

The three initiations in the novel "The Mystery of Belicena Villca"

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A contribution for semi-awakened Viryas with a Gnostic predisposition who are beginning to study the work of Nimrod of the Rosary:

Perhaps you, like me in the past, are asking yourselves: And who will grant me initiation now that there is no incarnated pontiff? Who will reveal to me the secret of the secret exit or the right angle? Who will teach me the language of the birds composed of 13 archetypal runes plus three uncreated runes, the language necessary to understand the meaning of tirodinguibur and thus be able to understand the serpent with the sign of the origin and be free in the origin? Where will I get the stones necessary to use them as lapis opositionis? Who will teach me the secrets of the lithic wisdom necessary to construct the archemone? etc. etc. etc. etc. etc.

Let's look at the case of Dr. Arturo Siegnagel:

Dr. Siegnagel received the three hyperborean initiations

First Hyperborean Initiation:

He was awakened and oriented towards the Selbst, or in other words, he was "appointed" as a Tyrodal knight.

Second Hyperborean Initiation:

His Ego was isolated from the soul subject and entered the odal centre in the tau square (after revelation or gnosis of the secret exit), was permanently located in the Selbst, was appointed pontiff. hyperboreo or, in other words, he was "armed" as a tirodal knight.

He earned this second initiation for having fought against the created soul (extension of the demiurge) and having defeated the guardians of the labyrinth, i.e. the dominant sacred symbols that closed the exit to him, he achieved this by adopting a luciferic graceful attitude through his will to BE what he truly IS.

Third Hyperborean Initiation:

Dr. Siegnagel transmuted into Immortal Siddha and his Berserker rage led him to "take the sky by storm" (and of course, he returned to the tau point, learned the mystery of his own primordial fall, built the infinite bridge, regained essential hostility, reversed the disoriented Sphere-Spirit, etc. etc. etc. etc.).

When and how did Dr. Siegnagel receive these three initiations?

FIRST INITIATION:

The first initiation came simply from reading "The Letter of Belicena Villca".

However, it was written that peace would be brief: in less than an hour, my life was shattered and a The future of a doctor, anthropologist, professor, that is to say, of a full professional, disappeared as a probable destiny for me. In my parents' house, Belicena Villca's letter was waiting for me and the beginning of madness. If only I had not read it! How much pain, death and grief I caused to my loved ones by

And surely nothing would have happened to us if we hadn't received the letter! How much I would have regretted three months later having given him the letter!

credit, in that very place! The following Monday my holidays began, and when I returned to the Hospital in March, all would be forgotten. I shouldn't have read it: that was my last chance to continue to be normal, that is, comfortably and mediocresly normal, loved by all, respected by all, and, of course, by the Good Creator! Yes, this is not blasphemy: the Good Creator God must have been proud of me: I did not interfere at all with his grandiose plans, and I contributed as much as possible to the common Good.

What more could one expect from a humble psychiatrist from Salta? But I am afraid that now that I have lost everything, I have even lost the favour of the Creator. You will have to read Belicena Villca's letter and know the rest of the story to disagree or agree with me. As I said, I should not have read it and everything would have remained the same. But it is clear that in the lives of certain people there are traps.

(The Mystery of Belicena Villca page 16).

The reader's imagination can run wild. You will never be able to imagine the emotions and the state of total disturbance into which reading Belicena Villca's letter plunged me. It was very strange for me; as I read, I experienced a plurality of moods. I went from initial scepticism to surprise, from surprise to astonishment, from there to curiosity, and then to a thousand different states of mind. sensations more.

Finally, a primitive and foolish enthusiasm took hold of me and, instead of rejecting the letter as an imposture, a logical and perfectly justified attitude, I did the opposite, thus sealing my fate: I decided to take the adventure!

I had just finished reading the letter and, almost without thinking, I had made a decision, why? I will try to explain. Up to the moment I read Belicena Villca's letter, my life was empty of ideals. I had a bright professional future and everything I needed for my comfort; I was lucky with women and although none of them managed to win my heart, sooner or later that would happen. Everything made me foresee that my life would unfold along the tracks that lead to worldly success. And yet something was wrong in this scheme because I was not happy. I possessed peace and material tranquillity but often sadness overwhelmed me; I felt that my Spirit lacked a horizon to look towards, an ideal, a goal.
(The Mystery of Belicena Villca page 410).

SECOND INITIATION

This was a totally different feeling. Lacerating and painfully acute, it could be translated into one word: abandonment.

I felt lonely and cosmically abandoned, but in that sense of abandonment, permeated by a second, more subtle but less painful sensation: it was like a mute reproach vibrating in the depths of my Soul, but at an unimaginable depth. It was the reproach of a God that was transmitted through a dimensionless space and that seemed to mourn for a loss; a metaphysical amputation. of His Substance which was suffered as only He is capable of suffering.

And that loss that the God reproached, was Myself...

I who betrayed him, who committed a condemned and abominable heresy.

I felt lonely and cosmically abandoned, I repeat, but to such an intense degree that for an instant I thought I was dying.

It must be understood that all this happened very quickly, perhaps in a few minutes or seconds. And most probably I would have really died - I realised this much later - if I had let myself be totally won over by this strange state of mind.

If this did not happen, it was because remotely, on the borders of the consciousness that was already leaving me

Quickly, I had an intuitive insight: this emotion that was killing me was external to my own being!

It was not I who wailed and wailed emotionally with such a force that it filled everything; who It crossed my multiple spheres of perception and spread through the surrounding reality; it dissolved my consciousness as I lost the differentiation between subject and object.

The curious thing was that as I became aware of this intuition, everything was suddenly cut off, in a silent and brilliant burst in which I thought I could fleetingly make out a white circle surrounding me.

That is to say, not everything was cut off, because now the feeling had moved completely out of me, into the concrete World.

I felt suddenly lucid and alert, while all around me, the furniture, the floor, the walls of the flat, everything seemed to radiate a frightening and threatening evil. It was something tenebrous that was induced epidermally, that was perceived with the whole body, with every organ, with every atom. The same previous state, but inverted and exacerbated: the deep cosmic loneliness was now, pure and simple, the Presence; the abandonment: a mute call, but of an irresistible violence; the reproach of God, which seemed so Divine as it sprang from the depths of the Soul, had become a bestial, obscene roar.

and aggravating.

It is not possible to express in words what I experienced then; I can only give a pale idea if I say that this Primal Force was vaguely akin to the breath of a huge and evil beast.

A foetid and offensive breath that gushed forth from all things, which were in their turn the viscera, the organs, of that bristling and dangerous Dragon. A breath that imposed its Life-filled Presence; but this Life was to the Spirit what noise is to music: vile imitation and miserable copy. A voluptuous breath that pulled and exhaled in a coarse and animal cadence.

In the silence and stillness of the night, this Presence was enhanced by vitiating the air with menace; as if, invisible and powerful, a deadly Enemy was lying in wait for me, ready to pounce upon me; to take my life and more than my life....

I had the impression of having fallen into a misty precipice from which I was rescued before reaching the bottom.

I was now standing on the edge of the abyss, miraculously safe, but a victim of that apprehension that only the survivor of disaster experiences. That is why I stood still and did not flee from that atmosphere charged with an indescribable evil, which seemed to be aggressively moving towards me.

And this calm, reflective immobility seemed to further excite the dramatic tension, raising it to unbearable levels.

I understood at that moment that "that which radiated Matter" - whatever it was called - was losing its capacity to act upon me, for, in the midst of the unbearable tension, it seemed to be powerless to consummate the aggression. At this point, it seemed as if everything was going to explode, to fly into pieces in the air... (The Mystery of Belicena Villca pages 433 and 434).

I will summarise it chronologically. It seems that the process really began when I had that intuition that it was not I who was suffering and dying, who was suffering the pain of the extinction of life. Then, I said, "everything moved out". Indeed, at that moment it became clear to me that pain and suffering, The agony of life, and life itself, were alien things, of a non-spiritual nature. That is to say, at that moment, I had clearly distinguished between the Spirit and the Soul, between my spiritual Self and my animal nature. I had realised that the Spirit knows neither pain nor fear, but is pure Joy, and that the Spirit is not a spiritual nature.

Courage, pure resolute Honour, pure volitional Force.

And then "living" or "dying" meant nothing to me because I was already beyond life and death, perhaps beyond good and evil as well.

It was there that the Soul, and the God of the Soul, lost the ability to act on my Self and one as an Ancient Illusion was dissolved, one as a Primordial Enchantment was cut off: suddenly everything animic and

The vital, which was also all that was evil, moved "out" of my Self, into my animal body and into the World where the animal body dwells. For the first time I felt I, I alone; I, surrounded by the Powers of Matter; I, besieged by the Creator God of the Universe. And then, undoubtedly as a consequence of having sustained a battle against the Soul, and having been victorious, the Vision was produced and I received the help sought. (The Mystery of Belicena Villca page 436)

THIRD INITIATION

The third initiation came to the good Dr. "in his sleep".

No more than seven or eight minutes had passed, but I was fast asleep when Uncle Kurt came in.

Perhaps because he was so tired, perhaps so as not to think of Katalina, who hours before had been in that room with her children until she felt her blood turn into

As soon as I laid my head on the pillow, I began to dream. It was a symbolic dream, strange, but very evocative: I found myself, without knowing how, in a building of many

I was looking for something and was going up and down the stairs without finding it; suddenly, as I climbed up some green stone steps, I came to a square platform with no exit; I was about to start my way back when I noticed a subtle

movement in one of the walls surrounding the platform; I turned around, and on looking closely, I realised that the wall was indeed a mirror; at first the mirror reflected me, my

I was taken completely unawares by what happened next: paralysed with terror, I discovered that a huge and frightful black spider was watching me with equal attention; I immediately guessed that this spider was Myself, or something of Myself reflected outside; overcoming my apprehension, I timidly stretched out one hand towards the mirror, while the spider advanced its left front leg in that direction; on the surface of the mirror, I saw that the spider had been looking at me with the same attention, and that I was not even aware of its presence, but that I was looking at it.

speculate, we brushed against each other; then the spider bristled, as if determined to bite, and in the midst of my horror, leapt forward, jumped out of the mirror and fell on me, inside me, sinking into the Bottom of My

Myself; the ordeal forced me to close my eyes, but then I opened them again, still paralysed, and

I saw the mirror again: I recognised it at once, it was the Wise Sword of the House of Tharsis, unmistakable with its two hawks on the buckler, its Stone of Venus, its ivory hilt spiral-shaped from the horn of the unicorn Barbel and the legend "Honor et Mortis"; It was as if animated, as if endowed with a life that peeped furtively behind the symbolic form; once again I drew my hand towards the mirror, noting with astonishment that I could now pierce the surface; I reached therefore to the Sword with the intention of

but when I touched it, it suddenly transformed itself and also jumped towards me, entered me, moved deep inside Myself; but this time it was not a spider but a lady, the most beautiful that I have ever seen. ever conceived, comparable only to the Uncreated Beauty of the Virgin of Agartha, who re-entered Myself, and whom I saw only furtively, as She allowed Her Eternal Life to be perceived under the symbolic, Vrunic Vesture of the Wise Sword; in that nuptial instant, on seeing Her for the first and last time in life, I cried out without knowing why, "I have found You again!"; and She kissed Me as She passed by,

losing myself in the Infinite Blackness of Myself, and leaving me in an indescribable ecstasy, more icy than ever, harder than ever, more complete than ever: Ice Stone, Stone Man, Kâlibur Woman, Wise Sword, Kâli; OH Kâli! "OH Kâli!", I murmured, as Uncle Kurt entered and transported me to the bitter reality of the Cerrillos funeral. It was hard for me to regain my lucidity after that vivid dream (The Mystery of Belicena Villca pages 719 and 720).

Did you see how Dr. Siegnagel transmuted himself into Siddha Berserker, into vajra stone without the need to ceremony, neither as a tirdodal pontiff (he himself was already a pontiff) nor as a ritual of the tantra kaula of the five challenges? EVERYTHING CAME TO HIM BY HIMSELF, ALL THE NECESSARY GNOSIS CAME FROM HIS UNBREAKABLE WILL TO RETURN TO THE ORIGIN AND TO BE WHAT HE REALLY IS, THAT IS, FROM HIS STRUGGLE AGAINST THE CREATED SOUL.

Why didn't the good Doctor leave immediately for Valhalla?

Because he had to stay to fulfil a mission.

What is this mission?

His mission and that of all who read and believe in The Belicena Villca Charter and those who read, understand and accept the FSH is as follows:

That's the real reason for the big manoeuvre, neffe! That you should approach those who are waiting, in the

right time, at the kairos of the Final Battle!

That is the spiritual significance of this whole series of coincidences: to bring the Sign of Origin closer to the That's the real reason for the great manoeuvre, neffe! That you should approach those who are waiting, at the right moment, in the kairos of the Final Battle!

That is the spiritual significance of this whole series of coincidences: to bring the Sign of Origin closer to the kairos of the Final Battle! (The Mystery of Belicena Villca page 657).

"To bring the Sign of the Origin closer to the kairos of the Final Battle" or in other words: "To bring sleeping men into contact with the Gods" or in other words: "To bring the sleeping men into contact with the Gods" or in other words: "To bring the sleeping men into contact with the Gods":
"To locate the chosen ones and prepare them initiatively to face the end of history with honour" AND THAT IS WHAT IS INDEFECTIVELY BEING DONE IN ACCORDANCE WITH THE WILL OF THE GODS.
BY READING THE MAGIC NOVEL AND THE FSH, the doubts, opinions, reflections, different points of view, coincidences and questions that the viryas ask themselves in the thousand and one sites and forums of internet about the SH, they mean nothing, THE IMPORTANT THING IS THAT THE NOVEL AND FSH ARE BEING READ BY THOSE WHO SHOULD READ THEM.

Does the Tyrodal Order currently exist now that the pontiff has disincarnated and gone to Valhalla and disbanded the Order?

Does the III Reich exist today or must we await the advent of the IV Reich? There will be no Fourth Reich because the Third Reich REMAINS, it has not been defeated militarily and will strike back.

Which reality should we believe in, the reality of the dead führer in Berlin or the reality of the living führer in the Antarctic oases and in Agartha?

The same is true of Nimrod of the Rosary and the Tyrodal Order:

Which reality should we believe in, the reality of the dead pontiff and the dissolved Order or the reality of the disembodied pontiff and the existing but invisible Order?

The Order and the pontiff REMAIN and their mission is being carried out and today as yesterday, those who read, accept and understand the FSH belong to the Order.

The Order REMAINS but only the Siddhas know who is in it and how its mission is being carried out, even if the very members who are carrying out that mission do not know it.

TWO INVALUABLE TIPS FROM KURT VON SÜBERMANN:

1 On the FSH reading:

According to Konrad Tarstein, in order to receive the Hyperborean Initiation I had to purify myself first. To this end he introduced me to the marvellous knowledge which is the Hyperborean Wisdom. But, I must

To be clear, this teaching does not constitute mere knowledge, information suspended in memory to be used in rational judgements. On the contrary, Tarstein recommended not memorising in the least and, if possible, forgetting what had been discussed, for the aim of the instruction was to awaken the Blood Memory, a phenomenon that could only be achieved if the knowledge acquired acted gnostically on the primordial hyperborean strain that constitutes the Divinity of the virya (the Mystery of Belicena Villca p.552).

That is to say, all those involved in the operation, or in its secrecy, including the Führer, were awaiting my Initiation, waiting for the moment when I would become spiritually aware of the Key of the Sign and they would be able to explain the mission in Asia to me. I don't think I have ever felt such shame as I did then: I, the stupid and arrogant apprentice Initiate, had wasted months, precious months, trying to delve rationally into the Hyperborean Wisdom of the Black Order; at last, realising that I was going down a blind alley, that I was prey to a trap of logic, I sought in my Spirit the ultimate Truth which reason, and rational knowledge, denied me; And so I propitiated the Initiatic Kairos, according to the confirmation of it by the Initiates of the Black Order; then I was Initiated and Konrad Tarstein explained to me the character of the mission (The Mystery of Belicena Villca p. 561). 561)

2 On the person of the Pontiff:

But the Hyperborean Initiation, which is the First of the three that require spiritual liberation and the Return to the Origin," Oskar continued, "can only be administered by one who exhibits the Second. Initiation, that is, by a Hyperborean Pontiff. Nimrod is, therefore, a Hyperborean Pontiff. How he obtained his Second Initiation, no one knows, but you and I know very well that only the Unknown Supernals, the Lords of Venus, the Hyperborean Gods grant it. Naturally, in order to fulfil his mission, this Initiate has prefabricated for himself as consistent a past as possible, using his irresistible power over the illusory structure of reality. But this is of no interest to us: his past, and the contradictions that can be proved in it, are of interest only to the Enemy. For We, Dear Kurt, the certain, the undeniable, is that your Wisdom comes from an unimpeachable Source: the Lords of Agartha". (The Mystery of Belicena Villca pp. 473 and 474)