

THE WARSHAL

Call to Warriors

*"There is no instance of a country having benefited from prolonged warfare."
Sun Tzu: II-6*

Brethren, I urge you, no I do implore you, to stop killing yourself. Each time a true Warrior kills another Warrior, without realizing it, he is only killing himself. In that sense, every war is... a civil war. And, if you do not regard me an authoritative source in terms of your own warfare, you surely obey the orders of one of the greatest Warriors which ever was: Ernst Jünger. If, most unforgivably, your memory remains hazy on such a hero, you should remember that Ernst Jünger was the greatest "soldier" of the worst war of all: WW1. It is because he transcends so much the mere notion of soldier that I unequivocally upgrade him not only to the rank of Warrior but, as I have just said, THE Warrior. Captain Jünger was, and still is, the most combat decorated "soldier" of the German military. From the time of Bismarck, going through the infamous Third Reich, up to the Bundeswehr, there has never being any combatant who achieved to collect so many and so high decorations as Ernst Jünger. Like the legendary "Red Baron", he was one of the very few who ever received the "Pour Le Merite" combat Cross with Diamonds, the most coveted decoration in the German military. Without the "privilege" of "birth", without belonging before the war to the "very private club" of "Junker" officers, by the only merit of his unparalleled bravery and his unbelievable combat record, Ernst Jünger accessed to the rank of "Hauptmann" and got more medals that his "feldgrau" vest could possibly contain. Aside from his superlative temerity, audacity and ferocity in actual combat conditions, the man acquired a well-deserved unanimous reputation of extraordinary chivalry and gallantry according to all his French and English adversaries. I intensely advise anyone who is eager to learn something about how noble a human being can really become, when all too often the human race seems made of mud, to read from his own mouth, Ernst Jünger's own opinion on war in general and on the World in particular... If I am giving so much emphasis on one single person, it is because this genuine paragon of what human heroism can really be, by himself, epitomizes the point I am trying to make.

I do not know whether you have the intellectual and emotional capacity to picture what the actual combat conditions of WW1 really were. You have people who, for years and years that feel like centuries, have known nothing but rain, ice, mud, dirt, diseases, sleepless nights and death, fear, death, fear ad infinitum... A terror, indeed, that no one can fully comprehend. If you want really to have an idea of the shock that all those people involved got when facing the entirely new conditions of warfare which WW1 brought upon them, just imagine a Nineteenth Century mentality that is suddenly confronted to Twenty First

Century war technology. I am using on purpose the provocative notion of Twenty First Century because no one seems to realize that, save computer controlled weapon systems, armament has not significantly evolved since WW1. Aerial warfare was already there, so were the tanks. Individual armament was just as good, if not better, than the plastic pieces of "junk" of today. (The first genuine "Assault Rifle", the Federov, was indeed put in service in 1916...). Then, there was something that, save some abject egomaniac leader in Iraq, no one ever since has ever tried to use, so atrocious and inhumane its effects were: Combat gas and chemical warfare... But, THE killer of WW1, the most murderous war appliance ever devised by man that has killed more people than all other weapon systems (including of course the atomic bombs whose murdering power cannot even compare in terms of actual casualties that have been caused), the "Grimmest Reaper" was: The Machine Gun. WW1's machine guns, compared to their poor counterparts of today, were horribly effective machines. The best of them, based on the infamous Maxim's "toggle system", were used by both sides (.303 Mk 1 Vickers for the British, "SPM" 7.62 mm Model 1910 Maxim for the Russians and, of course the most infamous of all, the legendary "Spandau" 7.92 mm MG-08 of the Germans). Coupled with the criminal stupidity of the French and British military leadership that forced an entire generation of innocent young men to charge in the open, just as in tactics dating back from Napoleon, against the crisscrossing fire of innumerable heavy machine-guns that mowed them down by the millions. Thinking of the state of shock of the Americans after they have brutally lost several thousand people, how would it feel to lose ten times that amount of people... every bloody day! Between sixty to one hundred THOUSAND kids were thus mowed down every day of the alleged "glorious" battles such as that of "La Marne"... Imagine, every day losing more young soldiers than in the entire Vietnam war.

Now, the worst of all, the terrible question is: What, the bloody hell for, were one hundred thousand young men being murdered every darn day?... WW2, at least had some sort of ideological or philosophical content. It was a war between two irreconcilable systems of value (democracy versus totalitarianism... even though I have a hard time, then to understand why the Russians were the allies of the Americans, for instance). The American Civil War, was a conflict over fundamental values and two very different cultures. Korea or Vietnam, were also highly ideological in nature. But, why was it that a French kid, an English kid and a German kid had to slaughter one another with so much ferociousness, for so long and on such an abominable scale? They just looked the same, thought the same, had the same problems and same joys in their life. They just wanted to have a sweetheart, have children, have a decent life and live in peace. They did not want that horrible war. They did not start it. They wanted to stop it from its very beginning. (Have you heard of the innumerable mutinies all over the "Western Front" that ended up in atrocious and large scale massacres from their own military leadership). They had no "beef" with the other kid on the other side. If allowed, they would have stopped murdering one another; they would have all come together to talk of the very same young men's stories and they would have gone on their normal business, chasing girls for instance. Those were not "Warriors"; they were not even "soldiers" at first. Once again, just kids whom their criminal governments

for their senseless private agenda, had forced to put a uniform on and forced to annihilate one another... under pain of death from their own people if they refuse.

Certainly, after years and years of "hell", those who had "miraculously" survived the slaughterhouse, had grown up; they had grown up, in fact, in a horrible fashion. They had become pure "killing machines". It was already years ago that they got rid of their last feelings. You cannot afford to have feelings in the bloody trenches of WW1. In awful truth there is one nightmarish "feeling" that one needs to "acquire" in such hellish conditions. The one "feeling" that keeps you alive, that helps you make it through another day. The "feeling" that, if you do not have it and if you do not know how to use it for sheer survival, gets you killed within minutes: The most extreme and most fanatical "feeling" of hatred ! Hatred of the one, the other side of the no-man's land who keeps you from just going home, to watch the sunset hand in hand with your sweetheart before gently coming back home and making love to her. It is unjust, it is horrible and it is insane... since that is exactly what the other one also dreams of doing, but it is nonetheless the only mad thing to do !

And it is in the very middle of this abominable "hell", at the top of years and years of so much mutual hatred accumulated by so much horror, so many atrocities and such abject insanity that once Ernst Jünger stood up from his trench, walked alone toward enemy lines, stopped half way between the two sides and, in an eerie silence began to address his "foes" and his "friends" with his powerful voice, in what, in my sense, constitutes the most elevated speech in human history. Even though under the sway of so much emotion, no one, not even Ernst Jünger could remember his own words, what everyone around him on both sides of the bloody divide could hear was.... STOP !

Stop killing one another. We are all the same children of the same mothers. We are young. We are beautiful. We are brave. We are all heroes. We all think the same. We even look the same. We are one race. Not the race of the blood we have received at birth, but the blood of our wounds. The blood that we have given. The same blood that makes us all, now, brothers. The highest form of brotherhood; we are brothers in arms. Brothers should not kill other brothers. Who are those who sent us here? Are they our brothers ? Do they think like us ? Do they look like us ? Are they members of our new race ? No they are not. They, are the enemy ! They are the only enemy, the true enemy which we should be fighting. They alone are cause of our suffering. They have provoked this injustice. They are those who profit from our pain. Brothers, comrades, friends, let us get together. Let us merge in this new fraternity. Let us love one another. Then, let us turn our weapons on those who are our true enemies. Let us use our skills of soldiers, which we have learned killing each other, to crush the real enemy... back home. Here is the enemy, back home. Let us free our homes from them, let us free our countries from them, let us be together again to free the whole world until the last of this coward and vile race that had forced brothers to murder brothers, has vanished from the earth. We are a new people. We are all one !

Actually, Ernst Jünger has a much more mystical tone that I am not capable to reverberate. His discourse is also deeper, more spiritual and, above all, much more aggressive and revengeful. But, in the same time, so much Love ! True Love is truly the Warrior's Love. One needs to know how to kill and how to "hate" before one can fully comprehend the meaning of "Love. Ernst Jünger did. Trust me I am not readily impressed but, by my own standards, what Ernst Jünger has dared do and dared say right in the darkest pit of "hell" is "Divinely inspired", nothing less ! This is the greatest non fictional act of Love that I am aware of in human memory. This is the highest form of heroism also. This is the true essence of true Warriorness.

I am, at my humble turn, begging, among so many others, my brethren, Serbian Warriors, to recognize my brethren, Croatian Warriors, Bosnian Warriors and Albanian Warriors as their closest brothers. They all look the same, think the same, behave the same. They all fight in their own way against the same unspeakable injustice that has been brought upon their own people. But it is not the Warrior on the "other side of the false divide" that has caused nor brought this injustice. It is the same vile people, within their own country and with the same evil agenda always that have forced them to kill one another, not to see in the other one's own noble reflection, the brother, the hero, the friend but, against all logic... the enemy, the opposite other ! One must learn not to be ashamed of one's roots, to be proud of them, proud of one's own people's past noble deeds but use that pride, that dignity and that consciousness not to divide but unite ! There is no higher pride than merging one another's pride to attain a supreme and united proud consciousness. You have been an "ethnic-warrior"; now transcend yourself and become an "Ethic Warrior". Learn, my Celtic warrior brethren, to sublime your former and legitimate "ethnic pride" by fighting, as I did myself, side by side with, you Zulu warrior brethren. Let yourself be pervaded with his Zulu pride and offer him your Celtic pride. Whatever your superficial ethnicity was before your bio-awakening, learn how to become a Cheyenne Brave, a Viking Ulfednar, a Teutonic Knight, an Irgun Fighter, a Baltikum Volunteer from the Freikorps, a Mau-Mau Warrior, a Steppes Cataphractarian, a Tamil-Tiger Warlord, a Shimu Hoplite, an Amazon War-Priestess, an Urubamba Aborigine Psychic-Warlord, a Spartakist Red-Guard, a Yamamoto Daimo or a Hittite Charioteer all wrapped up in one ! May the strength, the bravery and the valor of your former "enemy" give you more pride now to partake of his or her greatness and may he or she be proud, too, now to partake of yours.

The same blood that one has shed on the battlefield makes Warriors closer to each other than a common blood which one has received at birth with his brother. The brothers who have been born together from "mother war" have a much stronger bond that unites them together than those who only share in common the same parents. Only those who have actually experienced the true "Warrior brotherhood" can fully understand why Spartans called each other "Homoios". The notion of "homoios" carries an absolute closeness, indeed "oneness", that cannot be expressed in any modern human language. It is more than what the idea of "brother" contains; truly it means "twin" or, even better, "clone". And, in fact, it is exactly what real war, not its pale modern substitute, not that of modern

"soldiers", can provoke upon "brothers in arms". After thus merging their blood in acts of indescribable heroism and self-sacrificial "combat altruism", they undergo a bewildering alchemy that transforms them into true "existential clones". Despite my descent into the worst abysses of human infernos, I am extraordinary grateful to have experienced, right in the second part of the Twentieth Century, combat conditions that no longer belonged to our times for hundreds of years. Despite all the wounds and scars (both physical and psychological), I am glad to have known in person the kind of bond that ancient "Warrior Sacred Societies" were capable to create between members of the same "Martial Fraternity" millennia ago. I have experienced, firsthand, the "holy alchemy" of "Barbarian warfare transmutation", until the day I die, I will remember the absolute oneness I have reached with my "African combat clone", with my "Asian combat clone" and with my "Jewish and Arab combat clones". Therefore, if we have been capable to do it once, there is no reason why we should not be capable of doing it another time. No reason why others could not do it as well. As we will see it soon, in a next chapter, it is exactly by counting on this "sacred alchemy" that, against all odds and against all logic, I decided to set up my "eco-spiritual" organization in Europe by blending together the worst "former enemies", then turning them into "existential clones", into Neo-Spartan "Homoisi" (plural for "homoios"), putting all their previously divided "Warrior" impulses toward serving and protecting Life and Justice on Earth. I did it and I succeeded in it, beyond indeed my best hopes.

That is why, once again, I am calling upon the former foes now to become brethren. Stop fighting against injustices, divided injustices. Merge together, transcend your former divided selves, become a proud higher self and then, take arms once again against INJUSTICE. Use your selflessness, your heroism, your audacity, indeed your fanaticism and then transform yourselves into JUSTICE Warriors. It is always easy to know what to fight against. Prove that you have the capacity to find out what you should fight for. There is Life out there with its "Divine Natural Laws" that are worth dying for. There is Justice up here, the truest and purest expression of your Love, that is worth living for. For you and for me, living is fighting. We cannot conceive Life without combat. For you as well as for me, there is no higher "happiness" than in war. Then, do not defile or betray your own Sacred Warriorhood in unworthy illusions of "war. Do not accept a counterfeit idea of what war really is. Commit yourself to THE war. Lead a Holy War: The Holy War for absolute Justice for which there is never enough heroism, never enough combats and, emphatically, never enough fanaticism. If, for you, war is simply inconceivable without enemies to fight, trust me I shall offer you more foes to fight, more adversaries to crush and more fiends to annihilate than you have ever dreamed of. The foes of Life are innumerable metastatic. The adversaries of the Law are dark legions and the fiends of Justice are everywhere. They even have been in you when you were killing your own brethren. I am THE enemy of your true enemies. I love you for what you did. Even though, no one truly has this prerogative, I still "forgive" you and "absolve" you for everything you have done, as long as you never turn again your Sword against your own brethren. Turn together your old Swords against the common enemies of Life, of the Law and of Justice. Then throw them away in a lake.

From her own Sacred Lake that dwells in all of you, Our Lady Justice shall give you a better Sword which I will be honored to baptize. A Warrior who has no Weapon is no Warrior. A Warrior who does not love, indeed venerate, his or her Weapon is no Warrior. A Warrior who does not dream of "the ultimate Weapon" is no Warrior. I am no Warrior, for I am a Warshal, be it a very peculiar one with highly special status... You too can become a Warshal. Warshals do not love Weapons, Warshals worship THE Weapon. The Divine Source from which THE Weapon hailed. Yet, Warshals do not need... Weapons. Warshals ARE Weapons, THE Weapon. There are powers within you, the potency of which you did not know it could possibly exist. There are Power-Weapons within you which turn all others as mere symbolical objects. Whether you want to keep defiling your primitive "weapons" using them against your own brethren or whether you will purify them in the blood of your true enemies for you eventually to feel worthy of receiving THE Weapon which, unbeknownst to you, had been within yourself all along, the choice ought to be yours, if only for the last time... Once the Warrior chooses the path of the Warshal, the first casualty of their Holy War for Divine Life, for Transcendental Law and for Sacred Justice, is precisely his or her capacity, further, to make sinful choices like fighting one another. "*(The Warshal 12:3:7)*

"It was important for me to write that chapter just after my "call to arms". This makes it clear that there is a "war" out there, a "war" between "forces" the nature of which people have no idea. In case you have not realized it yet, you are right in the middle of the battlefield and, more frighteningly... you are the ultimate prize of that "war". Whether the "forces of Light" would prevail over the "forces of Darkness" only depend on your own attitude but, how can you even get one if you are not awakened yet ? Whether my message shocks you or not is, to me, of the utmost indifference. The only thing that matters is your eventual state of awakening. In a situation of such acute cosmic conflict wherein your own planet is on the verge of giving up her ghost, trust me... even a brutal awakening is infinitely better than no awakening at all ! *(The Warshal 13:13)*