



Val Kyrie

Presents

Vincent Reynouard editorials

The ordeal of the revisionist activists
(and their families)

Sans Concession tv
Editorials tv

Recently, a viewer asked me to respond to opponents and other agitators, who, under the video about Elie Wiesel death, keep posting comments. I am sorry dear viewer, but I will not answer them. Why? Because my time is more likely limited.

Last June, I was finally sentenced to one year in jail. Next September, I will once again be trialed, which will lead, no doubt to a new sentence. Therefore, that means in total: 2 years and two months in prison. But, that will not be it. Because, in groups of 3 or 4, my opponents sue my videos. Therefore, they could have me sentenced maybe 10 to 15 times.

Some will say that I found refuge in England. It's true. But, let's have a look at the articles which announced my last sentence. Monde Actu Website declares: *"The last remaining question is: will the holocaust denier serve his sentence? Since he left the French territory before appealing."* Same speech on the regional channel Normandy site: *"Now the question is whether Vincent Reynouard will serve his sentence. The Holocaust denier would have left the French territory between the first judgment and the appeal. After some times spent in Belgium he might be in London today."* These articles show that in the shadows, my opponents become agitated to get my extradition. Because they can not stand the impunity I benefit.

The *"Anti-Racist Info"* blog calls, for that matter, to make noise about this impunity to put it to a halt. Empty words? No. Because, it's they, who last year, acted with my bank to close my account. They falsely accused me to use it to collect funds to pay my fine. Like if I was going to pay my fines to the Republic! Their action led me to be summoned by the police under suspicion of *"public subscription, seeking compensation of pecuniary criminal conviction."* So, I am fully aware that this blog leaders will take action to get me arrested.

Besides, some police inspectors have already stormed to the new address of my ex-girlfriend, Mary. Unable to find her, they left, taking a computer with them. In short, even if I am not the Public Enemy #1 I know that they are looking for me.

But precisely, let's talk about Marie. Last year, I announced that my long time collaborator, Marie Perrerou, had been assaulted by two men who extracted my phone number from her. In fact, the victim was not Marie Perrerou. The victim was in fact Marie my ex-girlfriend. But she was so terrified that she refused to complain, and indeed she never did, or that I spook of this attack by revealing that it was her. This is why I mentioned Marie Perrerou, who, has never been attacked.

The assault happened like this: In the morning, two men followed Marie when she was taking our daughter to the day care. They did it conspicuously. Following her closely, parking not far from her, and living when she was living. Then they stationed on the building parking lot in front of our windows. They were coming out of the car to smoke without hiding. Thinking they were policemen, Marie didn't call the police. In the afternoon she went to an appointment. The unknown men didn't follow her. But when she came back, the two men were inside the building lobby. Living on the main floor, Marie opened the apartment door. They then hurried and pushed her inside. There, they took her purse and forced her to sit.

They took her phone from the purse, asking for my phone number. Once they got it, they demanded that she calls me to ensure she was not lying. Then they showed her a paper on which her parents address was written. "*We have your parents address,*" they told her, "*therefore, beware!*" and saying that, they made throat-cutting gesture. Then they left, without hurting her. Poor Marie. She couldn't stand it anymore.

Four years earlier, she joined me with stars in her eyes assuring me that she will help me in my revisionist struggle, that she will always be on my side during my appearance in conferences, that she will even bear my name. It's her who went to represent me at the conference on Hollywoodism in Iran. Her courage amazed us all.

But came the dark reality of the revisionist activist daily life. Constant work. A precarious social status. Some loneliness. Then one day, repression struck. Search, seizure, interrogation, fear of indictment.

One day, while going to report to the police station of my area Marie didn't see me come out. I had been detained following an arrest warrant launched against me in the case that opposed me to Charlie Hebdo. I was going to spend several days in jail. But, I could have stayed there for months, until my trial. Marie then discovered that a revisionist is never sure of tomorrow. He lives in the uncertainty of this tomorrow. Not to mention social consequences: the loss of my job, articles in the medias, anonymous letters, insults launched in the street, and finally it was my trial in Coutances. My conviction and my escape, when some inspectors came to get me at my Saint-Lô address. Poor Marie. Arrived, I say it again, with stars in the eyes. She discovered the HELL undergone by the activist revisionist. She then decided to leave the boat.

When I asked her to come see me a few days this summer, in England, so I could see my daughter again, our daughter, born in 2013, she refused, stressing that she was just only recovering from what she had experienced in recent months when repression had destroyed our home. I do not blame Marie. She didn't betray me. She abandoned me. Abandoned me because, as Napoleon was saying about some of his General, "*Circumstances were 100 times stronger than them.*" Yes, circumstances were 100 times stronger than Marie. Far from condemning her, I thank her instead for the help and happiness she brought to me during these 4 years.

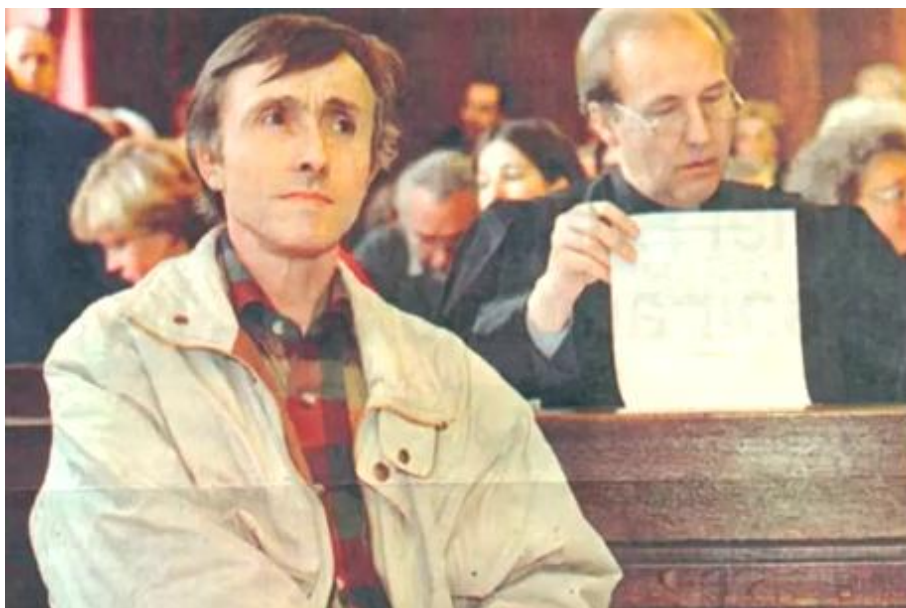
Why did I say all this? First of all to stress that, even if I am not yet in jail, the anti-revisionist repression led to the ruin of my life. Not only did I lost my jobs, but I've lost my home too. My family, my daughter. And my country. And I am not the only one.

In France, Professor Faurisson went through terrible times. which he never described publicly, but, one day, they will be uncovered. The most dramatic case is Jean-Louis Berger. The French teacher, that you can see here in the dock. Behind him, his lawyer, Mr. Delcroix. In 1999, in a course on the information decryption, he had the misfortune to denounce an article published in the Express Magazine on December 31, 1998 and who claimed to demonstrate the horror of the German concentration camps relying on that famous photo taken in 1945 in

Nordhausen. Intituled: Atrocities meaning: German atrocities. this pictures showed, they said, *"American soldiers discovering hundreds of deportees corps killed by the Nazis"*.



Since 1945, this picture featured prominently in the arsenal of the anti-Nazi propaganda. But, since 1945, we knew that the deportees had not been killed by the Germans, but they had been killed during a US bombing that targeted a SS transmission station located not far away for there. This document, I discovered it in the Belgium archives it came from a government department established in 1945 to help families find missing deportees. In his 1945 testimony (*Vivre c'est vaincre*, p.45), former deportee, André Rogerie, also spoke of the bombardment of the camp in this 1945 Easter. In short, since the beginning everyone could have known. In spite of that, this picture went around the world, and is still used as evidence of *"Nazi barbarism"*.



Jean-Louis Berger, therefore, thought that he could explain himself, and justify himself in front of the Court.

Simplicity of a too good a man. Seven plaintiffs showed themselves at the trial. Arriving by the busload.



Former deportees, so-called anti-racist activists, and memory supporters flocked to the point that the Court room -however large- proves too small. I was there, and I can say that the atmosphere was more than highly-charged, it was really the kill.

The trial gave all its meaning to this sentence, written one century earlier by Edouard Drumont: *"Nothing hurts like the contrast of that court which thinks absolutely about something else and the sort of quivering of these poor creatures who still believe in justice, who imagine that a debate will settle who prepared in the corridors what they would say."*

In the present situation, the Court only thought of one thing: to condemn Jean-Louis Berger for forgery. The prosecutor accused him indeed of having amended the Express article moving pictures from their original place, to mislead the children. The accused replied that it was not the case. That he possessed the article appeared in the printed journal, and that it was his accusers who, having printed the article from the Internet, had a different layout. Checking it would have been very easy. But no, the judges wanted to do nothing with this. HE was the forger. Jean-Louis Berger recalled that the deportees died due to the US bombings. But it was a wasted effort again. Because, not being able to still deny this evidence, a local historian, called as a witness by the opponent party, said that the deportees were in such poor health that they would have died shortly after anyway.

The bombing only rushed things. In short, even if these deportees were well and truly dead killed by US bombs their death should be blamed on the "Nazis".

Sentenced to ten months suspended jail sentence, and to pay huge amounts of money, Jean-Louis Berger appealed. In a statement, he explained: *"I only stated officially recognized truths although often ignored by the public, but confirmed in a striking manner to the judges by my*

best lawyers, LICRA witnesses, Mr. Aycoberry and Mr Bihr, who said like I did, that the dead in Nordhausen was due to the US bombing, and that the Jewish death toll was controversial." Not only, this press release was not published, but since the beginning, Jean-Louis Berger was the subject of a hate press campaign.

While he was not even convicted, -therefore, he was presumed innocent- Emmanuelle Anizon wrote in the monthly *"La Vie"* *"Today, thanks to the Gayssot Law, which condemned racist, anti-Semitic or Holocaust denial sayings, the teacher, (judgment pronounced May 15) theoretically faces a maximum sentence of one year in jail and a 300,000 FF fine."* And Jean-Louis Berger, already suspended by the National Education since May 1999, is above all, threatened of a permanent ban. With a little luck, college students will therefore no longer see enthroned on the French teacher's desk the key holder with the colors of the National Front. And they will not be brought, in the words of the plaintiff Mr. Raphael Nisand, to undergo 'the Nazism without boots of this fundamentalist'. *It's about time.*" The key holder case was only a malicious gossip picked up by the journalist without further verification.

But in front of people such as Jean-Louis Berger no holds barred. The daily's La Voix du Nord went so far as to present his article in the section: 'pedophilia'. Oddly enough.

Jean-Louis Berger hoped that the Court of appeal judges would listen to him. Deception here again. The trial took place in the same atmosphere, and far from being relaxed, he saw on the contrary his sentence aggravated, with always huge amounts of money to pay. In the following months, the accused was revoked from National Education. Thus he found himself completely helpless with a wife and yet a dependent daughter. Worried about ending up on the street, not to lose his house, Jean-Louis Berger tried to get his mother's help. for her to sell a property to make him an advance on his inheritance. In vain. On their part, opponents acted. And so as part of their efforts the house was mortgaged.

However many months later, the judgment which ruined him and thrown him to the street was broken on procedural. But Jean-Louis Berger was not reinstated in National Education, worse, having attempted in vain to find a job in a social structure the social worker who was taking care of him said: *"Change branch or then change your opinion."* For this fundamentally good man, ardent advocate of simple and peaceful life, in love as did his family, of Nature, loving children, and anxious to show them that nature, he founded, in his college, a beekeeping club. But this event was too heavy to carry for him and, in 2007, Jean-Louis Berger died of cancer. He rests today not far from home. As a public testament, he left the story of his ordeal under the title: *"An honest man lost in Education [Manipulation]] National"*

Hello to you Jean-Louis.

But in these cases, the man is not the only one who is touched. Repression also affects the family, and in the first place, the revisionist's wife. Professor Faurisson's wife was expelled from a Gregorian choir, and from a charitable institution. His eldest son, and his daughter experienced professional troubles.

A few days ago, I questioned Jacqueline Berger, the courageous wife of Jean-Louis who supported him to the end, sharing with him his hopes and especially his anxieties. Here is what she states: *"I think that I must add something that is not well known, is that, the relatives of those convicted, suffer nonetheless terrible repercussions, like myself, wife of Jean-Louis. When Jean-Louis was still alive, and he was out of job we were summoned to go to the social worker to set things straight each time, and I pointed out to her that, given my condition I had sent at least one hundred letters to Alsace and Moselle, the two nearest departments, to offer myself as a volunteer to which I had received no answer. The social worker literally told me that: I will get no answer, it was normal, because I had no right to enter any social services, considering my opinions. I only had to change opinion, and than maybe it would work. So I was totally excluded socially, just when I could normally give the best of myself socially: since my children had left home, to whom I had taught I was alone, and I did not ask better than to help others. And I am still in this situation. Lately, I still tried again to contact organizations such as: Assistance to the blind, or the Little Brothers of the Poor. I therefore sent emails and letters this time and I received no answer. I wanted to be part of a choir. Impossible. They did not let me in. And that's how it is. And that, I think we should know it, because they try to get us through the moral, because it's very very hard to be isolated and marginal. And especially when one did not deserve that, and one would like nothing better than to help his fellow man."*

One will understand why, after suffering repression, and experienced an assault, Marie chose to leave the ship. Finally the mother of a child she wanted so much, she wanted to live, and raise her quietly, not in the anxiety of tomorrow, not in the fear of being assaulted, not in a permanent struggle.

Hello to you Marie, and good luck.

Yes indeed, the life of a revisionist activist truly becomes a nightmare. It is good that the public be aware of this, but for my opponents it's not enough! Because the worried liar can't stand the Truth, even when it is only whispered! Consequently, my opponents want to silence me, and definitely! And when one is capable of assaulting a young woman in her home, in order to extract a phone number from her, then one is capable to come beat up the one who persists despite repression.

I recall that during his life Professor Faurisson has been the victim of 10 physical assaults: 2 in Lyon, 2 in Vichy, 4 in Paris, 2 in Stockholm. If he was able several times to escape the blows, this was not always the case. In the Sorbonne, the Professor had his glasses broken and his coat torn. In Paris Courthouse, an assault necessitated an surgery on his right leg. During an exhibition on censorship at the Centre Pompidou, an individual who recognized him, held out his hand, but grabbed his finger and flipped it. In the Vichy Sporting Club, three people gave him violent blows to the torso. After several days, feeling a sharp pain in the chest the professor went to the hospital. The doctor, a Congolese, exclaimed: *"Your guy was a bomber!"* The assailant struck again by organizing a new attack. It was on September 16, 1989. One of his friend tend an ambush to the professor in a Vichy park. He beat him up and

then on the ground with such a violence that the surgery lasted 4:30 hours at the Hotel Dieu in Clermont Ferrand. Even today, Robert Faurisson intensely suffers from his jaw.



The trigeminal nerve has been affected, he is treated with TEGRETOL, whose side effects are very trying. The judge never convoked or heard him, other than to let him know, dryly, that she was going to close the case. Obviously, the revisionists opponents benefit from impunity.

This is why I do not delude myself. In a more or less near future, I may well either be extradited or severely molested. In a case, as in the other, my time is limited, but I accept it. I make mine the ultimate statement of Rudolf Hess at Nuremberg (TMI, XXII,p.400): *"I have no regrets, if I had to start again I would act the same way, even though I knew that awaits me at the end a pyre for my death. Whatever men can do I appear before the Almighty. It is to him that I will be accountable to, and I know He will acquit me."*

I accept to live with these two swords of Damocles hanging over me: Extradition and assault. But, I will not waste my time with those, which on my channel, contradict or insult me. As a strong supporter of freedom of expression, I let them express themselves, and develop their arguments. The viewers are big enough AND smart enough to compare, read, and form an opinion.

For my part, like a desperado, I hasten to say what I still have to say. I hasten to open my files and to offer the public other analyzes based on hidden documents I have discovered in 20 years of research.

One say for example, that the National-Socialists vowed a boundless hatred to Christianity, and they kept persecuting Christians. Really? Then how to explain that in December 1940, 5 Canadian POWs were able to get out of their prison camp to be ordained priest in the Cathedral of St. Denis in Paris?

How is it that the priestly objects have been sent to prison camps in the destination of French priests?

Here, Muslims prisoners pray facing Mecca.

Many other small true facts questioned the official Manichean story as presented to the public. German efforts to ensure supplies in France. All these POWs released on Hitler's order because they had performed an act of courage or because French authorities could get it from the victor. All this life in the prison camps. These vegetable gardens created, these choirs, these orchestras with auditoriums. These festivals organized in agreement, and with the support of the German authorities. These major French artists of the time, here Edith Piaf and the Fred Adison orchestra, who went to Germany to play in front of prisoners and workers. The real communitarian socialism, discovered by those working in the Reich.

The first imitations in France, with the start of major works, which would provide work for some unemployed. With the wedding loan instituted in the city of Avignon. With holiday homes for the POWs' wife, and mothers of large families. With the retirement of old finally established after years of prevarication. With winter-help, that would mobilize youth.

Not to mention the role of Islam in the new Europe.

Did you know that Jews were working for the French Gestapo? Actually, they were auxiliaries of the German police in France. Yes, consulting the archives confirmed it. The accused number 1 in the so-called "*Odicharia*" band trial was a Jew. Henri Oberchmuckler. While the father was deported somewhere in Upper Silesia, the son, for his part, was collaborating with the German police in France. During his trial, the Attorney General informed him that another Jew guilty of having worked for the German police had already been sentenced to 20 years in forced labor. For his part, the President of the Court assured that the German Gestapo agents were perfectly correct. And when another defendant explained that he had written a false statement which incriminated him to avoid being beaten, the President was not surprised. "*Very well,*" he said.

One perfectly knew at the time, how could unfold collaborationists interrogations.

All of this I wish to talk about it, as soon as possible, before being jailed or silenced by brutal means.

Sorry, if I don't answer to all messages.

Sorry, if I don't answer to all mails. But life is pressing me.

Thanks to all of you for your support.

Good evening.