by Calmann-Lévy (2012).

<sup>73</sup> Not a rhetorical question: see the upcoming reference to the one-year-old girl who required a bone-marrow transplant.

<sup>74</sup> Sometimes translated as "the last man lives longest." Cf. *Thus Spoke Zarathustra*, translated by Walter Kaufmann (New York: Random House, 1954).

<sup>75</sup> Sheer coincidence or was he informed of the attacks in advance? It is surprising that the authors are not interested in this question.

British: the *Terrorism Act*<sup>76</sup> of 2000. Henceforth terrorism would be defined by its *intention*: “unduly compelling a Government or international organization to perform or abstain from performing any act” or even “seriously destabilizing or destroying the fundamental political, constitutional, economic or social structures of a country or an international organization.”<sup>77</sup> This purely political definition would sooner or later allow the targeting of any general strike or any movement that was a little too determined. It was not without reason, moreover, that this definition was born on English soil. In the 1980s, didn’t Margaret Thatcher try to use counter-terrorism to deal with the striking miners?<sup>78</sup>

But the British emergency legislation of 2000 wasn’t directed against the Irish, for once, but eco-activists. For several years, the British government had been confronted with a diffuse, grass-roots [*populaire*] and determined movement against the construction of all kinds of superfluous infrastructures, principally motorways that only served to enrich the concrete-mixers and [coal] mines that completed the devastation of what remained of “nature.” The heart of this movement, which produced so many demonstrations and *free parties*<sup>79</sup> that engaged in sabotage, was composed of ravers and radical environmentalists. The *Terrorism Act* was aimed at them. It must be said that the environmentalists had offended by having in some way “launched” the anti-globalization movement when thousands came to the City in London on 18 June 1999 for a memorable *Carnival Against Capitalism*.<sup>80</sup> That was a crime that could not go unpunished. The motorways – it’ll sort itself out. Even Prince Charles liked to hear the chickadees chirp. But the City<sup>81</sup> – that’s too much. Especially as it would be said that it was the same eco-anarchists who had educated [*formé*] and inspired the “*black bloc*”<sup>82</sup> that, several months later, overturned the global political order in Seattle. A violent counter-terrorist attack against the British movement followed. It took the form of legal proceedings, of course, but especially massive infiltration and global *lobbying*<sup>83</sup> in favor of eradicating the new anti-capitalist militants, whose persistence despite the “end of History”<sup>84</sup> was definitely a blot on the landscape. It

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<sup>76</sup> English in original.

<sup>77</sup> Quoted directly from Article 1 of the European Union’s *Framework Decision on Combating Terrorism* (2002). Cf. <http://www.statewatch.org/news/2002/jul/frameterr622en00030007.pdf>.

<sup>78</sup> Perhaps a better example would have been how the British have used terrorism *and* counter-terrorism to “dealt with” the independence movement in Northern Ireland.

<sup>79</sup> English in original.

<sup>80</sup> English in original.

<sup>81</sup> The financial center; the British equivalent of Wall Street.

<sup>82</sup> English in original.

<sup>83</sup> English in original.

<sup>84</sup> Cf. Francis Fukuyama, *The End of History and the Last Man* (1992).

must also be admitted that there was a lot of money to be made in security and that Great Britain had a not insignificant competitive advantage over its rivals; indeed, it was several steps ahead.<sup>85</sup>

Thus it is not an exaggeration to say that the counter-terrorist legislation that has been rolled out in the last 15 years – though it feigns to fight against a bearded domestic enemy<sup>86</sup> – actually aims at those who, in the West, haven't given up trying to put an end to a capitalist organization that is more and more obviously leading the whole world towards a wall while it reserves uselessly painful lives for us. What this legislation put into action was nothing other than a preventive counter-revolution whose womb was the struggle against the anti-globalization movement.<sup>87</sup> The bureaucrats of the European Union and their multinational counterparts didn't particularly enjoy seeing the streets go up in flames in Prague in 2000, when they had come there to talk and eat well in peace. It is the pleasure of living that escapes when the fragrance of tear gas gets mixed up in the flavor of the champagne. “Were we born to live besieged by these masked paupers?” Then came Nice and Thessalonica and especially Genoa. Nightmare, nightmare, nightmare. Ah, Talleyrand was truly right: “Those who didn't experience the *Ancien Régime* will never know the sweetness of life.”

Thus, while the Schengen Information System was being put in place<sup>88</sup> so that power could, among other things, block troublemakers at the border, a European strategy was developed to put an end to any protest that was too virulent.<sup>89</sup> Not that of the FNSEA,<sup>90</sup> of course. In that year of 2003, a man was bored with the Metropolitan Police in London. He was tired of hunting small-time

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<sup>85</sup> No: the United States had “modern” counter-terrorism legislation on the books as early as 1996, when the Antiterrorism and Effective Death Penalty Act was passed “in response” to the bombing of a federal building in Oklahoma City in 1995.

<sup>86</sup> Radicalized Islamic fundamentalists.

<sup>87</sup> Note the emphasis on legislation and the absence of attention to covert operations, which, of course, do not require legislation and, in fact, seek to hide themselves from legislators as a whole, especially those tasked with “oversight.”

<sup>88</sup> The Schengen Treaty was signed on 14 June 1985, supplemented by the Schengen Convention in 1990, partially implemented in 1995, and made part of European law in 1999.

<sup>89</sup> By focusing on Europe, and ignoring the United States, the authors have neatly side-stepped the “terrorist” attacks of September 11, 2001, which were also aimed “at those who, in the West, haven't given up trying to put an end to a capitalist organization that is more and more obviously leading the whole world towards a wall while it reserves uselessly painful lives for us” and began “a preventive counter-revolution whose womb was the struggle against the anti-globalization movement.”

<sup>90</sup> Fédération Nationale des Syndicats d'Exploitants d'Agricoles (National Federation of Agricultural Holders' Unions), which was faced with protests in 2012. Cf <http://gauchedecombat.net/2012/02/21/la-fnsea-syndicat-proche-de-la-droite-epinglee-par-le-rapport-perruchot-pour-ses-pratiques-bien-peu-democratiques/> (French only)

drug dealers. He dreamed of adventure, just like everyone else. His name was Mark Kennedy. And the Metropolitan Police, for its part, dreamed of putting together a huge squad of punk James Bonds, the 007s of anarchy. After all, England was the country of Chesterton and *The Man Who Was Thursday*.<sup>91</sup> Until then, Mark Kennedy had always been the pathetic little brother who lived in the shadow of the oldest one, a rebel, a drug dealer and a bit punk around the edges (but only there). This was the opportunity of a lifetime to become what he'd never been able to be: a hero, or at least someone paid to play the hero for the benefit of the intelligence agencies. He got himself tattooed. He appropriated his bro's biography, taught himself to play the guitar, got himself pierced, frequented environmental-anarchist places, which he was tasked with infiltrating. Everything in his new role made him smile, but especially the young women. A first in his life of failure. He wasn't the only one to take on the delicate mission of "penetrating" the movement by all means, beginning with amorous relationships. In 2011, he would finally be charged with rape, along with four of his colleagues, by a dozen of their former girlfriends, but we are getting ahead of ourselves. For the moment, let's recall that he made his moves everywhere: he participated in encampments and fought with the cops, who, one day, injured his back, not knowing that they were fucking up a colleague.

And so, injured during casual sex, Mark Kennedy, now known as Mark Stone, "climbed the ladder," as the cops say. More and more people got to know him and put their confidence in him. If, at the beginning of his career as Stone, people distrusted him, now he was a part of the scenery. He regularly disappeared, it seems, to ply his trades as a steeplejack or a photographer, depending on circumstances. Then he'd reappear, always ready to loan his big 4 x 4 truck for actions. During his absences, he'd make his reports to the service and visit his wife in Ireland, who was raising two children by working in a miserable dive where the neighborhood proles would come to drink. Each return home, each time that he once again became dreary Mark Kennedy, became more and more intolerable to him. He thought of his girlfriends, his buddies, his actions, and his galloping, passionate life, which was full of people who liked him and whom he greedily betrayed. To calm his anxiety, he'd generally hire a hooker. Year after year, he was the seat [*le siège*] of an always-more pronounced divorce between Mark Kennedy and Mark Stone. He couldn't do without his life of being paid to party, struggle and sleep late in good company. But the truth was that this movement had exhausted itself;<sup>92</sup> that the environmentalists, who didn't represent any serious

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<sup>91</sup> A novel published in 1908 about a secret anti-anarchist police force.

<sup>92</sup> It may have also been paralyzed by the "terrorist" attacks of September 11<sup>th</sup> and the immediate responses to them, which included a good deal of self-censorship.



threat, weren't worth the gigantic costs of infiltration. His mission, and his new life, would come to an end at any time if he couldn't find new bait for his boss. Precisely at the level of the bosses and the bosses' bosses, squarely at the level of Europol's informal bodies,<sup>93</sup> the struggle against the anti-globalization movement, that crypto-terrorist movement, had always been popular. The degree of infiltration of the British radical environmental movement became so high that agents only encountered other agents and stepped on each other's toes. In accord with [the directives of] the bosses and the bosses of bosses, they thus decided to infiltrate the movement and its offshoots at the global level. What's good, in addition, about the international level is that the pay is better and that you can tell the boss all kinds of bullshit because he has no means of verifying what you say. And, of course, you can even sell certain information to foreign companies and keep the money, no one will know. You are on good terrain there. A durable, profitable terrain. Bravely injured in 2005 at the Battle of Gleneagles, a counter-summit that was terminated by the attacks in London,<sup>94</sup> Mark Stone/Kennedy paraded his tattoos and piercings during the organization meetings for the subsequent counter-summits. When he burned a colleague who'd tried to enter his new terrain, he didn't fear whispering into the ears of this or that Leftist: "Watch that guy. I'm not feeling him. I'll bet he's a cop." And it must be said that those preparatory meetings, which were so frequent and official even when they took place in a *squat*,<sup>95</sup> were filled with cops. Every country, almost every [secret] service, sent a representative. The misfortune of the accused [in the Tarnac Affair] is that they [too] set foot there on a single occasion. After that, it stuck to them like flypaper [*comme le sparadrap du capitaine Haddock*].

From 2006 on, Mark Stone/Kennedy was an authentic 007. He traveled the world, working at the end for 11 different intelligence-gathering agencies, not counting his private clients. At Heiligendamm in 2007,<sup>96</sup> he managed to sabotage two or three insignificant actions, but the real payoff was that he met activists from all over the world, more activists than he'd ever met before. He made his terrain more productive. In Italy, he joined an action by a group of radical environmentalists. In Iceland, he launched anarchist activism almost completely by himself. In Germany, he took things easy in Berlin. From café to café, he chatted with the local activists, who never said anything precise. They're prudent, the Germans are. In France, he participated in very general political discussions,

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<sup>93</sup> But not NATO or Interpol, which again keeps the USA out of the picture.

<sup>94</sup> These suicide bombings took place on 7 July 2005, which just happened to be the day that the G8 Nations were having a "summit" in Gleneagles, Scotland. The "battle" was fought against a counter-summit organized by protesters.

<sup>95</sup> English in original.

<sup>96</sup> Yet another "summit" of the G8 nations.

assemblies and small committees. No one here knew him, and so no one trusted him. But upon his return to the office or during the evening when he spoke with his advisor [*son référent*], who was always a dozen kilometers away from him and accompanied by a team in case it was necessary to quickly extract Stone before he was eaten alive by a horde of ferocious anarchists, he had to sell his life of idleness at full price. And so he invented tales; he embroidered and added to them. He was right in the middle of the milieu of the most enraged *Black Bloc*.<sup>97</sup> They were going into action soon, not right away, but they certainly had projects. They were going to do *something*, that was for sure. But to know what that was, he had to continue, continue to travel, drink, dance and screw around. “I swear, boss, there’s nothing better for picking up information than picking up chicks.” That was the morality of Kennedy the cop, and it was, finally, what tripped him up.

In the mutual exchanges of information between the [various] secret services – exchanges that more often take place in bars in The Hague than in air-conditioned offices – tales about Stone the rapist began to infiltrate. Even if cooperation against the anti-globalization movement was appropriate [*de mise*] among the European secret services, it was, all the same, humiliating for the RG to receive information on the status of political discussions between French activists from the Metropolitan Police in London. Even if the French asked the English to continue to keep them informed, Stone’s interventions seriously annoyed them. It obviously was not by chance that Stone, learning in January 2008 that Julien and Yildune were in New York, went there post-haste; that he left them his email address in order “to be clearly visible”; or that their luggage was seized at the Canadian border and that everything in it was methodically searched. It also isn’t by chance that the Chief of Police in New York, Kelly<sup>98</sup> – who has received the Légion d’Honneur from Nicolas Sarkozy, through the intermediary of the outrageous Alain Bauer<sup>99</sup> – declared the day after the explosion of a little bomb [*une bombinette*] in front of the door of the recruiting office for the American Army in Times Square that he knew the identities of the guilty parties, who were two foreign anarchists whose luggage had been seized at the Canadian border.<sup>100</sup> All this was the fruit of the very perceivable interventions of Stone/Kennedy.

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<sup>97</sup> English in original.

<sup>98</sup> Raymond Kelly was replaced by William Bratton in December 2013.

<sup>99</sup> A French criminologist and security consultant. In 2007, he discovered the existence of *The Coming Insurrection*, bought 40 copies, and distributed them among the highest echelons of the police forces and intelligence agencies.

<sup>100</sup> To this day, the identity of the bomber(s) is unknown and the crime remains unsolved, despite the imprisonment of someone who refused to testify in front of a grand jury investigating the incident (Gerald Koch) and the surveillance and defamation of someone who blogged about it (Dennis Burke).

Fortunately for them, Julien and Yildune had been back in France for a month when the little bomb exploded. Imagine that you are in your village at the far reaches of la Corrèze and you see on the TV that the Chief of Police in New York has identified you – without the least good reason – as the perpetrators of an attack in Times Square against the American Army.<sup>101</sup> Your blood freezes; your life stops. The only remaining question is, how long will it be before they arrest me? And what did they invent to charge me with? It's obviously the moment that France opens an counter-terrorist investigation into you; that's the minimum; they cannot outsource *all* of their police fiction work.

The indictment's insistence on international confrontations in which the accused did not participate (as in Thessalonica), as well as on counter-summits at which the accused were not present (as in Évian), or, more comically, the misrepresentation of a paper delivered to a philosophical colloquium at Isola San Giorgio (a paper that, quite truncated, appears in the proceedings of the colloquium) as “violence”; the ridiculous intention attributed to Julian Coupat to “cause the degeneration” of an assembly of a hundred people surrounded by *robocops*<sup>102</sup> in front of the Assemblée nationale by “shaking a barricade”; but especially the place accorded to the demonstration in Vichy in October 2008 against the summit of European Ministers of the Interior on the subject of immigration, organized as a pure provocation by Brice Hortefeux<sup>103</sup> *in Vichy* – so many traces of the political construction of the whole [Tarnac] affair;<sup>104</sup> so many traces of the fact that the struggle against the anti-globalization movement was the mould [*matrice*] for the current counter-terrorist struggle.

Kennedy was unmasked by his own girlfriend in 2010. He repented for “all the harm that he did” on television, in a pure staging of Christian repentance. If Kennedy's mythomania was a confirmed fact on the other side of the Channel, where he'd spoken out of both sides of his mouth [*il a déclaré à peu près tout et son contraire*], this was obviously because he'd had the habit of lying for so long that he had difficulty admitting when lying no longer worked. But the most “amusing” fact is that he is suing the Metropolitan Police for not giving him the

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<sup>101</sup> Cf. “Canada-U.S. border incident linked to Times Square bombing,” published on 7 March 2008: <http://www.canada.com/topics/news/story.html?id=61e72df1-f6ed-4004-b64c-59212d245c6a>.

<sup>102</sup> English in original.

<sup>103</sup> Then the Minister of Immigration in the Sarkozy regime.

<sup>104</sup> Cf. “Police spy Mark Kennedy accused of fake claims in French case,” *The Guardian*, 8 November 2012: <http://www.theguardian.com/uk/2012/nov/08/mark-kennedy-accused-fantasisit-french>.

psychological care that he needed for his infiltrations and, in particular, for not helping him not fall in love with those whom he surveilled.<sup>105</sup>

If the Tarnac Affair has effectively been *an affair of maniacs*, this is because, at its origin – beyond the criminological constructions and transparent political interests – there was an abnormally high density of agents afflicted with behaviors that very clearly revealed mental illness. As beautiful as the fortuitous encounter of Bichet the deviant and Kennedy the pig on the table of the counter-terrorist division.<sup>106</sup>

## Dreams, Social Climbing and Changes of Career: How to Become a Falsifier

Several old national identify cards that don't belong to you, a soldering iron, a magnifying glass, an out-of-date version of *Photoshop*<sup>107</sup> and a 20-year-old diploma for computer graphics are not enough to get you indicted for “falsification of administrative documents,” nor to make your apartment a “back-room factory of false documents” in relation to a terrorist enterprise. There must be several good reasons, as well: distribution of mulled wine during a railway workers' strike. A demonstration in Vichy against an arrogant<sup>108</sup> summit on immigration. An apartment frequented by “the anarcho-autonome movement.” But there must also be bad associations: “European *black blocs*”;<sup>109</sup> a certain Julien Coupat, belligerent leader at the center of a menacing organizational chart, the brains of a conspiracy dreamed up in a crypt, place Beauvau.<sup>110</sup>

And then, what good is a terrorist group with international links that has no fake papers?

To become a real falsifier and enjoy all the privileges attached to that promotion, one must also be an inept examining magistrate, a complete liar, inflated with the resentment of an opportunist. Surely full of hatred.

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<sup>105</sup> Cf. “Former spy Mark Kennedy sues police,” *The Guardian*, 25 November 2012: <http://www.theguardian.com/environment/2012/nov/25/spy-mark-kennedy-sues-police>.

<sup>106</sup> A détournement of a famous proto-surrealist phrase from le Comte de Lautréamont, *Maldoror*.

<sup>107</sup> English in original.

<sup>108</sup> The word used here, *puant*, can also mean “foul-smelling.”

<sup>109</sup> English in original.

<sup>110</sup> The location of the Ministry of the Interior.

To this man (who is nothing) is added a cohort of auxiliaries who are less well paid and not as well dressed as him, and a little more bitter and brutal. Functionaries from the Sous-Direction Anti-Terroriste (SDAT), reestablishing blessed order to France at the brink of collapse, take on the menace from a distance.

Functionaries who are cheered by the pleasant ambiance of handcuffs, *shotguns*<sup>111</sup> and pepper spray.

It was thanks to this small inner circle of mercenary scoundrels [*ce petit cénacle de nervis*] that I was accused of being a Falsifier and, on 24 November 2009, driven at 180 kilometers per hour on the A20 highway from Limoges to Paris.

I was then taken into police custody. Several dozen irregular hours in the hands of detectives handling the expert's reports, [alternating between] menace and calculated cordiality.

As an accused Falsifier, you enjoy particular privileges, of course, and they render the situation almost comfortable. First of all, they care about manners.

“She treated me like a bastard! Manon<sup>112</sup> treated me like a bastard in front of her kids! Oh, well! Education is important for these people!” (Spoken by an ordinary cop to his colleague, his gun raised in my house, while I<sup>113</sup> was handcuffed to a chair in my underwear and my children were coming down the stairs towards me in the company of Manon.)

Then, between two bolinos,<sup>114</sup> they show their care for your wellbeing:

“You are going to see a doctor who is going to examine you. You seem to be in good health, but one never knows what could happen to you.” (A small disguised threat during my custody from Judge Fragnoli, unrestrainedly indulging himself in his hobby, which is petty insinuation.)

They try to amuse you with clever words:

“Are you satisfied with the political system under which you and I live?” (Humorist-in-Chief Bérangère H.<sup>115</sup> during an interrogation at which I was handcuffed to a wall, Levallois-Perret.<sup>116</sup>)

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<sup>111</sup> English in original.

<sup>112</sup> One of the authors of this text.

<sup>113</sup> Christophe Becker.

<sup>114</sup> Something to eat or drink, it would seem.

<sup>115</sup> A police lieutenant in the SDAT during Procès-verbal D1463, conducted on 24 November 2009. The question was directed to Christophe Becker, who replied, “I prefer not to respond to this question” and then laughed. “What is the cause of your hilarity?” he was asked. “It’s the situation, because I’m handcuffed and you are not; our respective affiliations with the political system are plainly not the same.” Cf. David Dufresne, *Tarnac, Magasin general*.

<sup>116</sup> A “suburb” of Paris.

They talk about literature:

“Do you know the . . . post . . . post-situta . . . post-situaaaationist journal *Tiqqun*?” (The same as above, definitely full of resources.)

Together, they dream.

“Oh, my! No, we’ve never wiretapped you. You don’t know how the PJ<sup>117</sup> functions! I’d love it if we could play *Live My Life*.<sup>118</sup> You’d come to the PJ, and I’d go live in Tarnac!” (Lieutenant Bruno M., ecstatically, shortly before his daily crisis of *delirium tremens*. Interrogated while handcuffed, Levallois-Perret. I was truly worried there.)

And then they annoy you!

“Yes, yes, that’s it. That’s it, isn’t it? I’ll say nothing, I’m a little asshole, I’m a little piece of shit.” (Brigadier-For-Life, Mickaël B., Levallois-Perret, sucking on a Coca Cola-flavored lollipop like a real man.)

A love of their job is always in evidence.

“What? You refuse to be fingerprinted? But I’ve fingerprinted the biggest! Politicians! Even Cabinet ministers!” (A pale, sweaty and indignant employee at the fingerprinting station, Levallois-Perret.)

An explosive sense of paradox:

“When you get out of here, you will no doubt have a drink or a coffee and look at the other people, who don’t know what liberty is. But you and I, *we* know, because we know about the deprivation of liberty.” (A washed-out mobile cop, returning from a mission in Guyana. End of my detention, TGI,<sup>119</sup> Paris.)

Thus, after 48 hours, I left “free” and under judicial supervision and headed straight for the offices of the examining magistrate, Thierry Fragnoli, in the company of my lawyer.

About an hour later, he summoned me. In his office, which was entrenched behind security gates and surveillance cameras, there was, fixed upon the wall, a clock that ran backwards. There was a map of the world, dotted with red and black pins worthy of a really serious military chief of staff. And then a filing cabinet whose edge was marked with the word “Turks.” There was a safe and small plaques with selections of barracks humor imprinted on them.

In his office, the Judge places you in your new function as Falsifier by posing to you twisted questions that are full of switchbacks [*tiroirs*]. You respond to the Judge. The Judge repeats your responses. The court reporter writes down what the Judge repeats, not what you say. She must hear everything twice, because

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<sup>117</sup> The *Police Judiciaire* (judicial police).

<sup>118</sup> The name and premise of a French TV program.

<sup>119</sup> The Tribunal de grande instance de Paris, located at the Palais de Justice in Paris.

she can only write down what comes out of the Judge's mouth. When night comes, she must have very amusing dreams.

Finally, what is written is written. You are now ready for the new role for which French counter-terrorism has created for you. Whatever you say, you will perform the score of your own guilt, which was written in advance by the Judge, in his own Judge's language, with all of his petty, vengeful insinuations.

Several hours after my interrogation, which lasted four hours and was conducted in the Marais neighborhood, I was in the company of Manon and Gabrielle. Our respective judicial supervisors had, in principle, forbidden us from getting together.<sup>120</sup>

Passing before us, without seeing us, were two men. It was July; it was hot; their steps were slow and nonchalant. Amused, we recognized one of them: it was Thierry Fragnoli.

## A Well-Educated Judge<sup>121</sup>

In its indictment, the prosecutor's office seems to reproach us for the departure of its old friend, Thierry Fragnoli. Protective of the good name of the Saint-Eloi crowd<sup>122</sup> and the serenity of their proceedings, he chose to step aside. Exhausted by public denigration, he preferred the way of wisdom. And now the prosecutor's office has tacitly denounced the [presumably] terroristic defense that was responsible for the fraying down to the wire of its poor old friend, the judge.

If it is true that we have publicly submitted to *Le Petit Robert*<sup>123</sup> the verb *fragner*, from which comes the substantive *fragnolage*, the adjective *fragnolesque*, and the argot expression *t'es fragno!*,<sup>124</sup> he was the only one

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<sup>120</sup> It was in response to the arrest of Christophe Becker that the other nine defendants wrote "Why we will no longer respect the judicial restraints placed upon us," published in *Le Monde*, 4 December 200: cf. <http://www.notbored.org/tarnac-ten.html>.

<sup>121</sup> Throughout these remarks about Judge Fragnoli, a pun will be at work, given that, in French, *instruction* can refer to an investigation as well as to education.

<sup>122</sup> Located in the Palais du Justice, la galerie Saint-Eloi is the headquarters of the French counter-terrorist judiciary.

<sup>123</sup> A French dictionary first published by Paul Robert in 1967.

<sup>124</sup> Very much like the situationists' neologism "Masperize," which circa 1968 was inspired by the name of the publisher Francois Maspero and intended to mean the falsification or amputation of quoted texts. In a letter to Jean-Jacques Pauvert dated 18 September 1993, Guy Debord wrote, "I do not doubt that everyone has forgotten the destitute publisher named F. Maspero. That's the point. The crime is redoubled when one lets the memory [of the criminal] fade away."

responsible for his own ruin. Let us take a moment to honor the memory of the late Mr. Fragnoli.<sup>125</sup>

It was almost by accident that, one day in November 2008, he inherited the “Tarnac case.” Since his arrival at the counter-terrorist center, he’d specialized in jailing Kurds under diverse pretexts and did so principally to please the whims of his Turkish counterparts (with a zeal that had already won him several mocking articles in the press). The young people who today are fighting in Kobanî against the Islamic State with the support of France – well, in his time, Mr. Fragnoli won glory by ruining their lives. Counter-terrorism isn’t always simple. . . . In any case, the president of the [counter-terrorist] center shared some information concerning the extreme-Left with him. Perhaps he even had Marxist notions. At the moment, one might have seen this instance of inclusion [*cette attribution*] as compensation or a gift. After four days of custody and fanfare, France was unanimous in already seeing us on the pyre. Our little Republican from Bruguières had only to hurry! He hurried and went gliding off.

What Mr. Fragnoli never understood was the fact that we weren’t simply going to let him crush us. [Spurred on by the] sin of pride and [the desire for a] career, he made the mistake of making this affair “his” affair. All the journalists will remember that he never lacked an occasion to ring them up and make some kind of nasty remark about our personal lives to them. He couldn’t manage to learn, so he tried to smear us. He was even overtaken by delirious episodes, as on the day that he was certain that, behind the dates of the sabotage, he’d discovered Kabbalistic signs that referred to the October Revolution. No doubt: he’d show the entire world that, with his armada of cops, he was more malevolent, smarter and craftier [*plus malin*] than we were. He never recoiled from an opportunity to boast. One day, he told a journalist that he was going to make us sign our own interrogations with a SNCF<sup>126</sup> pen but without us realizing it. It is true that this would have been a good joke, if it had been true. But he didn’t hesitate to dirty his hands. Any and all base acts were good [enough] to prevent us from defending ourselves in court, including his refusal to relax the [terms of the] judicial supervision so that two of us could live in Paris when their one-year-old child had to undergo a bone-marrow transplant. We didn’t know it beforehand, but what is certain is that this affair made Mr. Fragnoli a *bad* man. He was vicious, no matter what.

The real story of the Fall of the House of Fragnoli is hardly glorious. We can understand why the prosecutor was forced to rewrite it. On the occasion of a crude

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<sup>125</sup> And yet his body walks! (He is still alive.)

<sup>126</sup> The Société nationale des chemins de fer français (“French National Railway Company”), which was the target of the sabotage.



instance of confusion – [concerning] an old Spanish Republican from Tarnac named José, like the father one of our housemates in Rouen – he was motivated to imagine that Charles Torres, a worker for several firms and a blacksmith, had made the hooks used in the sabotage. The family’s phone was wiretapped for many months; the cops surveilled the comings and goings of the son [Charles], the father [José] and their “canine companion.” The surveillance produced nothing, but it took more than that to stop the judge. He personally went to Roncherolles-sur-le-Vivier to place the son in custody and interrogate the father. A search of their premises turned up nothing, and the judge finally understood that there were many people named José in France and that he’d screwed up. José Torres, 86 years old, a former anti-Francoist activist, hardly appreciated the scornful and vindictive tone of the judge and demanded that he conduct himself with courtesy and respect. The tone rose between the two men.

Under pressure, Mr. Fragnoli forgot a nice envelop of documents at the Torres’ home. Inside was a list of the surveilled places, the phone numbers of the cops on the job, organizational charts with photographs and even a brand-new but already-stamped police report. The *Canard Enchaîné* was preparing to relate the episode and its undeniable humor to its readers; the judge was tipped off about it. He immediately sent off an email to his friends among the journalists: “Friends of the free press, I mean the one that isn’t affiliated with Coupat/Assous.”<sup>127</sup> He went on to explain that the forgotten envelope didn’t contain anything important and enjoined them to preempt the imminent article in *Canard Enchaîné*. The free press obeyed. That very day, *Europe 1* related the facts in order to neutralize them. But the day after that, without counting on the press’ allegiance to the order coming from Coupat/Assous, the *Canard Enchaîné* published the judge’s email so that each reader could determine his calmness and his respect for the secrets of “his” investigation. Two days later, *Europe 1* printed extracts from a letter by the blacksmith, who thoroughly mocked the judge by asking him about the location of his beautiful leather pouch. At that moment, the judge knew it: for him, “Tarnac” was over. Our attorneys announced that they were going to demand his recusal; he was done for. Not that this email had been the first that manifested the “impartiality” that he’d cultivated for the defendants: it had been preceded by *dozens* of emails of the same nature, the acrimony of which often left the journalists stunned, but hadn’t been leaked. Then there were his conversations with David Dufresne, related in *Tarnac, Magasin général*, in which he compared himself to the heroine in *Kill Bill*<sup>128</sup> and implicitly promised a bloody end to the accused. He revealed the hidden wellspring of the justice system, the one that it

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<sup>127</sup> Jérémie Assous is Julie Coupat’s attorney.

<sup>128</sup> Film by Quentin Tarrantino (2003). English in original.

strives with all its might to keep hidden: *vengeance*, but icy, civilized, formalized and [officially] denied vengeance. In the corridors of the Palais [du Justice], his colleagues tried to avoid being seen in his company. When he went by, they looked out the window. Careful to add shame to infamy, Thierry broke out one last stunt. To avoid being fired, he hastily asked to be recused. Then he'd protest to those who no longer wanted to hear it that if he'd quit the case, it was because he had chosen to. To read the indictment and its version of Fragnoli's recusal, we *almost* feel regret for not having been as litigious as he was; for having had the magnanimity to not bring him up before the Conseil Supérieur de la Magistrature; for not having sought to smash him to the ground by the same means that he'd used in his attempt to annihilate us. But we don't: one is always right to conduct oneself without being vile. *Dixi et salvavi animam meam.*<sup>129</sup>

## Fragnoli the Night

In an counter-terrorist investigation, there are moments at which it is difficult to defend yourself against the feeling of being part of a Hollywood blockbuster, even if the company that employs you is obviously at the brink of bankruptcy, given that it hasn't agreed to pay you or anyone else but the very mediocre actors who play opposite you. Obviously, the moment when you arrive at the intake desk at la Santé<sup>130</sup> and a West Indian guard wishes you welcome by saying, "You've had the opportunity to come here! Oh, yes: this is a legendary place. Mesrine<sup>131</sup> and all those guys were here!" with the sound of a hit from the 1980s in the background, sizzling at the same frequency as the neon ceiling lights, everything in the style of the [grim] décor in *Ciao Pantin*<sup>132</sup> – that's part of the experience. But the moment when Judge Fragnoli, catapulting himself into the role of Master of Ceremonies, a crazy director in a nighttime robe [*de peplum nocturne*], came forth to make us play the roles that he'd reserved for us in his film/investigation – well, that didn't come in last.

A "reconstruction [of the events]" or, rather, a "site visit" had been requested by the defense in an attempt to show that the physical reality of the sites

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<sup>129</sup> Latin for "I have spoken and saved my soul." Used by Marx as the concluding line of his *Critique of the Gotha Programme* (1875).

<sup>130</sup> The Maison d'arrêt de la Santé, a prison operated by the Ministry of Justice.

<sup>131</sup> Jacques Mesrine, a famous French bank robber and writer.

<sup>132</sup> French movie by Claude Berri, released in 1983. The title is actually *Tchao Pantin*.

in question contradicted 30 improbable points in PV D104,<sup>133</sup> including roads that didn't exist, "visual contacts" that were impossible, tunnels that were in fact bridges and the pure and simple impossibility of committing such an act of sabotage at such a place, at such an hour, while holding a flashlight, without being seen [by someone] a kilometer away in any direction. Judge Fragnoli ended up conceding this bit of evidence [*cet acte d'instruction*] to the defense on the tiny condition that it limited itself to demonstrating that Julien and Yildune *could have been able* to commit the sabotage and that everything else was irrelevant. Then, from his office, the Judge tasked himself with changing *could have been* to *had to have been*, which, in a few words, summarizes the work of an examining magistrate. The defense had asked that this "site visit" take place in the presence of the cops who'd made the original report, which seemed to be a minimal courtesy. These cops, Mancheron and Lambert, were then only at their first rewriting of that report, a rewriting that had added to their first masterpiece of novel and comical impossibilities. They still hadn't declared that they'd been in the same car and that both had been driving. And yet they weren't very sure about this stunt, because, the very morning of the "site visit," we learned that, 10 days previously, the judge had had – without alerting us – a private little on-site crime-reconstruction with the two cops in question. The documents from this little dance party, to which the prosecutor was invited, but not the defense – certainly to respect the equality of the two parties – were recorded in the files on the very morning of 14 January [2011] by the judge. What elegance! To repeat the maneuver before the great Ceremony, to refine the latest versions of Mancheron and Lambert's reports, to get them to agree, once and for all: to avoid any confrontation.<sup>134</sup> All this reflected a slight lack of self-confidence, all the same. The investigating magistrate had preferred to call it "role playing" [*mise en situation*] certainly because it was necessary, above all else, to put the SDAT in the position [*en situation*] to be able to support its lies.

And so, despite this minor perfidy, the meeting took place in the countryside of Seine-et-Marne, at the foot of the Dhuisy Church, at two o'clock in the morning of 14 January 2011. We have had more romantic meetings than that one. There we were, at the rendezvous spot, the two accused parties and their lawyers, at the aforementioned hour. A spectacular scene. Three hundred gendarmes and mobile cops. The zone was in a state of siege. We had to traverse three cordons of gendarmes to get there. A helicopter armed with a powerful searchlight flew through the night, sweeping the winter fields with its Cyclopean eye. Canine units

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<sup>133</sup> The original police report that claimed that Coupat and Lévy were spotted at the site where sabotage was committed against the SNCF.

<sup>134</sup> Cf. Au Pairs, "Armagh," *Playing with a Different Sex* (1981), which is a song about the "32 women in Armagh jail": "We don't torture / We're a civilized nation / We're avoiding any confrontation."

roamed in search of hidden journalists.<sup>135</sup> Great cinema to impress the press. An imposing security perimeter that said, “there’s a reconstruction, an investigation, etc. [going on here],” but, apart from the defense team and the people who’ve been indicted, no one could see that, in fact, there was nothing going on there, nothing other than a masquerade.

In fact, at the aforementioned spot, there were indeed teams of bored journalists beyond the perimeter, but no trace of Judge Fragnoli. Mischievous fellow! He was waiting for us 30 kilometers away, at Trilport. But we still didn’t know that. For the moment, we were “taken into custody” by a convoy of at least 20 police vans that snaked its way through a landscape in which every street corner was blocked off by other police vans. We had no idea where they were taking us. At Trilport, the judge awaited us alongside the road. He was at the head of an authentic *fight club*<sup>136</sup> composed of 20 guys from the SDAT, mufflers raised, hands gloved and fitted out [with equipment], arrayed behind him. They were operational agents [*opés*], but not very prepossessing [*engageant*], all the same. As for the judge, he’d adopted the purest autonomous *look*:<sup>137</sup> black jeans, black sneakers, a black leather jacket, a sports backpack . . . and a headlamp on his head so he could begin reading his twisted questions. He didn’t appreciate our remarks about his new style of clothing or his lamp. There was also present a fat, red-faced man wearing a sun hat – a sun hat in the middle of winter. This not-at-all temperamental man [*Cet être un rien caractériel*], who screamed at our attorneys from the outset, believing he could shut them up, “Me, I am the first president of . . .” turned out to be no less than Yves Jannier, the head of the anti-terrorist hub.<sup>138</sup> One way among others of making a presentation, we suppose. A young prosecutor in a winter coat, another judge and several lawyers from the SNCF completed this nice, friendly team.

Back to Dhuisy in a return convoy. At Dhuisy, back to the rails. It’s Fragnoli playing the Master of Ceremonies; we were *on-board* [*embarqués*]; there was no choice; the script had always been pre-scripted; everything had been foreseen, well-defined; we were at the heart of an apparatus whose contours and size escaped us. And then there were those 20 watchdogs,<sup>139</sup> who had been watching us aslant. What would they do if someone tried to make a fuss? Upon arriving at the train tracks, Fragnoli wanted to verify if it was possible to light up the catenaries with

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<sup>135</sup> The phrase used here, *journalistes embusqués*, could also be taken to mean journalist-shirkers.

<sup>136</sup> English in original.

<sup>137</sup> English in original.

<sup>138</sup> In September 2012, this anti-terrorist judge became a prosecutor. Cf. *Le Parisien*, <http://www.leparisien.fr/espace-premium/val-d-oise-95/l-ex-juge-antiterroriste-devient-procureur-04-09-2012-2149216.php> (French only).

<sup>139</sup> The word used here, *molosse*, can also mean a giant or “a mountain of a man.”

his headlamp and take some photos. He even would have liked to immortalize us in his dossiers while we were in that not-at-all incriminating position. Since we refused to lend ourselves to this game, it was Jannier who got stuck with it, wearing both his sun hat and a headlamp. No one dared to note that the catenaries could be seen, even without a headlamp. Or that it was slightly stupid to do all that just to see if the lamps illuminated the catenaries. The little group looked at them. One of us wandered off, inattentive, looked around – and what did he see? A cop from the SDAT, nonchalantly holding a flare in his hands, at waist-height, pointing it towards the catenaries. Just to be sure that the photo came out clearly; in case the headlamps weren't enough. The defense protested against this childish trick. The judges pretended that they didn't hear anything. The guy put his flare out. The photo was taken, in any case. They were more numerous and beefier than we were, and they wrote whatever they wanted on their whore of a police report. Every time our lawyers tried to say something, the judge responded, "You have only to send me your observations. Write down what you have to say on paper, and give it to me later." Which in common parlance meant, "Shut up! I don't give a fuck about what you have to say. We aren't here for that." The defense, in the person of Thierry Lévy,<sup>140</sup> who was hardly disposed to let them walk all over him, threatened to go off and get the judges recused. The judges agreed to note several remarks from the defense team. We demanded that other points get verified, now that we were on the train tracks: in particular, the extreme visibility of the spot. They refused, arguing that they had to evacuate the area at 4 o'clock. This was the significance of the hour lost going from Dhuisy to Le Trilport and then from Le Trilport to Dhuisy. It was now, in any case, urgent to evacuate the area – now that the defense had asked for a verification [of its own]. After all, the SNCF is on the side of the judge, who is on the side of the prosecutor, who is on the side of the cops. Sometimes the defense team felt a little alone.

Following point: to assure themselves that, as Mancheron and Lambert had declared, they were able to see the Mercedes stationed nearby the tracks from the field in the middle of the night using an "instrument of luminous intensity," which was invented 18 months after the drafting of the first police report in the hope of saving it. It was now 4 o'clock in the morning and all of this little world was walking along a road that crossed through the fields. The agents remained on the outskirts of the tracks with a Mercedes of recent model. Judges and prosecutors grunted in approval as they viewed a device that looked like a pair of binoculars. Quite stupidly, we demanded to know the nature of the object that these guys were guarding like it was a treasure that human negligence might ruin at any moment.

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<sup>140</sup> The attorney who helped Guy Debord to win defamation of character lawsuits against various French newspapers in 1984.

The guy from the SDAT, an honest man who was obviously misplaced in the service, told us in a tone that said it was obvious: “This is a thermal camera.” Less innocently, we asked, “And is thermal imaging and luminous amplification the same thing?” After a few seconds of silence, the guy exploded as if his police function couldn’t allow him to contain his scientific passion, as if he just couldn’t let such a perfect stupidity pass unchallenged. “No it isn’t! They aren’t the same at all! The cost of thermal imagining is 10 times that of luminous intensification. This equipment costs thousands of Euros, it is damned expensive. You’re mistaken.” Awkward silence among the assembly. From out of the darkness, someone shouted, “Damien!” like a warning to someone who is about to spill the beans without realizing it and in response withdraws sheepishly. If on that particular evening he’d brought out “precious” equipment that was completely unlike the equipment that Mancheron and Lambert had claimed they’d used, then it was impossible, using luminous intensification, to see a car without [also] seeing the people, and it was vaguely possible by dint of bad faith if a thermal camera was used. Police report D104 said that the SDAT had seen a car, but not the occupants, which is grotesque. The defense concluded by obtaining, at the end of a solid half-hour of no-holds-barred negotiations, the opportunity to ask the agents who were in the car if it was possible, even using thermal imagining, to see people who were next to the big luminous bloc of heat produced by the car’s running motor. The judge generously proposed that the agents squat down behind the car at the level of the motor, to be quite sure that they couldn’t be seen. Finally, this proposition being a little too obviously pitiful, the matter was left to bad faith. The agents took up their positions. Their heads, bodies and limbs were quite clearly visible. But the prosecutor only saw “indeterminate forms in motion.” A bit similar to the moment when she only saw “a weak intermittent point of light” while the cops shook a headlamp that allowed them all to see very clearly. Fragnoli almost succeeded in reducing the “role playing” to what he had rehearsed 10 days earlier with his little friends; in reducing the defense to the role of spectator at his scripted big *show*.<sup>141</sup> We went back to Trilport. Dawn was breaking on a town locked down by the gendarmes; no traffic was allowed in the city center. Along the principal road, a traffic jam was building up. All those who wanted to get to Paris and were blocked and champing at the bit must have thought there’d been a robbery. But it was only the Fragnoli circus.

All subsequent requests for another “site visit” were denied.

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<sup>141</sup> English in original.

## An Invention

“There is no force in the world that can restrain the revolutionary tide when it surges, and all the police forces of the world, whatever their Machiavellianism, their science or their crimes, are more or less powerless [to do something about it],” noted the writer Victor Serge.<sup>142</sup> He also gave this advice in *What Every Revolutionary Should Know About Repression* (1926): “If the accusation is based on a fake, don’t get indignant: instead let it dig itself in deeper before reducing it to dust.” We can now say: we’ve followed this bit of advice to the letter the entire duration of this investigation.

Where this particular matter is concerned, we had to wait until 23 January 2014 – that is to say, more than five years – for them to supply us with the most important part of the charges. We’d heard a lot in the media about Mr. Fragnoli’s abyssal diving expeditions to the bottom of la Marne [River.] We’d also seen his delicious official reports, which left us to foresee the best: the interrogation of the president of an anglers’ association, expeditions to Bricorama,<sup>143</sup> precious analyses of the habits of buyers of PVC glue, etc. Though Madame the prosecutor encountered obvious difficulties in her summaries, we salute her mastery of language: if we read Title 2, chapter 1, sub-section 2, §2, B, 1, we learn that the tubes<sup>144</sup> weren’t discovered or recovered, but “invented.” There was no Freudian slip of the tongue behind this sub-sub-sub-sub-sub-sub-sub-title, but the highly calibrated and exemplary use of the term’s polysemy. What was miraculous here was the discovery of a dozen tubes and bits of wood that were stuck in the mud, but also and especially the incredible alchemical reasoning that tried to change that stuff into quasi-proof.

We can confess this without the least cynicism: the intellectual construction that permitted the tying together of two tubes found in the Marne in 2010 with a receipt from Bricorama dated 2008 is by far the most glaring example of what the cops can *invent* [*forgery*]. If the status of suspect can have its constraints, it can also have its privileges. This wasn’t the case because we were the best school children or because we succeeded each time in humiliating the investigators by exposing their lies and tricks, but because we enjoyed a gigantic advantage: unlike them, the prosecutor and you, we know the truth. In this [whole] investigation, the truth has

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<sup>142</sup> Author’s preface to the original French edition of *What Every Revolutionary Should Know About Repression* (*Les Coulisses d’une Sûreté générale. Ce que tout révolutionnaire devrait savoir sur la répression*), published in Paris in 1926.

<sup>143</sup> A “home improvement” retailer.

<sup>144</sup> Allegedly used to hoist hooks upon the train lines’ catenaries.

been our only but faithful ally. From each new bit of falsified testimony, from each “invented” part of the case against us, we benefited due to this head start: we knew that the cops would lie. No need to forestall them; it would be sufficient to let them do their work. The invention of the tubes was their house of cards [*leur cathédrale d'allumettes*]: the further they went, the worse things got. We weren't disappointed. Everything in this part of the investigation is fake. To be more precise: the entirety of the reasoning that leads from a tube purchased on 7 November 2008 to the tubes recovered in 2010 is fantasy, manipulation, and insulting to the intelligence. Thousands of pages, hundreds of hours of work, all to return to the point of departure: there was as much chance that the tubes fished out of la Marne were the same ones purchased at a Bricorama as there are tubes of that shape: one in tens of thousands. Mr. Fragnoli's dream was crushed by a course in high school-level mathematics.

We will not reproduce here the incontrovertible demonstration that we submitted to you as part of the pertinent motion for action. Since it was a very gratifying text to draft, we can deduce from the motivations for your refusal that you'd read and understood it, which is clearly not the case with the prosecutor. It would be reassuring if, through laziness or negligence, [the author of] the indictment still dares to mention the tubes: it would remove any suspicion of imbecility *vis-à-vis* the prosecution. But all the same, let us pay homage to the most unbelievable of the demonstrations in this chapter of the investigation. How could Julien and Yildune, the targets of a team of 18 cops, have been able to buy two immense tubes, store them in the cabin of their vehicle, dawdle for 17 hours, use the tubes, and then throw them away – without any one of the cops noticing it? The answer would have to be inventive and convincing. Their feet on the [metaphorical] accelerator, the cops came up with the idea of a beacon – a beacon that wasn't mentioned in the official files, but in off-the-record statements to journalists. How many times have their hardly-anonymous declarations been reported to us? “OK, it's true: the police report is bogus; the cops weren't there when the hooks were put in place; but they put a beacon in their car, so you can trust us: it was them.” The beacon trick had a second function, one that was even more convoluted: to make the scripted scenario seem vaguely plausible. The best elements in the SDAT came up with a solution: a beacon, but not any old beacon. A beacon that malfunctioned at the whim of the holes in the narrative framework. It was because this phantom beacon had ceased to function at a certain moment that the cops hadn't seen Julien and Yildune go to Bricorama. Paradoxically, the cops could deduce from this malfunctioning that they did in fact go there: the parking garage interfered with the GPS. Hallelujah! The fact that no cop had seen the suspects in possession of the aforementioned tubes became the final proof that they did in fact have them. It was because there were no tubes that there were



tubes. It was because there was no mention of a headlamp on the receipt [from Bricorama] that Coupat and Lévy had necessarily bought one. Now *that's* logic! His eyes gleaming with emotion, Thierry Fragnoli called his journalist friends. Several of them remembered his disappointment, then his resentment, when they'd questioned his tangled reasoning. He didn't see the problem and didn't understand when they expressed reservations about the necessity of exposing the ingenuity of his *invention* to the entire world. For the judge, this was the beginning of a long descent into hell.

## The Truth About the Sabotage

In November 2008, Julien, Yildune and so many others had been noticing the little police carousel for several months. At regular intervals, suspicious-looking silhouettes flitted around them awkwardly. Hadn't there been several articles in the press that related the secret services' growing interest in the "anarcho-autonomes" who'd taken part in the fight against the CPE? Rachida Dati, the Keeper of the Seals (Minister of Justice), even sent out a circular that summoned [common law] judges to withdraw in favor of the counter-terrorist hub in case an anarchist graffitist was arrested. Michèle Alliot-Marie, a descendant of the SAC family, didn't stop singing it in every key: the Left having been defeated, all those who escaped from it would end up in armed groups, "as in the 1970s." You'd have to live in a cave or never read the newspapers to not know that the cream of the security services coveted the political generation of the accused as a new, cheap way of making a living. And then, periodically, those maladroit guardian angels would disappear and an old friend, encountering you at this or that demonstration, would tell you that he'd seen strange men riveted to their *walkie-talkies*<sup>145</sup> and others who were insistently taking your photo from a café. And then [on another occasion] the phone lines didn't stop malfunctioning, that is, when the repairman from France Telecom wasn't finding straps [*bretelles*] maladroitly placed on the line for your grocery store. A few childish exercises were enough to convince the most doubtful among the accused. Like exiting a subway car at the very last moment, after the bell had sounded, systematically leaving the idiot [still within it and] high and dry. Nonchalantly approaching a woman who'd been pretending to have a phone conversation for the last five minutes was enough to get her to suddenly change her direction and arrangements. And the other one who was speaking to the lapel of her parka: not sure if she'd come from a psychiatric

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<sup>145</sup> Confused English ("talkie-walkies") in original.

hospital. So many games that had long amused and then bored us. All the same, we confess that it is more frightening to hope to be protected by the French intelligence agencies than to know you are being surveilled by them.<sup>146</sup>

On 7 November 2008, Yildune and Julien had had just about enough of it. For reasons that might interest *Voici*<sup>147</sup> but not the investigation, they decided to spend the *weekend*<sup>148</sup> romantically. They got together Friday afternoon and left Paris going east, fleeing a town that had, with its cameras trained on their apartment and patient guard dogs at their door, had become the capital of surveillance for them. The road was jammed, as on any Friday afternoon; this slowed them down. Near Meaux, they had the impression that the surveillance that they'd hoped to leave behind was still following them. To be sure of it, they traveled on small country roads, where they didn't fail to discover that there weren't one or two cars, but a whole surveillance apparatus that was following them around. They noted the license plates and had fun playing cat and mouse with the agents. How to signal more clearly to them that tracking people who know they are being tracked isn't very interesting? Weariness and hunger caused them to seek out a spot to eat and sleep. The first hotel-restaurant they reached, *Le mouflon d'or*, was no longer serving food and was completely occupied for the night. But the pizzeria was still open. They ate, asking if there was a cheap hotel nearby where they could get a room at that hour. The owner's response wasn't convincing. Everything seemed to be closed and it was pretty far into the night. They finally relaxed under sleeping bags in their car, which, for an old, beat up Mercedes from 1993, was fairly spacious. They fell asleep [in their car] outside *Le mouflon d'or*. Around one o'clock in the morning, awakened by the cold and quite irritated by the absurdity of a *weekend*<sup>149</sup> that had been ruined by the police, they decided to return to Paris. Upon their return, they stopped near Pigalle so that Yildune could buy cigarettes. What followed obviously didn't interest the investigation, since no one ever asked them any questions about it.

As for the cops, their surveillance caravan had gone slack [*lâche*]. Quite obviously there weren't 20 or even a dozen vehicles. It'd become a routine job: there really wasn't any reason to pursue the "targets" once it had been sufficiently demonstrated that they knew they'd been targeted. "Chief, this is the third time that they've passed by us and waved 'hello.' Do you think it would be better if we went home?" When they saw the lovers' car in front of *Le mouflon d'or*, the cops gave up. Their mission was concluded. It was the *weekend*.<sup>150</sup>

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<sup>146</sup> For the same reason: they are incompetent.

<sup>147</sup> A very popular "celebrity" magazine.

<sup>148</sup> English in original.

<sup>149</sup> English in original.

<sup>150</sup> English in original.

If this caravan of cops had crossed paths with a German car or a rental that contained those who claimed responsibility for the sabotage,<sup>151</sup> they wouldn't have seen them, in any case: their mission, their obsession, was Julien Coupat and Yildune Lévy. And in a way, perhaps it's better this way.

The next morning, the agents from the SDAT heard on the radio that a series of sabotages had taken place during the night. People were stamping on place Beauvau;<sup>152</sup> the secret services were called upon. The cops from Friday evening were a little offhand during these meetings. They'd seen Coupat and Lévy at Seine-et-Marne last night. To their superiors, they boasted, "We had a lead, boss!"<sup>153</sup> The chief hastily called the Minister of the Interior and, throwing caution to the wind, announced that "his guys" knew [the identify of] the guilty parties and had seen them perpetrate the sabotage. "OK, arrest them!" screamed a bleached-blond minister.<sup>154</sup> The cops from the SDAT, surprised by the consequences of their little lie, had 48 hours to give it substance. They turned on their computers and went to *Google Maps*<sup>155</sup> in a rush. They had to construct – as soon as possible – a tangible narrative, a report, which insinuated enough but didn't go too far. They knew who had to be suspected without being completely certain about what the suspects could be charged with. They had to be minimalists in order not to risk being contradicted *a posteriori* by the facts. Thus, the cops decided that they'd seen everything, except for any incriminating deeds. The German communiqué that claimed responsibility reached them just before the arrests, but too late to stop the political-police machine, which was already in motion. Only prayer could do it. But a Good God doesn't exist for the counter-terrorist division. And this hurts [*casse*].

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<sup>151</sup> Cf. interview with Coupat published by *Le Monde* on 25 May 2009: "*Question*. The sabotage of the SNCF cables in France was claimed [by someone] in Germany. What do you say about that? *Answer*. At the moment of our arrest, the French police were already in possession of the communiqué that claimed, in addition to the acts of sabotage that they want to attribute to us, other simultaneous attacks in Germany. This communiqué is inconvenient to the police for a number of reasons: it was mailed from Hanover, drafted in German and sent to newspapers in the Outer Rhine area exclusively; but it is especially inconvenient because it does not fit the framework of the media's fable about us: a small nucleus of fanatics bringing the battle to the heart of the State by hanging three iron bars on the cables. From then on, they took care to not mention this communiqué too much, either in court or in the public lie."

<sup>152</sup> The Ministry of the Interior has been located there since the 1860s.

<sup>153</sup> "*On a une piste, chef!*" can also be translated as "We were following a trail, boss!"

<sup>154</sup> That would be Michèle Alliot-Marie, the Minister of the Interior.

<sup>155</sup> English in original.

To substantiate the first fake, another one was necessary, then another, and then another one after that. The records of the Post Commander of SUGE,<sup>156</sup> which demonstrated that the SDAT never alerted the SNCF of the late-night findings that the SDAT never made . . . disappeared. The [official] seals for that night's telephonic records . . . were lost for several years and then reappeared under new headings. The cops especially had to abstain from investigating the other [and similar] instances of sabotage: they might make an embarrassing discovery. Even the gendarmes, after 24 hours' of investigations at Dhuisy, questioned the cops' lies. At that point, it was necessary to remove [and reassign] them quickly before it was too late.

After three rewritings, police report D104 still didn't hold up, despite the rejection of all the [defense's] motions, despite all of the work done by the judges and cops to cover over the initial fake. Not want a falsifier wants! [*N'est pas faussaire qui veut!*].

## Under the Bad Faith of the Palais<sup>157</sup>

On 11 November 2008, the accused were taken into custody. As is the custom in these kinds of circumstances, the cops from the SDAT collected everyone's bank statements. They wanted to see if one of the accused, or one of their friends, had used his or her bankcard in a more or less incriminating way. Without anyone getting upset, Yildune Lévy's bank statements did not appear in the back requisitions. Unlike the others who've been accused or their acquaintances, the police thoroughly mocked what she had done with her bankcard the days preceding and following the sabotage. And why not?

It took more than three years for these bank statements to resurface. A cop in charge of the investigation analyzed them and reported that there was nothing in particular to say about them. One of our conscientious attorneys looked them over anyway and discovered a bank withdrawal at Pigalle at 2:44 AM on 8 November 2008. Yildune had purchased cigarettes there. A harmless act in itself, it nevertheless contradicted the already-ridiculous accumulation of police lies. Not a little proud of his discovery, the attorney went to la galerie Saint-Eloi to express his amazement. Here, finally, was material proof for a dossier that hadn't had any and it happened to be exculpatory. It proved that Yildune Lévy was in Paris at the

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<sup>156</sup> *Sûreté ferroviaire ou Surveillance générale* ("Railroad Security or General Surveillance"), the police force of the French National Railroad Company.

<sup>157</sup> The Palais du Justice.

time that the SDAT claimed she was in Seine-en-Marne.<sup>158</sup> You told our attorney, Madame Judge, with an assured air, that you were aware of that withdrawal, but that “no one cares.” Well, well. The next day, the country’s newspapers related this new disappointment for the sleuths of counter-terrorism. After several days of playing for time, it came down to the last journalist who obsequiously supported the police to fire up the counter-attack. Writing for the *Nouvel Obs[ervateur]*, Olivier Toscer relayed the remarks of “police officers close to the investigation.” Yildune’s bankcard had indeed been loaned to a friend and, moreover, it hadn’t been among Yildune’s possessions when the police came to arrest her. But he neglected to specify that the cops had quite stupidly forgotten the precious bag of possessions at her parents’ house and were spared the humiliation of returning to look for it. In any event, this explanation wasn’t particularly convincing but, at that point, the “affair” was so damaged that, at the SDAT as well as at la galerie Saint-Eloi, they were resolved to arch their backs. With the exception of *Le Monde*, *Le Canard Enchaîné*, Europe 1, France Inter, *Libération* and the AFP,<sup>159</sup> “no one cared about that withdrawal.” Perhaps no one desired to take on the tragic role of a Fragnoli or to defend the notoriously pathetic lies of the cops.

The investigation was on strike, but life followed its course. As it was necessary to conclude, you decided, Madame Judge, to do it symbolically by inviting Julien and Yildune to come to your chambers. Julien wrote you a letter<sup>160</sup> that explained that he didn’t see the interest of continuing any further when so many motions made by the defense hadn’t been properly addressed. Curious to meet you, Yildune went to the convocation.<sup>161</sup> In such a place, it is hypocrisy that suits being a judge in an emerging inquisitorial system.

You ran through your interrogation mechanically. Yildune rapidly submitted the following point to you: if her bankcard had been used in proximity to the sabotage and if she had defended herself by mentioning its loan to a friend, you would have laughed at her. The requisition of her account statement had been requested two years and two days after the withdrawal in question and, after 48 hours, it is no longer possible to analyze the tapes from the surveillance cameras.<sup>162</sup> But on 23 January 2014, you weren’t laughing. On the contrary, you conceded in

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<sup>158</sup> Supposedly ditching the PVC tubes in the river.

<sup>159</sup> Agence France Press, the French equivalent of the Associated Press.

<sup>160</sup> Dated 18 December 2013 and reprinted here:

<http://tarnac.blog.lemonde.fr/2014/08/05/episode-47-dernier-interrogatoire-avant-cloture/>  
(French only).

<sup>161</sup> 23 January 2014.

<sup>162</sup> Presumably they are set to auto-erase after that period of time or it is illegal to keep recordings for over 48 hours if they haven’t recorded any illegal activity.

an off-the-record interview<sup>163</sup> that it was indeed the demonstration of a loaded investigation; you agreed that its methods were singular; and you attested to the fact that a bag of sealed documents had definitely been forgotten at her place. That day, you were in agreement with Yildune but, unfortunately, you forgot to ask your court clerk to record your remarks. You mechanically took up the course of the prescribed interrogation and the investigation that you've inherited. Reading it over again, your interrogation says more than any response could. It can even go without response.<sup>164</sup>

“Judge: Investigations have been effectuated into your bank accounts and especially on your current account, N °30004017470000087815788, opened on 19 July 1999 at the BNP PARIBAS agency,<sup>165</sup> located at 4 place Saint-Fargeau in Paris, 20<sup>th</sup> arrond., account closed on 18 September 2009 (D2006). It resulted from the study of the transactions involving this account between 1 October and 12 November 2008 that on 8 November 2008 at 2:44 AM, during the night in the course of which a hook was placed on the catenaries of the TGV-East train line, a withdrawal for the sum of 40 Euros was effectuated by an Automated Teller Machine (ATM) located near Paris, in the ‘Pigalle’ neighborhood. (D2006/20). What can you tell us about this bankcard and this withdrawal?

“Judge: Why haven’t you spoken of it previously? Isn’t it because you didn’t make that withdrawal? (Our emphasis.)<sup>166</sup>

“Judge: Don’t you find that this withdrawal is in contradiction with your declarations and those of Julien Coupat?

“Judge: You have in fact recognized having passed a good part of the night in the proximity of Dhuisy. (...) If we keep in mind that you ‘slept in the car,’ that you were ‘freezing cold’ and that you then went to a place that was even more

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<sup>163</sup> With Yildune Lévy herself, it would seem.

<sup>164</sup> As the reader will see, these questions are meaningless, badly phrased, loaded with double negatives, illogical, paradoxical, etc. etc. But Yildune did her best to respond to them: <http://tarnac.blog.lemonde.fr/2014/08/05/episode-47-dernier-interrogatoire-avant-cloture/> (French only).

<sup>165</sup> The very same bank that, on 1 May 2015, was hit with a \$8.8 billion fine by the U.S. Department of Justice because it had “conspir[ed] to violate the International Emergency Powers Act and the Trading with the Enemy Act.” In the words of the DOJ, Paribas had helped Sudan “harbor and support terrorists.”

<sup>166</sup> Unfortunately, by accident, it appears, no word or phrase in this question was italicized or otherwise emphasized.

isolated to ‘cuddle,’ don’t you find that this is difficultly compatible [*sic*] with your presence in northern Paris at 2:44 in the morning?

“Judge: The study of your cash withdrawals reveals that customarily it is a question of operations effectuated at the ATMs principally located in the 20<sup>th</sup> arrond., where you live, for amounts between 20 and 120 Euros, with a dozen withdrawals per month. (D2006/2). We can determine that the latest withdrawal on your statement, except for the one at 2:44, was effectuated on 3 November 2008 at 11:38 PM at Alexandre Dumas (Paris, 20<sup>th</sup> arrond.). Do you have any observations?

“Judge: How do you explain the fact that your bankcard wasn’t mentioned at the time of your [initial] questioning, in the police’s investigative report or in the course of the search? (D231, D232, D235).

“Judge: Did someone steal that card from you?

“Judge: Did you lose that card?

“Judge: Did you loan that card?”

## A Nut From the Combrailles

When the accused knew Jean-Hugues Bourgeois (JHB), he still hadn’t tattooed the word REDEMPTION in enormous letters on his stomach. He’d spent years of his turbulent life dealing drugs at *free parties*<sup>167</sup> and hanging out at alternative spaces. Which meant compromises, drug squads, shady relations with the police, and “getting attention.” Indeed, he didn’t hide those years that had been peppered with encounters with the police forces. This friend of a friend had curiously decided to relocate himself to a place about an hour away from the Goutailloux farm, shortly after some of the accused undertook to move there. Since he’d burnt his reputation in the Combrailles, it was also quite curious that he’d elected to live several kilometers away from the ZAD<sup>168</sup> at Notre-Dame-des-

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<sup>167</sup> English in original. Cf. “raves.”

<sup>168</sup> A “Zone À Défendre”: a zone to be defended (against destruction by capitalism).

Landes<sup>169</sup> at the very moment that the struggle was gaining momentum. But life is made of coincidences, some fortunate, others unfortunate. In 2007, JHB seemed to have found a kind of “stability” in his agricultural project in the Combrailles. A bit of a braggart and a connoisseur of verbal provocation, he loved to present himself as a *gentleman farmer*<sup>170</sup> in a nail-studded cap, speaking in a loud voice about his (real or imagined: in any case, pronounced) taste for firearms, and ceaselessly testing people on the necessity of being ready to “go at it” and the eventuality of a war, without saying anything more specific. This isn’t said to diminish the shady character of this person, but, finally, he was a friend of a friend, and the accused had seen others. For them, JHB appeared to be a guy with a difficult past who was trying to leave it behind through an individual agricultural project, lost out in the middle of the Combrailles, and who had a tendency to imagine himself to be a woodsman waiting for the Big Night.<sup>171</sup> The opinions in Tarnac diverged concerning this obviously troubled and indisputably unstable person. Those who were concerned with livestock and, from time to time, exchanged billy goats with him, almost held him as a friend – at least as a honorable acquaintance. Others thought he was someone to avoid.

Things soon changed. One day in January 2008, a big manila envelope addressed to “Invisible Committee, subsection of the Imaginary Party, Goutailoux Farm, 19170 Tarnac” arrived at the farm; in the best tradition of the French poison-pen letter-writing, the entire thing was printed in stenciled letters. It had been posted at Ussel in Corrèze<sup>172</sup> and contained a typed document that was titled “Jihad is war!” This document would be found in the library at Tarnac when it was searched and placed in the case files by the investigators. It was filled with cryptic allusions to The Invisible Committee, the anonymous collective that had signed *The Coming Insurrection*. It used terminology that seemed to be directly tied to the police discourse that surrounded the first arrests of “ultra-Leftist anarcho-autonomes,” which had just taken place. In fact, it seemed to want to falsely [*policièrement*] implicate its recipients in the abstract enumeration of attacks against “symbols of the State” (the ANPE,<sup>173</sup> nuclear powerplants and police stations). The text [itself] was received as the emanation of an isolated and slightly nutty brain, but the fact that it was mailed was troubling, given the context of the

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<sup>169</sup> The projected location for an international airport. Cf. François de Beaulieu, “Usage of the Commons at Notre-Dame-des-Landes, Yesterday and Today”: <http://www.notbored.org/Beaulieu.pdf>.

<sup>170</sup> English in original.

<sup>171</sup> An old Communist phrase for the advent of the Revolution.

<sup>172</sup> The department in which Tarnac is also located.

<sup>173</sup> *Agence Nationale pour l’emploi* (National Employment Agency).



repression that had already begun. Waiting to learn more, we shelved the package. It was still in the Tarnac library, 11 months later.

More surprising was the fact that, the very evening that the mysterious envelope arrived, JHB telephoned Goutailloux. He explained that he'd received an envelope that contained a tract titled "Jihad is war!" The package was apparently similar in all points to the one sent to the farm, only he claimed that his was accompanied by a firelighter. Even stranger, he claimed that he already knew other people and other places in France to whom similar packages had been sent, and then he ended the conversation by announcing his arrival [in Tarnac] the next day.

Since there'd been no reactions from the other people "elsewhere in France" who'd [allegedly] received a package, the inhabitants of Goutailloux found it suspicious that JHB had also been informed so quickly about other packages of this type. A doubt crossed the minds of a certain number of people concerning his connections, if not directly to the package(s), then at least to the person or people who had launched this bad joke. The next day, when he arrived, he seemed very disturbed by the package and came up with increasingly incredible scenarios about its origins. Not wanting to conjecture in a vacuum about something whose objective obviously seemed to be the creation of a climate of paranoia, we went our separate ways without knowing much more. Except for its subsequent circulation on a mailing list for activists, the famous package wasn't spoken of again.

Several subsequent contacts with JHB took place after the "criminal" slaughter of his horses on 1 April 2008 and his appeal for help. There was a full page in *Le Monde*, interviews in the local papers, and a national campaign undertaken to come to the aid of this poor organic goatherd who was tormented by his jealous neighbors. On 22 August 2008, JHB claimed that he found a "death threat in the form of a coffin" on his tractor and called Goutailloux about a goat he was looking for. On 3 October [2008], we learned that JHB's barn had been burned down. On 29 June 2009, in the wake of a report by a handwriting expert that established that there was a concordance between JHB's own handwriting and the handwriting in the many threatening letters that had been addressed to him, JHB was indicted by an examining magistrate of the Crown Court in Riom for the "denunciation of imaginary crimes." He was suspected of killing his own livestock, burning down his own barn, and sending threats of death and rape to himself and his daughter. In answer to the psychiatric expert who asked him why he'd called his son "Wolf," he said, "Because I am a killer of goats!"

Then, thanks to his anonymous testimony,<sup>174</sup> he helped the SDAT, then Judge Fragnoli and now the prosecutor's office, by placing in the investigatory files a totally invented narrative about a small group that was assembled around Julien Coupat and, little by little, turning towards "terrorism" – a narrative that, given the state of the case on 14 November 2008, turned out to be essential in keeping the accused from being released at the end of their custody due to a lack of evidence. And yet, curiously, there was no mention of the charges against JHB in Riom and Clermont-Ferrand. Our bet is that there was an exchange of money between him and the SDAT. It would be good to know, one day, if JHB was simply nuts, a humble informant<sup>175</sup> or both. For the moment, they've "got him by the balls," as they say at the SDAT.

## A Little Theology

What's annoying about civil justice is that it does with theology what Mr. Jourdain<sup>176</sup> does with prose. And like him, it doesn't know what it is doing, and so it ends up doing very badly. We remember that Julien Coupat was permitted to say the following at his first appearance before the examining magistrate: "Counter-terrorism is the modern form of the witch trial. All of the testimony has quite obviously aimed at substantiating the thesis that I am the leader, the guru, of a so-called anarcho-autonomous organization" (D693). And so, when the prosecutor's office now yells about a "subversive group" or "activists with a subversive ideology," and thinks that it's said all that there is to say, it certainly doesn't know that it shows that Julien Coupat was right: for the Inquisitor of the 16<sup>th</sup> century, the *subversus*<sup>177</sup> was an enemy. He was the heretic who, much more so than the Turk, the Muslim or the non-believer, was the worm in the apple of Christianity. He was literally the *internal enemy*, but [also] the internal enemy of *Christianity*: the one who corroded and perverted it from the inside, under the appearance of faith.

We leave it to those who know how to read, thus those whom logic doesn't frighten, to judge if *The Coming Insurrection* "expounds upon the necessities of provoking an insurrection, which would be led by isolated groups that have adopted a communitarian mode of life, which would assure their clandestinity." On

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<sup>174</sup> Cf. "Tarnac: Witness X and his rigged testimony," *Libération*, 25 November 2009: <http://www.notbored.org/jean-hugues-bourgeois.html>.

<sup>175</sup> The phrase used here, *platement indic*, can also be taken to mean "a straight-up informant."

<sup>176</sup> Perhaps the character by that name in Molière's *Le Bourgeois gentilhomme* (1670).

<sup>177</sup> Latin in original.

the other hand, these pearls have been left behind for future generations: “The terrorist purpose of the little group thus constituted wasn’t nuanced by the absence of human victims” – the survivors of [the recent murderous attack against] *Charlie Hebdo* will appreciate that – “nor even by the absence of the real risk of seeing human lives harmed by the acts that were planned” and

“the terrorist purpose of the little group thus constituted was no longer nuanced by the political aspect of their movement. If the ideological promotion of the necessity to change society is a political position protected by the freedom of speech, its implementation by intimidation and terror comes under the heading of delinquency, the repression of which is foreseen by the law. The special willful misrepresentation of terrorist offenses is, by nature, political because the instilling of intimidation or terror as one’s aim is the exercise of a form of power over society. But to confound the exercise of political freedom and terrorist action, as the accused have tried to do, in order to appear as victims, is a form of defense that isn’t convincing because it is agreed upon and shared by terrorist groups *whatever*<sup>178</sup> their importance.”

When you want to link the sabotage of catenaries with a “terrorist purpose,” you must arbitrarily relate it to an extract from *The Coming Insurrection*, but you must especially disassociate that sabotage from the German anti-nuclear activists who claimed responsibility for it. You must also realize that this “terrorist purpose” comes from the prosecutor’s severe *decision* to attribute this or that intention to the accused – and this is the same prosecutor who was very annoyed when, thanks to a turnaround by French diplomacy, she has had to suppress all of his diatribes against the PKK,<sup>179</sup> now that this “terrorist organization” has become the sworn enemy of Jihadism and the liberator of Kobanî. And when the accused contested the absurd charges of terrorism against them, she became so craftily twisted that she saw that very contestation as a supplementary proof of their terrorist mission. This kind of circular judicial reasoning obviously takes us back to the good old days of witch trials: the proof that someone is a witch is the fact that she pushes wickedness to the point of claiming not to be wicked. We must never forget that the majority of “witches” were hunted by secular tribunals, not religious ones, and

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<sup>178</sup> There was an error in the original, which the authors took care to mark with a “*sic*”: *quelque que soit* should have been *quelle que soit*.

<sup>179</sup> The *Partiya Karkerên Kurdistanê* (the Kurdistan Workers’ Party).

that this heritage still weighs heavily upon our society, especially where counter-terrorism is concerned.

As History (including the history of revolution) has amply shown, suspicion is in the look [*le regard*], not in the person whom this look condemns in advance. This is why suspicion is *contagious* by nature. In Europe from the 14<sup>th</sup> to the 18<sup>th</sup> centuries, there was an incomprehensible “epidemic of witchcraft,” exactly in the same way that, today, there is a global epidemic of “terrorism.” The status of suspect is a kind of dance [*un sort jeté*] from which it is extremely difficult to get out. If you do nothing, you are consenting to your own destruction. If you defend yourself, you will have the air of guilt, since you choose to defend yourself. Thus you attack resolutely, and it is here that your defense becomes “terrorist” in its turn. The prosecutor will accuse you of wanting to “destabilize the investigation,” just as he suspects the Invisible Committee of wanting to “overthrow the State.” Where this is concerned, it would be good to indicate to the prosecutor that the Invisible Committee has published a new text, *À nos amis*,<sup>180</sup> which will usefully inform her that the Invisible Committee thinks nothing of States and, consequently, nothing of their “overthrow.”

What’s missing in the counter-terrorist prosecutor’s argumentation, and this is an effect of having dealings with people who don’t have access to the resource of logic, is the fact that the very matrix of its discourse escapes them, and that matrix is inquisitorial, Christian and thus theological. Here “justice” is merely an instrument at the service of a panicked civilization. Just as the judicial apparatus once *invented and disposed of* witches, it now invents and disposes of “terrorists,” the new “enemies of the human race,” which is what warlocks and witches were in their day. In *Caliban and the Witch*,<sup>181</sup> Silvia Federici sees the following parallel:

“[...] that witchcraft was made a *crimen exceptum*, that is, a crime to be investigated by special means, torture included, and it was punishable even in the absence of any proven damage to persons or things – all these factors indicate that the targets of the witch-hunts – (as is often true with political repression in times of intense social change and conflict) – were not socially recognized crimes, but previously accepted practices and groups of individuals that had to be eradicated from the community, through terror and criminalization. In this sense, the charge of witchcraft performed a function similar to that performed by ‘high treason’ (which, significantly, was introduced into the English legal code in the same years), and the charge of

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<sup>180</sup> Translated as *To our friends* and published by MIT Press (2015).

<sup>181</sup> Published by Autonomedia in 2004.

‘terrorism’ in our times. The very vagueness of the charge – the fact that it was impossible to prove it, while at the same time it evoked the maximum of horror – meant that it could be used to punish any form of protest.”<sup>182</sup>

And to get even closer to the dossier that occupies us here, there’s this passage in the same book:

“André Vauchez attributes the ‘success’ of the Inquisition to its procedure. The arrest of suspects was prepared with utmost secrecy. At first, the persecution consisted of raids against heretics’ meetings, organized in collaboration with public authorities. (...) The work of the Roman Inquisition left deep scars in the history of European culture, creating a climate of intolerance and institutional suspicion that continues to corrupt the legal system to this day. The legacy of the Inquisition is a culture of suspicion that relies on anonymous charges and preventive detention, and treats suspects as if already proven guilty.”<sup>183</sup>

The parallel between the accusations of witchcraft and terrorism might seem like a slightly daring extrapolation that has been nourished by a political aim whose “subversive” character will escape no one’s notice. But unfortunately for us, there is a contemporary event in which the memory of the Inquisition, St. Thomas Aquinas’s *summa theologica*, and [various] papal bulls was still alive and in which Catholics went to war against “terrorism,” thereby developing the authentic theological-political argumentation that now serves as the foundations for the impoverished juridical constructions of counter-terrorism. That event was the Algerian War. For the benefit of all, here let us quote from the exegesis delivered on this question by a confidential Christian journal for French nationals born in Northern Africa that had to justify the necessary “struggle against terrorism”<sup>184</sup> in terms of canon law, indeed, the law of the cannon. The sophistry in it is so delicious, and its relevance to the intelligence of the case that you have feigned to investigate, Madame Judge, is so striking, that we will quote one of its passages *in extenso*<sup>185</sup> and, by way of conclusion, leave you to mediate upon it.

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<sup>182</sup> Quoted directly from the English original.

<sup>183</sup> Quoted directly from the English original.

<sup>184</sup> With “terrorism” meaning the struggle against French imperialism and for Algerian independence.

<sup>185</sup> Latin for “at length.”

Reflection demonstrates and experience confirms that, in revolutionary war, the real troublemakers aren't always the men who carry weapons or who participate materially in acts of 'terrorism' – some can be victims of physical violence or of the even-more implacable violence that is 'indoctrination.' Whatever the seriousness of their crimes, there is the one that surpasses them and that we can call the 'crime of Revolution' without making any other qualifications. It is the crime of the 'prophets' who inspire such acts; the 'propagators' who encourage them; the leaders of 'cells' in which 'theory' is taught; [and] the leaders who don't often participate in material acts.

Let us illustrate this by considering the 'crime of Revolution' in one of its most ordinary manifestations: affiliations with a revolutionary movement. Here are some of the charges that can serve to qualify this crime and that are most often combined together. Crimes against the common good, namely:

- Association with particularly dangerous villains, since they seek to ruin all order and all goods, not only personal goods, but the common goods of the social body, the common good of the Fatherland and every universal common good that Revolution seeks to annihilate.

- Membership in a secret society. Only the State – and the Church – are perfect societies. Any society that, on principle, avoids control by one of them avoids the natural order, as well. Deliberate membership in such a society, with the commitment to keep the secret, is therefore subversive of the natural order.

- Teaching opinions that are subversive of national and universal order. 'It subverts the social order, because it means the destruction of its foundations (...) A partisan political program which derives from the arbitrary human will and is replete with hate' (Pius XI, *Encyclique Divini Redemptoris*.)<sup>186</sup> This aspect of revolutionary action draws its particular gravity from the importance of the possibilities [*virtualités*] for disorder that derive from it. Revolutionaries are particularly conscious of the subversive power that teaching constitutes, and this is why they see in teaching the essential aspects of revolutionary action, its most active aspect:

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<sup>186</sup> "Encyclical of Pope Pius XI on Atheistic Communism," 19 March 1937. Quote taken directly from [http://w2.vatican.va/content/pius-xi/en/encyclicals/documents/hf\\_p-xi\\_enc\\_19031937\\_divini-redemptoris.html](http://w2.vatican.va/content/pius-xi/en/encyclicals/documents/hf_p-xi_enc_19031937_divini-redemptoris.html).

‘without revolutionary theory,’ they say, ‘there’s no revolutionary action.’<sup>187</sup>

- Treason against the Fatherland. If only for reasons of ‘services rendered,’ it is never permitted to revolt against the ‘Mother Country.’<sup>188</sup> By saying ‘render unto Caesar what is Caesar’s,’ our Lord didn’t mean anything else but that, and yet Caesar was a particularly totalitarian type of colonizer and one rarely seen since the Christian Era (until [the advent of] the enslavement of the people to the Revolution).

- If a member of a revolutionary group is a public figure, a functionary, a natural leader, an elected official, or a master teacher, he diverts the power that he holds and the authority that he enjoys against the very natural order by which that power and that authority are put in order [*ordonnés*]. This diversion of power characterizes the most serious cases of the abuse of authority. Our Lord has pronounced the most severe of His judgments against it: “Misfortune to the one who scandalizes.”<sup>189</sup> And the scandal is so much greater when it comes from high up.

- The militant in a revolutionary grouping, the instigator [*fauteur*] of revolutionary acts, is the formal author of all the crimes – even those unknown to him – that could be perpetuated due to the impetus that he has deliberately provided and all the more so if the material authors [of the crime] are susceptible to influence, because it is the intention that principally reveals the definition [*qualification*] of human acts. This is why Pius XII<sup>190</sup> said that the instigators are even guiltier than the material authors.

(“Morals, Law and Revolutionary War,” *Contact*, May-June 1958).<sup>191</sup>

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<sup>187</sup> A quote from Vladimir Lenin, *What is to be done?* (1902).

<sup>188</sup> France.

<sup>189</sup> Matthew 18:7: *mais malheur à l’homme par qui le scandale arrive* (“misfortune to the man by whom scandal occurs”).

<sup>190</sup> If this isn’t a typo (and we believe it is), and Pius XII was truly intended, let us note that Eugenio Maria Giuseppe Giovanni Pacelli, aka “Pius XII,” was the pope during World War II, during which he did nothing to stop the Nazis or prevent the mass murder of Gypsies, Jews, homosexuals, et al., that is, other than preach peace and reconciliation.

<sup>191</sup> Note: published right in the midst of a constitutional crisis and the collapse of the Fourth French Republic.

## Post-Script

You won't fail, Madame Judge, to appreciate these observations as they constitute the logical counterpart of the note at the end of the motion for dismissal filed by our attorneys. For seven years, our defense team has been alone in nourishing this procedure; for seven years, the response of the investigators has been to deliberately and meticulously deny us the means to acquit ourselves [*moyen de décharge*]. And there's the paradox of the juridical side of this affair: the refusal to grant any motion requested by the defense will end up convincing even the most skeptical people of the inanity of the charges weighing upon us. The only way to preserve the prosecution's only witness was to refuse to let him express himself. The only way to save the fake police report was the prevent reality from confronting it. In sum, the only way to avoid the collapse of this investigation was to do everything so as not to investigate. We have left the pleasure of exposing this risky bet and all of the courage that your team hasn't lacked, to our attorneys. Judges, prosecutors, the SDAT, the DGSI,<sup>192</sup> MI6,<sup>193</sup> the FBI, ministers, ministerial cabinets, private back rooms (La Salamandre,<sup>194</sup> you know . . .), shadow counselors, criminologists, unscrupulous journalists, have been able – on the basis of meager materials – to stand up to 10 of us. Faced with this formidable coalition, made of lies and counter-attacks, leaks and turnarounds, we must legally admit: if adherence to the writings of the Invisible Committee is constitutive of a criminal association in relation to a terrorist enterprise, we must collectively admit such guilt with a light heart.<sup>195</sup> We even embrace<sup>196</sup> it. Not a single one of us regrets anything of what he or she believes. We especially do not regret having resisted counter-terrorism and having partially defeated the delirious assault launched against us, and this is – we are quite aware of it – constitutive of a criminal association that you and your colleagues cannot leave unpunished. The truth about this affair is exposed in these pages. It renders the very idea of a return [to prison]

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<sup>192</sup> The Direction générale de la Sécurité intérieure (“General Directorate for Internal Security”) is the intelligence agency operated by the Minister of the Interior. It was established in 2014.

<sup>193</sup> The British equivalent of the CIA.

<sup>194</sup> A well-known restaurant in Paris.

<sup>195</sup> Three days after this text was published, a large group of Leftist French intellectuals went even further and signed and published a collective statement that proclaimed, “Je suis l’auteur de *L’insurrection qui vient*” (“I am the author of *The Coming Insurrection*”). Cf *Libération*, 11 June 2015: [http://www.liberation.fr/societe/2015/06/11/je-suis-l-auteur-de-l-insurrection-qui-vient\\_1327670](http://www.liberation.fr/societe/2015/06/11/je-suis-l-auteur-de-l-insurrection-qui-vient_1327670) (French only).

<sup>196</sup> The word used here, *réclamons*, can mean claim, demand, beg for, require, or want more.



perfectly absurd. But we have become familiar with the absurdity in which your institution is held.