

THE WARSHAL

The Warshal's Role

I have previously mentioned that, even here on Earth at the time of the "great bio-schism" when under the strong "influence" of the "Cosmic Mega-Monster", as a whole the "bio-cybernetic regulators" chose to "switch sides" and to renege on the "Sacred Bio-Covenant" that the "Inward Divine Source" had miraculously bestowed upon us, this traitorous decision had not been entirely unanimous. Herein lies the truly solstitial notion of "Cosmic Warshals". In anticipation of the evil that was just about to break out like a putrid cosmic tidal wave all over the universe, the most ancient and most elevated "Beings of Light" coalesced themselves in a unique form of "cosmo-fusion" to produce an entire new type of being especially engineered toward one fundamental and exclusive objective, fighting Evil.

I have arbitrarily called "Warshals" those primordial "Evil Fighters" after the word "war" that derives from a very ancient root "werre" or "were", the way by which some of modern man's ancestors used to call themselves (as in "werewolf" or "wergeld"). Although it seems too obvious for anyone to realize it, in the core of the English language, one has this ancient semantic dichotomy between "were," that is a collective notion referring to an archaic denomination as in "we were" (past), by opposition to "modern man" that defined himself as "are" (under the influence of Indo-European idioms) that define the "new man" as "Aryan" (even though the idea of "Arian" would be more semantically correct) as in "we are" (present). One can find innumerable references to the root "are" in words like "contrary" (against the "are-an"), "infirmity" (for the disabled "are-an"), "library" (for the books of the "are-an), etc, etc.; only one's own imagination is the limit when one wants to recapitulate all the words in English (or French as "aire") that are articulated around the root "ary". The second root that I have used in coining the word "Warshal" is the ancient linguistic matrix "sceal" that reflects an idea of "service" and of "duty" (cf. Old English "scealc" = "servant"). It still survives in modern English as "I shall" which, unlike "I will" that refers to an act of pure willingness, signifies "I must". In the Middle-Age, "marshals" were high ranking officers in charge of the horses (cavalry) from the old Celtic root for horse, "Marc'h," that has survived as "mare". Therefore the Warshals are the servants ("Knight" in ancient English, as well as "Samurai" in ancient Japanese, refer to the idea of "servant", in its most elevated acceptance, of course), the "sacred servants" of the noblest and oldest condition on Earth, "total war against evil".

Due to the very nature of the bio-schism, those who, among the "bio-cybernetic regulators", had been pre-engineered as "Cosmic Warshals" were numerically an extreme rarity. Owing to their extremely complex assignment to fight evil within evil, they were not

supposed to engage evil immediately or overtly. They had been given an extreme edge in terms of "tactical intelligence" to compensate for their numeric inferiority but, what distinguishes them absolutely radically from any other beings throughout the cosmos was their moral and ideological foundations exclusively, indeed fanatically, dedicated to battling evil wherever, whenever and however evil tends to manifest itself. In their apparent "infinite wisdom" the most ancient and most powerful "Beings of Light" delegated upon the first "Cosmo Warshals" powers and knowledge that had never been "documented" before. Indeed, the work of those "Beings of Life" relates to processes of "Cosmic Alchemy" of the most complex nature and, indeed, of the most dangerous kind. There is a world leader during WW2 who once said that "one does not fight such a total-war with Salvation Army methods". Likewise, one does not fight pure evil with "New Age's so-called spiritual warriors". (*The Warshal* 8:5-6)

"In the last chapter, I have tried to become increasing simple and concrete for whoever can still be reawakened in this world to get a first glimmer of hope. I have also tried to hint at my ideological optimism and moral positivism to dispel the impression of darkness that was just inevitable in a book intended to be a "war treatise" on how to accept, understand and then corner evil before eventually inflicting upon it a fatal blow. Before, very soon hopefully, I could have a new opportunity to express my "positive" love, I must make a deep immersion into my apparent "negative" LOVE (all the more capitalized). The time has come to evoke one of my favorite themes... "warfare". I may be a very curious "Warshal" (in truth, I am not quite exactly a "Warshal" and, in the same time, I am much more than one...) but I have still spent an entire lifetime relentlessly fighting evil and injustice. This chapter will have in mind my unfortunate "warrior brethren" which, all along human history have given their blood, their heroism and ultimately their life for causes which, despite their delusive appearance of righteousness, have never been worth their sacrifice. As the reader must have noticed by now, I am not normally of the forgiving type. I have indeed said earlier that, most usually, the very idea of "forgiveness" is intrinsically... evil. And yet, when it comes to the "lost souls" of my brethren in war, I surprisingly demonstrate feelings of understanding and compassion that seem not so far from my "moral nemesis"... forgiveness. It is because, unlike "armchair Barbarians" or Californian would-be "spiritual warriors", I had the honor, privilege and misfortune to have been myself a Warrior true a true Warrior, not a metaphorical one nor a ludicrous "warrior in a past life", but a fierce one, one of the most dangerous kind, with real blood on his real hands... and more than once! (*The Warshal* 10:1)

Wolves, Amazons & Matriarchy

"I was born a rebel, in a Clan of rebels from a fiercely rebellious race. I have never been taught to turn the other cheek after someone has tried to slap me in the face. I was taught, instead, to pounce upon the hand before indeed it had hit my cheek, then tear it with my own fangs, in addition to all that which moves behind the hand, until the last moaning breath coming from two severed carotids makes me understand that it is now time to love my enemy, as long as he does not taste too bad and does not give me digestive troubles afterward...

Now perhaps you begin to realize why the Wolves are my emblematic brethren. I hailed from a tradition that has survived underground in Europe for almost five millennia. An ancient culture so fierce that it has entirely disappeared from human memory save in its worst collective unconscious nightmares. Even at the time of the beginning of the Hyperborean diaspora, Holy Hate was running high in the midst of my gynarchal ancestors. The Arctic Amazons, already had the searing recollection of why our lost "civilization" became... lost. It is with clenched fangs and unbridled anger that they were remembering why and how the Sacred land of Hyperborea eventually incurred the wrath of a "higher avenging power". The memory of masculine "priesthood" that attempted to seize power for themselves, thus betraying the original gynarchal covenant, only because they were envious of the females' prerogatives in the field of "Sacred Magic" and unsatisfied with their own privileges in the domain of "Sacred Science", still resonated with vengeful bitterness in their heart behind their shining cuirasses in "Orichalc". More than nine thousands years ago, their South Eastern migration eventually reached the shores of Southern Brittany, the first land free of Ice that they had encountered when Europe, in dramatic opposition to what was happening in their former homeland, was slowly coming out of its previous glacial epoch. In the same time as they began to supervise the erection of the largest and most sacred Megalithic sanctuary on the face of this planet (Carnac), in remembrance of something that they had lost forever under the Arctic ice, they also took a Sacred Oath never to trust their masculine counterparts, ever.

As time went by, they accepted the modest emergence of a subordinate male Hyperborean Culdean Order, but they made sure than their own separate female Order would forever keep absolute sacerdotal predominance. One word about the status of man in such radical gynarchal system. The first thing to notice is that it is infinitely preferable to that of women in a patriarchal society (especially some aberrational misogynic oppressive systems like in too many so-called Muslim systems, in some tribal African society, in the Extreme Orient and in Pre-Columbian Native societies; the infamous Yaqui seem to have gotten the world's record in hatred against women). In one short sentence, their basic philosophy was: Women are the spiritual guardians of the Sacredness of Life; men are the guardians' guardians. Men were highly regarded for their specific qualities, not necessarily in the domain of warfare in which those Amazons suffered no competitors, but most noticeably in the field of theoretical sciences in which men then excelled. As I will explain it later, timiogamy was the normal rule in which according to their own capacity to provide security and happiness to their spouses, women or men alike could, indeed should, get as

many "existential partners" as possible, if only to reinforce a higher sense of belonging to the whole community. Like in traditional tribal societies, most notably... Sparta, sexual promiscuity with as many possible members of the group was strongly encouraged and highly esteemed. I will never repeat enough that sentiments of ownership or jealousy were fundamentally unknown in such a system. Of course, it was a "slave-free" society where everyone was a free person with equal rights, women and men alike. The only exception worthy of note is the field of "cultural and spiritual" conservation (to keep the most sacred flame of society's deeper ethos) where women did not trust men. They considered them unacceptably prone to get easily overridden by their powerful animalistic hormones related to aggression which, in rare occasion, can give rise to unbridled ambition and thirst for situations of power, wherein abuse then becomes the norm.

Anecdotally, there has been some such Hyperborean groups, mostly within the North-Western fierce gynarchs that gave birth to the historical Amazons from the Steppes, which had an extremely curious timiogamic system. More radical than their sisters as to their cautiousness about males' liability, also cruelly remembering what happened to their own homeland, they did not accept masculine presence in their midst. In the accounts of Herodotus, the Greek historian, some of those radical Amazons are referred to as "Androphages" (those who "eat" the human males). Of course they did not cannibalize male babies but, it is true that, they were not keeping them either; they simply left them in the cares of less extreme societies that nevertheless belonged to their Asiatic empires. One of the most curious customs of those radical (and homosexual...) Amazons is that for reproductive purposes they selected at birth a specific male whose direct ancestry (and some ritual magic...) guaranteed his superlative "sexual potential". Since his childhood on, he was carefully taught and initiated in accordance to his future "stallion status". Then, each time one of those gynarchs felt the need to have babies, at the very time of their ovulation they were allowed to break their vows of sacred homosexuality to use this man as strict reproductive agent. Knowing that those Amazon groups could exceed a few thousands members, this "lucky fellow" must have been indeed quite hyperactive in his own sexuality. Still, far from having an inferior status of "sexual slave", he was so highly revered by the entire Amazon community that, quite surprisingly, he could sometimes become a foremost figure of the sacerdotal class with, supreme honor in their society, the right to participate in their "Holy Warfare" where his predicted extreme aggressiveness, was prized well above his own "sexual prowess". I am not sure whether, by mentioning this unique feature within Amazon society, I am reawakening a potent male fantasy or a deeper unconscious fear, but regardless I think that the historical anecdote was worth mentioning. (*The Warshal* 10:2-3)