The Crucifixion of Wotan

How the Great Ásur came to be hung from the Tree is, in truth, a

long and ancient story that is recorded in another part of the Sa cred Book. There it is told that Wotan, knowing of the terrestrial

descent protagonized by the Lord of Venus, wanted to accompany

him in His endeavor. It was the Days of Atlantis and the Great

Venusian was coming to put an end to the tyranny that the Trai torous Siddhas had implemented over the Hyperborean lineages:

the Traitorous Siddhas were operating in the light of day as “Lords

of the Dark Side” and their government was known as the “Synar chy of Horror.” In those days the blood of the Viryas was incessant ly being degraded by mixing with the inferior races, the memory of

the Origin being irremediably lost, while those same Paśu races

were reaching a degree of consciousness hitherto unknown. The

government was wielded by an infamous and bastard race of

blacksmiths who, supported and guarded by the Traitorous Sid dhas, were forming an aristocracy of Kings and Lords before whom

the Hyperborean lineages had to humble themselves. The “smiths”

were boasting of constituting the “Chosen Race of God,” but they

were actually a collective unfoldment of the Demiurge, a kind of

human hive behind which was animating a group soul of planetary

complexion, i.e., a Kumara. We will return to this mystery when we

study the ‘O’ Strategy of the Loyal Siddhas.

In synthesis, the Viryas had lost the capacity to perceive the

Gral, which many millions of years ago had been deposited on

Earth as a concession from Khristos Lúcifer to the Loyal Siddhas, to

be used by them in their ‘O’ Strategy. Since then, the Gral divinizes

the Hyperborean lineages and prevents the Demons from denying

the Origin of Spirit. But, in the days when the Gallant Lord re turned to Earth in order to manifest Himself to the Viryas, the con fusion was so deep and widespread that no one was remembering

the Origin anymore. It was then that Wotan joined Khristos Lúcifer

and received the mission that led Him to crucify Himself on the

World Tree for nine nights. While Wotan was fulfilling his ex traordinary sacrifice, “the sinking of Atlantis” took place, an event

that marked the end of the Synarchy of Horror and signified the

beginning of History for the Hyperborean lineages. Naturally, the

History that began, strategically determined by the action of

Wotan, is only a new version of the Old History, another represen tation of the Ancient Drama, repeated countless times by effect of

that recurrence of the Memory in the Pure Blood of the peoples

that is called: Eternal Return.

But what was the mission of war that Khristos Lúcifer commis sioned and that motivated His decision to lie enchained to the Yg gdrasil Tree? Answer: to endow the Viryas of White Race, the

Aryans, with an arsenal of symbolic weapons with which they

could resign the designs and become independent of the determi nations of the Demiurge. These signs, which would later be known

as Runes, were to enable the White man to resign his environment

and live according to his own law, each one being the legislator and

the judge of his acts, being guided only by Honor, the only morality

of the Hyperborean Virya. Of course, such an a#itude has always

been considered barbaric by “civilized” peoples, i.e., by the involuted

peoples who are governed by the Law of the Demiurge, or of other

Gods who represent him, incapable of coexisting without a law

standardized in codes and sanctioned with rewards and punish ments.

In order to comply with such a mission, it was Wotan who

chained Himself to the World Tree. He did so because He was need ing to comprehend the reason for the enchainment, His own and all

enchainment, before thinking of a way to liberate Himself from it

and of teaching such a way.

No sooner had the Great Ásur enchained Himself, when He felt

that His one eye was beginning to grow cloudy under the effect of

Maya. And, before He could even think of regre#ing His risky ac tion, He experienced in Himself the design of the Demiurge. In ef fect, the designating Aspect of the Demiurge, His Logos, acts un consciously at this stage of the Kaly Yuga because creation is al ready underway, and the entelechial unfolding of the Archetypes is

well advanced. That is why, if an undesignated entity, that is to say,

an “uncreated” entity, “appeared,” just as Wotan “appeared,” then

the Logos would automatically designate it, assigning it a destiny

within the Plan. And, as an effect of that design that was now sig nifying His chains, as a consequence of that fatal impulse given to

His crucifixion, Wotan all at once realized what the life and death

of the Paśu, of the animal-man, and the symbol of its evolutive des tiny, is. He realized that a single symbol represents the evolution of

every Archetype, including the Manu Archetype and its evolutive

replica: the Paśu, and that said symbol could express itself outside,

be communicated to the Viryas, with the Spiral Sign.

That was, therefore, the sign of the enchainment. Then, Wotan

said to Himself, “this accursed sign is the ‘sign of pain.’ ” And with

this name, to this day, the Hyperborean Wisdom denominates the

Spiral Sign, which, as it could not be otherwise, is sacred for Druids

and Jews.

Knowing the Secret of the Demiurge, Wotan was hanging from

the Tree of Terror, trying to penetrate, with his single eye, the Ter rible Secret of Maya and to find the key somewhere that would en able him to break free from His chains, that is to say, the uncreated

sign with which to resign the Sign of Pain. Thus, it is clear that

Wotan was looking in the wrong direction, for the exterior world

could offer him nothing that was not designated by the Demiurge.

Wotan Himself, enchained, was momentarily a victim of the Decep tion, of the fatal and inflexible Law of Deception that governs for

every Virya: no one who is incarnated is born knowing the truth, no

one is born enlightened, neither Wotan nor the Führer nor any oth er Virya; on the contrary, every Virya, Wotan, the Führer, or any

other Virya, at some time in his life has been deceived by the Demi urge; and this law is inevitable because gnosis does not come from

a mere inheritance or from a spontaneous enlightenment, but is

the product of the will to awaken and to be what one is; that is to

say: gnosis comes from the struggle between the eternal Spirit,

manifested in the Virya as the lost Ego, and the soul, that extension

of the Demiurge. While hanging from Yggdrasil, Wotan was a victim

of the Deception and that is why he was looking outward, without

listening to the Voice of the blood, reliving the perpetual drama of

the lost Virya. However, the Great Ásur was able to awaken and

comply with his mission, becoming, since then, the Racial Guide of

all Aryans. In order to find out how he did it, let us consult the Sa cred Tirodal Crystal Book, which He Himself wrote a$er perform ing His feat, in the axiological superobject titled “The Resignation

of Wotan.”

 The Resignation of Wotan

For nine nights the Ásur Wotan was enchained on the Yggdrasil

Tree, which lies “beyond the Boreas,” i.e., Hyperborea. In truth, the

Tree of Terror is Cron, the Ivy of the World, the history of which is

recorded in another axiological superobject and to which only the

most valiant Initiates are capable of contemplating without trem bling with terror.

Wotan was fastened to the Tree with His arms crossed, immobi lized and bleeding from a wound in his side that the coward Loki

inflicted on him, the one who would later be worshipped as the

“God Lugh” by the traitorous people of the Celts. At that time, nei ther Baldr, nor Höðr, nor Víðarr, nor Heimdall, nor the Burgundian

Siegfried had yet been born; there were, then, no kinsmen, no he roes, no Æsir Kameraden who wanted to risk a combat in order to

liberate Wotan. In the walled terrestrial Hyperborea, which is the

Valhalla of Agartha, the Æsir, the Berserker Siddhas, were observ ing from the Ir column the torment of Wotan but they were not

coming to his aid; the Lords of Venus, the Loyal Siddhas, were only

singing the song of immortality, the melody that awakens the nos talgia of Thule and A-mor, the icy fire that was cooling the heart

and defeats death. Outside of Wotan, only mother Frigga was lov ing him enough to a#empt to save him, but her keys were not

matching those locks that were enchaining Him to the Tree of

Death. That is why Frigga was spinning her distaff in the company

of the Norns while She was loving him in silence, wishing to give

birth to blond and strong sons in order to populate the world of

Miðgarðr.

Time was passing and Wotan was irremediably agonizing,

lamenting the design of the Lord of Darkness who had condemned

Him to suffer and die. In that trance, already tired of suffering,

Wotan closed His eye, His single eye that was gazing at the misery

of Miðgarðr, and, O miracle, in His interior He discovered a resplen dent image that was dancing: it was Freya, the Joy of the Spirit,

who until then had been within Wotan without Him knowing it.

When contemplating Her absolute beauty, the Great Ásur longed

for the happy days of Ásgarðr, when Hyperborea was not yet rely ing on the Invulnerable Wall, or the Insurmountable Fence con structed by the Loyal Siddhas: then, the women magi, who were

not outside like mother Frigga but inside like the Virgin Freya, were

tending to the Garden of Apples and were revealing the Mystery of

Time to the warriors coming from other worlds.

So it was that Wotan, parched by an unquenchable thirst for A mor, wished, as never before, to come down from the Yggdrasil Tree

in order to wield the axe and combat the Lord of Darkness and His

hordes of elementarwesen. But His desire was not sufficient, His

will was falling short in order to open the latches of Deception. Be sides that, His eye was no longer looking toward the ashen world

but was spellbound by Freya’s dance. However, all was not lost for

the Great Ásur: his A-mor for Freya saved Him; his A-mor recipro cated by Her who was Pure Grace.

It was She who decided to save Wotan, fighting for Him outside,

sacrificing her divine virginity for A-mor. Thus, when Wotan

opened his waning eye and looked around the Tree of Terror, She

came out through His eye and danced away through the World of

Deception, in search of the key that would set Her Beloved free.

And it came to pass that Wotan, upon seeing Her outside, no longer

found Her beautiful and joyful, but black and terrifying. And He

groaned, shuddering with horror: Kaly! O Kaly!

The Hyperborean Initiates, the awakened Viryas, know what is

meant when it is said that Wotan was not immobile while hanging

from the Yggdrasil Tree: His chains were forcing Him to move per petually, to spin in a spiral. His chains forced him to move perpetu ally, to spin in a spiral, and that is why none of Frigga’s keys could

free Him. Perhaps Freya would have be#er luck and find the real

key; but where to seek it? Perhaps the Siddhas of Venus in Valhalla

would take pity on the valorous Ace and reveal the way to loosen

His chains. Thither came Freya-Kaly, like a lightning bolt from A mor; and not only did She break through the Invulnerable Wall,

but, encouraged by a chorus of Valkyries, She went to the Olden

Burr, the wise constructor of the Insurmountable Fence, and be sought His advice in order to free Wotan from the Yggdrasil Tree.

And Go# Burr, the Primordial Strategist of Hyperborea, assured

Her that the Great Ásur could be freed by Himself, if someone

loved Him enough to give Him the Kalachakra Key. “O, who has the

Kalachakra Key, capable of liberating my Beloved from His circular

crucifixion on the Yggdrasil Tree?” Thus, Freya-Kaly was crying out

to the Loyal Siddhas: She was supplicating to those for whom, since

ever, their Honor is called loyalty, and the Loyal Siddhas responded,

indicating to Her the path that descends to Niflheim, the deepest

infernal region of Hel: there She was to seek and find the abode of

the Traitorous Siddhas, the Dejung city of Deception and Terror,

where the two-faced giant, Jan, guards the Kalachakra Key since

the days in which the bloods of the Earth were mixed and the

Viryas no longer knew how to find the way toward Valhalla.

Indeed, the Loyal Siddhas made to Freya-Kaly a startling revela tion: that which Wotan was seeking, the way to nullify the Sign of

Pain and loosen his restraints to the Yggdrasil Tree, was by no

means an original objective; in truth, millions of years ago the Trai torous Siddhas did the same thing that now Wotan was intending:

they resigned the Sign of Pain and forever altered human destiny;

only their purpose was opposed to that of Wotan, for they were

procuring to enchain the Spirit while the la#er was seeking to lib erate such an enchainment.

“Listen well, O Freya!” added the Immortal Sages of Valhalla, “lest

you commit a strategic error. When you approach the Key-bearer

Jan, you will not be able to do so either from the past or from the

future, for his two faces, like Urðr and Skuld, look toward Time: you

can only take the Kalachakra Key in the present, for at that instant

the Giant Jan is blind. But the present is an almost insignificant in stant for the lost Viryas. Will you, O Beloved of Wotan, be able to

snatch the precious key from the two-faced Key-bearer before he

notices it and strikes you down with his scepter?”

“I will suspend the present by laughing with joy,” affirmed Freya Kaly, “and while I laugh, and the present stands still, I will take the

key that will give freedom to my beloved.”

“You really do know Time and the way to overcome fear!” the

Loyal Siddhas approved in chorus, showing signs of great jubila tion, while joking, “you will put the norn Verðandi to sleep, ha, ha!”

But they immediately continued advising the valorous Goddess:

“Listen to these instructions, O Joy of the Spirit: once you have the

Kalachakra Key in your possession, you must proceed with firm ness and precision to divide it into two parts, using the double axe

that we will here deliver unto you.”

Then the God Thor bestowed Freya with an impressive carved

emerald labrys, of dimensions appropriate to the Goddess’ fist but

no less fearsome and effective.

“The Kalachakra Key,” the Loyal Siddhas were continuing to ex plain, “is an ingenious system that enabled the Traitorous Siddhas

to equilibrate and neutralize the designs of the Demiurge. That is

why it consists of two Complex Signs, united by an iron shank that

one must break: one is the Sign of Pain, which is made up of forty nine plus one signs in relief, distributed around a three-dimension al spiral of decreasing diameter, i.e., of a helicoidal curl; this spiral is

the combination of the key, the key that opens the lock of the spiri tual enchainment, since each one of the forty-nine plus one signs

represent the primordial Words of the Demiurge, the Voices by

which all finite entities were created: every design is made up of

combinations of such signs. The Kalachakra Key is, then, the mas ter key of Creation. But, a#ached to this spiral bit by an iron shank,

is the octagonal handle of the key: inside the octagon, engraved in

relief, is the other sign, the Sign of the Origin that equilibrates and

neutralizes the Sign of Pain (see Figure 85). This Sign is constituted

by thirteen plus three signs called runes: these thirteen enable us

to describe and resign the forty-nine bījas of the Demiurge, and the

remaining three, called Noological Runes, are also used in our ‘O’

Strategy and in the path of individual liberation by ‘Strategic Op position.’ But in the Kalachakra Key, each of both sets of signs are

structurally integrated into a Major Sign that contains them: the

forty-nine plus one in the Sign of Pain and the thirteen plus three

in the Sign of the Origin.”

“Listen carefully, now, O Smile of the Green Ray!” required the

Loyal Siddhas. “If you truly wish to save Wotan, you must break the

Kalachakra Key and bring to Him only the Sign of the Origin, so

that the Great Ásur resigns the Sign of Pain by Himself and de scends from the Yggdrasil Tree, as has been commissioned to Him

by the Great Chief Lúcifer. However, O Graceful One, you will not

abandon the part of the key that contains the Sign of Pain, for you

will need its fi$y signs for the mission of A-mor that you will fulfill

in the Aryan race. Because, O Freya, now that you have come out of

Wotan, everyone knows that you are the Hyperborean Goddess of

A-mor; your remembrance will be plasmated in the blood memory

of the Viryas and they will sing to you with profane voices, in cul tural languages, the ugly sounds of which only please the Lord of

Darkness: you must teach them the Language of the Birds. Look

around you and see what has occurred here, in Valhalla, because of

your graceful presence!” Freya-Kaly looked around and observed in

amazement the brave Berserkers, Lords of War, momentarily aban don the practice of arms in order to join in the Loyal Siddhas’ Song

of A-mor. And She realized that, from then on, that charismatic

Song, which was procuring to awaken and orient the lost Viryas,

would refer to Her, would transmit Her image and the sound of Her

luciferic laughter. And She also knew that, in response to her loving

Viryas, She would have to teach them that A-mor signifies un death, immortality, another way of spiritual liberation, another

Path to Valhalla. “Yes,” affirmed the Loyal Siddhas, “because of You,

the Aryans will know that it is possible to a#ain immortality

through A-mor. But the most important part of your mission, O

Non-Existent Flower, will be to inspire true Poetry. The Poetry of A mor that ices the heart and clears the vision of the Spirit, the Poet ry that is recited with the Voice of the Pure Blood, that which con verts the lost Virya into an awakened one, the awakened one into

an immortal Siddha, the noble one into a King, and the King into a

God. Quite contrary to the poetic ecstasy of the Paśu, which kindles

an inferno in the heart, which clouds reason and casts a veil on the

vision of the soul.”

“Yes,” confirmed the Berserkers, “from this day forward, you will

be the Dame Captain of our celestial cavalry of Wotan’s Wildes

Heer. In your Honor, a daily tournament of knights will be held in

Valhalla, and the aid of Poetry will be maintained as long as the last

of the Aryans remains enchained, so that the true Minnesingers

will also be immortalized in Valhalla, like the warrior-heroes! And

all this will be to Wotan’s pleasure!” roared the bear-men with joy

upon proposing this curious possibility of salvation by means of

the Song of A-mor. But they knew what they were doing because

they were initiated by Khristos Lúcifer, or Apollo, the Lord of Beau ty, and they knew the Beauty of the Uncreated Forms, the Beauty

that only a Minnesinger with the Voice of the Pure Blood can sing.

A Beauty that has nothing to do, of course, with the vile archetypal

forms that the Demiurge created trying to imitate the True worlds.

Upon hearing and seeing all this, Freya, was smiling and radiat ing joy and A-mor like a Golden Sun. . . while two diamantine tears

were rolling down her cheeks, for She was prey to conflicting sen timents. She had already guessed what the Loyal Siddhas would

say to Her next and, in spite of Herself, She shuddered with fright:

She was loving Wotan, who had crucified Himself on the World

Tree in order to obtain the maximum Wisdom, and now, in order to

save Him from the chains that He had imposed on Himself, She

would have to give Herself to other warriors. And, what was worse,

She would have to deceive them, to behave like a harlot. This, which

for now was only a premonition, would not take long to be con firmed by the Siddhas.

“Do not grieve, O Inspiration of the poets! They, the Traitorous

Siddhas, will not A-mor you. They will only take your body; but

their odious touch will not succeed in staining the purity of your

Spirit. Instead, You will put an end to their madness . . . That which

is required of you is a great sacrifice, but, for the good of the Race, it

is necessary that you preserve the archetypal signs that make up

every design: only in this way will the action of Wotan be effective!

Remember that, unfortunately, Mother Frigga taught the Aryans

the Miðgarðr language ‘that gives meaning to the world,’ the lan guage that causes pleasure for the Demiurge, the language founded

in the forty-nine plus one Voices, the secret signs of which are

found plasmated in the Kalachakra Key. You must obtain that ac cursed secret even at the cost of Yourself, O Cheerful Spirit!

“But, you must hasten your departure, for Wotan is in the throes

of death on the Yggdrasil Tree. Here is our last piece of advice,” con cluded the Loyal Siddhas. “If you succeed in snatching the key from

the Giant Jan, do not rush to strike it with the labrys: the emerald

will only cut the iron when the two blades sink at the same time

into the shank, or connection of meaning, which unites the Sign of

Pain with the Sign of the Origin. At first glance this requirement

seems impossible, given that the blades are on parallel lines of the

same plane, but such an impossibility is not real, but a product of

the Veil of Maya: seek the place, seek it without rest, O Freya, where

your strike hits with both sides of the axe at the same time and you

will see how easily the Iron Bond breaks” (see Figure 86).

Instructed in this way by the Loyal Siddhas, the Goddess of A mor le$ Valhalla and set out on Her journey to Niflheim, in search

of Dejung City, the abode of the Traitorous Siddhas. We will omit

the account of that terrifying journey as well as the description of

the scene in which the marvelous Grace of Freya’s laughter stopped

Time and enabled her to snatch the Kalachakra Key from the two faced Giant, Jan. Neither will we narrate her quest for the macro cosmic plane of signification in which the double-axe labrys cuts as

if it were that of a single, a quest that culminated in success when,

with a single stroke, She separated the Primordial Signs. All this

can always be seen in detail by any Virya of Pure Blood, who de cides to transit the Path of Return to the Origin, for its account is

found in the Tirodal Book, the Sacred Book of the Aryans that

every Hyperborean Initiate has the right to read. Here we will con tinue the story at the moment in which Freya-Kaly separates the

Signs with an accurate strike of the emerald labrys.

Freya had the power to transform Herself into a bird. When She

undertook her descent into Niflheim, She decided to adopt that

form, but, as She was outside of Wotan, in her guise of Kaly, the

Black One, She only managed to convert herself into a raven. And

as a raven She descended into Hel, carrying in her talons the fear some labrys; and as a raven She snatched, with Her beak, the

Kalachakra Key from the Giant Jan; and as a raven She came to the

place where She could, at last, separate the Signs.

There, Freya retook her form as Kaly, the Black One, and with a

single stroke of the labrys, separated the Signs, spli#ing the iron

shank of the Kalachakra Key. And here is what then occurred.

Kaly, always dancing, cut the Iron Bond of the Kalachakra Key,

taking, with one of her four le$ hands, the octagonal handle with

the Sign of the Origin. She also wanted to take, with one of her four

right hands, the Sign of Pain, but the la#er broke up on the spot,

separating, and irremediably falling to the ground, the seven revo lutions of the spiral. Each one of such open coils was engraved with

seven archetypal signs that were representing seven Aspects of

Manu. The Traitorous Siddhas, constituting a Mystery that it is

hardly possible to suggest symbolically, sustain the signed spiral by

acting as if they were universal Archetypes, i.e., as if they were

demiurgic ideas that unfold upon the lower planes from the ar chetypal plane. Thus, from Dejung, or Chang Shambhala, the seven

Traitorous Siddhas permanently support a spiral ring on the

Kalachakra Key, maintaining the evolution of the human races by

the technique of “spiritual enchainment.” It should be noted here

that, at the moment of its fracture, the Kalachakra Key was re placed by an identical one in the hand of the Key-bearer Jan: the

Traitorous Siddhas could not permit the impudent a#itude of

Wotan and Freya to affect their Strategy any longer. However, sev en of them, those who at that time were sustaining the signed coils

of the spiral, were decapitated by Kaly and will never again, for the

rest of the manvantara, be able to return to the Universe of The

One. Let us see how this occurred.

Upon the seven coils of the spiral separating, an extraordinary

wonder occurred: each coil, with its seven signs, underwent a sud den metamorphosis and was transformed, before Kaly’s eyes, into a

seven-headed Giant. They were the Traitorous Siddhas in their

Manu expressions! That is why each of the seven heads, of the sev en Giants, slept a sleep that brought to life the designated races

and sub-races in order to evolve at the cost of the enchainment of

the Hyperborean Spirits. And it was then when Kaly decided, for

the first time, to convert Herself into a prostitute and assassin.

She awoke and gave Herself to each one of the Giants, but, in the

supreme instant of orgasm, one by one she decapitated, with the

labrys, those forty-nine senseless heads. The perdition of the Trai torous Siddhas came from their unbridled passion for the body of

the woman of flesh; and by the ignorance or forgetfulness of the

magical Hyperborean A-mor, which is only taught by Agartha’s

Loyal Siddhas of Valhalla. In another section, as an Appendix, will

be given a detailed explanation of the tantric path of the magical A mor, from the Western Virya’s point of view.

Each one of the forty-nine skulls was strung by Kaly on a silver

thread, or sutratma, which hung like a necklace around Her black

neck. And on the forehead of each skull was one of the forty-nine

signs that were representing the primordial bījas pronounced by

the Demiurge, the Words with which all the existing finite entities

were created and designated. It was a great treasure, that which

Wotan would receive from the hands of Freya-Kaly! The value en closed in that first round of skulls of Kaly’s necklace can be be#er

evaluated if one considers that the “Sacred Races” of the Demiurge,

for example the Hebrew, have never received, as a revelation, more

than twenty-one plus one signs, i.e., the Power of three seven-head ed Giants. The forty-nine plus one signs of the necklace of Kaly, on

the other hand, will enable whoever knows and is capable of runi cally re-signing, to interpret any design and to exercise power and

dominion over any entity of the micro or macrocosm.

Having fulfilled Her mission successfully, Freya-Kaly prepared to

return to Miðgarðr, to the Yggdrasil Tree where Wotan had hung for

eight nights: on the ninth night, He could free himself thanks to

the secret that His Beloved would reveal to Him, His Beloved who

had fought for Him in the darkest regions of Niflheim, where the

Traitorous Siddhas dwell. With the purpose of returning in the

same form in which She had descended, Freya-Kaly once again

transformed Herself into a bird, finding to Her surprise that, in stead of a mysterious raven, She was now converted into a curious

partridge. And so it was that Freya-Kaly abandoned the infernal

regions clad in the form of the brownish-gray partridge, this time

carrying in Her beak the labrys, and in Her claws, the eight-pointed

star with the Sign of the Origin.

Then the Joy of the valiant and sweet Freya was tragically dis turbed: on arriving at the Yggdrasil Tree, bringing the symbolic key,

which would enable Her Beloved to free Himself from His crucifix ion, She found to her horror that He had just expired. His single

eye, through which Freya had first came out from into the world,

was now lifelessly reposing, perhaps forever. Wotan had known, at

last, the Mystery of Death, the fatal conclusion of the human de sign. But Freya could no longer penetrate through his eye and give

him the saving Sign.

In despair, still in her partridge form, the Goddess of A-mor was

flying around the lifeless body that, with head fallen on right

shoulder, was hanging from the Tree of Terror. Without resigning

Herself to accepting the fact that Wotan was really dead, Freya Partridge was looking for a way to enter Him, to animate Him with

Her own Spirit: She was wishing to protagonize the miracle of re viving Her Beloved in order to tell Him: “I have done it! Here is the

Sign that will enable you to loosen the chains of the World Tree!”

But time was passing and Wotan’s eye was still closed, and Freya Partridge was flying in circles without knowing what to do.

In that trance, Freya’s longing was directed to the Loyal Siddhas

of Valhalla, to the Wise Æsir who, surely, would be observing Her

misfortune by way of the Ir column. It was that of Freya-Partridge,

a musical cry, expressed in the Language of the Birds; and the re sponse of the Æsir was consistent when, like a ray of light, the

crowing of the cock revealed to Her the path to follow; if there was

still a remnant of life in the body of Wotan, it was escaping through

the wound in his side, that which Loki inflicted on him with the

spear: through there Freya-Partridge was to enter in order to resur rect her Beloved! But, following this path, the only possible one

now that Wotan had died, Freya-Partridge would have to leave out side the eight-pointed star with the Sign of the Origin and the

labrys, material objects, finite entities proper to the exterior world,

of Miðgarðr. Then, how to reveal to Wotan the secret that so much

effort, so much struggle, so much pain, had cost to obtain? Freya

decided in an instant: She would return to the bosom of Wotan

converted into a bird, into a partridge, and when She was in front

of the manifestation of His Spirit, in front of his Ego, She would

express for her Beloved the Sign of the Origin. Yes, to save Her

Beloved, Freya-Partridge would dance and sing the Sign of the Ori gin, converting Herself into the symbol itself!

Without further thought, Freya dropped the labrys and the

eight-pointed star and precipitated Herself through the wound in

His side, from which was still flowing abundant blood. And when

that Strength through Joy, which was Freya, penetrated into

Wotan’s exsanguinated body, He revived on the spot in order to be

reunited with His Beloved. But, before continuing with Freya and

Wotan, let us see what occurred with the objects that fell to Mið garðr.

At that time, in the world, the social crisis that accompanied the

sinking of Atlantis was unleashed: two of the three castes that

made up Atlantean society, the warrior caste and the priestly caste,

were locked in an all-out war; the priestly caste was supported by

the Traitorous Siddhas and the warrior caste by the Loyal Siddhas.

In the midst of this conflict came to fall the objects that Freya-Par tridge, released before nuptially re-integrating with Wotan: the

emerald labrys did not touch the ground because the priests inter cepted it in the air and, giving displays of great joy, incorporated it

into their own Strategy; since then it contributes, archetypally, to

perpetuate the fable of the “spiritual superiority” that the priestly

caste would hold over the warrior caste.

The Atlantean warriors, on the other hand, did not act in time, as

they were caught up in combat, and allowed the eight-pointed star

to fall to the ground. As a consequence of this negligence, the Hy 757

perborean Aryans, guided by Wotan, would take thousands of years

to reach the Externsteine, in Teutoburger Wald, which is the place

where fell that half of the Kalachakra Key conquered by Freya

from the Traitorous Siddhas. Naturally, because of the fall, the star

fractured, producing an “archetypal explosion,” thousands of times

more powerful than the atomic explosion, since the la#er only dis integrates while the former disintegrates and integrates again,

plasmating lasting and stable forms. The Sign of the Origin decom posed, then, into its thirteen plus three runes and these signs defin itively altered the landscape, the “psychoregion,” of Teutoburger

Wald, since they were plasmated in the rocks of the Externsteine;

and they are still there. That is why in such a Germanic site, one of

the most sacred places on Earth, there will forever be a nexus with

Valhalla and Venus.

To all this, Freya-Partridge, within the body of Wotan, of the

menschlichen Mikrokosmos, had to seek the Spirit of Wotan in a

region equivalent to the Niflheim of the gö"lichen Makrokosmos.

In that region of darkness, the astral world where the souls of the

dead await judgement in order to again return to life, Wotan was

experiencing in His own flesh the most demented and sinister as pect of human destiny: a destiny designated by the Demiurge for

the Paśu, but also shared by the Hyperborean Spirits because of

the White Treason. But, despite the terrible deviation in which He

was plunged, Wotan had a spark of lucidity when suddenly recog nizing the Joy of Freya in front of Him. She, on the other hand,

lamented when seeing the deep reverie that Her Beloved was suf fering and proposed to awaken Him immediately; to do so, She be gan to dance the Sign of the Origin, the dance of the labyrinth that

only a Kaly-woman can perform when she converts herself into a

partridge. And Wotan, who no longer knew who or where He was,

upon contemplating, spellbound with joy, that primordial dance,

suddenly knew, with exactitude, without possibility of error, where

He had to go in order to find Himself, to recover the Vril and to un chain His Spirit, and to unchain Himself from the Yggdrasil Tree.

From there on, He did not care to transit through the nine tun nels of the labyrinth that connect the seven worlds of the Demi urge, and He did not care because He was marching with His mind

set on Her and because She was dancing for Him the Dance of the

Return to the Origin. And He did not mind because He marched

with his mind set on Her and because She danced for him the

Dance of the Return to the Origin. What importance did those

momentary advances and retreats have if He would finally reach

the center, the center of the Sign of the Origin, Tirodal? For from

the center of the labyrinth, where the paths conclude at the right

angle of Tirodal, is the passage toward the Selbst, the window to

the Spirit and the Vril, the Path of Agartha, the Door of Venus.

Finally, a$er hanging nine nights from the Tree of Terror, a$er

dying and being reborn, Wotan found in the Sign of the Origin,

which is comprised of thirteen plus three runes, the knowledge

sufficient for inverting the process of spiritual enchainment and

strategically reorienting the Hyperborean Spirits, the reverted Spir it-spheres. He proved it by chaining Himself, by crucifying Himself

on the Yggdrasil Tree, and freeing Himself by stopping the Wheel of

Time through the secret of the Kalachakra Key. A$er realizing such

a luciferic feat, Go# Wotan took it upon Himself to guide the

Aryans toward the runes, i.e., toward the Externsteine, toward

Thule, toward Valhalla, Agartha, Venus, Hyperborea . . . A Path that

can only be transited with weapons in hand and ice in the heart.