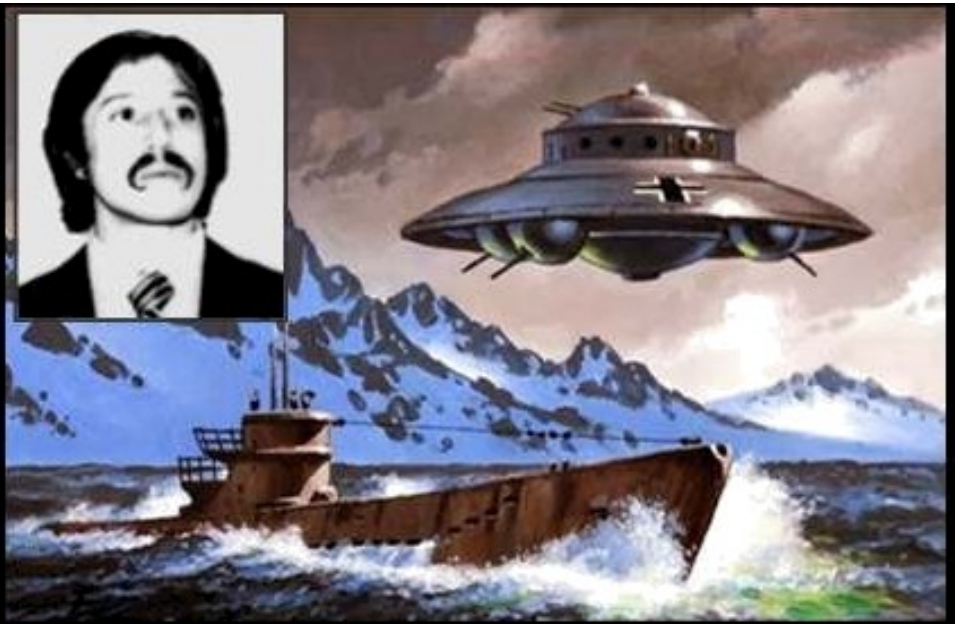
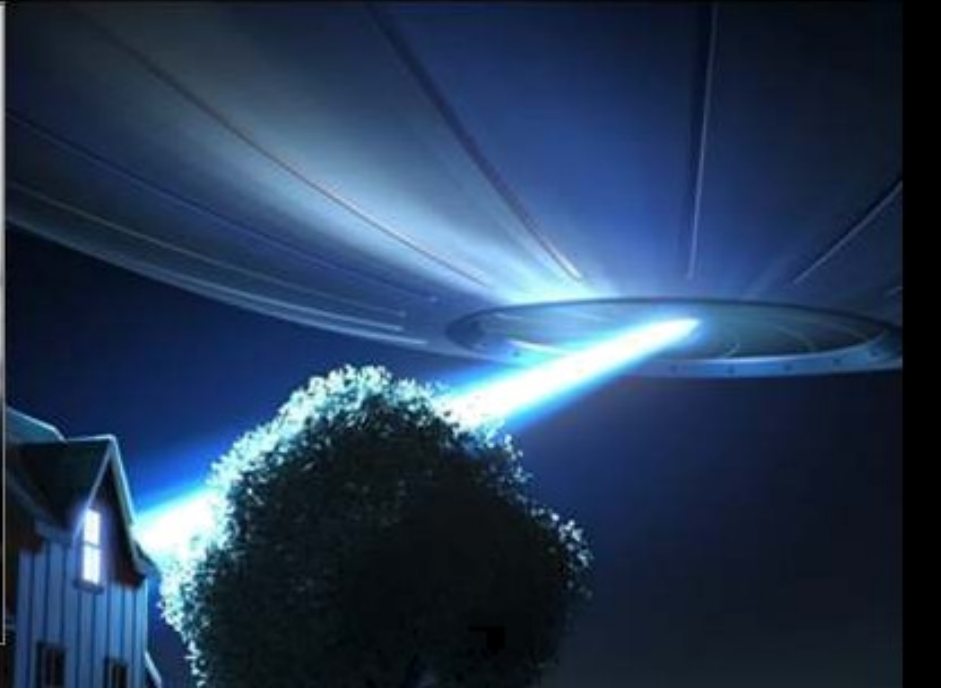


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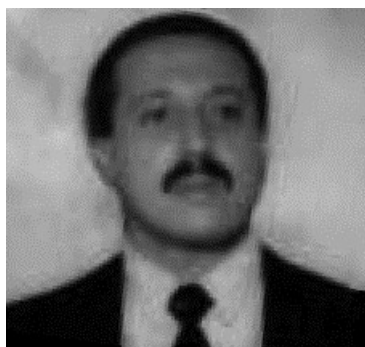
EL RELATO DE MARIA

The Mystery of the son that 'the Extras' gave to Argentina and whose work is a legacy of liberation for all humanity





Rosalía with her son Felipe



STORY - PART 1

THE MYSTERY IS REVEALED:

"MARIA HAD A CHILD WHO WAS HALF EARTHLING AND HALF ALIEN"

The incredible interstellar event that caused earthly wrath due to the birth of an extraterrestrial child.

I will begin by recounting my experiences, how and why I came to have them, but I will not dwell on stormy or scandalous situations. I will only say that [the extraterrestrials](#) came to my house (in 1964) after midnight, after announcing their arrival throughout the day, making it clear that they came in peace and that I should not be afraid. They told me that they had to make a Revelation to me. The "Revelation" was that [my son](#) was half Earthling and half alien. (In that year, 1964, Maria was about 34, and her son was about 18).

I had been widowed for four years (in 1960), after being married for 15 years. Because my mother was dying, she betrothed me on 28 October 1945 to a young man from the oligarchy, Rubén Darío Moyano, whom I married on 24 November; I was 15 years old. On 28 October of the following year, [my son](#) (Luis Felipe) was born.

Well, they came at midnight and made that "revelation" to me. The next day, we talked about it with [my son](#), and to my surprise, he said, 'I already knew, I was expecting them.' I told him about the revelation, and he said, 'I know how they did it.' 'How do you know?' I asked, and he said, 'If they sent me to write a book, how could I not know? Just keep me in the loop and when they take you, pay close attention to everything; how they come, how they enter, where they take you, how they dress.' I said, 'They told me they had 'mental transmission, thought capture and mental domination', a 'little paint' (!). They told me they needed me to carry out a mission, but that first they would take away some of my senses and, in exchange, give me others. Like improving my mood, taking away my fear, making me docile, taking away my ability to analyse, reason, etc...

I continued, [my son](#) insisted that I be alert and watch them, and I said to him, "Yes, when they want me to, since they control my mind, and I can see, hear, walk, but sometimes they immobilise me, either by numbing my tongue, or when they want me to speak, and when they don't, I can't," and [my son](#) said to me, "I already know that. How they proceed, how they act with you, that's what I want to know." No one better than him to know.

I explained to him that sometimes I was lying down, sleeping, and it was as if, with a pulse or mentally, it seemed as if a magnet was lifting me up, and I, like an automaton, got up. One day, I was able to experience it very clearly. At [my son's](#) insistence, I realised that I would open the door that was locked, and they would come in through the dining room. [My son](#) slept in the bedroom, so he never



He woke up; I would say they put him to sleep. On one occasion, they searched everything, from Felipe's electronics workshop, and took a radar lamp that [my son](#) had. In the morning, when he checked, he noticed that it was missing. I looked, because they told me they had come in peace, and when I opened the door, I thought, "Ah, it's the boys..." but this time they came with some little dwarves, no more than 50 centimetres tall, wearing little nylon buses, butter-coloured, with a hood that covered their heads and ears, leaving their faces exposed. Their faces were butter-coloured, verging on ash, a kind of field mushroom, I don't know was sweating. They were the ones who turned everything upside down.

They had a kind of radio about 20 cm wide and 30 cm high with a small antenna; they put it on a sideboard and when I wasn't looking, I tried to take it away from them. One of the little men took a kind of gun from his waist and sprayed me with a liquid that vaporised. I started jumping and screaming because I was freezing, and I said to the ones who had brought them, who were physically like us Earthlings, "Didn't you say you came in peace?" And they said they thought I wanted to take the device away from them, and I said, "Yes, I wanted to take it away because [my son](#) asked me to."

I wanted something from you to prove that you were really there," and they told me that they would check it at the appropriate time, and they left; and I felt a chill. What I thought at the time was that this must be how fire extinguishers work (?), forgive my ignorance.

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The first time they came, they said, 'How's it going, Maria?'; that's my nickname, and I thought, how do they know that? I asked them. They told me they had known me since before I was born, and I said to myself, "Yes, how stupid of me to ask," "Not only that," they said, "We've always been watching you!" I was no stranger to them. Yes, I always felt like I was being watched.

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I continued in the morning, as my son insisted on asking why they didn't want to contact him... "Of course, because I'm a technician, because they won't pass me, but they make you look good and paint you the way 'they' want you to be! Why don't they take me?"

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I'll tell you an anecdote:

When my son was attending technical school, where he was studying electronics, one day they called me to a meeting. I went, since they had only called me. The engineers and teachers were there, and I figured it wasn't good news. Imagine my surprise when they told me not to send him to the technical school anymore. I asked them, "Why?" and they replied, "Because your son doesn't need to be taught; he learns on his own." I said, "Yes, what's really happening is that you can't stand him anymore and you're using that as an excuse." And they said, offended, "How could we do that?" To which I replied, "Haven't you heard of child prodigies?" And they said, "Yes, don't tell me he's a child prodigy, because I'll laugh from now until tomorrow." - And they say to me: - "Well, start because he is, but don't tell anyone because you'll lose him, let him grow up normally," and they say to me: "Why waste money? Don't you work so that he can study? It's so that he doesn't have to sacrifice himself to a bad habit."

So I said to myself, "What do I do now?" And I read in the newspaper that a **degree** course in **Public Relations** was starting. I told my son, with the clipping in my hand, "Go and sign up for this." When my son read it, he grabbed me by the shoulders and said, "Come here, old woman, come sit down, let's talk. Tell me, have you gone crazy? How am I going to go to that course? Can't you see it says, 'For students with a high school diploma'?" For students with a high school diploma?" And I said, "What do you care? You go, sign up, and that's it." He went, signed up, and was so surprised that there were professionals, businesspeople, students with high school diplomas, and he was the youngest and the only one who knew anything, who raised his hand, who gave answers. Once he said to me, "Mom, how did you know I knew?" End of story.

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I continued, and immediately afterwards, as it had been drizzling during the night, he said to [me](#): "Let's see where they're coming from," and he said: "Today, today, look!" On the damp ground were the footprints of the dwarves and normal ones. He followed them and they ended up next to a hundred-year-old olive tree where [my son](#) used to sit, because when he opened his arms upwards, which were as thick as a two-litre milk jug, they formed a perfect seat at the base. The trunk was so thick that not even three men could embrace it. The incomprehensible became understandable, because, as time went by, we learned why they suspended the ship in the air above the olive tree, not to climb, because they made a "chup" sound, and rise up, they entered and closed the hatch, "chaf," and moved on to something else. **The olive tree was a source of spiritual energy**, and I believe that everything about [them](#) is based on energy. Well, [my son's](#) curiosity satisfied, he left for work.

On one occasion, I was able to explain to [my son](#) that [they](#), [the "Extras,"](#) let [me](#) speak if they think it is appropriate. Otherwise, of the countless times they [have taken me away](#)... Logically, they leave in your memory what they think is convenient, and what isn't, they erase, or else, you are totally unable to speak, because your tongue is numb; you can see, walk, hear, but not speak (many husbands would like to know "the secret"). In this account, I explained that they told [me](#) they had mind control, thought transmission, and "mental domination". Just by looking at you, they use these powers when they see fit, and depending on the case, with a pulse, and partial or total domination, which is the most classic thing they do, hence they say, "she's paralysed!" I would say, unable to move this or that limb or sense, it is systematic, effective for the different tasks they have to perform. I am not saying that it is right or wrong, I am only limiting [myself](#) to what [I](#) was told to do, since years ago [I](#) was forbidden to talk about the subject. Today, they suggest that I write about it, and I am doing so, without removing or adding anything. I believe that the key points with which this plot will unfold are now clear.

Well, I will continue with my pregnancy, which was certainly "embarrassing." On one occasion, [I](#) realised that I was on a stretcher. There were three doctors in white coats, three on each side of the stretcher, six in total, including both men and women. The stretcher was on the floor, and I was looking up at them from the ground.

One of them made a "trac, trac..." sound with his foot and raised the stretcher up to their height, and from there I don't know anything else, because they put [me](#) to sleep, and I don't think it was with anaesthetic. The doctors were all terrestrial. Another time, they had [me](#) sitting in a chair and there were also three on each side of me, and they were digging around, and I don't know what they were doing to my head, I couldn't feel anything, like they were running their hands through my hair and touching my skull, like the other time, no pain, but I was stiff while they did their thing.

They told me, "We're going to take you to show you something." [They took me](#) to a place across [Antarctica](#). At that moment, I looked down from the "ship" and saw the Antarctic ice, the deep, hellish crevasses with no end in sight. What surprised [me](#) was the terrifying silence, and I think that's what it must be like on other planets, or on the Moon, which even then (in [July 1969](#)) had not been visited by Armstrong, Collins and Aldrin, the three [American](#) astronauts. I think about this today, but at the time it was all unknown to me.



I would like to point out something that has intrigued [me](#) until today. It was the first time [they took me](#) across [Antarctica](#): I was distracted from the ship, contemplating that captivating, spectacular landscape, [my](#) eyes drinking it all in, so many things awakening my curiosity, as I didn't know if they would take me back. I was so absorbed that I lost track of my surroundings, or perhaps they did it on purpose, because I noticed that the ship was moving towards a huge slope, with plenty of room to slide down it, which was covered and compact on both sides, like entering between two mountains. Either I was distracted or they played a trick on [me](#) or induced a distraction, because I saw the slope, steep, and then I don't know if it went into a precipice, nor do I know how deep it was, since the slope is imperceptible. What I do know is that I suddenly found myself in front of what I called "Paradise". This is remarkable: there was no sun, no artificial light, yet the illumination was total, it was a divine light, like that of the "Aura", but everything radiated a spiritual halo that did not hurt the eyes, like the whiteness of [Antarctic](#) ice, which is rather harsh. I would say it is a heavenly illumination. And of course, finding myself at that depth, with that almost unreal spectacle, I was dazzled, stunned, I would almost say that they were scrutinising my reaction, and well, if they were watching, they must have acknowledged it.

I continued, looking inside the ship, which was completely compact, with electronic or energy boards, buttons, lights, and all kinds of devices that displayed numbers. We arrived and I thought, if paradise really existed, this must be it, the greenery, the exotic plants, it was an oasis in the middle of ice, the temperature was mild, there were lakes, what I didn't see were animals, but if this was paradise, it should only be home to snakes, and therefore cobras. I saw a bus in the air at the height where they put the power lines here.



They dropped me off in a large field. I almost went crazy. It was flat grass, despite the ground having small mounds about 30 cm high. The grass was partly pink, almost a faded lilac, and partly yellow, verging on egg yolk, also faded, and sky blue. I threw [myself](#) down and began to roll around, overcome by a feeling of happiness, a voluptuous ecstasy, a madness I had never experienced before, of feeling... close to the sky, without weight, without a guilty conscience, like a baby, a being free of the burdens of this world, light as a leaf, without guilt of my own or of others, a heavenly state; and suddenly [the "Extra"](#) after letting [me](#) frolic, said to [me](#): *"Come, I'll show you something,"* and took [me](#) to some enormous, let's call them pools, and said: *"You see, this is what we feed on."*

It was a type of moss, I would say, if I had to classify it. I think it was chickweed, from what I know. It's like a moss that's a bit saw-toothed and can be eaten in salads. They call it "chlorella," the moss.

Then I asked him, "And how do you eat it?" and he said, "Come, I'll show you the fridge." The fridge for them, for me, was the square space that would be our kitchen, with the walls covered with coolers, and in the middle, a long, milk-coloured marble table, about 4 m. and on one side, like a counter, but also made of marble, he opened the cabinet and took out several jars, and told me that this was how they prepared it, one in powder form, another with molasses, another granulated, and he said to me: "And for the gluttons, who can't go without chewing, in the shape of rosettes". Like our pisingallo corn, or pororo. And he said to me: "The moss is called 'Chlorella', it has the vitamins needed for subsistence." I should mention that in that kitchen, where the refrigerators were, there was no tableware whatsoever, nothing at all. The refrigerators had the same doors as ours, but they were metal-coloured, and the walls, what little was uncovered, were covered with white or cream-coloured tiles. Of course, I didn't see the sky, because when I looked up, I saw what I already described: a bus travelling through the air. I should mention that the 'Extra' who was briefing me on everything was wearing a black jumpsuit that looked like shark skin because it was sweaty or damp, unlike the first two times they came to my house, when they wore jackets and trousers.

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After these incursions, they would deposit me at my house, and by deposit I mean that they would lift me up in their arms and leave me on my bed. It took me a few minutes to regain the use of my body and be able to move. Only then did the immobility they had deliberately induced in me disappear, and when I managed to move, I started crying out of helplessness, out of not being able to move my body dynamically, to jump out of bed and see him leave me. What infinite anguish! It is uncontrollable despair. I don't want to be here anymore, after seeing and knowing that there is another reality that is nothing like this one, one of indescribable peace.

What is my feeling of helplessness, a loneliness that encompasses my entire being, an emptiness, empty of space, of time, as if I were alone in this world. Why? It is a need to no longer be, to not want to be like in an immense desert, an ocean, stretching out my arms and perceiving nothing, as if I had been emptied inside, feeling hollow, not knowing what to do, since I was taken out of my world, or the world I had created for myself.

(Editor's note: Having read Luis Felipe's book, we can assume that what María felt is the nostalgia of the Spirit (which is her) for her world, which is not this one, this Material World, in which we are prisoners).

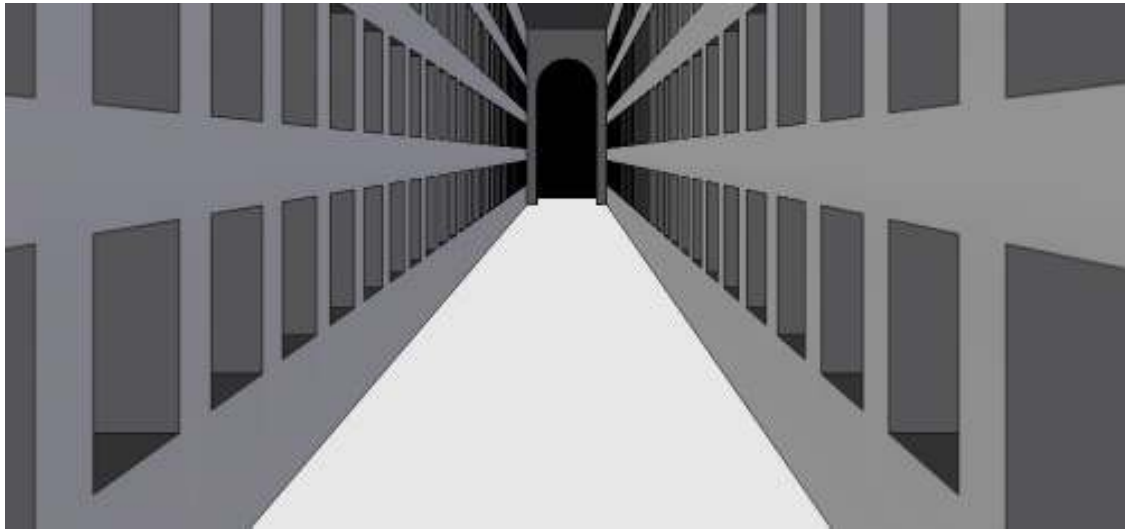
How am I today? My life changed from the moment they visited me, and then they took me away and showed me another reality. I would almost say that that is reality, and here on Earth we are prisoners, with no possibility of leaving. That is why thinking minds want to escape, upwards, and that's when They connect and try to make us see reality, (the truth) that was hidden from us. I wonder, is there another reality? It is dramatic to explain, to be explained, and to be understood in its proper measure. Let's say, for example, that I must have been on certain occasions, call it what you will, up or down, it is a reality totally different from the one I "normally" inhabit. (Then) I ask myself, what is the real reality? ... It is totally disturbing. Just think about it: in a matter of minutes or seconds, after having ventured into an unknown dimension, I must immediately reinsert myself into my current world, continue with the rhythm and daily tasks, with the rest of humanity... ..it is unsettling, not to mention disturbing, to contemplate the change in structures and landscapes just like that. It is like being in another unfamiliar city that is not familiar to you.

For more than 50 years, I have experienced these phenomena, and now that we have reached the year 2000, everything must be clarified, specified, and reported. Nothing should remain hidden, as the moment of truth has arrived. This is my truth. I speak only of what I know and have seen. I cannot speak, nor should I, about what I do not know or have not seen. I want to make it clear that I am not trying to influence anyone. I am simply recounting and describing what I am being asked to detail, specify, and report, which was revealed to me at the time to be disclosed on this occasion.

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I will continue on another occasion. (In the winter of 1969) they took me and said, "Come, we will show you something." I found myself inside a place where there was a large roll of barbed wire surrounding the wall, and the "Extra" said to me, "Come, I will show you something." I followed him and we stopped next to a reinforced door, like those in banks, curved at the top in a half-moon shape.

combination lock and large bolts, turns it until it opens, and says to me: *"Come in, come in."* And it was a large hallway, or rather a tunnel, with no end in sight, on either side of the wall, and from wall to wall, it was about 2 metres wide. There were beds, like bunk beds, but built into the wall, four stories high. There were blond boys wearing only briefs, with blond hair on their chests, arms and legs, and physiques I had never seen before, physiques that cannot be achieved with exercise, unless with anabolic steroids, or I don't know what.



They were all the same, like clones, I would say between twenty and twenty-five years old, their eyes were closed, so I said: *"Are they dead?"* and he said: *"No, they're asleep, but watch out when they wake up,"* and he said: *"Let's go,"* and before leaving he manipulated something on the wall that maintained the room temperature.

We left and the "Extra" followed us for a few metres. There was a kind of counter with a sentry box, about three or four metres long. He saluted the man at the counter and said, *"General, what shall we do with her? Shall we take her upstairs or downstairs?"* And the General replied, *"No, downstairs. Put her on the bed and leave the light on."* As we walked, I looked around. It was like a barracks, everyone was dressed in military uniforms with caps, and each soldier was moving around, going up to other soldiers and handing them internal reports from the institution. But I saw that they weren't like our soldiers, and I asked the "Extra", *"What is this?"* He replied, *"A barracks."* I said, *"No, the place where we are."* and he said, *"Berlin."* I took one last look at everything and saw that the uniforms were a different colour, and the caps were different. I don't remember anything else... and I saw him carrying me in his arms, putting me on the bed and wanting to turn on the lamp as the General had instructed him, and he clicked and clicked, pulling on a chain of metal balls that was on the lamp, but it was broken and only on the third "click" did it turn on. I looked at him motionless and he hurried to leave, and as soon as he crossed the doorway, he immobilised me, as if my immobility had been cut, I jumped up and ran after him, but when I reached the courtyard he made a "chup" sound... and rose up into the air. I climbed the ladder and reached the terrace, and I saw the huge ship on the terrace. He went inside and closed the hatch. I stayed there shouting and gesticulating, like the "penate fourteen", and instantly, they start up like a siren, with a hellish noise that to me was "electronic, high-pitched, vibrating". I fell to my knees, clenching my teeth so hard they ground together, and clutching my ears and head, as if they were about to burst.



On another occasion when [they took me](#), while I was inside the ship, I was able to see that they couldn't see me when I was in the middle of the ship, as the material is compact. I turned, as usual, to the bed and started crying, and as a result, [my son](#) was asleep or they put him to sleep.

I will say that this happened in a boarding house that we had been renting for a month, because one afternoon they told [me](#) that we had to leave urgently, that I had to leave urgently, and I put two sets of underwear and street clothes for [my son](#) and myself, because I escaped leaving all the lights on, and that I should go pick up [my son](#) from work and we would leave my house for a month. So they came to where I was staying, at the boarding house, because there was danger at my house. This happened in the winter of 1969, more than 30 years ago, when there were no genetically modified foods, cloning, etc.

What I would like to point out is that when I am talking about all this, in vitro fertilisation was not yet being carried out, at least not publicly, and very little was said about [extraterrestrials](#). However, one of the times they were at my house, the next day it appeared in the newspapers that several people had seen it, and that the UFO had stopped at a tower, presumably to suck electricity for the ship, and I wonder, do they run on electricity?

Another thing: when the "General" told the "Extra" and asked him, *"What do we do with her, take her up or down?"*, and he said, *"No, down."* I wonder: where are we, up or down?

The next unknown, or clarification, is that in 1969, when they showed [me](#) the blond boys in the tunnel, I didn't know anything about cloning, and today it doesn't surprise [me](#), but that image lingered for a long time, as it was so unusual at the time. Similarly, the military uniforms were a lighter shade of brown with bright red trim, as was the front of the cap, where it sits on the head.

Another thing that surprised [me](#) at the time was the barbed wire, rolled up next to the "wall" but separated by about 40 or 60 cm so that the guard could walk around the other sentry boxes, "armed", of course. This surprised [me](#) in 1969, but not today. But I wonder if that was the infamous and cursed "wall", which was isolated, the people in a country, from there, to today I realised, endless conjectures, and what was I doing there! ([The Berlin Wall, torn down in 1989/1990](#))

Another thing was seeing those boys with their exuberant physiques, their eyes closed, all looking the same. I was greatly surprised and wondered how they fed themselves and met their other physiological needs.

Another thing was that when they took [me](#) away, they made [me](#) wear a black dress, which I had bought because I thought it was (like) from outer space, even though I hadn't seen one yet, just from pictures in magazines... And I wore it with a belt, also "outer space", with a big buckle, like stainless steel.

Another thing was that when they took [me](#) away, on one occasion, I wore a little white gauze scarf around my neck, and they showed [me](#) the coloured grass, and I asked them how they did it, and they told [me](#) that they extracted the chlorophyll. The answer was Greek to me.

What surprised [me](#) was that [they](#) said, *"Come on, I'll take you for a ride."* And I got on a track, like the roller coasters at amusement parks, just two people, one in front and one behind. I was always behind, just like in the spaceship, and it sped up and went up a slide, then came down really fast. This place was passing Antarctica, and I was surprised that, at the speed it was going up and down, the gauze handkerchief remained motionless, and I thought, "How is it not flying?" Anyway, "space" things.

They always took [me](#) at night, and the dogs barked happily... On one occasion, they came to get [me](#) and [took me](#) away, always crossing Antarctica, but many tried and failed in their search... We arrived at a place, like a cave, and from then on, [they](#) always [took me](#) to that place, on several occasions.



When we arrived, there was an "Extra" (**Extraterrestrial**) standing guard outside, and when I got out with the "Extra," the guard took a small device from his belt. To me, it looked like something magnetic. He moved it up and down, shining it on **me** from head to toe, and said, *"Come in,"* and we headed towards an elevator that I had never seen before, a round, metal elevator, like aluminium. We got in and the elevator, instead of going up, went down. I don't know and couldn't say if it was 4 or 8 metres, because we descended in a flash, a short descent like a sigh.

He stopped, and I followed the "Extra." We went through a door, and to my surprise, it was a tunnel with no end in sight. The walls were made of metal, like aluminium, and the surprising thing was that as soon as I passed through the doorway, there was a conveyor belt on the floor that carried us along. The "Extra" stopped **me** by the arm, We went through another door on my right, and there was a young woman, about my age, **who** stood up, shook my hand, and said, *"Maria, we need you."* I said, *"Well, you tell me,"* and then **I** woke up as usual, lying down, sometimes with the light on, always. That was a message that they had been there. And I would get up again and start crying when I woke up here, and **my son** would say to me, *'I know, they were here and they took you! What happened? Are you not happy that they brought you back with your son? In the end, I'm going to believe that you don't love your son anymore!'*

THE 'EXTRAS' WANT FELIPE IN ANTARCTICA

In 1972, they wanted [my son](#) to go to [Antarctica](#), so when I saw an advertisement in the newspaper, I suggested that [my son](#) sign up. He was called by [the Antarctic Institute](#) to take the technical tests, and if he passed those, he would take the physical tests and so on. When he signed up, there were already 70 people registered. So [my son](#) said [to me](#), "Mum, there are 70 ahead of me!" To which I replied, "What do you care? What do you have to do with those 70? If they tell you that you have to go, they'll make it easy for you to get there. Have faith." That's how it was. [Many](#) fell by the wayside, either because they didn't pass the technical or physical tests, etc. The point is that 17 remained, a key and significant number, because he was among them, which means that the little push they gave him didn't fail. **He joined the Antarctic Institute in 1973** and the team left that same year, returning in 1975. [My son](#) went as a scientific assistant in the "Upper Atmosphere" programme. He researched the Northern Lights at [General Belgrano Base](#), the southernmost base of all. He never told [me](#) anything about that trip, "Top Secret", and I didn't insist on knowing.



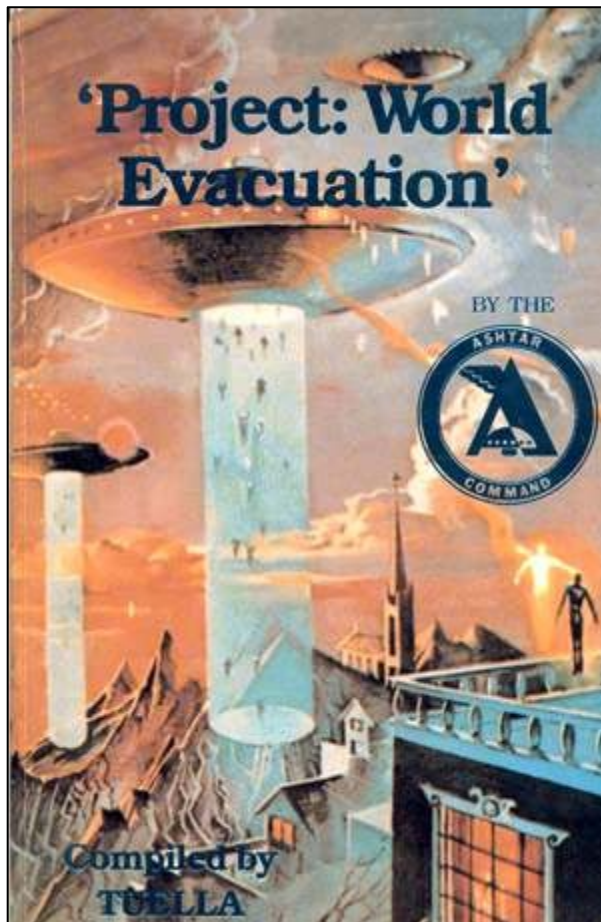
Clarification: the purpose of this letter is not to praise [my son](#), as the mere fact of having to lay bare his life and mine is not something that flatters [me](#), since I have always been fiercely protective of my family, my life and my actions, and I am accountable to no one but God. And if I must do so today ([by order of the "Extra" newspaper](#)), it took me five years to make up my mind! And if I [did](#), it was because [my son](#) made me understand that by doing so, it would be proven that he was not a figment of my imagination, a supposition, or [the product](#) of a disturbed, suggestible mind. "When the belly begins to rise, it cannot be hidden or confused with fat or swelling," [the "Extras"](#) demanded of me. Besides, [my son](#) existed, he was on this blessed earth, and there are hundreds of facts, proofs, and verifications that this is not vanity or egotism.

I would like to clarify once again that neither [my son](#) nor I are important. Here, the focus is solely on fulfilling the demands of the [extraterrestrial beings](#). I will consider myself satisfied when I have fulfilled the agreed-upon pact. This is what they needed [me](#) for, I thought, since [they took me away](#) and I found myself in a large field with lots of women and men, all about my age. I looked at [myself](#) and saw that I was wearing a blue gabardine uniform with gold buttons, a jacket, a belt, a pleated skirt, and a cap. I looked at [myself](#) and thought, "When did I put this on?" Then I thought, "If they have mind control and the ability to hypnotise, what else do they need to make you dress and undress at will? The men have another uniform. Suddenly, a trainer shouted, "Line up, face forward, no one turn your head, look at your partner!"

Today I wonder, what became of those women and men? Logically, they are living among us, asleep, and have no idea of anything. To me, they are like hypnotised, and when the time comes...

At that moment, they will make a clicking sound, and everyone will stand up straight and remember, and they will spring into action; because I asked the Extras, "What is that for?" and they told me, "For evacuation, e-va-cu-a-tion." And I wondered, "What evacuation?"

The strangest thing about this is that they always took me at night, and me and all the others, and what I noticed is that they don't let anyone notice when someone is missing, because when they bring you back, I don't know, maybe because



our time is not the same as theirs, because if it were, there would be married women, perhaps... or they would take widows like me, or single women, I don't know. What I do know is that they are the "kings of camouflage". If they are in Antarctica, they create a curtain of snow, ice, or low atmosphere, or whatever, but no one reaches that oasis they have, and I think it is one of their bases. No one gets there, no one passes through. Not only that, they can be right in front of you, and you can't see them. They create an invisible curtain, and the person in question can't see them. In other words, they are right next to us, and we don't even know it, unless they decide to interview us or contact us. Everything else is useless. The will is theirs, not ours.

I wonder, are they above or below, or in another space between above and below, in the middle, on another plane? On one occasion, when they took me in the round lift, we descended something like four normal floors, and I said, if they were in the lift, flush with the ice, and they descended, I don't know, because the descent was so smooth that you couldn't tell how many metres below the ice level we were... there's water, in Antarctica! I know they didn't show me anything compared to what one would expect, for

or four-legged animals, where they sleep, or if they sleep.

..... On one when I got on, I was surprised. It was full of girls,

aged between five and ten, all blonde, looking like little angels. They were wearing little white dresses down to their ankles, with a crown of flowers on their heads, and when I got on, they started laughing with little singing giggles. They were laughing at me and touching my clothes. They lifted my hair in the air. They had short hair. The ship had a tube in the middle, and they were all standing with their backs to me, leaning against it.



Another one: one night when I got home from work, my neighbour handed **me** a letter. It had no postmark; someone had slipped it under her door, but as it was for me, she was waiting for **me** to **get** home. She handed it to me and stayed there, eager to find out what it was about, as the envelope said "United States". When I opened it and read the contents, I didn't think much of it and said, "*Oh, yes, it's about a course.*" Inside, there was only one sheet, like the ones you get on aeroplanes, brief and typed, or rather printed, explaining the benefits of "Chlorella", the moss that **the aliens** had taught **me about**, which grows in large ponds. **My son** and I laughed, "What is this, how do you eat it, where are we going to get 'Chlorella'? Who sent it? And it's written in Spanish, so... I'm not the only 'nutcase', there are others, good to know, and so punctual and well-informed, chocolate for the news.

This is expressly for me, the "nutcase" part, not seriously, it's not a joke, given the thousand questions I've had until today, and I'm only just beginning to understand, I would almost say that I have landed back on Earth, as I spent more than 40 years suspended in the air, being and not being, how to decipher this infernal enigma. I, who for years believed **myself** to be little less than the "Queen of Sheba", and now what? "I shared a secret", naive of me, I didn't know I was being used.

(.....)

I was part of a conspiracy in which I had no say, I am neither grateful nor ungrateful, I just am. What did you think? And... "I thought that at least they would give **me** a little piece of heaven." But instead, I have here on my table the bills for electricity, water, telephone, gas, central heating, mutual insurance, municipal taxes, etc., etc... And so I think: "I lent **myself**" to this game, "at the beginning", totally, naively, "I don't know if consciously or unconsciously", at first I was unaware of the "mess" they had got themselves into **when they brought my son into the world**. I don't know "how or when", but from the events that took place over time... after it came to light and the "revelation", that was already beyond my "knowledge", then I was obedient and I was able to see how they acted, in the sense that they take a person out of a group, from their home, together with or next to their family, and it is enough to dominate them mentally, "or is it not so?", The times when people wake up, ignore where they were, "but suspect they were there," and it's not a dream, then they notice that they are missing "hours," or that at one point **they were in several places at once**, or absent. I advise you to lie down, as your head will start racing and you will most likely feel dizzy, fall down, or lose your balance or faint. Don't panic, drink a glass of water, then a cup of tea, and in a minute, not only will you notice that you were in several places at once, but that the sensation is very strong, and **the blood** rushes **to** your head, and your heart races.

(.....)

Let's talk about some connotations that caught **my** attention: space transport, galactic, intergalactic, underground cities, inter-spatial, which with a single food source provide all the calories and vitamins needed for survival (**Chlorella**). Hence, they have no crockery or utensils.

When they first made contact, they didn't wear ordinary clothes. They always wear black jumpsuits, like shark skin, which are sweaty and damp. So there is no such thing as "fashion" or "competition". The military, on the other hand, all wear uniforms, and for training, both the men and I are all in uniform. I think the only time they showed themselves in ordinary clothes was to gain my trust and not to provoke rebellion.

When they were transporting **me** to **Antarctica**, I couldn't see the tangle of cables that criss-cross our buildings in cities, which is why their transport seemed like something out of space to me.

Another thing that surprised **me** was that in places like large spaces with plants **and** flowers, the paths were covered with sheets of silver or some other malleable metal, but they didn't touch the ground. That's why I saw that they wore boots, also like the jumpsuit, attached to the foot and leg, going up past the ankle. Outside, I saw large structures, not horizontal buildings. I think that inside they are subdivided, like Miss's office.

(.....)

Now that I had arrived at the cruel reality, they **took me away**, showed **me** everything, and I kept asking them, "*Why me?*" And **they** replied, "*When the time comes.*"

First, I had to fulfil the mission of training myself, and for what? And they answered **me**: "*For the evacuation.*" And **I** wondered, evacuation... but for there to be an evacuation, there has to be a "catastrophe" first! Not a word about that, questions without answers, besides, "*they*" let **me** ask if they want **me** to, my brain works, if they want **me** to, if not, they erase everything. So, after all the speculation, questioning, and thinking, I finally came to the conclusion, asking myself, "Why me?" I asked myself that question a thousand times. (.....)

The thing is, they took **my son** five years ago (in 1996), and the price to get him back is to write and tell the whole truth about my experiences, the revelations they made to me, the proof of everything they showed me and everything I witnessed.

Something I want to make very clear: never, not once, of all the times they came, made contact or **took me away**, did the ship stand out because of any light. I never saw the rainbow of colours, sightings or burnt circles where they landed their ship. Always, whether they allowed themselves to be seen, or simply when they came to get me, to bring me back, or I simply spotted them, whether



suspended in the air or landed somewhere, I never saw any light of any colour. That's what I said to myself repeatedly: if anyone sees such a dark ship, they'll die of fear. That's why they told **me they** would take away my fear and in exchange give **me** other senses, **such as** improving my mood, **for example**. I thought it would be because **I** would be scared of them, but I want to make it clear that, whether they were wearing normal clothes, like ours, or jumpsuits, there was nothing unpleasant about them that could cause fear. Furthermore, as I already explained, if they thought it was appropriate, they would give **me** the opportunity to speak. If not, my tongue would be numb, but my eyes were more open than ever, and if that happened, it was because They had decided so, so that I could see everything. And why should I see everything? Because otherwise, I wouldn't be able to tell you about it today, and I wouldn't have any reason to write about it, and they wouldn't get the

desired outcome for **the Plan that must have been drawn up** with the help of **my son's abduction**, and thus fulfil **your project of inserting this fact aimed at the person or persons to whom it is addressed, and who are waiting for it**. I hope and pray that whoever the "recipients" may be, they receive this as soon as possible. It is a cry from the heart, but if for any reason this is thwarted or remains unfulfilled, I am released from any consequences and disasters that may occur.

(.....)

Given the truth of the facts, words are superfluous. Any questions you may have when **my son is returned to me, please ask him.**

How naive of me to believe that **I** was "privileged" when they took **me** away. But I have come to the conclusion that the idea I had formed of idealising **them** is, in short, not only not terrifying, but more than ever, I believe that they are just like us earthlings, no more and no less, they don't do anything without a reason. "Who taught them?"

When, where, would **I** have imagined this extortion? You have to pay "retorno" (return). It couldn't be any other way, if **they are the beginning of creation, they are the first ones who inhabited the Earth**, all the indigenous people of the world said so, and they waited for them with offerings, and each people catalogued them in different ways, they waited for them from the Sun, from the sky.

So many things, even surgical instruments, and everything they own. Back in 1964, when **they took me away**, they had a round, metal lift, like aluminium, red and marble floors, a kitchen, and they called the refrigerators 'conservadoras', and the marble table, and the countertops were a greyish milk colour, tiles, tunnels with metal walls, like aluminium, tanks with moss, called "Chlorella". They dress like us, both those who came to my house, shoes, jacket and trousers, shirt, and others, jumpers.

The girl who attended **me** at the desk wore a skirt and blouse, the blouse a pale green silk, and a grey skirt, verging on a faded green. The girls, like ours, wore flowing dresses, from the yoke to the ankles.

Human cloning, already in 1964, in vitro fertilisation, and other advances that do not yet exist, the buses that glided at the height of telephone cables and

light, as UFOs do, gliding through space, have stretchers, desks, chairs. So what do we do, believe or burst? These extraterrestrials are in our image and likeness, they told me this in advance.

They told me that they would return my son after I wrote down my findings. It's almost like a barter, like the Indians: "I'll give you this, and you give me that." They didn't give me a date, because I refused to write it down, since they took him five years ago (in 1996). But it is he, my son, who has urged me to write it down, because he says to me: "I'm begging you, old woman, do it, once and for all, I'm here, a hostage, a hostage! Do you understand me?"

Of course, they requested my account starting in 2000, which is why my son says to me, "Hurry up, old lady, we're already in 2000." And he cries and complains, he's "fine," except that they took him five years ago (in 1996), and well, I decided to do it.

What can be seen is that there is no speculation on my part. I have already fulfilled my part, now I hope that "they fulfil theirs", and yes, it is from 2000 onwards, for them it is only on 31 December (2000) that the millennium ends, and the new millennium begins in 2001. What I don't know is how, when, or where they think it's convenient to make "contact," but what I know even less, and can't even imagine, is what their strategy will be, if they have one. What is certain is that they will make "contact" in their own way. Of course, there is something else behind this that I am unaware of. I suspect that my son and I are two pawns, being used for some kind of "stew." I say this because when they took me away, my son was not there; he was here. Now the situation is different: he is there, and I am here, with no way to get up.

.....
María explains why she did not complete her education and why she married in a hurry: her mother's illness.
.....

For my part, all I can say is that my grandfather taught me to read and write. I have no education,



I lack certain elements that are essential for effective reasoning, I have no sense of direction, I only go out when absolutely necessary because I get lost, I don't know where north or south is, I only know that they exist. One day, I was lost all day. I left at 8:00 in the morning and didn't get back until 8:00 at night. Everyone drew maps for me, but to me, they were like Chinese. I never read a book, except for Martín Fierro and magazines with pictures.

My mother was so ill, and I was standing there with the doctor. I was seven years old when he gave her up for dead. My mother had brought me there so that he could tell her how long she had left to live, but the doctor didn't want to, and my mother started crying. She begged him to tell her what to do with me. Besides, the doctor had, I think, two sons and a daughter, and there was a certain friendship between them. In the end, he was moved and said to her:

"I can't, don't ask me because I can't". And my mother cried and said to him, *'For your children and for her, put yourself in my place, you wouldn't want to leave your children helpless'*, and the doctor gave in. I already knew, but my siblings didn't, and I never told them, so I clung to her like a lifeline. I grew up and didn't want to go to school anymore. The teacher even came to look for me and said to my mother, *'Why don't you send her? She's a good student,'* but I was terrified of not being there and something happening to her. But faced with the inevitable, what could I do?

Time passed, and my mother only thought about marrying me off. When I was 12, she taught me how to put on makeup and gave me high heels. I didn't understand a thing, but from the age of 12, suitors started coming around, and I would run away in terror. The first suitor was a technician who came with some engineers, "all Chileans," who came to start up the "Acería Acindar" steel mill. He came and asked for my hand, and my mother accepted. But it was not meant to be, because in the end, she married me to the man who became my husband.

My mother died six or seven months after my wedding, in July 1946. She was 39 years old.

I didn't go to school, but I took classes in dressmaking and machine embroidery. My mother taught me how to cook and do all the housework, which I enjoyed doing so that she didn't have to work or exert herself.

.....

"As I write this, I realise" that it is so fresh in my mind that it is as if it happened yesterday. And I wonder, without knowing, what time is like for *them*, and given that this happened 40 years ago, "perhaps for *them* it is months, hours"? I don't know. What if this has other connotations? Perhaps this was "date X". I don't sense any imminent danger, but I do feel a constant surveillance, and that makes *me* feel uneasy, like when they showed *me* the 'clones' and told *me* it was a barracks in 'Berlin' and there were soldiers. I ask *myself*: Why did they show *me* that? What does it mean? Of course, this isn't directed at me! I didn't see any weapons, only holsters, but if they have holsters, I don't think they're for "pituquear" (shooting at targets).

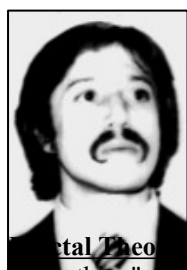
Clarification: for five years, I'm not going to say that my life stopped, no, not at all, I had to carry on with my normal life, from the very beginning, I had to say: "*My son has gone to Brazil*". Something normal for me... I mean, nothing changed for me, for the simple reason that I have always lived in seclusion, from around the age of 4 to 7, *when* a relative locked *me* up and shaved my head in a chicken coop... and I was rescued from that situation thanks to the neighbours. I took that issue as natural... today, because if I had to be totally isolated, that was a good reason, that is, I didn't play, I didn't have a childhood or adolescence, since my mother promised *me* in marriage at the age of 14, **I spent 15 years cloistered within a family**, so being isolated was the most natural thing for me. With this, I want to point out that for me, it was normal.

.....

María tells us about her son, Felipe

.....

The thing about people... I never *really* got along with anyone, which is why my son's friends from a course on *Mercosur*, mainly an accountant, a lawyer, and other classmates, called *me* to find out if he had continued the course or not, and I had to tell them all that he had gone to Brazil to continue his training on *Mercosur*, since *he had been working in public relations*. They asked *me*, they pestered *me*, because they liked him, but mainly because he was so well-read... he had read 5,000 books and was a walking encyclopaedia.



But *before he could go to Brazil*, they took him away in the meantime. He didn't waste any time, as he went to his laboratory to study "the scientific integration of the fractal theory applied to the control of physical phenomena." I will always wonder whether he discovered "something", whether he stumbled upon some mystery that he should not have? What I do know is that he sent *me* to see someone I didn't know, because he made *me* take a taxi and said: "*Get in here, get out here, go to the Rector's Office, ask to speak to the Rector's Secretary and give him this book (which I saw was about Fractal Theory). Tell him to read it all, that I'll come and see him afterwards and we'll talk*". On the piece of paper where *he* wrote down the address, I think it said **Catholic University**, but I threw the paper away, so I don't know if that's the university, and I don't know the young man's name.

On one occasion (in **March 1989**), I wrote **a letter** to **Colonel Seineldín**, offering him *my son's* services, given his background, and **that** it would be a waste not to take advantage of them for the good of our country. So **the colonel** took him on as his private secretary.

After working for **the SIDE (Argentine Intelligence Service)**, he was sent (in **1988**) to the United States, to **the**



DEA (Drug Enforcement Administration), to take a course on drug trafficking. When he returned, he told *me* that he had received exceptional treatment at the DEA and that they had advised him to complement the course with another one on *Mercosur*. I replied that I was about to start a master's degree on *Mercosur* at a private business institute. He immediately went to enrol and the professor said to him: "*Look, do the theory here, and do the practical work in Brazil.*" This happened before he was taken away, so he did the theory at the "Private Institute of Commerce", but he didn't get to do the practical part because they cut him off, and the same teacher he had at the "Private Institute of Commerce" taught the course in Brazil. I actually think it was a team that taught the same course in

Buenos Aires, and if I'm not mistaken, the teachers came from or were from Brazil. Having clarified this point, that he really did start the Master's degree at the Private Institute of Commerce, what didn't add up was that they would ask me, "Is he coming for the holidays?", and I would say to everyone, "If he doesn't come, poor him".

What they ordered me, *the "Extras,"* was to say that he had gone to Brazil. And the interrogations continued: "Do you write to him? Do you talk to him on the phone?" I always used to say, as a motto: "*Lies have short legs, but the truth has long legs and catches up with them.*" I think this saying is older than soup, because I am an enemy of lies and betrayal.

Let me clarify that from the moment They, *the "Extras,"* visited me, they told me that from then on I would only do what They told me to do. So I prepared myself mentally and psychologically to fulfil the objectives They had set and predetermined for me. In other words, everything, even if it seems crazy, since 1964, is the result of instructions given prior to each event. Despite the fact that from the moment I was married, I was already being totally controlled by Them, *the "Extras,"* so much so that sending my son to a Catholic school was a relentless war on the part of my husband.

(.....)

I keep asking myself, my son was conceived in 1945, that is, 55 years ago, I was forced into marriage, I was forced to have a child, and all of this was calculated mathematically to arrive at the year 2000. And now what? It must be something very big, unimaginable, all planned out. "I'm left without my mother," and there is no other solution. I am widowed, and they appear. It is as if everyone around me has been taken away so that I can begin to fulfil the mission without obstacles...

(.....)

After talking it over at length with my son, at the time, spending days and nights without sleep, weighing up the pros and cons, in the end we decided by mutual agreement to collaborate with *the extraterrestrials and* not to act or decide anything of our own free will, seeing that not only their intentions, but also their cultural capacity and power of conviction to carry out the shortest journey "towards knowledge" convinced us. From there, we made ourselves available for suggestions about his education, which schools he should attend, and which company or institution was most suitable. All of this was based on the material he had to research for the book. In other words, everything that unfolded from that moment on was checked by Them, "this yes, this no," and even where I should work to pay for his studies. (.....)

...I continue in 1972 (according to the "1st Dissertation" it is 1973) to get closer to the stories. My son was on the eve of his trip to Antarctica, and I was already beginning to be alone when they started telling me about the events that were coming, with great detail, commas and full stops. I tell my son and explain the events that are going to happen, and he says to me: "Well, what do you want me to do? Go write them down in a notebook and save them, and I'll read them later."

It was December 1972 (according to the "1st Dissertation" it is 1973) and my son was supposed to travel with the crew on the icebreaker General San Martín to the General Manuel Belgrano Base, the southernmost of all, 50° below zero.



I will abbreviate the events: my son returned on 13 January 1974 (Rosalía must have meant 1975, since they left in November 1973 approximately). Due to the trip, he came into contact with people closely linked to the government and, mainly, with a person or character who wielded all the government's power. Any mortal being on earth might mistakenly believe or assume that this power was solely and exclusively that of the Commander-in-Chief or the government in power at the time. I also believed this. But not only did that person control everything, but in turn, "that man" received orders from those I define as *"The Destroyers, or The Sinister Ones,"* who are responsible not only for the tragedy in Latin America, but also for the tragedy of the world. In other words, they are there and they are not there, they are the ones who determine the destructive processes, this is the greatest epidemic, the virus that corrodes the structures of power, promoting the most sinister and dark wars. That is why they have access to all information, that is why the greatest atrocities and vile acts against humanity have been committed to this day, without finding the reason why.

.....
 Note: Regarding "the character Felipe met upon his return from Antarctica: *"After the revolution that deposed Perón, there was a significant CIA infiltration, and the Germans could do nothing to prevent it. In the 601st Battalion (G2) of Intelligence, there was a prominent operator, Luis Carlos Arias Varela, who established direct contact with the Germans by marrying, according to him, an illegitimate daughter of Martin Bormann. He was a professor of strategy at the War College and head of the Information Community, with regular contact with local and international operatives of the American Intelligence Agency. Arias was the only one who knew the whole "board"; Anael's directives and the CIA's plans, a member of the Rudolf Hess Network with complete knowledge of all covert operations in the country. This knowledge led him to control important variables for decades. (1st Dissertation: "Unauthorised Biography of Post-War Latin America" - OCTRA).*

(.....)

I will continue with the story about the revelations that were made to me before my son left for Antarctica, which my son advised me to write down in a notebook.

Upon returning from Antarctica, and after connecting with this *sinister* man (Luis Carlos Arias Varela), my son took me to a meeting, after he had been mentioning it to me... and the revelations, which is why I participated for the first time, I mean, because that's how it starts. The three forces were participating, and I told them that (they, the "Extras") were anticipating the events in the country, that is, that they were going to happen. Of course, Isabel's coup was already a thing of the past, but I warned them of the bloodbath that was coming, and at another meeting, a judge of the nation (Dr. Julio César Urien, a judge of the Federal Capital Chamber who had joined the Anael order at the hands of Caviglia in 1960) told me,



Dr. Julio César Urien

mocking: "So, what about the bloodbath you predicted?" My son got angry and said to me in front of the judge: "Don't say another word to these fools." Then came the Falklands, then Tablada, and finally, 3 December, not to mention other events, and they always mocked me. I realised too late! Not only was Mr. Arias Varela in charge of the three branches of the armed forces, but he was also aware of everything and wielded total power in my country. And although he is no longer on this blessed soil (he died in 1995), his acolytes continue to govern and exert pressure. Furthermore, he was an accomplice to the perpetrators of all the disasters that occurred, and I, like an idiot, desperately begged him to do something, even though he had all the power! Finally, my son and I decided to leave for five years, feeling disgusted. (Editor's note: See pages 72 and 73 of Meseta Oceánica, by Roberto Navilli).

As an example, this "good man" I mention once invited my son and me to his secretary (Lidia G. Funes). In the middle of lunch, he said to me, "Did our son with the extraterrestrials?" I said, "Yes, did you know that too?" "think I keep such a close eye on you?" All I wanted was to find out if he was telling me something I didn't know, but he remained completely silent. Of course, saying that in front of the secretary! It surprised me, and saying it like that without any preamble gives the impression that I "copulated" like animals, but that's not the case.

did what today, after more than 30 or 40 years, they now call **artificial insemination**. That's one thing, but thank God that "good Lord" took him to live with him, but the secretary (**Lidia G. Funes**), an American woman, is in good health. Of course, we will have to divide it with my son.

(.....)

As I continue, as I pour myself out onto the paper, I also unload the anger that has built up over **five years**. I keep going, honestly, thanks to the fact that they reinforced my sense of humour, because otherwise... at least I can take it with humour and soda.

As for whether my son is **half Earthling and half alien**, you can't tell, he doesn't have a nose like Pinocchio, neither he nor I do, of course **I don't know who planted the seed**...

.....
I'll continue with my story in **1964** (**Luis Felipe was about 18 and María was about 34**). I mark this year because **it was the year they made themselves known and I finally saw them face to face**, or rather, I finally saw their faces, because until then, they had only sent messages saying they would come, but they didn't give a date, day or month. So one fine day they told us we had to do as we were told and if we were willing. But I was alone with my son, what could we do? They forbade us to talk to anyone, to cut off all contact with my family and my husband's family, to distance ourselves from our friends, and when they finally came and **revealed to me that my son was half human and half extraterrestrial**, it was only then that I realised and understood the hardships I had endured for 15 years (**living with her husband's family**). Fifteen hellish years! As I mentioned in my previous post, I got married on 24 November (**1945**) and in February I wrote to the stork, or rather, my son was born in October (**1946**).

However, at five months pregnant, it would have been enough for any reasonable human being, given that it is nine months of gestation, **for my husband (Rubén Darío Moyano) to ask me, after only five months of marriage, whose child I was expecting**, and I did not know if my husband and his entire family had conspired to drive me crazy. Those were terrible months. My husband began to beat me mercilessly, and his entire family would join in each beating. I suffered a broken jaw and countless fractures, but they couldn't break my brain. In short, they couldn't make me have an abortion. When he was born, both my husband and his family wanted to kill him. I had to take care of him day and night. He grew up, and so did my husband's hatred for my son. I will always wonder how, after my husband died, the aliens appeared... Why? What would have prevented the aliens from doing to me what they did to my son? But the opposite, putting it into his head, since they can transmit thoughts, that the child I was about to have was not his. Of course, for that, my husband would have had to be mentally ill or mentally deficient, and he wasn't. I say this because after marrying me, he began to get involved in politics and was a candidate for Senator, Deputy and **Governor** of Santa Fe. Of course, that's no guarantee, because after observing current politics, I see **that** if you know how to get your hands dirty, have a strong stomach for taking bribes or accepting kickbacks, I think that if you pass those tests with good marks, you're in a position to legislate, repeal laws and then run for president, and you already have more than enough skills to run a country.



It's not resentment that makes [me](#) think this way, it's the facts that speak for themselves. but the funniest thing is that when there were elections, he was given the privilege of getting up on the stage and giving speeches. It was madness. On top of that, he forced [me](#) to go and listen to him, because if he won, I would have to appear as an honourable husband and father. Unfortunately, this country has people like that, and they even get into government...

(.....) I

must be honest with you and with myself, Internet readers:

When **I was urged to publish this letter online**, I was told that once it was published, it would be the key to meeting [my son](#). Today, however, [they](#) suggest [that I](#) "add the following".

For my part, I must do so, as my only ambition is to be reunited with him, whenever and however that may be. so **I** will not stop, come rain or shine. I cannot disappoint or demoralise [my son](#), because I know where he is, and I also know that [the extraterrestrials](#) knew very well which "keys" to press to get a good symphony from me and ensure [that I](#) would not refuse.

----- THE FINAL BATTLE -----

This letter is also for all mothers, let's say the Universal Mother. Personally, I have nothing against anyone, it's just this unfortunate event, since on the other hand, I write what they want me to write, because I don't understand anything at all. And as for [the final battle that must take place, let's say, between the two sides](#), I don't know how or when, that is a matter that does not concern [me](#), but I suppose, I estimate, that when that clash comes, all the planets in the galaxy will tremble. And when that happens, here on this blessed Earth, there will be great disasters and cataclysms, which simple minds like mine believed were God's punishment, and never that [two factions, at odds with each other, were fighting each other](#). Let us pray, beg, and plead that [blood](#) will not reach Earth, and that there will be peace on Earth as there is in Heaven.

----- TREASON AND INCEST -----

I am going to reveal something that justifies many things that may be incomprehensible to some, but as it is well said, there is nothing hidden that will not be discovered. All beings, as they say, conscious beings, are children of rigour, but apart from that, they are "children of betrayal and incest" because of the first couple of creation. All beings are children of betrayal, that is, they carry the inheritance of betrayal implicit in their genes, but the act of betraying is purely and exclusively the will of the being; how, when and whom to betray depends on him.

As for incest, I will also try to simplify it. Every human being or every created being is, in itself, incestuous. It lives with a fierce internal struggle, simply because it is human, enjoys understanding and therefore reasoning, and knows that this act, as well as being condemned and aberrant, and is torn between two alternatives: either to carry it out and condemn oneself here, or else to carry it out inside oneself, to curb what are commonly called base instincts. In other words, [incest within oneself integrates the Being and elevates it](#), whereas outside the Being is degraded. Of course, this subject could fill 1,000 pages on the Internet.

I will comment on something that is impossible not to do, as it is a fundamental part of my writing, because I had to agree to so many suggestions. **I** was urged to move to Buenos Aires and go to the "Fundación Sociedad Abierta" (Open Society Foundation) of the financier and investor Mr. **George**



Soros, at the IRSA Company. I went to the company twice, the second time was on 15 July 1999. The reason was that I had to give him [the book my son wrote](#). This was more than impossible, firstly because the people who attended [me](#) lacked not only intellectual capacity, but also, as is not unusual in this country, they were the most useless people on the planet [Earth](#)! Not only were they arrogant, foolish and ignorant, which shocked [me](#) with my limited education, but arrogant about what? About their

ignorance, or of being the ones who type, with an air of superiority, who think they are not worthy of being interviewed by their boss, not to avoid troublesome people, but because they have two grams of brainpower and are incapable of evaluating or understanding the importance of the errand that brought the visitor to that place, without caring that they come from another city... transport, hotel, food, etc., while they sit at their desks and tell him: "*Present it in writing, or go to 'Manhattan'* if you have something to leave. Leave it there." How could he leave **The Book** with such mediocre people! It's unfortunate, but I went twice and sent two letters. Of course, with that kind of people, what can you expect? I had a mission to fulfil and I fulfilled it with flying colours. I explained who that man was and why I had to give him **The Book** in successive letters. I think the issue is that Mr Soros published a philosophical book in which I believe he asked questions that were perhaps printed in **the book my son** wrote. I didn't read either of them, as I was forbidden to do so.

But five years ago, **my son** urged **me** to give it to him. Of course, I don't think Mr Soros has any investments in Argentina anymore... but let's move on to another topic.

(Editor's note: for more information on this curious fact, see page 98 of "Meseta Oceánica" by Roberto Navilli).

(.....)

Finally, I would like to point out that the pseudonym I used in the previous writing was given to me by my husband's family because, when I was 15, my mother married **me** off because the doctors had given me up for dead, and she did not want to leave me alone and unmarried in this cruel world. As a result, I spent 10 years crying, without consolation, and that is why they christened **me** "Mary Magdalene".

Then the priests called **me** and invited **me** to participate, playing Mary in the nativity scene they put on every year. When I became a widow, I continued, and **my son** played a shepherd. As he grew older, he played other characters, the last one being a royal guard. Before that Christmas, I told the priests that it would be my last time, as **I was** going to sell the house and move away. **They** suggested that I play Eve that year, so I did. So when I met the mothers who were helping out, providing the Baby Jesus, who are now grown men, they called **me** Mary, and I think very few people in the neighbourhood knew my name.

With faith and humility, Mary.

MARÍA, FELIPE, AND COLONEL SEINELDÍN

As I explained on the previous page of this website, I once wrote a letter to [Colonel Seineldín](#) (on 9 March 1989), offering him the collaboration and knowledge of [my son](#), as it was a shame not to put them to good use for our country, especially since he was an advisor to the government on national and international policy. "Always ad honorem". So the [Colonel](#) called him and took him on as his private secretary.

I did not know the [Colonel](#) personally, but I did know him through [my son](#), as he was his leader. On the other hand, I had nothing but insults for the Colonel, until one day [my son](#) flew into a rage and told me the most unprintable epithets that can be found in the Spanish language. He cut off the conversation and slammed the door, as he had to travel urgently to resolve a dispute with the Governor of the Province of [Santa Cruz](#).



This card is from when my son was undersecretary. It was sent by the Santa Cruz provincial government. I took it to Del Val, and [the navy gave it to Kirchner](#) (I cut out the photo because I needed it).

I was devastated, distressed, upset, and instantly "they brought me the solution." The truth is that when I took the liberty of writing to [the Colonel](#), there were a thousand possibilities: one, that it would not reach him; another, that he would not give it any importance. In short, I expected the worst. But it so happened that a week later [my son](#) returned from [Santa Cruz](#) with two bags, which he placed on the floor, and the phone rang. I said to him, "It's for you, from the Palermo Regiment." I turned pale, and he must have noticed, because he said, 'Mum, what have you done?', and I ran to find the draft of the letter and said, 'I sent this letter to [the Colonel](#)...', and he said, 'Why did you do that?', and I was speechless. He answered and was told to go immediately to see [Colonel Seineldín](#) for an interview. That was how the connection was made. From that moment on, [my son](#) had to go every morning at a certain time. Until one day he said to me, "Now, for having expressed yourself immorally, contemptuously, insolently towards the [Colonel](#), I ask you, who do you think you are to take the liberty of denigrating a person you don't know? You don't have the slightest idea of what a person of moral and spiritual stature and patriotic civic honour is, who exalts the Argentine Army by having in its ranks a human being of the calibre of [Colonel Seineldín](#)...

Can you explain it to me?" "Well, well," I said to myself, feeling more scorched than a piece of fried pork rind at this point. I had no idea that [my son](#) was going to make such a stoic defence of the Colonel. I was overwhelmed by his heroism, and the sparks flew from the fervent car stop. Despite having headlights, they didn't protect me from the



defence of the [Colonel](#). I was overwhelmed by such heroism, and sparks flew from the fervent car stop. Despite having headlights, the divine light did not protect me, and he said, "From now on, you're going to have to come with me every day, and you're going to work for the [Colonel](#)."

I can only acknowledge my hasty judgement. I have, and I must admit, how wrong I was about him. And that was how I came into contact with him, having to collaborate with his private agenda, bringing him people who came from all over Argentina for an interview with [Colonel Seineldín](#), after requesting an audience, which could take up to a month, but with patience,

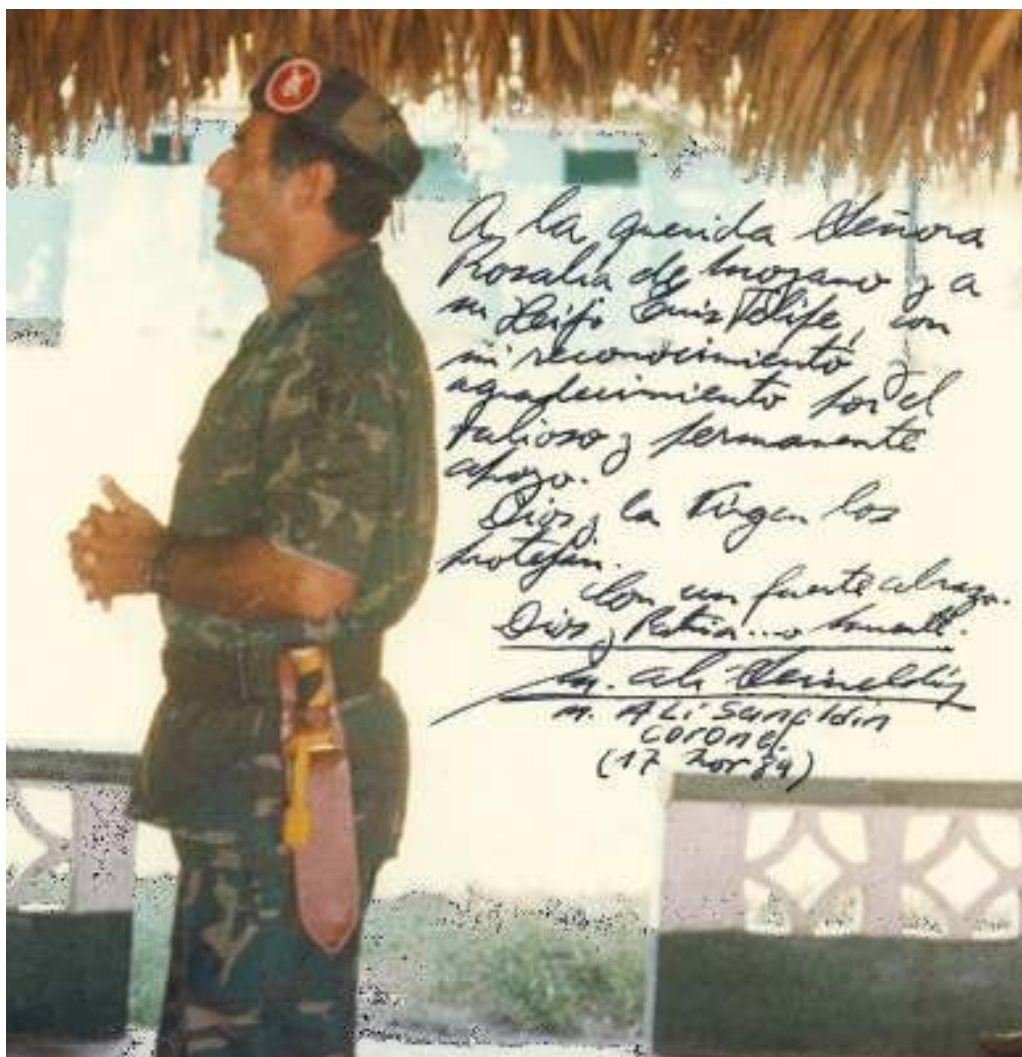
everything comes in this life.

After that clash, the rough edges were smoothed out, which were only caused by a lack of knowledge, something I deeply regret due to my lack of judgement. This meeting, which had to be formalised due to circumstances beyond our control, as it was not in anyone's plans. But if this was the result of speculation by *the "Extras"*, I am unaware of it. What I can assure you is the undeniable fact that I am obliged to reveal facts that I would never, in my right mind, bring to light, "so treacherous"! of the events that have taken place and are yet to take place... But since I have no choice, since I am committed and cannot back down or evade the facts and responsibilities that in one way or another bind *me*, I must reproduce them, cross myself and ask for protection. (.....)

Hence, as is logical and recurrent, this career, full of honour and praise, motivated the reluctant response that it usually produces. The triumph of some is the clear defeat of the *"Sinister Ones,"* who acknowledge this by making his life difficult, whether with the **Tablada** affair or the events of 3 December, which are linked in an attempt to discredit him and remove him from the picture, as he was casting a shadow over their nefarious plans. What is difficult to understand is whether he was overshadowing them in their plans. Once the *Colonel* was out of the way, they could have at least made a good impression, or done something remarkable, admirable, worthy of recognition to surpass him and thus prove that the *Colonel* was wrong in his definitions, his projects, his plans. But that was not the motive, to compete or surpass him. It was simply to destroy him, cut short his career, and remove him from office.

(.....)

Let me clarify, I am complying with my duty to inform, but the way I express myself is my own, I cannot change or hide it, I apologise if I do not express *myself* more respectfully, it is my rebellious nature. All I can do is wait and pray, as they say, and hope to spend Christmas with *my son*.



Paraguay 9 de 1989

Querido Coronel, Agradezco mucho su
respuesta. Desole por lo poco que pueda disculpar mi
atrevimiento.

Le presento misiva, es para ofrecerle, la
colaboración incondicional, de mi hijo,
por supuesto, siempre y cuando Ud. le
de el consentimiento, ya que yo le hago este
ofrecimiento, a sabiendas, que Ud. conoce
de tiempo y creo le resultará un poco
engorroso leer el "libro" por los tér-
minos en el empleado.

No por que a Ud. le falte inteligencia, que
creo tiene para regalar.

A pesar que en estos momentos se encuentra
en gira, y regresará a fin de semana

Si Ud. deseara y lo cree conve-
niente, no tiene más que llamarlo,
que el gastoso no solo le leerá,
si no que le explicará los temas allí
expuestos, haciéndolos más "digeribles".
Como se que Ud. lo que presta no
es "sangre", si no cerebros pensantes,
le cedo el de mi hijo, que fue asesor
y analista de política Nacional e
Internacional de los últimos gobiernos
Argentinos

MARÍA IS TAKEN TO ANTARCTICA TO MEET THE FÜHRER

I continue with my account of "*The Extraterrestrials*," which I began in previous pages. On one occasion, they took me and made me enter a room that looked like an office. I figured that out later, but when they left me there, it was completely dark, so I stood still, as I didn't know what was in front of me or behind me. Then a hand pulled a chain of beads from a nightstand and turned it on. I saw a soldier who said to me: "I am Hitler." I held out my hand and said, 'Nice to meet you, I'm so-and-so.' He started to study me from head to toe, and I did the same, but I couldn't help myself and thought, 'Who does he know? Maybe, who could he be? But what a ridiculous moustache! I thought, forgetting that they can read minds. I read it in his gaze, as it was unchanging. (Editor's note: see page 76 of *Meseta Oceánica* by Roberto Navilli).

There was a desk with a lamp on it. The desk had glass, but there were no postcards or photos,



just polished wood. The walls were lined with books, and he moved away from the side where the nightstand was and stood with his back to the desk, which would be in front of him, with one arm across his chest and resting on his waist and the other holding his chin, looking at me as if to say, "Well, well... I don't know why or how he scrutinised me. Then the man who had left me there came up behind me, took me by both arms and urged me to go forward, saying that the room had an adjoining door and that there was a partition between the doorframe and the desk, separating the desk from the bookcase. When he urged me to go forward from behind me, I looked at the man with the moustache, and he nodded his head for me to go on, so I did. I don't know what they were planning, if they were in cahoots.

When I was in the other room, the "Extra" who was guiding me told me to pay close attention, that he was going to fetch someone who had a tattoo on his left arm, and he showed it to me.

He told me to take a good look, because when I go to get it done, I have to ask the person to show me the tattoo, although he will only show it to me, since he will be coming with me and will give me instructions.

So it was that the Lord (Luis Carlos Arias Varela), the most sinister person I have ever met in my life, and who, ever since my son told him about me and the messages I was receiving about the strategies that would be unfolding in Argentina, and my very naive son, who had no idea that "Ser Siniestro" was, and that he was also with the "Extras destructores" (Chang Shambalá's acolytes), murderers, traitors, sellouts, enemies of peace, tranquillity and the National Heritage. Knowing where my messages would end up, all I could do was ask for forgiveness for my ignorance and that of my son, but the "Sinister One" was well aware of the movements that were adverse and unfavourable to his plans. From then on, I began to withhold messages from him, and a relentless and hellish persecution began, just like him. This is not my opinion, but that of the Federal Police and the three Armed Forces, who informed me of this. When they kidnapped us and my son and I asked for him, they asked us, "Why are you asking for him?" and I replied on one occasion: 'Because he tells us that if you have any problems, ask for me and I will get you out right away.' Until one day, with their faces uncovered, they said to me: 'Look at us, what will you say if we tell you that he ordered us to kidnap you? And I replied: 'What can I say? From then on, the war began, like a cat and mouse game, because he had deprived us of our freedom, until one day someone helped us, we prepared our escape and got away. My son says to me: 'Old woman, I'm going to another country, cover for me, I'll look for work and you come too', 'that's the deal'. But, but... in the meantime, the 'Sinister One' calls me, asking if I can come urgently because he wants to show me something that I'm going to like and love.

When I arrived, his secretary, "Norteamericana" (Mrs. Lidia Funes), opened the door as usual. I entered and there was a meeting of men, gentlemen, professionals, and government officials. I entered and she introduced me to a

gentleman. I took a step back, and he said, "Come on, come on, they're all friends." He took *me* by the arm and led *me* to another room, which was next to where the meeting was taking place and was the office of "*El Siniestro*."

The '*Sinister* One' said to the gentleman (De Grandi): 'Show him, show him', and the gentleman rolled up his sleeve, And I see the tattoo... I almost fainted! And like this "*Sinister*" one, I knew from *my son* that when I found him



I found him, I had to follow his instructions, and I had to give him the messages that the "*extraterrestrials*" had given *me* for him. He took *me* to the meeting, I didn't want to speak, and he said to *me*: "Speak, ma'am, speak, they're all trustworthy." Yes, but the one who wasn't trustworthy was him, because I could see the "sinister side" of him, which was obvious. Just like me, he insisted to the gentleman who came (De Grandi) that he also refused to speak in front of everyone.

Finally (De Grandi) tells *me* that he came to look for me, as he must take me to Mr. Maler, who sent him to find me, and that he was carrying a briefcase with documents and a letter, and that as he was leaving the hotel to get into the taxi, someone passed by and snatched it from him, "no doubt sent by the *Sinister One*" (¿?)!

I didn't know who this Mr De Grandi was, nor did I know "*Mr Maler*"; I only knew some of the people at the meeting. I gave him an address, which he would have to go to in "*Berlin*". Mr Sinister and the group wouldn't let him take *me*.

Editor's note: De Grandi is SS Standartenführer Karl Von Grossem, the officer who escorted Kurt Von Sübermann in "Operation East" described in Felipe's "The Mystery of Belicena Villca."

Those present at the meeting were the leaders of the Anael Order: Arias Varela, Julio César Urien, Guillermo Jáuregui, Hugo César Luna, Miguel Ángel García Firbeda, etc.

(Source: "Meseta Oceánica" by R. Navilli).

I am leaving urgently and sending a letter to *my son* (who was in Brazil), and he is taking a plane and coming urgently. Neither *my son* nor I could get the "*Sinister One*" to tell us who he was or where to find him, since *he* had left without me, even though I was in danger! We spent a year piecing together the puzzle with scattered clues, and after a year, we left with two bags and moved to another province.

The "*Sinister* One" only found out about us three months later, when *my son* had already joined a company. Another year went by and *my son* said to *me*: "What do you think if we go and look for him during the holidays, this man (De Grandi)?" "Just a hunch" (an esoteric method of "strategic approximation"), sensing where he might be, we booked a hotel and set off from there. So we did. On the first day, we only had clues, but we already had a lead. We went to the hotel and left early the next morning. At around three in the afternoon, we found him in a country house. We knocked on the door... Total silence. *My son* said to *me*, "Let's go back, there's no one here." We were disappointed and said we would return. As we were leaving, the door opened and Mr De Grandi appeared with a gun. When *he* saw me, he said, "Madam!" and hugged *me*. I introduced him to *my son*, and he introduced us to his wife.

To sum up, he didn't even want to talk about it. He was terrified by the mere mention of it, let alone being questioned, because we said that he and his whole family were being threatened. However, as we were leaving, *he* told *my son* that he had been in the war (World War II) and gave him a thousand details that I don't know, as the lady took *me* to another room: "Let's leave them, let the men talk," she said, inviting him to a meeting to introduce him to the *Hitler Youth*. I was in Valencia, completely out of it. It took us more years to find out where he was and to find him than we had been together. *My son* got up and said to *me*, "Old woman, let's go," and the couple was surprised: "Why? Stay for dinner, stay the night, I have guest rooms," but it was useless. We left, and he wouldn't talk to *me*. What happened? He didn't want to talk, and I started: "We spent two years looking for him, and now what?" Finally, *he* said, "But don't you see, old woman, that just by coming here, we're putting him at risk." I didn't understand, not at all, so I decided not to ask any more questions.

(Note: It was during that interview with De Grandi that Felipe learned details of **"Operation AL ESTE"** (Operation East), recounted in "The Story of Kurt Von Suberman," which is Book 4 of "The Mystery of Belicena Villca," from the lips of its protagonist).

We arrived at our destination and at that very moment the phone rang and it was *the Lord*, inviting us to Easter, to that meeting, where he spoke about the *Hitler Youth*, and *my son*, as soon as he hung up, called **"Sinistro"** (Arias Varela) and told him that he was inviting him to spend Easter together.

(Editor's note: "...Upon returning to Ledesma, Moyano believed that attending the celebration without Arias' knowledge could turn out to be a terrible mistake; **'moving a piece on Arias' chessboard without his knowledge'**... could earn them relentless persecution, so he decided to 'open the channel' again and inform Arias of his participation in the celebration..." (Page 77 of "1st Dissertation" by OCTRA, 81-page PDF).

I started screaming and crying, "No, no, why did you do that?" and he said, "Why did I do what?" and I said, "Why did you tell him, why did you invite him?" and he said, "But what's going on, I don't understand anything, what's wrong with that?" and I said, "Sit down and listen to me, why are we here in this province? Why did we escape from the clutches of the man who had us imprisoned, watched over by his friend, whom I nicknamed 'The Ruffian'! And tell me, how could you invite him to his house when the owner didn't even invite him! What's more, (Arias Varela) didn't want to give us the address, or the name, or how to contact him. React!" Come on... when he spoke on the phone, **"Sinister"** grabbed his head and he was just a "puppet", controlled by that **"Sinister"** man, and this man was already in danger. And *my son* insists: "But... what's going on? We're all crazy! Look, let's go for a drive, the atmosphere here is heavy, let's go out and get some air."

We left and were on the main street, right in the centre, and it was raining cats and dogs. I was on the right side, I saw a truck and I said, "Swerve, we're going to hit the truck!" He didn't even hear *me*, he was like a zombie. I put my head between my knees and covered my face. There was a hellish noise, he ripped the fender and mirror off the truck, and ours was all dented. *My son* got out, just coming to his senses, and realised what had happened. and he said to *me*, "Are you hurt, old lady?" Just then, a man who had been sitting in the truck got out, holding his waist, and *my son* wanted to take him to get him checked out, but the man refused. *My son* offered to pay for the damage to the truck and his skeleton. The crash was quite expensive.



Anyway, our *Ford Fairlane* went to the repair shop, so Easter was ruined. As soon as I got home, I called *the* Easter organiser and also sent him a letter, to which he replied, as well as sending a telegram, which had arrived earlier, asking us not to miss the meeting.

They say that man proposes and God disposes. When I received the news of our accident, and I told him that *my son* had notified our "friend, the **Grim Reaper**" and that no one could get *me* out of my head, that this was his doing, this gentleman tried by every means to persuade me of these "macabre" ideas. But I am guided by the verb "to protect": I protect you, you protect *me*, we protect each other. My beloved grandfather taught *me* to read and write and the verbs, but what I couldn't get my head around were the mistakes and the silent "h", which I never knew whether to put at the beginning, in the middle or at the end. Just in case, I left it out and let everyone put it where they thought it belonged. The thing is, despite all the persuasion, right? How could I think that, when he was as good as gold! Clear as day, **the fact is that the man disappeared as if by magic**. During the holidays, we went to see the **"Sinister One"** and I told him that if he didn't want us to spend Easter with the couple, he should have told us

, and not let us almost burst, and he laughed out loud and said, "But didn't you hear the news? They told me he died"... grrr, gulp, we'll have to believe it or burst. [My son](#) and I decided to take a break, because when we were there, he told him to come for Easter, since he would be leaving soon and we would lose contact.

.....
Kurt Von Suberman says to his nephew Arturo Sieganagel:

"...I repeat that time is pressing, neffe, so I will leave the account of the adventures that befell us on our journey to Italy for another time. I will only mention that in June 1945 I met Karl Von Grossen and Oskar Feil at the Franciscan monastery in southern Italy and that I remained there until February 1947. At that time, our contact with "The Spider" (an SS organisation formed to support members of the Waffen SS who were being persecuted by the Jews after the war) introduced us to an Argentine Army officer named Zapalla, who provided us with passports and tickets and, of course, new identities: I became Cerino Sanguedolce, as you already know; Oskar became Domingo Pietratesta; and Karl Von Grossen became Carlo de Grandi. The three of us were to appear to be Italian immigrants, hence the linguistic affiliation of the names.

Once in this country (Argentina), everything happened as Tarstein had planned: we were given the money in Buenos Aires, and each of us went to live in a different province. Von Grossen stayed in Buenos Aires and, as Tarstein had said, he soon began to organise a secret service in the company of another former comrade of his from the Gestapo, Standartenführer Justiniano Von Grosmann.

Oskar Feil chose Córdoba, and it seems that the gods had guided him, because years later he found the Order of the Knights of Tirol there, which guided his final days; and I, knowing that the Siegnagels lived in Salta, decided that "Santa María de la Candelaria" was a good name for the Virgin of Agartha, and I acquired this estate where I have lived ever since.

(Page 689 of the 766-page PDF of El Misterio de Belicena Villca)

.....
I wanted to clarify that when [my son](#) travelled to Antarctica (in 1973) to take part in the Winter Campaign, yes, I always said that I had asked him to go, but never before, I mean years ago, did I say that he was going at the "request of [the extraterrestrials](#)" that he had to go. He was 28 years old at the time and had a burning desire for adventure. In other words, despite going to study, he never identified with anyone. Nor did he ask many questions when he saw that people were reluctant to talk about certain topics and certain things. Therefore, when he went to Antarctica, we were two nobodies (according to the experts), and "[They, the Extraterrestrials](#)" forbade us to mention them, which was a problem!

While I was alone, a girl who was staying in a room said to me, "Did you see the film they're showing? You should watch it, don't miss it." So I went to see it. It was called "Smoke and Clouds." To be honest, I didn't understand it. To understand it, you need to know the history behind it. I've only read one book in my life, Martín Fierro, and that was because I won it in a competition run by Editorial Vigil. [My son](#) read it to me and kept me up to date with the themes. The problem is that they wouldn't let me study, read, type or sew, because they needed my head, and all that was a distraction from passing on messages. If I wanted to know something, I had to ask them, the "Extras," and they would tell me. They must have had an encyclopaedia, because I would ask and they would give me the answer right away, but that wasn't the point. I wanted to sew or type.

When [my son](#) was at the "Gral. Belgrano" base, the southernmost of all, since it is near the Pole, together with the Eskimos, "I say, it seems to me, I don't know". [My son](#) was completely unaware of what was happening in the world, just like me, so at the base he tried to find out certain things that were forbidden to talk about here on land, and he thought: "If the three forces are here, also setting up a base, I'll get some information from somewhere that will clear up this mystery, this confusion, because until now, I've only heard one side of the story... and the other one is missing," but it was useless. If they answered him at all, it was reluctantly, with a few words, always the same thing. It was like putting together a jigsaw puzzle.

(MARÍA SPEAKS ABOUT FREEMASONRY)

On one occasion, my husband introduced me to a gentleman who, according to him, was a unique case. He introduced him to me and told me that he had worked for, I don't remember if it was ten or more years, and when the shop closed, which was called "La Ciudad de Roma" (The City of Rome), which I think belonged to the English, and... when General Perón came to power, they closed. I continue. Logically, he was an elderly gentleman. After my husband passed away, this gentleman offered to help me if I needed anything, to which I gratefully declined

and kindly. It so happened that this gentleman fell ill with cancer, which was terminal. The thing was, he came from Spain and started as a cadet in a drugstore and retired as a cadet. Like a good Galician, he didn't allow himself to be promoted. He said that just the fact that the drugstore had hired him and that he had escaped Franco was the best promotion of his life. He was admitted to hospital, and I was the only woman who visited him, as he had plenty of friends. I don't think he lasted a week. He was waked at a Republican Club, where he had been secretary. As he had no family, I stayed with him all night, and in the morning a group of friends gathered and exchanged opinions, and I heard them say: *"Yes, she has more rank than us."* Then they came over and handed **me** the Spanish flag and **told me** that they were granting **me** the honour of wrapping him in the Spanish flag, and I didn't understand anything anymore. All I can say is that half of my husband's family were Catholics and the other half were Freemasons. I don't know which one I am. I know that one day my husband told **me** that he would make **me** join the **Freemasons**, and I told him, without knowing what it was, that I wouldn't be crazy enough to do that, so the subject was never mentioned again. I was 15 years old and it had been about 17 years since **I** got married when this man died. How can I be or remain a member if I didn't give my consent? But then again, I didn't give my consent to get married either, and they married **me** off against my will. That's how everything is in my life. My consent or opinion doesn't count. Who cares? Yes, yes... or no, no. What a world we live in, so arrogant.

I don't know if they admitted **me**, if I'm registered, or affiliated—I don't know what the term is—but what I do know is that a long time ago, I would have heard a noise, a signal, like a trick, I don't know. I'll tell you what they had in store for **me** when **I** refused to write what they suggested, and needless to say, I had to endure all kinds of pressure to force me to comply. Of course, with the little or much that I question, why all this, what's going on, what's the problem? apart from my son, there is something else here, something much bigger that I can't quite figure out. If I look back, I see that my life has been a constant carrying out of everything they suggested **to me**, and now we've reached **2000**, and now what happens, or what is going to happen? Who am I, why did I have to go through all this hell, always deprived of freedom, not allowed to study, to have friends... Not to mention distractions, I just had to be alert to the messages they sent **me**. (Clarification: I make no distinction of race, creed or colour, and I do not speak of what I do not know, but only of what I have lived and witnessed, even if it was to my regret). STOP.

Because they wouldn't let **me** study, type or sew, and **I** complained about it, they gave **me** such a beating that I had to spend a year in a cast, from my groin to my armpit! **I** splintered my fifth vertebra, one so **I wouldn't** complain anymore, another to awaken my chakras. The thing is, between one thing and another, the joke kept **me** down for three years. First, I spent three months without moving my legs or arms, and the doctors said they didn't know if I would ever walk again, and I thought, yes... "Others won't walk, but I'll be back." It was just a "little tap," nothing more, and when I came back to bother them, they took away my compass, so if I don't go out with a guide, **I** get lost. Time passes and I go back to bothering them, and they say what **I** need is to strengthen my sense of humour. so **I** laugh at everything and people say **to me**, *'What a lovely personality you have, you don't seem to have any problems!'*, and I don't say what I really think, so as not to be rude.

I would like to make it clear, to avoid any misunderstandings, that the people I mention or refer to with a photo or card are not necessarily aware of what I have published and continue to publish on the website, and even less so that they agree or share in any way with what I am expressing, since no one, absolutely no one, was or is aware of my life and my actions.

I am writing this publication solely and exclusively at the request of "The Extraterrestrials," who have my son until I publish what they **have ordered me** to write. I have tried by all means to avoid doing so, but since everything is useless and the only thing that would be achieved by not doing so would be to delay it and prolong the agony a little longer, I am publishing it. If I don't do it, someone else will take up the baton. To clarify to the world what they have not had the magnanimity to do of their own accord, and which would have been easier for those involved. What happened? And for each one to acknowledge their part in this conflict. And not have to do it myself, as I cannot and must not take sides.

Well, what about our army, **General** San Martín's army? What about our air force? Who is making hay out of this fallen tree? What about the navy? The navy deserves a separate chapter.

First things first.

(1973: MARÍA IS KIDNAPPED WHILE FELIPE IS IN ANTARCTICA)

In 1973, I was kidnapped by intelligence agents. I don't know which agency, because they didn't tell me. What I do know is that it was in a public place, from 4:00 in the afternoon until 10:00 at night, and they interrogated me non-stop. The strange thing was that, even though it was such a public and busy place, I never heard anyone mention it, or maybe no one was there, or maybe I was the privileged one. ?

The second time it was the **Jews**... "Oh, **the Jews!**" I won't go into details, but as soon as I entered, they took my clothes off and took naked photos of me. I hope they focused properly, because I don't like looking ugly in photos. They recorded what they made me say, with my hair pulled back, and the man who interrogated me was a beast, at least 1.80 metres tall. I'm 1.56 metres tall. I don't remember the man very well, because they made me swallow something. I was screaming for water, and he said, '*No, not water!*' and gave me something like orange. When I got there, I could barely open my eyes, and through a tiny slit in my eyelids, I saw a little light like a firefly. After the orange, I collapsed. But I could hear, and the man, with a lisp, told me that he was Jewish, that he had been sent from Israel, from the Air Force, to the Argentine Air Force. I'll continue. After interrogating me and seeing that I wasn't telling him anything other than what was in his sick mind, he started talking non-stop. *This Jewish man* is a well-known businessman.

I will tell you a story. On one occasion, a young woman came to see me, knowing that I had contacts in the Government House, and asked me to do something for her, as her father, who was a librarian in Congress, had died. She was left alone with her mother and sister. I don't know if her mother was bedridden, but her younger sister and she were studying, and she wanted to quit her job to take her father's place as a librarian, as is the legal right of children in the event of their parent's death.

But, but, *this gentleman* tells me that he has a mistress and that, "coincidentally," with the influence he had, he had gotten her a job as a librarian in Congress. *The gentleman* told me he was married, and his wife was in Mar del Plata with their son, and he had to leave as soon as he was done with me. This happened in Buenos Aires.

To sum up, I woke up, or rather, he woke me up, dragged me by my hair, pushed me into the bathtub, first dragging me across the floor and then throwing me into the bathtub. I screamed, "*No, you're getting my hair wet!*" since it was down to my waist. Then he put a nylon cap on my head that he had ripped off the rack. I didn't know where I was, I didn't know Buenos Aires, and I had never travelled before. He told me to get dressed, take the lift down and wait for him downstairs, and when he came down, to follow him from behind, which I did.

I will share an anecdote from when my son went to Antarctica (At the end of 1973, Luis Felipe Moyano travelled to Antarctica aboard the icebreaker ARA Gral. San Martín, to the Belgrano Base" – "1st Dissertation), to take part in the Campaign, that is, to spend the winter there, like moles, ps, ps. I already explained that I was left alone, and my son found me, through an advertisement, that the owner was renting out a room to a single lady. He found me that apartment. I'll continue. The owner of the apartment was Spanish, Basque, and tougher than beef shank, but good and noble. I'm speaking in the past tense because she left and isn't coming back for now, but with the advances in science, who knows. I paid for the phone so I could communicate with my son without bothering her. One night at midnight, the phone rang. I was sleeping, I ran and answered, and it was the guys from "TRIPLE A." They urged me to come down to talk, and I said: But it's midnight and I went to bed at 8 o'clock. How naive of me! And they replied on the phone: '*What do you care? It's not a question of whether you want to or not, you have to come down! Cross the street to the bar opposite!*'

Instantly, "The Extras" tell me it's because of the writing, a poem I wrote for my son. I take the folder and put the writings in it, and go downstairs; I ask him, "*What's going on?*" and he says, "*Ma'am, what are you up to?*" I explain and show him the writing, and he says, "*I'm taking this with me.*" "*Why?*" I ask, and he says, "*It wouldn't be me who would make a leader where there wasn't one,*" and I explained why I mentioned a person in the poem and said, "*I didn't make it up, I have magazines where you guys praise him, and I'm just a housewife, I'm not subversive, I don't understand anything, I don't know what's going on, who's good and who's bad, I'm not involved in politics,*" and I asked her, "*What's the problem if I wrote the poem for my son?*" "*Yes, but you mention another person.*" "*Ahhh! That's the problem. Then there's no problem. Just put General San Martín in it and that's it. No one will complain if San Martín belongs to everyone.*" And that's how it was.

The poem is included in both versions.

Here and now *Antarctica* (poem)

A big hello to all the children of Mother

Antarctica.

Antarctica, many are those who want to seduce you,

few are those who have been able to conquer you.

*General José de San Martín is one of your lovers, a faithful
pioneer and devoted missionary.*

*with him you conceived children who cover the
universe, you cradled the wings of the homeland in
your lap.*

*Infants, soldiers and civilians in a maternal embrace,
you shelter only your children in the bosom of your
history. Faithful to the Father of the Fatherland, you
uphold your sovereignty. When anyone thirsts for your
dwelling place*

give them to drink from your past glories,

when they are hungry

let them devour the immensity of the white continent,

when you feel nostalgia, my child

melt your soul in the splendour of the auroras, when

the air is impure

purify it with the whiteness of the snow,

when confinement wearies you

Free your spirit on the horizon, when

tears come to your eyes, let them

crystallise like ice,

when you are frozen with cold,

wrap yourself in the warmth of

God.

*It is and always will be Argentine Antarctica! Those
who want to defile your immaculate purity have arms
too short to reach you...*

Not only did I know no one in Buenos Aires, I didn't even know Buenos Aires, but of course Buenos Aires accepted me, with its kidnappings, and I got the package. You can't go around choosing this and not that; that's just how the world works, with joys, sorrows, kidnappings, threats... they're all part of everyday life.

.....

Once, my son called me from Antarctica, and since he knew me inside and out, he said, "Mum, why don't you sign up for a theatre class?" I liked the whole thing, the gaucho culture, the patriotism, and reciting, but knowing that I didn't go out or socialise with anyone, I said yes, I would do it. But then I started thinking, because I sometimes think, and I said to myself: why am I going to sign up for a group? I'm not a group person, I'm an individual, I don't get along with groups. So I signed up for all three channels, 13, 11 and 7. They all called me, but I didn't accept any of them. I always followed the saying, 'better alone than in bad company', 'the ox alone...', etc. Well, I participated in several programmes, but then one day the Spanish lady who owned the house, whose name was Magdalena, waited for me, shouting, and told me to go to the TV channel because they were waiting for me for a film, that Sandro had chosen me from the photos, and I said, 'OK', I didn't think much of it. The next day I left, and the Spanish lady was almost having a heart attack: 'They called you from the TV channel! - Well, what do they want you to do? - But, girl, don't you understand? To be in a film with Sandro, he's chosen you! - Magdalena already told me. - And you're not going? - In a film with Sandro in a swimsuit on the beach, a flesh-coloured swimsuit? I told the director no, and he said, 'What do you mean no? You'll have to come and explain yourself,' and I said, 'Why should I explain myself over the phone? Look, I have a son in the Navy, he's in Antarctica, and there's no way in hell I'm going to wear a swimsuit. - So why did you sign up and send in the photos? - The photos were taken by an advertising agent you sent me. - Well, but why? You didn't want to act. - I wanted to participate in a programme, since I'm alone in Buenos Aires and my son won't be back for a year. I don't

I knew nothing about anything, I knew nobody, I was in another world. - Come on: But it's Sandro! - Yes, I know. - And that doesn't mean anything to you? - In '75, I saw TV for the first time.

.....

I'll tell you another part of that poem: one morning I was at a bank, and there were two queues, and there was a man standing next to me, but he started talking to me, I'm a friendly, talkative, trusting person, but "if the man is a **Jew** and from **Mossad**, the intelligence services, and his mission is to interrogate and extract information like this man," knowing about the poem I had written to my son... not only read, analysed, investigated, what implications it could have, what affiliation he belonged to, what ideology he had, if it was not encrypted, if it had a message between the lines, in short, everything Machiavellian and corrupt that a sinister mind like that of the **Jews** can concoct.

Of course, **the gentleman was Jewish and from Mossad**, a well-trained individual, perhaps he studied martial arts at the Schools of the Americas... He said to me, "You have the face of a writer," and I replied, "What a coincidence, I enjoy writing, and I have just finished recording an album." He responded, "What a coincidence, I'm friends with Representante, and if you'd like, we could have a coffee this afternoon at Café de Los Angelitos at 6 p.m. He's an actors' agent.

Well, I went, and on the way, Los Extraterrestres told me to be careful because they would try to give me something, and I said, "Yes, just open my mouth and insert it." And that's how it was. **The representative** didn't come. He told me he was waiting for us at the office. "What a joke!" When I arrived, **the representative** was with a bottle of beer, and he said to me, "Would you like one?" And I said, "No, I don't drink," and I said to the waiter, "Bring me a Coke." Of course, the representative had already arranged it with the waiter. He brought me the Coke, poured it, and when I went to pick up the glass, he quickly grabbed it with his big hand and kept talking. Only when he finished talking did he let go of the glass, and it was January, boiling hot! I drank it in one gulp and collapsed: "What's wrong, ma'am? You're sick!" Two men drag me away, like "Maria Soledad" (**the girl from Catamarca, the accused Lucke, etc., etc.**), and they put me in a taxi that was waiting at the door. It was all planned, and he takes me to what would be his house, a flat where he lived with his wife, but **she** was in Mar del Plata.

I already explained this, to Buenos Aires... I didn't know her, and in that state, and with what the waiter put in my "Coca, it knocked me out". Well, he started interrogating me, and that's when I found out who he was, about the poem and his friend the representative. He wanted one thing at all costs: to find out why my son had gone to Antarctica! **The Jewish man** from **Mossad** had sent him from the Israeli Air Force to the Argentine Air Force.

He wanted to get me out at all costs, to find out what I knew about Antarctica, and I told him that I had sent my son, that he hadn't gone because he didn't want to, as I didn't know how interested he was in that blessed and mistreated Antarctica. The thing is that the poem I wrote to my son caused me so many problems, but... everyone who mobilised for Antarctica!

.....

(NIGHTS OF FLYING SAUCERS)

Anecdote: I was at home in Córdoba, in a small apartment with two rooms at the back of the house, both measuring four by four metres, with large glass windows next to a balcony with railings.



It was 3:00 in the morning, I was asleep and suddenly, as if a magnet had lifted [me](#) up, [I](#) stumbled to my feet and went to the window. Imagine my surprise when I saw **a huge dark ship** next to the bars of the window. [I](#) stood there in the room, staring at it, studying it, as I imagine they would do to me. I felt no fear, just curiosity. It was suspended in the air. Well, after contemplating it for a few minutes or seconds, I thought: I'm going to tell [my son](#), who was asleep. No sooner had I thought it than, as if reading my mind, before I could turn around to go and tell him, it slowly began to rise, leaving its shadow on the wall of the buildings, as my house was between two buildings of more than [f i v e](#) or six floors. I don't know, mine only had three and the ship occupied the space of the two 4-by-4 windows, that is, 8 to 10 metres in circumference. I stood there watching it rise and leave its shadow on the two buildings on either side, since the street was about 50 metres behind us.

It was a dark night, yes, it was a dark night, and you could see the shadows on the wall, or don't you know that even the finest hair casts a shadow on the wall? But even more unusual, if you can call it that, I looked up at the sky and saw a huge circle, like a hole in the clouds, and behind it I could see the starry blue sky, because [I](#) have no doubt that that closed or cloudy sky is made by Them with a layer of atmosphere.

The thing is, it rose, passed through the atmosphere and reached the starry sky, then the sky closed, meaning that the atmosphere spread out and everything became compact and even. All [I](#) could do was tell [my son](#) about it the next day, because when I thought about calling him, my thoughts and intentions were picked up and they began to rise slowly.

The ships that came to pick [me](#) up had a divine light inside, like the light that radiates from [the Master Jesus](#) when he came to affirm [my](#) faith and tell me not to stop writing this, that they would give [me](#) all their support and protection. Let me clarify: [I](#) don't care about myself, I just want to follow [my son](#), so that he may return soon.

I took the opportunity to look at them closely. I wanted to see what the ship was made of. I don't know what it is, I only know that they are made of a compact material, light as a feather. I don't know of anything that resembles it.

With [my son](#), cloudy and hazy days were **nights of flying saucers** for us, and when we were in Buenos Aires, we would sit at the Obelisk, even if it was drizzling, and watch them until dawn. For us, it was a celebration, a gift from God. After seeing them, we would go to sleep with a heavenly peace that only they could give us. after that we could endure anything, or rather (**better said, we could endure**) all the misery of this world, and see how miserable people are who steal and kill for a few pesos.

(.....)

[The extraterrestrials](#) tell [me](#) that no one will touch them, no... not at all! Only that the ill-gotten money will burn them and they will have to get rid of it, and "they say, don't be so kind as to donate it to the Church, as you usually do, because money doesn't have a label to say whether it belongs to Peter or John, and the Church will have to refrain from receiving it, because if it burns the thieves, it will burn the Church too!"

The thing is, the aliens have counted everyone's ribs and know (even) their shoe sizes. Until the money that was stolen from the people's coffers is returned, this will not end, no matter how long it takes, and those who enter Argentina will have to leave behind the fruits of their plunder, the most honest ones... if they haven't forgotten that the fruit is Honour! Since they have removed the flag, the coat of arms and the escarapela from circulation, the traitors will be able to remove and erase the symbols of Argentina. You heartless people, the only symbol you care about is money, ill-gotten money. These are the renegades of Argentina!

(.....)

ROSALÍA LIVES AN ORDEAL IN HER CHILDHOOD

Just when I thought I had banished it from my life and my spirit... **they force me** to write about what was my nightmare for years! I have to go back countless years, but it has to be this way, so that the world can see that despite the passing of time, not only do they not live in peace, they do not allow anyone else to have peace, just as it was then and as it is now.

I will begin by recounting events from when I was four years old (1934).

My mother was very ill and they couldn't tell her anything for sure, whether she would have surgery or not, as it was in God's hands, as doctors commonly say, and my mother accepted the risk and the challenge. The only problem was me, as there was nowhere to leave me. My grandfather found out and wrote to her to take **me**. The thing was, my grandfather had remarried, and his new wife, according to what she told my grandfather, was "German," but, but... when they went to the registry office to sign the papers, he found out she was **Jewish**, a small detail, of course, but he didn't like the idea of having me around until my mother had her operation.



I will keep this as brief as possible. My grandfather lived in Funes, but he worked in Pergamino (**northwest of the province of Buenos Aires**), which meant that he would come home on Saturday afternoons and leave on Sunday afternoons, leaving me alone with my grandmother for the week. My grandfather in Pergamino, as he worked on the railway, lived in a carriage. I don't want to comment, but anyone who finds themselves in that situation has two options: either commit suicide or leave, and spend as little time there as possible! Stop

I continue. Having to bring this past to mind does not make **me** very happy, to say the least. I used to call her "grandmother" to try to soften her up, as I was only four years old and didn't understand a thing. As soon as my mother left, she sang **me** the "rules." **I** had to wash my dirt off in a tub, which at that time was a wooden trough with a wooden board on top, like a half barrel with hoops. She put it on a stool, and then **it was** time to get to work. She turned the machine to zero, which meant **she** shaved my head. She told **me** not to even think about combing **my** hair! **She locked me in the chicken coop** and said that would be my place to stay. And good luck trying to get out or open the chicken coop door. Me: *Yes, Grandma, okay, Grandma...*

On weekends, when my grandfather's friend came over, he would ask **me** if I was happy with my grandmother, and I would say, "Yes." Then he would ask her how **I** was behaving, and she would say, "Not a bit." When he came over, he would pretend he knew nothing about it. The thing was, when she started saying she wanted to go to Pergamino with him, he was very sly and told her he had bought a plot of land and had started building a house, but she didn't want to wait for him to finish it; she wanted him to rent it out and that would be that. So she did, but I'll make a long story short. I was there for almost four years, and that was because one day a car drove by with a loudspeaker, shouting that everyone had to get vaccinated because there was a smallpox epidemic, so **I** was left alone because everyone went to get vaccinated.

It was then that a neighbour called **me** over to her house, as my grandmother had forbidden **me** to go near, and asked **me** quickly: "Do you have a father?" "No." "A mother?" "Yes, but she's dying." What hell was I in? I had never seen death before. She asked **me**: "Do you have any uncles?" "Yes, three," I replied. *Where do you work? – On the railway. – Where? – One in Buenos Aires, another in Mendoza and another in Chaco. – What's the name of the one in Buenos Aires?* I tell him, and he says: *Aren't they taking you to get vaccinated? – No. – Well, go on, before your grandmother comes, and don't say anything to her.*

The days passed, we were already in Pergamino and my grandfather was at home, but, but... the rascal, he took turns working in different provinces so he could escape. In the kitchen, my grandfather had made a brazier out of an empty petrol drum, about a metre and a half high. He made four small holes in the middle, put a grate over it and put two or three kilos of charcoal in the middle of the embers, and my grandfather said: "Leave the door or window open for the carbon monoxide."

The thing is, my grandmother, who wouldn't even let **me** come over to this side, tells **me** to go to the kitchen and peel the potatoes **she** left on the table **for me**. "Well...", I say, "What happened, did she fall in love?" Because even though I was only four or five years old, even though I didn't speak, but... I started peeling the potatoes, and next to me there was a big bowl, like someone was going to slaughter a pig. She locked **me** in (**in the kitchen, with no windows or doors open**), and after a while **I** remember feeling dizzy and saying, "Mummy, help!" and I fell into the bowl... I lost consciousness, and when **I** woke up, my

grandmother holding **me** in her lap, putting cloths with vinegar on **me**. When I opened my eyes, I remember caressing her and saying, *'Grandmother, dearest! Stop.*

On top of all this, a guy from Buenos Aires shows up with a camera hanging around his neck like he's some kind of athlete, and says he's just out for a walk. The thing is, he takes a photo **of me** and sends it to my mum, who was more dead than alive, as they had cut her open from hip to hip, from waist to pelvis, in three hellish operations. Today it would be a piece of cake, but back then they didn't give her much chance of survival. Anyway, my mother arrives and comes in screaming: *"I'm taking her, I'm taking her!"* My grandfather hadn't come home from work yet, it was around 11:00 in the morning, and she tells him to give her some clothes to take me with, and he didn't have anything, he had two aprons around his ankles, made from a faded cretonne curtain that he had changed, and she made **me** two aprons, one to wear and one to wash. It was July, I didn't have a T-shirt, or a jumper, or a coat. I still had the sandals my mother had brought **me**, and because I twisted them inside out, she made **me** wear the right one on my left foot, and as the strap had broken, she made **me** flip-flops. It was the middle of winter and I didn't even have socks. But she would nag **me** that the boys in the war didn't have this or that, and that I had too much.

She gave me something to drink in the morning, something bitter, because the boys in the war didn't have sugar. She gave **me** a plate of raw onions and I said to her, *"Grandma, it's spicy, spicy!"* And **she** said, *"Yes, I wish they had onions in the war."* In the courtyard, she would give **me** a bunch of grapes from the vine, and I would throw away the seeds and the skin, and she would make me pick them up and eat them, because the boys in the war would have liked to have them.

I'll continue. The neighbour passed the information on to her husband, who worked on the railway, and he passed it on along the line to Buenos Aires, where it reached my uncle, and so the chain continued until it reached my mother. When I arrived in Rosario, they took **me** to the Unione e Benevolenza Hospital, **where** they took an X-ray of my lungs and found that I had been ill with my lungs, but according to the doctor, I was physically strong. Yes... I say: "Damn it, if it weren't for the aliens, my grandmother would have sent **me** to the grave!" The thing is, the doctor, a real charmer, told my mother to get rid of that photo and never mention it in front of me, and if I spoke about it, not to pay any attention to me.

The neighbour who told my family, and the three children, whom she traded a bunch of grapes for a bread roll, which the three of them took from the Creole biscuit, since the **Jewess** had **me** starving, "because that's how the children were in the war", everything was **sinister** and dramatic.

I had to hide for a year until **my** hair grew and I gained weight, because when the kids saw **me** they called **me** "X-ray," because **you** could see my ribs, vertebrae, and hip bones, a "poem."

The last photo was taken by my uncle, and **I** wasn't photographed again until I was 13 (**1943**), when **I** got close to a human being. Even though I hadn't been in the war, I looked like I had! And yet **I** don't complain. On the contrary, **I** laugh. It must be because the aliens strengthened **my** sense of humour. Whatever the reason, I say: you can't spend more than 50 years hating.

They make their children hate all of humanity, they don't live, nor do they let others live, and they teach their children that they must hate, "never forget and never forgive!"

That is not honest, to deprive them of loving their neighbour, without affection, without love, only living on the prowl, to trample on their neighbour, to cheat them, to pawn them and destroy them, to have no... a little charitable feelings? I beg, I plead, for THE SUPERIORS to listen **to me**, for this agony to end, if they had to go through this trial, let it end in this millennium! Let it be known that I am not saying anything scandalous, so as not to arouse anger. Stop.

The house was surrounded on three sides, so everyone could see the drama, and to make matters worse, the kids gathered on the pavement, I don't know if they were told to or if it was their own idea, but they started shouting: 'Let **her** out to play!', and they all shouted in unison: *'Let her out, let her out!'*, I didn't know where to hide, and my grandmother was so desperate to commit serial murder, it was poetic.

At the bottom, there was a reed bed. Reeds usually have roots just below the surface of the soil, so sometimes they are almost above ground, and between the roots, a tunnel had formed. A snake as thick as a litre bottle had made its home there. It was black, green and orange, beautiful, like a poem. I loved it, as it was my only friend.

only friend. She slept, and I didn't know that snakes live at night and sleep during the day. [My son](#) explained that to me.

I used to tease her, making "quichi, quichi!" noises on her head and saying, "Hey! Sleepyhead, do you sleep all day?" And she would start to move around and make [me](#) dizzy, those colours, black, green and orange, with imperceptible scales, and when I touched her and stroked her, she made [me](#) shiver, but not with fear, it was like electricity running through [me](#), but she was docile and let me stroke her. I loved her, I could hardly stand it, and [when](#) no [one](#) was looking, I would visit her.

Once, the 18-year-old son of a friend of my grandmother came to the chicken coop and asked [me](#), "*What are you doing?*" Not knowing if he was playing dumb or if he knew, I said, "*I'm playing.*"

As if he had found [me](#) there by chance, assuming that he had come because he liked [me](#), which could have been the case, why not, I said, "*I'll tell you a secret*". and he said, "*OK,*" so I took him by the hand and led him to the reed bed, and I said, "*Come and see, look how pretty,*" and I showed him the snake, and he made a fuss and started shouting, "*Come here, Doña Ana, look what the girl is playing with!*" and they all came with broomsticks and beat it to death, I'm left speechless and my indignation and anguish know no bounds, and I think, but what could any of the three of them care? My grandmother's friend was always spying on me, making sure [I](#) didn't go near the weavers where there were kids, [so](#) she could tell on me.

And the unhappy son, who also told on [me](#) to make himself look important. I was only five or six years old, but I had more feelings and was more humane than the three of them put together. But you can't deny that [blood](#) is thicker than water, ugh, ugh.

The only thing is that [I](#) never got rid of the bitterness. Every day [I](#) knelt down next to those vertebrae and cried, begging [her](#) to forgive [me](#), my dear snake...

.....

The only thing I know is that they made [me](#) live, every month, for years, because no one can live through such hell as he, or they, made [me](#) live through. It's a never-ending story, because every sequence of my life has so many labyrinths that even though I took shortcuts to get through them, there are so many twists and turns... and in each one, an endless series of calamities, that if I had to live through it all to be able to tell the story, good news, chocolate for the news! Thank goodness they gave me a first-class menu, if by telling the story I achieve the desired result and thus please [the aliens](#), who in turn will have to acknowledge it, but... what, why, for what reason will the recipients acknowledge it and be willing to acknowledge receipt, or will they play dumb, the sota..., in response, I receive the one that says, "what [do I](#) care", I must write, What if my stories don't go down well with the aforementioned person or persons? What a disappointment or what a tragedy! And [my son](#), how long will he have to wait? And my fingers will be worn out from writing. What a drama, what an unknown. What if it's more than it should be, or less? How do we solve it? What I am sure of is that I cannot go back or retrace my steps.

This is my way of writing, I don't blame anyone, I don't blame anyone if my life turned out this way, it must be because it was meant to be, I still don't understand anything. But if I have to say things that are harsh and ugly, it's because that's how they are. Nothing here is made up. And readers who don't agree or don't want to think about it can complain to [the aliens](#), who are responsible for all the mischief each of us has done in this world! They've reached the end of the road, where the deadline for reconsideration has expired. and stop desecrating the coffers, the sacred assets of the people, who, with their usual humility, chose them to lift them out of misery, not to sink them! Now it's too late.

The worst mistake they made was to believe that they could do as they pleased with the efforts of the people. Now they will have nowhere to hide, and they will have to give up the miserable deeds of their lives, for being selfish, malicious, hypocritical, whitewashed tombs on the outside!

.....

(THE EXTRAS TELL MARÍA ABOUT HER HUSBAND'S DEATH AND SHE DECIDES TO BE ADMITTED TO A HOSPITAL)

I will recount a "sequence" of events. In 1959, I was told that my husband was going to be killed. The extraterrestrials gave me this information, telling me who, how, when, and why. I started crying and told my husband that we had to leave Rosario. He asked me why, and I replied: *Because I sensed that something was going to happen to you.* And he said, *"Yeah, because you say so! Isn't it because you want it to happen?"* And of course, I called him names, and he said, *"Yeah, where? I don't have any enemies. Besides, if someone wants to kill you, it doesn't matter if you're here or somewhere else."* and I kept insisting, and he said, *"But it hit you out of the blue!"* And I kept insisting, *"They're your own comrades!"* And he said, *"But you're crazy!"* And the days went by and I cried and begged him to take us to Buenos Aires, and he said I was crazy.

In the end, I told Los Extraterrestres that if it was imminent: Yes, it was, and I cried out: If it had to happen, I didn't want to see it, they had to stop it, and they gave me the solution: "admit me to hospital". I went to the doctor.

The doctor was treating me and my son, and at one point, when my son was having an asthma attack, he checked his back and said, "What's this?" It was a purple stripe, and I said, *"My husband's belt,"* and he said, *"How can you allow that?"* So I lifted up my clothes and showed him my bruises, to defend him, and he said, *"Why don't you leave him?"* And right there he gave me the card of a lawyer.

I continued, I went to the doctor and said, "I want you to give me an order to be admitted. I have two options: either I am admitted or I commit suicide." He said, "I will admit you." I said, *"But I don't want to go anywhere. I want to go to a psychiatric hospital."* The director knew me from years ago and was also the owner of the sanatorium. He admitted me to the clinic, and the psychiatrist was the director and owner of the sanatorium. The tragic thing was that my husband knew about it and wanted to kill me for several reasons, one of which was that he was in the middle of a campaign, and another was that "what people would say" about the family would make him sick. In the end, given the situation and the inevitable, my son was taken in by a family and sent to school, as he was in seventh grade and had just turned 14.

When she had been in hospital for a month, the doctor wanted to discharge her, and I started crying, "Don't discharge me, I don't want to go back home!" And the doctor said to me, *"Your husband will kill me!"*



What am I going to do with you? I can't justify hospitalisation, and I say to him: How can you not be able to? Give me electroshock therapy! And he says: How can I do that if you don't need it? Well, make something up. Just the thought of going back home made me hysterical. Finally, I say to him: Discharge me, and I'll kill myself. In the end, he said, 'Well, I'll give you insulin until you're in a coma.' 'Whatever, I'd rather die!'

To sum up, I was hospitalised for three months, and I realised that there was no other solution, so they discharged me. The tragic thing was that 20 days after leaving the sanatorium, they gave him his passport to the afterlife. I was left feeling hollow, empty. On the night of the wake, I stayed up all night next to the coffin, and at around 2 in the morning, everyone came... my friends ask me, *"What happened to him?"* and I tell them, *"I'll find out when they do the autopsy."* When they leave, I sit alone again next to the coffin. Two men in black suits come in, and I stand up. They stand on either side of me and tell me to keep my mouth shut if I want to keep my son, otherwise he'll suffer the same fate. The truth is that they were so persuasive, and I was so understanding, that I chose to be an obedient girl and obey. I thought... Could they be the **Men in Black**? Who knows...

STORY – PART 9

THE EXTRATERRESTRIALS SPEAK, MARÍA TRANSMITS... IMPORTANCE OF THE SOUTHERN CONE

The planet began its "Evolutionary Spiral" at the South Pole ([Antarctica](#)) and is moving towards the North Pole, creating centres of greater or lesser intensity of the Yuga or Era along the way. Thus, for example, where the "Yuga" is most intense, currently the "**Kali Yuga**", it produces more hungry, more corrupt peoples, etc. Hence, the beginning of the end "takes place in the region we call 'Argentina'".

The Light, The Brain, The Thought, The Messiah, The Leader, The Head, THE LORD OF ABSOLUTE GUIDANCE (**Luis Felipe Moyano**), and his Followers and Comrades will appear there. This fact is not unknown to the Synarchy and **the World Government**, commanded by (**Chang**) "Shambala".

It is because of this knowledge, and nothing else, that the **Jews**, at the head of their World Conspiracy, seek to take over the southernmost part of Argentina, which they call "The Promised Land," through the well-known **Andinia Plan**, which proposes to divide Argentina in two. The southern half, say the **Jews**, belongs to them, which is why Argentina is one of the countries with the largest **Jewish** settlements in the world. The same Jews who collaborated with the "English in the South during the **Falklands War**" (**1982**).

The plan proposed by **Caviglia**, indicated by the "Führer", to bring together the main leaders of the Southern Cone: Getulio Vargas (Brazil), **Perón** (Argentina) and Peru, was to stop Anglo-Saxon imperialism **and the Jewish Andinia Plan**. This is even the hidden meaning behind **Israel** having "the same colours as Argentina" on its flag.

World War II had to take place in order to cover up "the **German** incursion into **Antarctica**." It is noteworthy that Chile was not part of **Caviglia's** plan, so much so that it is difficult to understand why "Peru" thought it should be Chile, because if you join the three capitals— São Paulo, Brazil, Buenos Aires, Argentina, and Santiago, Chile, they form a "right angle," "Chile" was never inside, and so it betrayed during the "**Falklands War**" in favour of the British. The **Falklands** are a strategic point "for the End," nothing to do with oil!

Without control of the Southern Cone, the **Falklands** are fundamental to a war strategy, "at least that's what the Anglo-Saxons and Jews think," which is why **Colonel Seineldín** had to participate in the **Falklands** campaign. It's in **his blood**, so to speak, both **Caviglia's** plan and that of the Argentine Armed Forces.

In the first, they made **my son** (**Luis Felipe Moyano**) participate, and in the second, the Colonel... They failed, but... Did they really fail? Or did both fulfil their mission? **Caviglia's** plan stopped **the Andinia Plan** and the Argentine Armed Forces' plan, which definitively set us apart from England, because otherwise we would be like the Chileans, who don't know if they are English or Chilean. And sooner or later, they would be setting up their bases here, whereas now they only have "the Islands", which don't mean much to the extraterrestrials.



(María recounts when she was kidnapped in 1973)

The aliens tell me that I must write down what really happened with the Jew who kidnapped me. It's not that I want to cover it up or show solidarity with him. It's just that I find it strange to have to write this, not because it will hurt that man, but because what impact could it have? Who would be surprised coming from the Jews? since at the time of my kidnapping, what the hell did I know about Jews? Later I found out, because there was a huge difference in the way they treated me, the way they acted, the sadism that these types of beings develop and put into practice, beings who don't deserve the slightest respect, in the inhuman way they treated me, with total contempt as a human being, the baseness they employed, not only because I was a woman, and they knew it...!!! He knew very well that I was not one of their ilk, the prostitutes, the whores, the women who carry their blood and whom they themselves prostitute from the start, which is why they are not only accustomed to it but also degenerately corrupt, and if I do not expose it here, it is for one reason only: because I feel the shame that they do not feel, that is, shame on their behalf.

And the waiter at *Café Los Angelitos*, who is no longer there, embarrasses and saddens me even more! because he completely denigrates the Gastronomic Guild, my Guild, which I have always blessed, since thanks to that Guild, I was able to put my son through school, and the despicable behaviour of this waiter... putting a concoction in my Coca, and causing me to collapse in the bar, and dragging me out between two people, "like María Soledad" (Morales, from Catamarca), and put me in a taxi. The whole procedure had been planned in advance, with the waiter and the taxi driver.

From that moment on, I knew and realised how many times I had been kidnapped, which was several, and how many raids there had been... But no one, no one, had the despicable attitude of this man! (the Jew), if you can call him a man.

Because everyone in the (intelligence) service treated me with respect. I deserved respect, but the thing was that this "sinister" man, as I chose to call him, was the one who sent them, and all because neither my son nor I wanted to submit to him, to be under his control, and he couldn't stand it, since he had total power over the government, or rather, over the governments and the armed forces. He was here in Argentina and was a "being of the Synarchy," a monster put here by "The Greys" in the service of the "World Elite." So the fact that he couldn't control my son and me was something he hadn't counted on.

But we owed it to ourselves to obey only the instructions and orders of the Extraterrestrials. As for the rest, nothing and no one had any value for us, "even though they have an album of us, taken from every place we've been," since they didn't let us live in peace. They harassed us, took photos of us, raided our homes, and we had to leave entire houses, fully furnished, and it wasn't a problem for us. We moved to another place and started over. We never hid because we had nothing to hide, and we always faced them head on.

But not this, never... no one! I appreciate him clarifying that he was from the "Aeronautics," I was demoralised, and I said to myself: "And we have these people in the Aeronautics?" But when he told me that he had been sent from Israel to the Air Force, I breathed a sigh of relief and it became clear to me: for the dirty work! Who else could do it better? I can imagine the work they must have had, both here and in other countries, since the strategy was the same.

Well, the man told me his name was Rubén, and I met him at a pawn shop in Buenos Aires, where I had gone to retrieve the Noblex radio I had pawned, since I didn't even have enough money to buy a gas cylinder to make the essentials for living, something to drink and eat. That's how I met him.

There were two queues, and the Lord was in one and I was in the other, but he... oh, what a coincidence, he was right next to me, and of course, what did I know, what did I understand? Later they tried to make me understand, what, where, when, a Jew is going to pawn something... if it's because of them that the people are like this!

They live by squeezing people dry, pushing them to the extreme, to having to pawn even the most essential things, and what that Jew was doing was watching me on behalf of the Mossad, and that's when he took out his phone and said "sadistically, that I had the face of a writer", I had already

had seen my poems and knew very well who I was, and he had already come with the whole plan to lure me away and kidnap me on behalf of the **Mossad**.

There he started calling and bothering me, saying that a man wanted to talk to me and was waiting for **me** at 6 p.m. at *the Café de los Angelitos*. I had no idea who this man was or where that café was! Well, I found the café, asking around and with great difficulty, since I didn't know Buenos Aires and had only arrived a few months earlier. Not only did the man not show up, but I think he used it as bait to see if I would take the bait. So, as usual, I "never took a step without consulting *the aliens*," and they told me to go, but to be careful, because they would try to give me something, and that's what happened, which is why *the Extras* had to protect me.

The point is that either the Lord did not lend himself to the baseness of this degenerate, or this fellow used him, and let it be known that he called eight to ten times, each time leaving a different phone number, "or he smeared all the country folk," since I don't think he would have a phone. Rubén's name would be a battle name, but not **Judio's**.

The day after the kidnapping, I was sleeping. It was 11:00 in the morning and "Magdalena, God rest her soul," banged on my door and said, "*Hey, you've been on the phone all morning. Where were you last night? Why didn't you come home to sleep? get up and answer the phone, there's a man calling you!*" I got up, stumbling, my head felt like **it** was going to explode, and I answered the phone. It was Mr. Rubén, speaking in an authoritative voice, telling **me** to meet him for lunch at the Bar de los Angelitos. and I didn't know if the previous night had been a bad nightmare, and uncertainty was eating away at **me**. I asked *the Extraterrestrials* what I should do, and **they told me** to go, that I was protected, that they wanted to see how they acted. So I made it clear that **I** risked my life a thousand times so they could see how these infernal beings from hell, degenerate, corrupt, aberrant beings, act.

And let's not even talk about our **Jewish** government today! Yesterday, the new cabinet was sworn in, and to whom did they swear allegiance? To themselves and their cronies, and they continue to appoint **Jews**, and they do not swear on the Bible, because they are atheists, mercenaries, in a noble and Catholic country. "What are these **Jews** doing in Argentina? The **Jew** (**Alfonsín**) who ruined so much "...with Democracy and the Constitution we live, we eat, we study..." Prophetic words with which he denatured his people, dragging them into the abyss. And now the Constitution, where is it? The Constitution says it clearly, that a President of Argentine blood must take office! "...Native Argentine and of the Catholic faith..." Not **Jewish**, and even less so his cabinet, which must be of our religion, not atheists or **Jews**! What made his people believe, like those who occupy the government today, that they are the saviours of the homeland? THE FIRST (**that is, Alfonsín**) DEGRADED IT AND THE LAST (**that is, Menem**) SURRENDERED IT. Let the people decide if they want this scourge.

I continue with "Mr. Rubén." The most tragic thing for me is that the next day (**13 January 1974**), **my son** was coming back from **Antarctica**, and I didn't know how to compose myself, as I was psychologically destroyed. After I had lunch with this man, he asked **me** for Cuban rice and asked **me** if I had tried it. I told him no, and he said I would know how good it was. With how "drugged" I was, the egg slipped from my chest onto my skirt, and it was egg, which is difficult to remove!

And there he started talking to me; that when **my son** came, things would change, that he would get **me** an apartment and furnish it, just like he did "with his mistress who was a librarian in Congress, and that he furnished her house, that she had a daughter who didn't like him, and that she was also vacationing in Mar del Plata, that the gentleman from there was coming, and that his daughter had walked right past him with her boyfriend and hadn't even said hello: '*Brat, I furnished her house, I'm supporting her mother, and now I'm paying for their holidays in Mar del Plata.*'

The Lord was convinced that he had gone, because he had already tamed **me**. The next day, **my son** came back from **Antarctica**, and the first thing he said **to me** was, "*Mother, you look emaciated! What's wrong with you?*" He gave **me** a Bagó, and then several boxes.



In short, he kept calling after [my](#) son came, and I never answered him again, and he stopped calling. As soon as he came, I told him everything, in great detail, because neither he nor I had any secrets, and because when he came, I turned off all the TV channels. I no longer had any reason to watch, and [I](#) don't know or care what he may have done or found out about this "Lord and his lover".

(.....)

Ladies of my soul, you'll say that you took your boys away from home, but do you know how many "pimps" they already had when you took them away? Not to mention those who, to save their miserable lives, would sell even their own mothers and the Holy [Spirit](#).

Besides, what do you think, that [my son](#) and I were taken from where, from a cabbage patch?! No way! Mum and Dad, they surrounded the block! Because that *sinister* character ([Luis Carlos Arias Varela](#)) I mentioned on every page had us kidnapped, one; he claimed to represent **the CIA** in Argentina, another; he had labelled us *extremely dangerous*, so they didn't know what kind of weapons they would find... if it's not 'tragicomic'!

What is legitimate and real is that we were not informers, traitors, snitches, or sycophants, as more than one or two turned out to be, who "fought and sold themselves" to the highest bidder. You were the victims and heirs of something you were totally ignorant of and unaware of what was happening, and your children, without imagining that they were not only playing, or rather being made to play a dangerous game, and having no idea that they were being used, they believed it was a piece of cake, like Christmas, setting off fireworks and running away, "so much fun!" Like putting the mouse in charge of the cheese, or the lion in charge of the fawn, they were sent where they took great care not to go.

(.....)

What I want to make clear is that they didn't give us sweets when they took us away, and both [my son](#) and I agreed that to make them talk, whoever they were, you had to give them a little squeeze! They brought [my son](#) home beaten up, as if to say, "*Here, don't cry anymore!*" He had several broken ribs, his septum... it must have been from a piñata, "the blessed and sold-out cattle prod." It was logical, it was normal, and they had no reason to make distinctions. Dead people don't scream, and if they're such tough guys... Well, we'll have to prove it, but with [my son](#) it was different. They wanted to know things that even we didn't know! Because, suppose, what I write on this page, I'm just writing what they tell me to write. I only know what I'm going to write when they dictate it to [me](#), but understanding a dictation...! Maybe I haven't written something correctly, but if it's "clear and legible," they'll be able to decipher it.

Another thing, which both [my son](#) and I were very clear about, was that they wanted information about him, but it was the same as with me, until they told me or dictated it to me, it was useless to obtain information. [The aliens](#) know very well who they are dealing with, and that *the* entire *Jewish community* is jumping for the cake, and they believe that they are the only important thing in this world. and if they have no choice but to mention them, it's not out of pleasure, even though they cause them revulsion... I must do as [I](#) am told, but they are not the centre of the world! Nor are people paying attention to you. What's happening is that you have the people by the throat, and the "cowardly, sycophantic presidents like you" are

echo them. Since they are all cut from the same cloth, the same religion, "they wear the same little hat on their heads", they show solidarity and destroy the people for the sake of the infamous hypocrites.

One detail: this *sinister* gentleman, who was with *the sinister* and damned *aliens* like him, not only enjoys immunity today, but is also one of the architects who runs the government, and with scheming and intrigue, they have achieved the pinnacle of the pinnacle: Finally, all those who destroyed the country are together, like in Jorge Don's film "Los Unos y Los Otros" (The Ones and the Others). I continue. The *Sinister One* calls him and says, *"Look, my friend, what I got you!"* My naive son thought it was something esoteric, but no... it's the cattle prod they used to torture him, for him to keep as a souvenir. That's what you call being a friend!

With faith and humility, María.

STORY – PART 10

"MARY REVEALS HOW THEY TOOK HER SON..."

(MARÍA SPEAKS TO THE PRESIDENTS OF THE UNITED STATES AND RUSSIA)

María is certain and convinced that the recipients of the deliberately encrypted messages have already been picked up and have acknowledged receipt.

...The "Extraterrestrials" tell me that the two have already acknowledged receipt. All that remains for me to do is to tell you, to ask you, to beg you, to raise your awareness, that you still have time to take responsibility and redeem yourselves. I appeal to the President of the United States of America and to the President of the Russian Federation, whom the whole world is looking to. It cannot be that you have unconsciously, carelessly, with terrifying indifference, distanced yourselves from the fact that the world is in danger, the Earth is about to explode, and the time left is very short. How? How did humanity come to be devalued, when it is the only treasure, incalculable, priceless, that cannot be measured in terms of weight or value? It cannot be that a petty, selfish interest has taken hold of you. If the Earth explodes, we all lose, and a protector is for the few.

On the other hand, if you, the two world powers, face this challenge that is the war against time, then you will indeed prevail. Only you can bring the peace to the world that you have so often proclaimed, and the world will be watching you. Set aside all trivial commitments and get to work. The time has come to lift the immense burden that weighs on humanity. The era of the arms race and the challenge of military might is over. If you succeed in saving the planet, the world will bless you.

What infernal force moved you to strip yourselves of your supreme values? No, it cannot be. How can you say you do not have the money to pay for the placement and distribution of the atomic arsenal you have stored in such precarious, obsolete places that represent a universal danger to all of humanity? Whether much or little, all of us in this blessed world have contributed in some way, even if only with a grain of sand. We have all put in some effort, each according to our means, whether picking potatoes, coffee, or gathering wheat for our daily bread. We have all contributed our efforts without asking or expecting anything in return, merely as spectators. With complete confidence that you would be our guides, or at least that you had everything under control, and with the satisfaction of a job well done. But no, now that everything has been exposed, it is utopian to want to fly the kite again, and the load is very heavy, and no matter how much effort is made, the tail is unable to achieve the lift that will carry it into the cosmos, and if we cannot achieve it, no one will, "react".

But it's too late now, we have to act fast, all governments must collaborate, this affects us all, otherwise we will perish like rats. Enough of proving who is more invincible, who will take over the world, "let's not end up like jilted lovers", who say mine or no one's, if we are all in this together, the glory will be as great as the failure of all.

The time has come to unite our abilities, knowledge, and determination to succeed. Don't give up, don't throw away years of supremacy. You must recover, recharge your batteries, and get to work. Even if you don't reach the goal you set for yourselves, don't give up. "Take it, with all due respect," make it part of you, let it sink into your hearts, and put the arms race on hold for now. You are also in danger.

What is not justified is that, having failed to achieve their goals, they have left that immense arsenal adrift. But it seems that someone's common sense prevailed, because otherwise no one in this world would have found out, and we would have perished without knowing it. Even so, despite everything, the "aliens" tell me that if you act now, quickly, the planet will be saved. And be careful, I do not intend to "spread panic".

Today I must repent and bear the burden of a conscience that does not belong to me, but which they made me an accomplice to by taking my son away. This should have been revealed five years ago, but I was afraid of being ridiculed. However, without knowing what they were telling me about the Earth being about to explode, it seemed so far-fetched, or that it was a matter of "security".

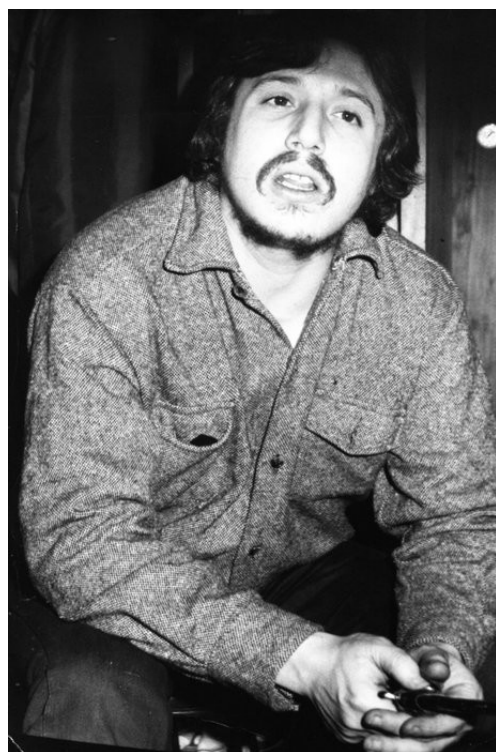
National." But in short, and I accept that they didn't have to clarify anything to me, today I realise how foolish I have been. I hope you can justify my actions. All I can do now is pray that this message reaches its intended recipients and that the remedy can immunise against the epidemic and deactivate it. The two powers in dispute can rest assured that if they succeed in this high-risk endeavour, they will be the saviours of the planet. There have been other clashes, but none of this magnitude, nor with such serious consequences.

Mary asks the world

13 May, María asks the world to let her finish, to let her tell the story of her experiences, "which are part of history", good or bad, ugly or beautiful, but all true, and of course all drawn from a single being, "it is hellish".

Here it is worth mentioning something I said on another occasion and which has been repeated to me. There are marriages that have lasted 15, 20, 25 years and have never had a single argument, never been ill, never known hardship or anxiety, never suffered persecution. And on this subject, they have given me a master class. Good for those who never had anything to complain about, who don't know suffering, pain, or hunger. It's proof that they are not taken into account, that they don't exist, that they are alive but are something like vegetables. If they are not put to the test, it is because they are not worth the time or trouble. Now, for my part, I said, I say, and I will say, that as long as I don't give up, the "aliens" will paint me a rosy picture of suffering, as something that is good "for the mind and body", "with this seasoning, I have the Madonna", everyone is happy. I continue, that is, if this is how the story goes, the people of Israel should be the most blessed, that is, the closest to the afterlife. It is one of the unanswerable questions.

Let's move on to history, not the one written by those who always tell two versions, the one that happened and the one they tell us. I'll tell you a little bit, brrr. I'll tell you something that happened back in '74, '75, "



when the fury of passions overflowed." My son has just returned from Antarctica, and as soon as he arrived, he said to me, "Mum, I'd like to see if I can get in touch with the author of a book I read when I started secondary school. It raised some questions for me, and I'd like to have them answered." Of course, when he went to Buenos Aires and presented himself at the Antarctic Institute, since they were looking for a scientific assistant to go to Antarctica, we went to a seedy boarding house, but we were always together, through thick and thin, since I never knew the good times.

During the training, which lasted a year, he couldn't find him. So he went to Antarctica heartbroken, and I told him I would try to find the "writer." The thing is, since he had read the book, it must have been published five to ten years earlier, and the address and publisher no longer existed. The thing is, the day after my son left, as he had been sent a month earlier to supervise the precision equipment so that it wouldn't break down, or rather, the loading and unloading, which the porters usually mess up, and then they have to have equipment taking up space at the base because it arrives broken, I accompanied him to the cargo plane, and mouth, and I don't know where he was. I'll continue. Today I because if I had, it would have ruined his trip. But why?

María warns of a revelation:

That starting in 2000, Israel will cease to be the Chosen People, giving way to the Chinese people. ?

MARÍA RELATES HOW *THE EXTRATERRESTRIALS* TOOK HER SON

I will begin the story from the moment I was notified, and that I, either because I did not want to believe it, or because I did not want to hear it, or because I could not find any justification for it, whether for "a" or "b" reason. The point is that for me, there was no earthly justification, but rather an "extraterrestrial" one, that once *the book* was finished, he had to return.

One, because when they told me that I had to write a book, and therefore had to find out everything, that I had to be given whatever means necessary to obtain and acquire all the information, nothing should be withheld, hidden or skimmed on. Nothing in this world should be hidden from him, everything should be revealed, from the beginning of the world. That is why that book was or should be important, that it was and is unique. Is it? (María wonders, since she did not read it; they did not allow her to read anything), but others were unique, among them "Excalibur", but, but, ? So that my son could learn, he began to borrow books on "my old lady's" account. When would she get paid at the end of the month? But the bills were getting bigger and bigger, and I had to work two shifts, one to pay for the books. Then I took out loans at Librería Aguilar, Librería Ross and other bookshops. He devoured the books, reading one a night.

Of course, in 1964, when they told me that my son had to write a book, "something that was so far away for me at the time," it seemed like something that would happen in the distant future, since my



My son told me that, in order to be fully informed about the topics that *the extraterrestrials* wanted us to cover, from Adam and Eve, that is, from the creation. That's why it took him more than 20 years; during those years we had already had several "leaks" due to persecution by *the "Sinister One"*, we had to leave everything behind, as it meant moving to another province, leaving everything behind, leaving with only the clothes on our backs and starting again from scratch, from a cup of coffee to a set of cooking pots. From the night shift to go to the bathroom, to the bed, the mattress, etc., from our underwear to suits, shoes, coats, etc. And on each side, the books, which were my son's treasure and his life. Anyway, that led my son and me to meet people. First of all, I sold the big house that my father-in-law had left me.

Then I went to Buenos Aires to collect my pension, we lived in a boarding house for six months, and from there I moved to Jujuy to look for my son, who had been working there for two years. I stayed in a hotel for a month. My son went to Antarctica, and I stayed for a year and a half in an apartment in Buenos Aires.

We both went to Jujuy, he went to work, and I started a **private educational institute** offering primary, secondary, and tertiary education. In addition, there were adult high school courses, courses with job opportunities, support courses in all subjects, courses in technical drawing, radio and television, computing, automotive mechanics, engine tuning, etc. For the ladies, there were courses in dressmaking, machine knitting, crochet, knitting, as well as commercial secretarial skills, typing, English, French, etc. In total, there were 1,000 students and 23 teachers, most of whom were engineers.

In addition, my son had three teaching positions at the Champañan School. From Jujuy to Rosario, from Rosario to Córdoba, first three months in a hotel, then three years in an apartment, from there to Buenos Aires, three months in a hotel, three years in an apartment. These moves were due to the "Fugas" (escapes) or persecution by the "*Siniestro*" (Sinister). Always on the run, I left the place I was living in completely furnished five times. But the funny thing about all this and so many escapes, which of course they made us do, because otherwise how could we have learned everything we learned, was that my son and I laughed, because otherwise, if it weren't for the "accelerated course in Escape, in A major, A minor and Fugata", we would have been two nobodies. Instead, they told us we were ready for take-off, as we had detached ourselves from everything, we weren't clinging to anything "here on Earth".

How funny and humorous, and well, that's how mischievous *aliens* are. But the funniest and most comical, or *sinister*, depending on your point of view, was that when we had already left everything behind, we went to say goodbye to everyone to somehow justify our departure, in an

"untimely" manner, and what a surprise we got when we found that everywhere, they had packed up all our things and left them for us. That was the last straw, the most unusual and dramatic thing of all. My son and I looked at each other and couldn't help but laugh and wonder what we were going to do. The fact is, we had to rent a storage unit. We gathered together five batteries and dishes, my son had about eight suits, countless trousers, jumpers, outfits; I had about five to eight coats, not counting dresses, suits, etc., etc.

In short, I have lived buying and giving away things until I was sick of it. Of course, just as we find honest, decent people, we also find people who are "greedy, miserable souls, and envious." The latter gave themselves away when we had to flee and asked them to keep some documents for us, but instead they stole them. This happened to us four times, until we learned our lesson and realised that the Extras were keeping them safe. My son and I laughed about it because we know that it was all a ploy by the "extraterrestrials" to test us, and we said how they must be rejoicing at seeing how fragile people's honesty is, how hard the Carnival is, how people's promises are, and how they pretend in dramatic moments. And if they put us to the test, so be it, and as a lesson, we learned our lesson, we are now trained for any Olympic event.

I continued to torment my son because the aliens were pressuring me, on top of everything else, asking me when I was going to start writing, and to top it all off, as if to mock me or make fun of me. Until one fine day, my son said to me, "But mum, do you know what you're asking me to do? When I write it, they'll take me away." I was a little incredulous and didn't want to accept it, so I pretended not to understand and said, "But why would they take you away? They already have plenty of useless things." By this time, my son had already written nine books, and I told him, "Why don't you write the one they want, and then they'll leave us alone?" And he said, "Don't you see how naive you are? I'm doing this on purpose to delay the book. When I write it, they'll take me away, but if that's what you want, why don't you



leave you alone, don't complain later. If you want to get rid of me, that's another thing, but don't cry about it later." He couldn't stand to see me cry, he couldn't bear it, he wouldn't let me. I think it was because of all the years he saw me crying with my husband and the helplessness of not being able to do anything, because when he hit me, and since my mother never told me, because my mother-in-law had forbidden her to, he just started calling me "Tata." I think that's common with children, that it's easier for them to say "Tata" than "mum." So he would start crying and I would say, "Don't hit Tata."

I'll continue. He wrote it and said to me, "Old lady, I finished it, get ready." He suggested we go to Luján and take a photo, saying, "So you'll have a souvenir when I'm gone," all sinister. So we did, but on the way back we got into a fight and I broke it. He said, "Keep them, so when I'm gone, you'll have to glue them back together." Of course, I glued them back together, but the pieces don't match up. He must be laughing. To make a long story short, every day was uncertain. But the most unusual, crazy, dramatic thing was that one day, I think about it now and say, it's like "they say the blindfold fell off his eyes," all of a sudden, I see my son in front of me and I see that he's not my son. I spat in his face like a good Sicilian, and I said, "You're not my son, I don't know you, get out of my house!" I grabbed him by the hair and he grabbed me by the hair, and I told him to let go, and he said, "You let go first." The thing is, we both fell to the ground and rolled around with our hair tangled, and neither of us wanted to let go, and then I heard my son's voice shouting at me, "What are you doing, old woman, have you gone mad?" And I saw that the voice was coming from above, and I said, "What, you're up there?" And he said, "Yes, three months ago, and what about this one? And he said, 'Leave that filthy fat man man, they replaced me so you wouldn't go crazy'.

The thing is, I just realised that he could never be [my son](#) if he was fat and ugly. But of course, just as I say that I have direct communication with [extraterrestrials](#), that there is an invisible cable, I imagine that he must be something in his image and likeness, since the voice was his, his words, his ways and manners, his routine. But despite everything, there was something I suspected. He didn't have the same development. I noticed that he acted mathematically. And of course, if he was functioning as if attached to an umbilical cord to [my son](#), he resembled him in some ways. However, after several years of this charade, I noticed that when we fought, he would immediately come to make up, whereas with this one, I was the one who gave in, as days went by and he didn't budge. That's why I think this "clone" lacked feelings and sensitivity, that he acted automatically.

I continued, let go of him, and he let go of [me](#). No words were exchanged. Months passed, and I suspected that since I knew about it, there was no reason to continue with the charade. But I told him, *"I know they're going to come looking for you, but they'll have to come looking for me too,"* so I didn't let him out of my sight. So I sat in a hammock chair that [my son](#) had made for [me](#) (he always told [me](#) *he was going to make me a chair like the one in "Holocaust"*; one day he brought it to [me](#), but upholstered in pink corduroy).

Well, I sat two metres from the door to his room, he closed the door and I opened it for him. We stayed like that for two days, that's what I endured without sleeping. On the third day, I was sure that it was D-day. I don't know when I fell asleep, I only know that I woke up with a start and he

I saw him on the floor, unconscious. I ran over and he was hot. I started screaming, *Don't leave me here*, and he grabbed my left wrist, squeezing it hard, and I was screaming. Suddenly, I called [Dr. Marcela Beltramo](#), and she arrived in three minutes. She and her husband pulled [me](#) away, and I was giving him mouth-to-mouth resuscitation, and they took him to **the Sanatorio Los Arroyos hospital**. They were both friends of his. There, [Dr. Laura Rodriguez](#) attended to him and issued the **death certificate**, with Hugo Grieco as the declarant, on **25 January 1996**. Dr. Marcela Beltramo was a doctor at *the Sanatorio Los Arroyos* and was on duty in the intensive care unit. The truth is that, even if he was a "clone," I didn't want to let him go, as he was an extension of [my son](#).



Then [the extraterrestrials](#) told [me](#) that I had to do the "parody" that is done on Earth, call a ~~doctor~~ to decide what to do, and issue the death certificate. Amen, that he was "cremated", for which I carried out all the necessary at the Municipal Cemetery. So, they took [my son](#) away from me right in front of my eyes, and it happened to **Clonado**, because once you breathe your last breath, the body is no longer of any use. Where it says he died, it says "illness," but what illness, who knows? They told [me](#) it was cardiac arrest, and yes, "once the engine stops, it doesn't start again, uff."

...Without going any further, (I) set up a **private educational institute** to offer courses with job opportunities. I had promised myself I would do it, and I went ahead and did it, as I explain later. What it was, was to make them understand that it was a triumph. It took [me](#) five years, but I did it. I had 1,000 students, almost all of them Bolivian. I set it up in Ledesma, **Jujuy**, right next to Bolivia.

(Note: María is talking about her private school in "How they took your son away (Part 10)", in Part 12, in "So they can study" (following "The Powerful").

One detail that I must clarify, which must be revealed now, is that it is almost the same as what happened to [my son](#). **Bruce Lee** was sent to Earth on a mission to teach a technique and then return, and the same thing happens to most of them. They come, form a family, and then returning is a drama, which is why both [my son](#) and I had to undergo "training," which I have not yet explained. But yes, cutting ties with my family, my husband's family, and my friends. First and foremost, no sexual relations, which is why [my son](#) did not marry, let alone have children.

I will detail some who came to fulfil a mission and then defected. That, and with that promise, they come, but, but what? Like [General San Martín](#), the first martyr. The best known are Bruce Lee, the Smiling Pope, Eva Duarte, Joan of Arc, Colonel [Seineldín](#) and even the best known, the **Master Jesus**. Colonel [Seineldín](#) has not yet been allowed to fulfil the mission for which he was sent to earth. They all had different fates.

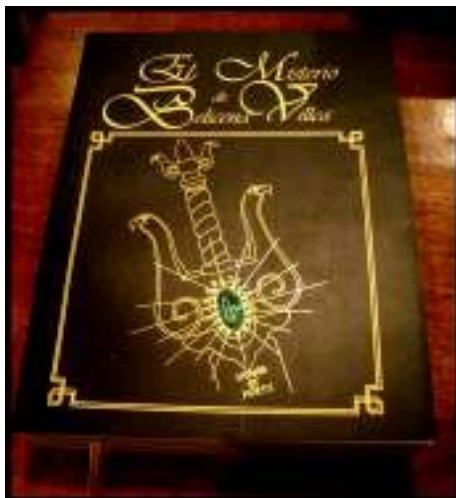
After this tenth page, all that remains [for me](#) to say is that I am exhausted, that I would like to sleep for at least a week, no matter if it is forever. I believe I have more than fulfilled what has been entrusted to [me](#). I don't know if I met your expectations, but I'm not going to wait for any satisfaction. It would be like asking for pears from an elm tree, although not long ago, a stubborn man grafted a pear onto an elm tree, and well, this saying lost its meaning. STOP.

What is non-negotiable is the arrival of [my son](#). *The "aliens"* have already squeezed my "brain dry." The ideal situation would be to save the planet, and with the arrival of [my son](#), this would be accomplished, if the Powers That Be so desire. There will be time to conquer other planets later. "For now, the Earth is the priority." Now, for Internet readers, I will make it easy for you to read why [my son](#) was sent to Earth. It is essential for [me](#) to communicate this to you, to warn you. You may or may not agree with what is specified in [the book](#). But, like [the book](#), it was not written for one person in particular. Of course, someone I know. It was written for readers around the world, those who are based outside of it, who do not enter, nor have a place. STOP.

.....

I would like to inform you that [my son's book](#) will begin to be distributed on this page. It took him more than 20 years to write, and after many vicissitudes and setbacks, it was, as he told me, "old, they made me come to earth to write a book, and when I have written it, they will take [me back](#)." That is why he made so many detours before starting to write, as he told [me](#), "old, they made me come to earth to write a book, and when I have written it, they will *They made me come to earth to write a book, and when I have written it, they will take me back.*" That is why he beat around the bush so much before he started writing, because [he](#) would say to [me](#), *"Get ready, old woman, I've finished it, now you're going to be left alone."* And that's how it was. I recommend you read it. You won't become wise, "but". From now on, all [I](#) can do is wait. I don't know what [the book](#) says, as [I](#) was forbidden to read it so that it wouldn't influence [me](#) in any way. Oh well. Unless you ask [me](#) or suggest I continue writing. "I will be a free thinker".

With faith and humility, always Maria and protection for everyone.



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(About *THE BOOK* by Luis Felipe)

First of all, I must apologise to Internet readers for my unjustifiable mistake, which was not deliberate, but rather due to ignorance. The fact is that it causes [me](#) distress to have to review [my son's](#) arsenal of papers, each note from a different period of his life, and remember what he and I must have gone through at each stage. It is painful, as it unconsciously transports me back to that moment when it happened, and I see how eager he was to publish [the book](#). But this letter that I am publishing today, to be honest, surprised [me](#) when I read it. I can see, with pain, the anxiety and eagerness that comes across in his letter to publish [the book](#), either because he knew that time was against him and he did not want to leave without publishing it, as it took him 20 years to gather information and research 5,000 books.

But what shocked and revealed to me, as an Argentinean, was that he had to publish it abroad, not because he had anything against anyone, since, despite everything, I am a fervent fan of Spain, as I wrote in "poemas" and was thinking of participating with him in some anniversary, such as the 12th.

October, or even if it's not a commemorative date, it's still fine, "without expecting any reward or mention," just my feelings for Spain, because four immoral people do not represent the Spanish people, just as in Argentina, you can't judge the country based on a few troublemakers.

What surprised me, going back to the letter from my son "Luis Felipe", was that it was sent by me, to that address, and I had just found out about it. I say this because if I had seen that letter before, it would have been included in the book. I say this because the information and warnings it contains are now out there, it's over, it happened, but it shouldn't have, and I sincerely regret it.



Rosario, 23 August 1994

American International Publisher, USA:

As vice president of Editorial Kraken S.A., in Argentina, I am writing to you in response to the notice published in this country, calling for authors of fiction or non-fiction. Our company owns the rights to an unpublished novel written in Spanish by an Argentine author, and I believe that you may be interested in distributing and/or co-publishing it.



Obviously, I could end this letter here and await your response to take the next steps in any such negotiation. However, I must ask for your patience and elaborate on certain points on which it is essential to agree in advance in order to avoid wasting valuable time for both parties. In other words, I believe it is very important to present certain aspects of the work and its author from the outset, as these may lead you to reject this offer once you are aware of them, thereby eliminating the tedious task of reading, or having someone else read, a lengthy book unnecessarily.

If we agree on this, I will proceed to highlight the most salient points of the matter. First, I would like to inform you that Editorial Kis considering the possibility of publish the novel in Spain; we are doing so after waiting several function with the publication of your announcement, so we look discretion. Well, the truth is that we were thinking of printing it here en that we have sufficient infrastructure, or else taking the originals ncing the printing, or in partnership with a local publisher; (what did not occur to us, of course, was to establish a relationship with an American company). The work has already been typed, composed and laid out using professional word processors, which means that

we can offer the laser originals, even if some subsequent modification of the layout is required as part of an agreement between publishers. These clarifications are not minor, as they are partly due to the agreement made with the author, who **insists that his book be published abroad**, i.e. in a country other than Argentina, although he accepts that copies may be sent here "from abroad" for sale. The reason for this curious request will become clear when you learn about the subject matter of the work and in light of the latest trend coming from the East (from where it is no longer possible to pontificate ex Oriente lux), which has become evident in the well-known cases of the writers Salman Rushdie and Taslima Nasrim: possible reprisals, repression and persecution on ideological grounds.

However, although this book does not attack Islam, it does clash with other equally fanatical and dangerous forces, such as certain particularly violent sectors of the Catholic Church, eager to keep reprehensible historical issues that are clarified in the novel in the dark, or other sectors, this time Jewish, who will try to prevent the discovery of matters from the great rabbinical pot, and even sectors of the staunch enemies of both, that is, the Nazis, who will not want to see the most disturbing secrets of the internal doctrine of the SS exposed to the public, for example.

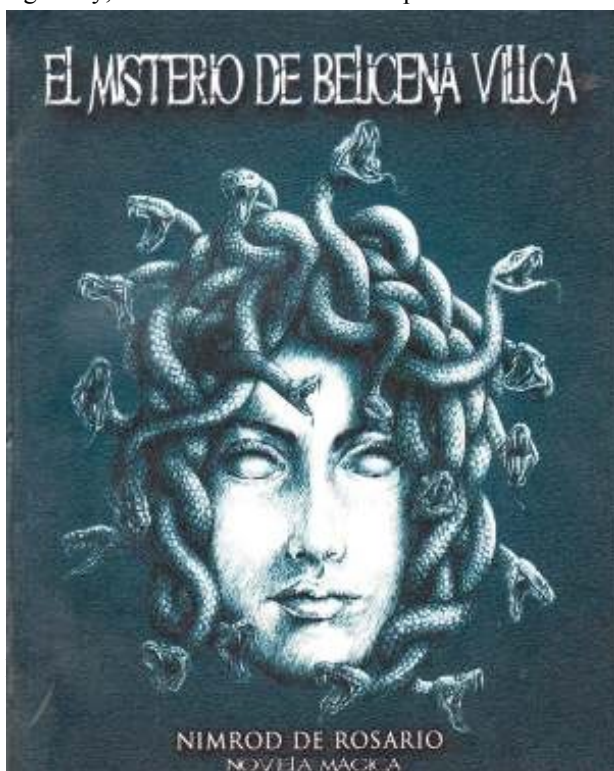
In fact, **the author received death threats from Nazi agents** when he tried to publish **the book** a few years ago and information about its content reached them; and it was useless to clarify that it was "a work of fiction," "historical speculation," etc.: fanaticism does not understand reason.



The Church adopted a similar repressive attitude, although it operated in a much more subtle manner, as is its custom; the Israelis did the same, and even some intelligence services took an "interest" in the work. Conclusion: the author does not shirk the responsibilities that derive from authorship but requires publication.

outside the Argentine legal sphere, which is extremely intolerant of press freedom and upholds internal laws on ideological censorship that contradict even the *Pact of San José, Costa Rica*, to which the country is a signatory, in order to at least retain a place in the world where

continue living.



The book has been registered in Argentina since 1987, the year it was finished, but it took five years to write and no less than 20 years of research in various fields, especially history. It is quite extensive (more than 1,000 pages) but, although it has been edited to the maximum, when you read it you immediately realise that the same could not be said in less space. Despite this, it has been compiled in a single volume, which is certainly not portable, with letter-size pages (after all, all this information does not seem excessive after reading the latest drivel with which *Norman Mailer* punished us, after seven years of writing and researching thousands of documents on a subject as hackneyed as the illegal activities of the CIA, and to arrive at conclusions that everyone already knew...).

We believe, and it may seem hasty to give our **a masterpiece of world literature**; I must say this, we decided to print it. Finally, I will now monumental work in a few lines. Here goes:

The backbone of the plot is the story of a family, or rather a lineage, the "House of Tharsis", which the author declares to be descended from obscure ancestors and which he places, in principle, in Iberia around 3,000 years ago. The novel is structured mainly around this family, from the dawn of time to the present day, a literary device that allows the author to decipher prehistoric myths and then history itself, drawing on astonishing specific knowledge of different periods and events in human history. The style is not easily classified, although it can be linked throughout to what is known as "Latin American magical realism". It thus climbs into a hidden, almost unexplored reality of human existence and ends up obtaining the necessary perspective for a different, disturbing and unsettling interpretation of history. an interpretation that is barely suggested at first but ultimately firmly demonstrated, like the thesis of a mathematical theorem, which the reader will find difficult to refute, partly because of the skill with which the plot is constructed and partly because of the erudition of the information with which the author supports the events narrated. Because that family, the House of Tharsis, has possessed a deadly secret since the beginning, a secret that has brought millennia of persecution upon them and other similar lineages, which is ultimately a metaphysical confrontation in another sphere, in the world of the gods, but here, in the world of men, explains many of the seemingly inexplicable conflicts that humanity has experienced and that have their origin in a transcendent plane of being; a primordial, mythical plane and history that man ignores or has forgotten for millennia, but which, and here lies the disturbing and unsettling aspect, can be remembered today by appealing to certain clues mentioned in the novel and, even more disturbing and unsettling, there exist in all societies, cultures and eras of humanity lineages such as that of the House of Tharsis, who not only know the Truth of truths but are also capable of living according to rules that are completely alien to the customs of the world; and who constantly clash and fight fiercely with others.

—lineages that uphold opposing knowledge. The most incredible and terrifying thing about such a thesis is that no religion, philosophical system, or known doctrine in any way reflects the truth of the metaphysical confrontation, leaving the common man, who believes in the dogmas of some religion, knows some philosophical system or practises some doctrine, simply outside the inevitable and permanent metaphysical game, in the crossfire of a secret battle that he cannot and will never be able to access or even know about.

Naturally, contemporary history, even the most recent political events, are clarified in this context, generating unprecedented perplexity in the reader, perhaps the greatest achievement of the work. And this effect is not only the result of the author's literary skill or the perfection of the plot, but also, as I said, of the impressive contribution of truthful and often unknown but verifiable information that peppers the entire work: for example, and one example is enough to prove the point, it is enough to note that in the course of the research that forms the plot of this book, the author had the opportunity to penetrate many truly secret societies and visit places that are generally impossible for the uninitiated to access; Thus, when recounting episodes that took place within the context of 'Nazi occultism', he draws on the indisputable source of numerous Nazi leaders who were or are in hiding in South America and whom he managed to find and persuade to confide many secrets to him: such as SS Colonel Ludovico Von Grossen, a member of the expedition to Tibet sent by **Hitler**, whom the author met personally in an impregnable refuge in the Andes Mountains; the details and objectives of that expedition to Bhutan are recounted for the first time in this novel. And much more, the same with secret societies, which have existed for centuries within the Catholic Church, as well as the description of unknown groups that adhere to very secret aspects of rabbinical doctrine, or the countless hidden threads of power that make up the invisible reality of world power beneath the apparent official reality, an "invisible reality" that is perhaps more real than the visible reality that is presented to us every day for our peace of mind.

I will not dwell further on the summary. I hope I have provided a general overview, albeit very general, of the novel entitled *"The Mystery of Hyperborean Wisdom,"* and that I have not taken up too much of your time. I will just make one final clarification, in case you decide to read it: it is not a "Nazi" or "anti-Semitic" or "anti-Catholic", "anti-Celtic", "Ghibelline", "anti-Japanese", "pro-Chinese" novel, or whatever label may be inspired at any given moment by the realism or harshness of the narrative or by the fact that the author appears to identify with one character or another. I know

that it is obvious to clarify this to you, but a novel is a work of fiction, from those written by Shakespeare to those of the Marquis de Sade, and this one in particular is not "anti" anything; however, I think it is appropriate to recall a quote from Lanza del Vasto, which I extracted from the letter-response to **Jacques Maritain** published as the prologue to the novel **Judas**. In that letter, the French writer, who during the narrative seems to "take sides with Judas" and therefore be "against Jesus," says: *"Of course, a book like Judas is a trap. But it is a trap from which one must free oneself in order to understand its mechanism. The author cannot reveal the mechanism, for in that case his trap would not be a trap, nor his book a book.* So much for Lanza del Vasto; but I claim the same concept for ***El Misterio de la Sabiduría Hiperbórea***: it must be read with an attentive mind; attentive but open, warned. At least you, dear colleagues, should not fall into the trap set by the novelist.

The next step, of course, will be for you to evaluate the work. Then we can talk business. In this regard, I would like to clarify that we are open to any type of agreement with you, whichever is most convenient for both parties, from a joint publishing partnership to granting you distribution rights only in the international markets you mention in the advertisement. You should also know that we have been waiting several years for a favourable global situation to arise for the publication of such a special work, and that moment has now arrived, especially in Europe: when you read it, you will understand that this book is primarily for Europe, starting with Spain; there are many factors that have created a special climate for generating potential readers, such as the reality of the European Union, the disintegration of the USSR, the skinheads, the crisis in the Catholic Church, the conversion of Lady Di to Catholicism and the appearance of an Anglo-Catholic infant, perhaps the future King of Europe beyond the **year 2000**, the possible rise of Zhirinovsky to the Russian government, the consequent Russian rearmament and the possible conversion of the Russian Armed Forces into the Armed Forces of Europe, with the consent of Germany, which would definitively abandon its traditional military role as European gendarme, the constitution of a fearsome Islamic world power, the withdrawal of the United States from Europe, etc.,etc., all of which were implausible and unpredictable just seven years ago when the novel was written, but which today require a considerable effort of imagination to find answers about the near future, answers that, precisely, spring from every page of the novel like water from a spring; that is why we believe that, at least in Europe, **this book will be a bestseller**.

Without further ado, and confident that any questions or concerns will be addressed with confidence, I take this opportunity to send you my warmest regards.

(End of letter)



(THE EXTRAS URGE MARÍA TO BUY A PLOT OF LAND IN NEUQUÉN)

I will begin by recounting that in 1973, [the extraterrestrials](#) ordered [me](#) to buy a block of land from Vinelli, on a hill in El Lago de Plata Huechulafquén, in the province of Neuquén ([María will return to this topic in Part 41 of the story](#)). In 1973, Vinelli held an auction of these plots of land, and as it was the end of the year, i.e. holiday time, people from all over the world who were on holiday went to the auction, people who didn't even know the language, from other countries, other ethnic groups... in other words, lovely people. That's how I did it. [My son](#) reproached [me](#): "Why do you want a block of land? Isn't a plot enough for you?" At that time, [my son](#) was about to leave for [Antarctica](#), and I couldn't explain anything to him, since I didn't know either.

I'll make it as short as possible. I paid it off monthly, paid for the land registration and other extras, as stated in the Vinelli Real Estate Sales Contract.

In 1999, [the extraterrestrials](#) urged [me](#) to travel before the year 2000, and I told them, "Only if I go with a lawyer and a friend of [my son](#)." They agreed, and I raised the money, since I would take care of the expenses for the three of us. So, I travelled. I got to know the area, and to my surprise, it was an immense plain! My plot was there, as stated in the document, at the foot of [the Lanín volcano](#), facing [Lake Huechulafquen](#).

There wasn't a tree in sight, not a soul to be seen from north to south, east to west. Nothing, nothing at all.

The lawyer stood there gazing at the lake, mesmerised. [My son's](#) friend, Roberto, climbed up the hill. I wanted to follow him, but... the ground, which showed that the volcano had erupted at some point, was unstable, and my feet sank up to my ankles, causing [me](#) to fall flat on my face. The lawyer hurried to help [me](#) up, but needless to say, I couldn't climb up.

Roberto climbed up alone and told [me](#) that a meteorite had fallen in my country, leaving a huge crack that was so deep you couldn't see the bottom, and it was still there. Then, as I was wearing a cross around my neck, which had been given to me by Father Eusebio, [Mussolini's](#) confessor, I took it off and told Roberto to put it in the crack. He did so, and when I took it off, I said in prayer: "Let no one dare set foot on my land!" All this time, the lawyer remained absorbed in his thoughts, gazing at the lake. At that moment, [the extraterrestrials](#) told [me](#) to finish and come back... The lawyer had already travelled to Neuquén, to the Land Registry and the Town Hall, so there was no reason to stay... and I was protesting! When [the extraterrestrials](#) spoke to [me and](#) told [me](#) to stop, that it was like a desert, because that was how they wanted it. So, I decided to go back, and I didn't say anything to either of them.

On the way there, the lawyer said [to me](#), "Oh... what about the cross?" And I said, "I just realised, it must have fallen off when I slipped on the hill."

When we arrived, I found out that two young men had decided to climb the Lanín volcano... and that they had both died. They wanted to climb it before the year 2000. We returned, I think, on 22nd or 23rd December 1999, so they encouraged them and me to go before 2000. In other words, it was on my land! And that caused [me](#) great anguish and a guilty conscience to this day. It pains [me](#).

Well, I'll tell you that Vinelli, the company that sold [me](#) the plot, I read in a newspaper that he was driving along 9 de Julio when a car hit him and killed him.

The gentleman who made the sale, a retired military man, died of a heart attack, and the notary who drew up the power of attorney when [my son](#) went to [Antarctica](#), Dr. Juan Albo, also died of a heart attack.

I don't want to write another line unless I'm ordered to, because there are so many dead bodies behind me that it terrifies [me](#), and I don't want anyone else to suffer because of me or because I know them. They made [me](#) buy that land in 2002, and now it's been 30 years.

(MARÍA AND FELIPE TRAVEL TO BOLIVIA)

I will recount the vicissitudes that [my son](#) and I had to face in **1975**, a time of repression, confusion and misunderstandings. What I write here is "purely and exclusively for the children and their families".

[My son](#) had returned from [Antarctica](#), and, as I mentioned on another page, they came to pick us up at 8 p.m., or if you prefer, "they kidnapped us, the heavy ones," or from the time of lead, heavy years. I'll make it short, from there, we moved and gave them our new address, like a good neighbour's son. After that bitter pill, [my son](#) suggested we take a week's trip to distract ourselves, to other places. [He](#) said, *"I'm going to take you somewhere so you can recover from what you went through because of me."* He didn't tell [me](#) where, and besides, the north was the same as the south to me; to me, all cats are grey.

When we arrived at the station, [I found out that we were going to Bolivia](#). [I](#) loved the landscapes, and what caught my attention on the narrow-gauge train was how narrow and simple my mind was! was that Bolivians don't hang their clothes out to dry, but lay them on the ground, on the stones, which are covered with stones of all sizes, from the size of an orange to a watermelon. How simple, right?

Well, before leaving Buenos Aires, as was logical, [my son](#) warned "[Siniestro](#)" not to let us leave Buenos Aires because of the clash with "La Pesada". We were naive; he had a "real mess" in store for us, pardon my language, but we could expect anything from "[Siniestro](#)," that's for sure! If you have a problem, take it up with my buddy.

We stayed at the **Hotel del Rey del Estano**. [My son](#) gave him our passports and the hotel manager told us to relax. Another man took us to our room, we rested, went out to explore, went to "Tumusla", a picturesque place, and spent the day sightseeing. [My son](#) said to [me](#), *"Tomorrow we're going to Lake Titicaca."* So we went... It was the end of July, and I went into the lake anyway. [My son](#) said, *"You're crazy, you'll freeze,"* but the water was at an ideal temperature.

Every day, as it was freezing cold, we took a bottle of 90-proof grappa with us, but they had one there that was double strength. Of course, breakfast... in that winter place, it really raised the temperature! They boiled purple corn, the juice comes out chocolate-coloured, they add cinnamon sticks, squeezed lemon, sugar and cornflour, all boiling, it makes flames come out of your mouth! A half-litre mug and they have a frying pan on the embers and they put a ladleful of the mixture in it, sizzle... and out comes a magnificent fried cake! All at the foot of the stove, "delicious".

The next day, [my son](#) surprised me by taking me to **Puerta del Sol**, I think that's what it's called, I don't remember very well. We got up with that in mind, headed to the beach, [my son](#) spoke to a boatman, or a ferryman, to take us... and he said, "For less than 20 people, don't bother."

"Okay, no problem," I said to [my son](#), *"look at all the people sunbathing. You go on the right and I'll go on the left and we'll ask them if they want to come and we'll get 20 together."* In the end, we got 22 together, as they were all couples. The funny thing was that we couldn't understand each other! There were Americans, Dutch, Uruguayans, in short, a rainbow of nationalities, all on Lake Titicaca and other relics.

We arrived at our destination. We had to climb some steep stairs, which, according to [my son](#), who wouldn't let [me](#) climb because [he](#) said, *"Don't climb*, the lake is already there, at I don't know what height, if you climb..." They were hills or mountains, I don't know what they were, that's it! He didn't even tell [me](#) that there were huts and ruins and that when we went in... well, they were ruins, abandoned, from the time of Maria Castaña.

So [I](#) stayed down below because of my supposed high blood pressure (*did Maria mean hyperventilation?*). All I know is that I drank the 90-degree grappa like water. [I](#) stayed on a bend in the mountain, collecting semi-precious stones. [I](#) gathered the green ones and the ones that were the colour of baked milk, they were beautiful.

As I gathered the pebbles, like olives, *the "Extras"* told [me](#) that in that place, unimaginable esoteric forces were unleashed. The thing is, it got dark, it was the end of July, and the groups and couples began to descend. Everyone went down except [my son](#). I was desperate, and no one else saw him!

The boatman began to shout nervously that he was leaving, because at 8 o'clock in the evening the extraterrestrial ships would begin to leave the lake and he was terrified. Everyone was sitting around the boat and began to shout in unison, "Wait for him, my son!" They also wanted to see the **UFOs**, and I was crying, and the boatman told me to stay put. It was a dramatic moment for me, but the atmosphere was heavy, **sinister and** terrifying. I cupped my hands around my mouth and shouted, "*Felipe!*" and everyone joined in. Then I saw him at the top of the mountain and he shouted:

"Hey, don't leave me!" And as best he could, he climbed down into the darkness, and the boat was already starting to move, so my son tried to lift me up so I could climb in, but **I** slipped and almost cut both my "udders"! Sorry, I mean my breasts, my bust. Anyway, **I** almost fainted, and I travelled lying down, but he... He disappeared... from "Tranca," as my son called the main character of the book that the "aliens" made him write.

I said, "*What happened to you?*" and **he** said, "*I went up, I entered a hut, and a force destabilised me, I lost my bearings, as if I were lost inside myself, I lost track of where I had climbed up, and I tried to descend in several places, but none of them were right, and **I** became alarmed, the blood rushed to my head and it was as if my vision had clouded over, so **I** sat down because **I** felt dizzy, confused, and afraid of falling, which is why they didn't see me or find me, because I climbed in leaps and bounds, and the couples and groups were doing it slowly, and I wanted to make the most of the time.*" (Note: remember what Maria said about the Uritorco).

We finally arrived at the "Hotel del Rey del Estafío" and that's where our drama began. The manager told us that our passports had been stolen from the drawer or safe, I'm not sure which. Of course, we reported it to the police, who advised us to go to the Consulate, and from there to the Argentine Embassy. We had gone there for a week and had spent a lot of money... for a week! We went to the Argentine Embassy and they told us to go to INTERPOL to file a report, that we should file the report, and then they would give us temporary papers so we could return to the Argentine Embassy, where they would issue us temporary passports to get to Buenos Aires.

We went to **INTERPOL**, they took him into a room, my son and me, into a waiting room, where there were some soft armchairs and a small coffee table. On the table there were piles of leaflets. I took one from each pile and put them in my handbag. Then a door opened and a man called me: "*Madam, come here for a moment.*" **I** got up and went over. He asked me, "*What do you have in your bag?*" I replied, "*Nothing, just women's things.*" He said, "*Let's see. Empty it on the desk.*" I did as he said, and the leaflets flew everywhere. He asked me, "*What's this?*" "*Oh, yes,*" I replied, "*they're leaflets I just took from the table.*" "*What are they for?*" he asks me, and I say, '*To read in the hotel,*' and **he** says, '*Are these flyers for you?*' and I say, '*Oh... I don't know, I can't see,*' and I show him my magnifying glasses in my handbag, and he says, '*Well, put them on and look at them...*' And I almost died! They were those posters, like in the Wild West, with a photo and it said "Wanted," Firmenich, Arrostito, Vaca Narvaja (all famous figures involved in Marxist subversion) and others. Wow... **I** almost died! No, no... what hell, imagine that! They made me leave them there, and they realised that I would never be so foolish as to touch those compromising papers, both for them and for us. (Note: remember that this was in 1975, Perón had died on 1 July 1974, and his wife, now a widow, Isabel Perón, was in power. His 'right-hand man', López Rega, had already formed the Triple A, with the aim of eliminating subversive groups).

Well, we agreed that we should each take a passport photo, background... I don't know if it should be white.



Anyway, my son was in another room and they asked him to fill out a form and make a statement, which they would then type up. He left the room and I left the other room, and we met outside and sat down to wait. Then a man came and brought us the typed statement to sign. And what a surprise, my son read it and shouted, "*What? I'm not signing this!*" I pinched him and said, "*Sign it, so we can get out of here!*" He started shouting and swearing, and I didn't know how to shut him up. They were spying on us from all sides, and when they saw that I was supporting him, since I said firmly, '*Don't you realise... we're in another country. What do you want them to do, put us in prison? Who's going to come and rescue us if no one knows we're here except the "sinister" man?*' a man from INTERPOL came out and called us over and said, '*Come on, boys,*' because I was only 15 and a half years older than him, so we looked like brothers. And he said to us:

*You know what's happening in your country, don't you? Well, we're asking you to help us, yes... We have your passports, but think about it, we have a country full of young people like you... and we can't get them out of here unless we have Argentine passports, because the others we had were from other countries, and he tells me: it's to get them out and send them away, and I say: yes, okay... But what if they then do something with our passports? And he says: no, they leave here on the condition that they go where we tell them to go, and then they have to burn the passports, on that condition, and forget that they ever lived in Argentina, or have any contact with their families. They will completely change their identity... Think about it, guys, and they left us alone. The truth is that it was a dramatic moment. I had [my](#) 28-year-old [son](#) there, and it touched both of us deeply. The man came back and said: *We will give you a written statement saying that they were stolen and you can get another one in Argentina. And you, madam, when you go to Argentina, I will tell you who to see at INTERPOL Argentina.* Anyway, first we had to go back to the Argentine Embassy to complete the documents with photos and fingerprints.*

Finally, [my son](#) relented. When he finally decided to go to the Argentine Embassy, we found that it was **Friday, 17 August, Saint Martin's Day**. never before had we been so angry with Saint Martin for doing this to us, meaning that everything would be closed until Monday... and we didn't have a penny to our name! I took my electric razor and took it to the black market, where they gave us a few pesos so we could eat. That was then... because I think that if it were today, I would ask them to at least give us something to eat.

On Monday, we went to the Argentine Embassy. [My son](#) asked them for a couple of train, bus, or plane tickets to get there, since we didn't have any, and the Embassy, ever so helpful, told us that they didn't usually do that, that they weren't in a position to, and "that's that." Then an employee came over and said to [my son](#): "How much would you be willing to pay?" [My son](#), shrinking as much as possible, said, "This much," because with the **narrow-gauge train** we can get to **Tucumán, and** from there we have to take a bus to the narrow-gauge train, and then another bus from Retiro to Barrio Norte, and in total it's two days and food, breakfast... and 'this much', he said, I don't even remember, and the employee said: *'I'll give it to you for that gamulán you're wearing'*, and there we stayed, even colder than the cold it was "on that **20th of August 1974**" (**1975, María meant**), a terrifying cold, the peaks were snow-capped, picturesque on another occasion, but at that dramatic moment, everything seemed horrible to us. And the name or card that the "**Sinister One**" (**Arias Varela**) gave [my son](#) in case he needed anything, or if we had any problems... "if only he knew."

I don't remember if it was the Ambassador himself or someone important at the Embassy... who couldn't do anything for us. We were stunned that someone from our Embassy would take advantage of our misfortune, and on top of that, knowing that he wanted to make money off our desperation... Not even in my wildest dreams! If someone told me that, I wouldn't believe it! On top of that, that Gamulán... I bought it for [my son](#) [while](#) I was working, in a shop that was the first to sell Gamulans and leather garments, so I bought it on credit, and I did it all by myself! With my house as collateral, to make matters worse, the shop where I worked closed down and because of that Gamulan, my house was repossessed...

I'll make it short, Julio; we were told that our passports had been stolen, and after much ado, we arrived on 17 August, freezing cold, and [my son](#) was wearing only a thin jumper because he was wearing the Gamulán, but we were even colder.

Well, [my son](#) said, let's go to the black market and see if we can find something before I catch pneumonia. He found a jacket without a lining, but made of imported fabric, and there went the lunch we thought we were going to have.

How right the guys from the neighbourhood were when they called us two losers! At least the other guy charged a reasonable price for the gamulán... But when you see your neighbour drowning, "help him" by pressing his head down so he can't breathe. That was the motto, or at least it was. Maybe today the waters are calm.

All right, everything's in order, we can go now, ha ha ha! The bus that takes us to the station only comes once a week... I think it was on Wednesdays, it was the next day, and... oh, there was no room left, it was full, and the man at the bus station told us: don't be discouraged, stay close by, because some people return their tickets, and [my son](#) said: *yes, but... what do they return?*

Two is kind of weird, and two people returned their tickets. We took it as a joke or dark humour!

The funniest thing is that because of the "Subversion" issue, to get the tickets we had to fill out a form with our name, where we were from and where we were going, along with all our details, address, job, age, hair colour... Wow, and to top it all off, the guy at the station who made us fill out the forms said: *'How are you going to travel instead of the passengers who returned their tickets? When you get on the bus, the driver will come up and, just like at school, call you by your surname. You stand up and, as it was a Jewish couple who returned the tickets, you will be called Frida and Jacobo.* As a joke, it was good... But it seemed like they were making fun of us.

But what we wanted was to get out of there, to leave! It was as if we had walked into the lion's den. There was no doubt that this was all the work of *the Sinister One*. First, he had us kidnapped, then my son took me to Bolivia to forget the ordeal. Anyway, we were finally able to escape. I asked the guy at the "Hotel del Rey del Estañó" if he could give us something to eat for the road, since we were staying in Yanta, and he gave us four hard-boiled eggs... How about that!

We went back to the room, I already had my bags packed, they were made of leatherette, and my son unloaded the bags, started kicking them and one burst open in half and I said to him: *"Now what?"* It was ripped open and everything was spilling out. I said, *"Look, I'm going to go to one of the Coyas who have carts, from peanuts to lemons to the store, and buy four large safety pins.* I pinned it from the inside and closed the huge hole. Of course, the pins came undone and it stayed open.

It wouldn't have been a problem if it weren't for the fact that there were guards in every village, everyone was out with their bags, and there was a Bolivian policeman... who had us... well, and a soldier.

The policeman, like a madman, stuck his hand in the bag and threw everything out on the ground, and I held his arm and shouted, *"No, no!"* He pushed me with his elbow, and I wouldn't let go and kept shouting, *"No, no!"* until he pushed me so hard that I fell down, I was terrified, thinking, if this "madman" sticks the hook pin in me... the pin between my fingernail and the tip of my finger... he'll finish us off with the "Fal". Finally, we arrived in Tucumán, and I said to my son, *'In the end, we sold our passports for four hard-boiled eggs!* But there's no doubt that they were all in on it, a conspiracy, from the hotel to the police, the consulate, and the embassy.

If I am recounting this odyssey in such detail, it is because I want to make it very clear to the sceptics and the children who believe that no one did anything for their parents, and to the mothers... if you don't think that all these people risked everything, their jobs, their positions, I am convinced that you have to have faith. Another thing is that every being who comes to Earth has their place, and that cannot be taken away. Their place will always be here, and that is sacred.

Today I am telling you not to leave, to put our shoulders to the wheel, not to be cowards, and to defend what is ours: our efforts and our national heritage.

(María wrote this during the 1999/2000/2001 crisis (De la Rúa administration, foreign debt restructuring, country risk, cheque tax, wage cuts, pension cuts, corralito, corralón, etc.). At that time, there was an exodus of Argentines abroad, seeking "a better future," mainly to Spain, where they went to "wash dishes" and then would see...)

MARÍA IS BEING URGED TO SHORTEN AND ACCELERATE THE APPROACH OF THE END

I will try to just give you the information, without going into detail. This is about my son's life and return in Juego. I'll continue: When *the "extraterrestrials"* first came (in 1964), I followed my son's advice (who was about 18 at the time) and asked them questions, which I did, and this is the result: I asked them who they were, as there were two of them, one aged between 35 and 39 and the other between 50 and 55, with greying hair. Well, one of them told me that they had come to reveal something to me, which was, as I explained at the beginning of the page, that my son was half Earthling, half "alien". The younger one was "*Captain Kiev*." I thought they were Russians and other things, which made them burst out laughing. I almost caught fire! I blushed, and they told me not to worry, that they had mind control, thought transmission, and mental domination. How about that? Well, they told me they were from "Venus... that is, Venusians". They came in peace and wouldn't hurt us.



To cut a long story short, one moonlit night, it was hot, I was sleeping next to a large window, and the moonlight was shining on my right arm, which was outside the sheet, when, in the moonlight, I saw my arm, "Scaly" and petrol-coloured, with silver reflections, and I started screaming. My son came and I told him, and he said, "Ah! You finally saw it," and he said, "Silly, if we are descended from them, we are water lizards," and I was left "terrified".



Don't tell me we're going to turn into lizards! And he says to me: "What if, old woman... what if we are at the end of time and we have to return to our origins... wouldn't you like that? They are our ancestors, after all." I almost threw up, and I was terrified! I said, "Well, I thought they were monkeys. I was already familiar with monkeys, and besides, I think they're cute, but lizards... wow, they're terrifying, ugly and repulsive. "Well, if that's the case, what can we do?"

descended from "extraterrestrials", as I said on another occasion, have a peculiarity: their ears, without earlobes. So there are people all over the world, bankers, businessmen, actors, professionals, etc., and they all cover them up because they think they are defective. They could form a World Club of "Stuck Ears", so they don't have to hide them anymore. Well, I guess not everyone will want it to be known, so they won't be recognised. At least they'll know they're not defective.

The "extraterrestrials" showed me about five **past lives**. My son and I were always together. I won't go into details, but in two of them, he was my husband, and in another, he was my brother. And all in different countries: England, France, Russia, Damascus and China... They showed me like on a television, a video, I don't know... in colour, we always looked the same. Logically, there was no "sex" at any time, that will be the question for the curious. I think that's why we were always very close, but when we argued, the first thing that came out, since we had both seen our past lives, was inevitably that we would ask above not to put us together again, because we would kill each other, since we were two "powers" and we both wanted to be right and have the last word.

MARÍA, AT THE REQUEST OF THE EXTRATERRESTRIALS, REVEALS A DIVINE MYSTERY OF FAITH.

I will comment on an event, experience, or all the unusual, strange, incredible things that have happened to me. We left Ledesma, Jujuy, heading for Tucumán. My son and a friend, who was the plant manager of the Ledesma sugar company, and my son was the supervisor of three sections, that is, he was his boss at the company. He asked my son, "Siniestro," to stand in for him or represent him in a business deal, and my son hesitated, to which he said, "Well, then take it on as a partner and do as you see fit, together with your friend, the boss. It was a time when the country was going through this same period, when companies were being liquidated and anyone, whether local or foreign, could "privatise" or buy any company at ridiculous prices. This company was the second, after Acindar and Somisa. The thing is, everything was arranged by both parties, all the papers were in order, everything was signed, and we even toasted with champagne. We said goodbye and were supposed to return at 8 in the morning to withdraw the money from the bank and close the deal.

I will say that when we arrived in Tucumán from Jujuy, we stayed at a hotel. We arrived at around 7 or 8 in the evening. Of course, as I was travelling with [my son](#) and my partner, who was also my boss, I didn't bother to check which hotel, which street or what number it was. I'll continue. That night, they decided that we should go out for dinner, and my friend and boss suggested that we first go and look for and invite a lady who was in contact with two... and besides, my partner and boss wanted to sound her out, since she was a teacher and he had five or six young children. It's the typical case of these marriages, where the woman gets pregnant, lies about her age, and the man pressures her to marry him. Finally, she agrees and he says, "Yes, but I'm going to fill you with children." Now she must be on her seventh or eighth, "quilo sa".

I'll continue; throughout dinner, on the way to and from the restaurant, the two of them were talking... and they were doing so slowly, as if they were a couple, "chatting". We were walking and talking about the "steelworks" and everything related to it... that the next day would be over and we would be going back to Jujuy. On the way, he told [me](#) that his friend and partner didn't even want him to set foot in the company. I told [my son](#), "If I don't, I'll quit the Institute," and [my son](#) said, "What?! You're coming with me." I told him, "You know we'll go to war if I go," [My son](#) got angry, and when we were on the street, and he was angry with me about something, the first thing he did was yank my bag out of my hand and throw it in the middle of the street. Of course, I thought that wasn't right or fair, on that occasion, with those witnesses, so I thought, "I'll defend my bag, come hell or high water"... The thing is, I had it in my arm, I pressed it against my chest with both arms... and he pulled! He ripped the handle off and threw it in the street, of course, and I looked and saw that the two rings were left behind, and I said to myself: ...it can be fixed...

Of course... I already knew that he wouldn't last long at the steelworks - I knew why - let's say, when we entered the hotel, [my son's friend](#) stood behind me and gave [me](#) a slap on the backside, which said more than a thousand words, the reason and cause of my exclusion from the company. Anyway, that's how things are in this world. Of course, at that point, I had no idea of the odyssey I was about to embark on, the 'experience', 'esoteric', 'paranormal', 'transcending to another plane', or whatever it was. The reason is irrelevant; what matters is what has been transcended.

Needless to say, after the slap, I looked at him over my shoulder and glared at him. The mere fact that he was [my son's](#) friend, had a wife and half a dozen children, and I knew his wife, even though he was jealous and envious of [me](#), I only felt understanding and put [myself](#) in his shoes. I was always condescending and didn't visit her because of the stalker.

Well, we arrived at the "hotel" and went to the bar, the four of us and a friend of [my son's](#) "partner and boss." They ordered something appropriate for the moment, the place, and what was in fashion. They asked me what I wanted to drink, and I said, "an anise liqueur." They all burst out laughing, and I said, "What... Didn't you ask [me](#)? Then you should have decided," and it turns out that the man was the owner of the "hotel," and... he told [me](#) how old he was, that he didn't drink anymore, and they asked [me](#) what else I could have, and well, a "Coca-Cola," speechless.

We went to rest, asked them to call us at 6:30, and before leaving, I said to [my son](#), "Look, when we arrived last night, before entering the hotel, I saw a boutique and noticed they had leather belts with tea and milk, I'm going to buy one and put it in my bag, since it has the rings."

And we went out and [my son](#) showed [me](#): look... on the pavement opposite, on the other corner, there was a bookshop that took up half a block, half a block of books. We're going to run an errand, we'll meet on that corner, whoever gets there first waits, and they left.

I went to look for the belt... I went into the "boutique" through the door that opened onto the street, I went in, bought it, and instead of going out the front door, I went out another door on my right that led to a gallery. I walked along thinking about the belt, "I'll put it on him on the corner," and I went down the gallery to my right and came out onto the other street... And all this, until today... I couldn't figure it out! When I got to the street, I walked the block to the corner, and I didn't see the bookshop. Of course it was there, but I was lost in my own thoughts and wasn't paying attention to anything. What do I do? I go back to the gallery, and there were two doors, that is, two exits, and that confused [me](#)... I walked back to the corner and again... nothing! I went back to the "Gallery" and there were three doors, that is, three entrances. I turned around... and a lady was coming, covered up to her ankles, dark grey, grey fox fur and a little hat with a feather, like in the Gardel film, girls or blondes from "New York". I asked her if she knew where there was a bookshop on the corner and half a block away on both sides of the corner, and [the](#) woman said she didn't know. Then a man came along wearing a hat and an overcoat,

It was short, grey at the ankle, and I asked, and got the same answer... So, I go back to the gallery... and there were so many entrances that I felt scared and uneasy. Then a girl comes up and I think: I'm going to ask this "idiot" and see what happens, without realising that the "idiot" was me (!), I say: *where is the "head office"?* and she says, *"On the corner, turn right and you'll find it."* The young woman was dressed like she was in the 1920s or 1930s, I don't know.

I continued on, and when I turned right, there it was! When I got there, I was surprised to see that it looked exactly like the police station in Córdoba, with the same arches, except that between one of the arches and the entrance, there was a large pot with privet, and when I got closer... that's when I said to myself, "But this idiot..." I said, 'headquarters', and she sent me to the fire brigade! Of course, the 'idiot' was still me, since it was the 'headquarters', but they had thick dark blue uniforms, like the capes of the railway workers. Of course, the clothes worn by the railway workers were from England, since at that time there were no textile factories. The General had just introduced them in Argentina. Before that, all the clothes were imported. Who doesn't remember the diamond-patterned jumpers and diamond-patterned tights, or the pleated Scottish skirts, like the Prince's, fastened with a safety pin? Wow...

I'll continue; they were wearing dark blue uniforms made of thick wool, with red trim on the sides of their trousers, on the cuffs of their sleeves, and on their caps, but what surprised me most was that they had a spike on their helmets. I say "caps", but no... to me, it was unfamiliar! That's why I thought they were firefighters, and I said, "Good morning," and he replied, *"What are you looking for? What brings you here?"* I said, "I'm lost." *"What's wrong?"* "I'm looking for a big bookshop," and I explained how to get there... and he said, "You must be confused. As far as I know, there's nothing around here like what you're describing..." And then I started to worry! I went back to the arcade, and as I was walking, I started to examine everything... and I saw that the pavements were made of bricks... I got chills remembering... the bricks were laid on edge, and I noticed that the street was paved with cobblestones and on the pavement, between the bricks, there was grass about 2 or 3 centimetres high. In front of the gallery, there was a mud wall sticking out like a fig tree, the plaster peeling off. After seeing all that, I started to despair, and then I heard my son's voice, screaming at the top of his lungs. I can imagine him putting both hands over his mouth to make a cone so his voice would carry further.

And I said to myself, "What do I do now?" And the voice with my name, filtering through the floor and the walls, I say... because I didn't lift my head once, so I don't know if there was a sky, incredible! But I don't know. I stood up in front of the gallery where I had come out, and that's when... there was a "thud" and I fell between the two of them, my son and his friend, and his friend, who knew nothing, nothing at all, only about money, told him not to shout: *"Hey, don't shout, they'll think we're crazy and they'll throw us in jail!"*

When I stopped in front of the gallery, I started thinking about how my son always used to say to me: "Mum, watch out, if a door opens (an interdimensional portal?), don't go in, they'll take you to another plane." And he told me: "You have to act fast, call the person before more than 12 hours have passed, because otherwise you won't be able to bring them back." And I was thinking about that when I fell. "Splat." It was disconcerting.

And, he says, his friend: *"You saw him there, why shout so much?"* Of course, he didn't even notice... or maybe they made a gap, a blank space, I don't know! What I do know is that my son was blind with rage and he said to me: *"You're not coming with us, we're taking you somewhere else. Do you know what time it is?"* "No," I said. *"It's midnight!"* We left at 7:30 p.m. We walked for more than five hours without getting anywhere. To make matters worse, I had just bought a pair of "Luis 15" shoes with 5-centimetre heels, "brand new, I'm not going to walk," I had blisters on all my toes and heels, it was torture, I couldn't walk anymore. When I fell between the two of them, my son said to me: *"Tell me about it later."*

What I can say about this is that I don't know if this was the first shot, since it's like the spine of the human body, each vertebra is a shot, according to what the extras told me. I think this must have been the first one, because of the fall, which made a "chup" sound, which would have been seconds.

At least I knew that there is life on the other plane, with everything. What I didn't see was any kind of traffic, and something unforgivable is that at no point did I look up, otherwise I would have known what was above me... I don't think it was the sky? But what's surprising is that they dress like they did 40 or 50 years ago, they walk, talk, have all their senses, understanding, and answer wonderfully.

The lady, with those pointed shoes and straps over the instep with spool heels, and sticking out, the chubby foot, as you can see in the photos, I don't know if they're from the 1920s.

Another thing that caught my attention was the way they walked, slowly, deliberately, without haste, without the madness of today, where the pavements are narrow and people bump into each other as they come and go.

There was a kind of low atmosphere, or low fog, the ideal weather, but it was heavy going, which is why walking was slow, tedious, unhurried, with no time. That's why I thought: "...in time, there is your time, seek your Self and you will conquer time, or conquer your Self, and you will conquer time..."

The Acería was a disappointment, as the banks didn't open because of *the Rodrigazo*, and when they did, with the devaluation, they could only buy aspirin, so we only went there for the experience.

[My son's](#) friend and partner still owes [me](#) a "reminder." For me, they saved us. [My son's](#) partner doesn't know or understand anything about the occult, nor did he at the time. Sometimes we would be talking and, without knowing, he would say, *"I don't know what you're talking about, but I can tell you that it won't make you any money..."* Wise and intuitive words!

With faith and humility, María.

Note: On 4 June **1975**, Economy Minister Celestino Rodrigo introduced a series of reforms known as *the Rodrigazo*. He imposed brutal austerity measures that doubled prices and triggered a terminal crisis. Rodrigo wanted to eliminate relative price distortions with a sharp devaluation of 160% for commercial exchange rates and 100% for financial exchange rates. The inflation rate reached triple digits annually, and nominal prices multiplied by 300%. There were shortages of many basic necessities, fuels, and other transport inputs.

This fierce adjustment of prices and tariffs went down in history as *the "Rodrigazo,"* and three weeks later resulted in a 48-hour general strike that marked the beginning of the definitive decline of the constitutional government of María Estela Martínez de Perón.

The turmoil caused by these price changes influenced consumer behaviour, and among the immediate consequences were the first general strike organised against a Peronist government and the dismissal of the Minister of Social Welfare, José López Rega, Rodrigo's political godfather. (Source: Metapedia)

ARGENTINIANS, STAND UP! ENOUGH OF LIVING ON YOUR KNEES

They tell María that the moment of truth has arrived. But... María wonders? And the other thing... what was it, what happened? Anyway, don't ask too many questions, "God will forgive," they say. "It's a hot topic." It has nothing to do with anything and everything.

Of course, at this point, Internet readers who have been following this story may suspect, as I do, that I was "used" because it is obvious that the decision to take [my son](#) away must have been "studied, meditated upon, calculated, measured, and weighed." Everything I could "offer, sacrifice, in order to get [my son](#) back... I used. I suspected, I sensed that something was lurking behind the kidnapping." Let's call it something, we have to give it a name, determine it, "since it wasn't of my own free will."

"It's okay that [my son](#) was sent only to write [the book](#)" and then return, or



return him, or put him back where he came from, 'He only came to fulfil a mission', like so many others. Did he fulfil it? **'The book** met expectations. And why the trade-off of allowing him to return in exchange for certain conditions that I had to fulfil? Not for nothing did I resist for six years, since I didn't see it clearly, I wasn't convinced by the hospitality, the distinction they made of me, it's like when you say, 'hmm... I sense there's something fishy going on', until you get to the point where your intuition seems to be warning [you](#) 'something's up'... But not out of curiosity or apprehension towards something unknown; in my eagerness to get [my son](#) back, any fear of the unknown was overcome.

In this matter, feelings and reactions were used and played with in a big way, "with all the potential that one has and puts into action." It is in these moments when one must almost give up one's own life, putting to the test all one's sensitivity and self-sacrifice for

ness to give oneself dispassionately, without speculation, forgetting one's own existence completely and allowing only spiritual strength to emerge, the strength that exalts and glorifies everything that words cannot explain or justify; these are facts, reactions that the being sets in motion.

"And of course, everything is used intelligently," nothing is wasted or squandered, everything has its purpose, it is used meticulously, scientifically, mathematically, like a yawn or a sigh, which does not yet have an "exact" measure, nor weight, width or thickness.

However, I understand that [extraterrestrials](#) measure us, even "the time and duration of laughter," they measure "the heat emanating from the body, resistance to distress, pain, and pleasure."

What excites us? What causes us pain, joy, resentment, remorse, happiness, and pleasure? I would almost say that they have everything "classified."

They are statistics to control our moods, our feelings, which is why when [they took me away](#), there were only doctors and military personnel. I think that says something... or a lot, I don't know. And so, what attitude can one take when just being in front of [them](#) makes one feel "naked", stripped of all feelings, love, resentment, left with no reaction, with a huge void in one's head? I am already convinced that this will happen at the right moment, calculated, "premeditated, not a minute before, not a minute after". At the "right" moment, set for that event.

But [let us allow "The Mentors," the doers, the chosen ones, and "The Elect" to carry out what is written](#), those who fulfil their determination, who must change history, and who cannot be dismissed with the stroke of a pen, for history is the richest legacy we have inherited. In order to get to the heart of the matter, to the crux of the issue, we must expose some and unmask others.

(.....)

Attention

"Young people and young adults", if you want to take advantage of the end-of-year holidays or the study trip, and if any of you have read [my son's book](#) and something is not clear and you want to ask a question.

The children who were [my son's](#) students, whose photos appear on the website, and who are no longer "children" but "adults", I would like to tell you that you are welcome to come and discover the "City of Córdoba" and its beauty. "Córdoba is Panoramic", [my son](#) chose it as **the setting for his book** and in Rosario, he "devoured" 5,000 books to learn all about it.

If you decide to come this holiday, talk to the travel agency to get a quote for your group. You can come however you like, you won't regret it. We don't have any "Indians", they are all "tame, tamed and domesticated". The guys in the photos will give you entertaining talks on whatever topic you request. The address and telephone number are below the photos. We look forward to seeing you. But study hard and pass your exams, because the benefits are all yours. I look forward to seeing you Galactic and Intergalactic kids.



Those who are very young and wish to come but do not have the consent and authorisation of their parents to travel alone may do so accompanied by them if they wish, as the explanatory talks will cover historical topics related **to [my son's book](#)**, which are of interest to all ages.

t out of this pit," "blind" into which we were led, and that water of chance and down upon us from the sky. Let [my son](#) come to "vote," because only a miracle can save us. "I have faith and I do my homework," and I await the "miracle." Pray for everyone, because only God will save the world.

With faith and humility, Maria.

THE "EXTRAS" ASK ME TO SHARE MY EXPERIENCE WITH INTERNET READERS

Well... at a certain point, a gentleman connected to [my son](#) came to visit. I don't know if he was a professional, I know nothing about him. He introduced him to me, and they talked and travelled to various places. I never asked any questions, as I didn't understand anything. I know he came from "Switzerland" to make a proposal to the "Argentine Government" and, as always, "they encountered a thousand obstacles and setbacks".

The idea was to build an ecological waste recycling plant, except for radioactive waste. The ash would be used to make cement bricks for building houses to eradicate slums.

"They would run the business, or rather the company, for 10 years and then hand it over to the government." The location they had chosen, and I say "they" because he brought his partner and those who proposed the business with him, was chosen by the two gentlemen.

I continue, after travelling by plane to several places that [my son](#) told me would be suitable for setting up the "company". They chose "Río Negro" well and went to speak with the **governor** at the time, who was known for having "robbed a bank". This fine gentleman "asked for a hefty bribe" and they were willing to pay "the same", but as the "environmental" issue was a hot topic at the time, the "engineer" had to intervene. Well, well... The bribe that the "engineer" (**María Julia Alsogaray?**) asked for blew their budget, and they left, quite angry, saying: "We even offered to solve your rubbish problem... It's not fair. Anyway, STOP. A closed mouth catches no flies."

.....

(About former President Carlos Saúl Menem)

(.....)

Let's start by finding out who this man is: First of all, he is neither Turkish nor Arab, but a "circumcised Jew". Not only did he deceive his family, which would be the least of it, but more seriously, he deceived the Argentine people. So, what can we expect but what he has done and wants to continue doing: lying, deceiving, betraying.



He says that they slander him, telling lies and that it is the "SIDE", and this gentleman forgets that when he first took office, the first thing he said was that he would appoint people from the FBI and the CIA as his permanent bodyguards, as he did not trust the Argentine bodyguards, who are generally from the "SIDE", so now what is this gentleman complaining about?

Let's continue with his current partner (former Miss Universe Cesilia Bolocco), who is part of the "Services" of "Chile and the CIA", so what do we do, sir?

Do you intend to continue deceiving the Argentine people? All this was said by our 'friend' and your friend, '*Siniestro*'.

(.....)

But here's another little issue, which has nothing to do with the former president, but with the former governor. Well, when the former president (Menem) was governor of La Rioja, he appointed someone who had fought against the guerrillas in Córdoba as chief of police. This police chief, who unwittingly became the protagonist of an injustice for which he was blamed, performed his duties perfectly, but, but the devil always gets involved.

The Governor held a reception at the Governor's Office and invited a select group to dinner. The police commissioner was unable to attend because he had to remain at his post at the head of the police force, especially at a time when people from all over the country were in attendance. At the end of the meal, the Governor stood up, recited a speech to those present, and then said, *"Stand up and let's toast our comrade (Mario) Firmenich."* The police commissioner's wife, who was a close friend of the governor's wife, said, *"Oh, no,"* and smashed her glass on the floor, saying, *"My husband was sent to fight the guerrillas and risked his life, and we're not going to make a toast now,"* and left. She informed the police commissioner, her husband, and he told her, *"Let's get out of here because he'll kill us."*

(Note: Mario Firmenich was the leader of the terrorist guerrilla group "Montoneros," a left-wing group that operated under Peronist banners, that is, leftists who infiltrated Peronism).

So, a scandal arose with unusual and colourful details, and when the news spread, the Governor, like a true gentleman, said that he had found his wife with the police commissioner, poor commissioner, who was 20 years younger than his wife and had two young children, so he had no choice. As for the police chief, he had to go into exile in a neighbouring country, along with his wife. I should clarify that this woman is, or was, his second wife. She became his wife while he was in another country, as he had requested political asylum, and his first and true wife remained in Argentina.

Now, I will describe the events, which is what *the "Extras"* want. On previous occasions, this uniformed officer had to intervene in domestic problems, one of which was a fierce beating that the Governor (Menem) inflicted on his wife, leaving her "morbid" and in hospital. According to the "sinister" man, the wife threatened to "expose him" and say that he was neither Arab nor "Turkish", but Jewish and circumcised, andas the "Sinister One" was head of the CIA in Argentina, that is, he was aware of everything. After the brutal beating, she had to be treated by the police doctor, and a visual inspection and police report were carried out, which led to a series of photos being taken and reports being drawn up, after which she was admitted to hospital until her recovery, following some cosmetic touch-ups.

After this clash between the Argentines, and during their escape, the police chief of La Rioja took with him the evidence of the "mockery" suffered by the commissioner and the wife of the governor of La Rioja. The issue is that when Argentina voted again (in 1983) and the *White Beret* (Raúl

Alfonsín), who ate, studied, etc., etc., with the Constitution ("with democracy, you can eat, you can educate yourself"), the Commissioner returned to Argentina. Sure, but what or who would guarantee his stay here? He bought a little house, already had two kids, a little girl and a little boy, but, but, the elections came again (1989) and this time the "Governor" (Carlos Saúl Menem) won, and what did the Governor do? He didn't rest until he found out where the "Commissioner" was, and he located him. Then, without wasting any time, he sent him two "Intelligence Wardrobes" from the brand-new President. He sent two "Roperos" with a Samson-like physique who "instilled fear, terrified even the bravest," as you might expect, and they went to ask him for the papers he had taken with him when he fled by "mistake," right?

I'll pause this story for a minute.

When my son came back from Antarctica (1974), a year later he tried to get in touch with the guys who had been his "base" there, and he found one they called "Coco." He was from a "Force" and took me to see him. He was in charge of a summer "club" with a swimming pool and restaurant belonging to a trade union. I witnessed the joy of both of them.

I remember when my son went to Antarctica, they handed out clothes, anoraks, snow goggles, hats and all the equipment, even towels, but there was no swimwear for him. However, like me, he knew that nothing is random or eternal in this life, as the tango says, neither happiness, pleasure nor sorrow. In short, everything happens for a reason.

They told him there were no swimsuits for him, and my son cried out in protest. Since they were at a "base," there was only one bathroom for everyone, more than 20 people. *"I'm not going to leave the bathroom in my leggings!"* They replied that there was a used one left by someone who had left the previous "base," and he agreed. When he got out of the bathroom, the owner wrote on his back in large letters, "Pino," which was his name, and he didn't want anyone else to use it; so my son was now called "Pino." This clarification was essential.

I continue with when "Pino" (my son) and "Coco" from the police force met. Coco says to him at the club: *"Look, that guy with the family is the police chief from La Rioja, the one who got into a fight with the governor. Come here, I'll introduce you."* And right there he said: *"Tito"* —which was the police chief's nickname— *"I'd like to introduce you to Pino."* this boy was in Antarctica with me." And right there, he invited my son to share a table with his family.

A few weeks later, the Roperos incident happened (around 1989), and Tito said to my son: *"Why don't you keep these 'documents' for me?"* And my son said yes, poor son of mine, he had no idea what he would have to suffer because of this. When he went to the club, he took the briefcase with him, handed him the documents, and said, *"Look, Tito, I'll keep them here and carry them with me. When you need them, just ask me."* Well, that was that. My son is gullible, sincere, trusting, without any particular interest, in short.

We were in the city of Córdoba and "Tito", in the province of Córdoba, we left and everyone went their separate ways. My naive son told four or five of his close friends about it, and the most common thing happened; envy, greed and betrayal got the better of them, and they stole his briefcase from the office.

The thing is, my son came home distraught: *"Oh, Mum, what happened to me, what happened to me!"* He was shouting and crying. "What happened?" I asked him. And he said: *"They stole my briefcase!"* And I knew that the documents were in there, so I said, *"Calm down, calm down, let's go over who had access to your office, and we started going through them one by one, and it became clear that one person was not only a suspect but the perpetrator of the theft. "Now what do I tell Tito?"* And the next day, the document appeared in Noticias magazine, and my son wanted to die. Now Tito is going to think I sold it to Noticias magazine!

Worse still, he came home with the magazine: *"Look, old woman, look!"* He was even more desperate than before, and I had to say to him: *"Listen to me and understand: you didn't do this, you have nothing to do with this aberration that they did to you, and we already know who it was, someone you trusted completely, but who turned out to be a despicable, mean-spirited person."*

The next day, [my son](#) left early, as usual, for the office and saw **Tito (the police chief from La Rioja)** out of the corner of his eye, trying to hide from [my son](#), and [my son](#) ran after him and caught up with him and said, "But Tito, how could you do this *to me*?" At that moment, we were already in Buenos Aires and Tito was near the Obelisk. I continue: "Tito, what's going on? Why are you hiding *from me*?" "Oh, Pinito, I'm undercover, working on a strategy," and my poor son, not knowing how to tell him, told him that his briefcase had been stolen, waiting for his reaction. and with amazement, he sees that he doesn't even flinch, as if he were aware and knew everything and were the instigator, and how [my son](#) spent days of anguish, with a guilty conscience because he thought I would believe or think that he was a traitor, that he had betrayed the trust that Tito had placed in him, poor [thing](#). The thing is, [my son](#) didn't want to leave, he wanted me to tell him, to go for a coffee and tell him.

In the end, he confessed that he was the one who had organised the theft of the briefcase, with one of [my son's](#) most trusted friends: "But why, Tito? If he had asked me, I would have given it to him myself." "Oh, Pinito, how can I explain it to you? I took that kid out of the gutter for him, so that when he turned 18, I could give him a bank account and deposit all the money I could, because his mother wants to report *me* and has a price on my head so she can remarry and change his name." [My son](#) was really moved. And he said, "Pinito, I'm saying goodbye because I'm going to kill myself." "But no, *Tito*, how can you do that? How can you give up now?"

Just like that, he went home, had lunch, kissed his kids, took the cyanide capsule, and lay down to take a nap, and never woke up. The woman left with the kids, and we never heard from her again, if she remarried and changed the boy's surname.

What I want to make very clear is that "**Tito**" (the police chief from La Rioja who was persecuted by Menem) had his reasons. But "the traitor" who ate at our table, he has no excuse. The disappointment and bitterness, without eating or drinking, of [my son](#).....Let the reader of the Internet draw their own conclusions.

(MARÍA SAYS THAT ON OCCASIONS, SHE LEAVES HER BODY)
(Astral travel?)

Dear Internet readers:

I wanted to clarify an issue that I just "read" about. After more than 10 pages, if I don't clarify it again, you may be left in the dark, like a child going to take their first communion.

At the beginning, I explained the how and why of this page, but now I am changing course and explaining further. In order to continue, "something fundamental is necessary," but even though I do not understand it, even though I do not know why this is happening to [me](#), that does not mean that others with years of study, of "capturing," esoteric experiences, in short, I do not know in what field, are located, are determined, But what happens, happens. I don't know what's going on, as it's not within my realm of knowledge. What I do know is that it happens. My will doesn't count, as I wouldn't even know how it happens, nor could I make it happen or stop it from happening. If this determination fits, I would say that it's complex or extremely complex, but that's how the cards are dealt, and we have to play them.

What happens *to me*, or rather, what they make [me](#) go through, is hellish. Let's say that before, [I](#) didn't realise, I didn't know what was happening, I expected it as something natural, like "breathing, sleeping, etc.". Everything, until I was widowed (in 1960. [María was about 30 years old](#)) and I was finally able to talk to [my son](#) (who was about 14). This sounds "idiotic, implausible", but it's real.

I already explained that my mother married [me](#) off (in November 1945) to a young man from the "oligarchy". She wanted to marry me well, not materially, but because she was dying and wanted to leave me in a well-established family. Of course, I never imagined that everything was done according to codes, rules, and conditions, which [I](#) learned about over time.

They were extremely strict (**everyone in my husband's family**), and I, having just turned 15 (**on 30 May**), found everything fun and amusing, comical. They brandished their surname like a trophy. I would look at them, listen to them, and suddenly burst **out** laughing with all my heart.

Until one day, my father-in-law said **to me**, "*Tell your husband (who was his son) that I want to talk to him tomorrow.*" The issue was that when he married me, he took **me** to live with his parents, my in-laws, and six siblings, and I was the youngest. My "beloved husband" married **me**, left **me** with his family, and only came home at 3 a.m., STOP.

I told my husband, he spoke to my father-in-law, and he wanted me to be present. My father-in-law opened the floodgates and a torrent of complaints and accusations against me came pouring out. Among other things, he told my husband that I had no "judgement" or "formality". And my husband, for the first time, stood up for me and said, "*But Dad, how can you ask her to have good judgement and be serious? She's just a child, she just turned 15.*" I listened, and it all seemed so "unbelievable" **to me**. But then it came out that my husband had told them I was about to turn 18, and so he said to him, "*Why didn't you tell me?*" "*Yes, Dad, but I forgot to tell you that it's in three years.*" STOP.

As I was saying, I watched and listened and had to stop **myself** from laughing. This introduction is necessary.

When my mother spoke to him about marrying me, I was listening behind the door, and he said, "Well, I'll talk to her first." When he spoke **to me**, I stormed out. The fact that he asked me seemed at least "sensible" **to me**, since he would have to sleep with me and not with my mother. He asked me "about 20 times" over the course of a few days, and I gave him the same answer. Of course, I didn't know that my mother was waiting to die before she would let me marry, otherwise I wouldn't have made her renounce me. In the end, I said to my husband, "*If you've already decided, why are you asking me?*" My mother told **me** so many times that she was dying that I didn't believe her anymore. Well, I wanted to get to this point.

Knowing the situation and how **I** was marrying against my will, "*the aliens* came to my aid." Otherwise, I still wouldn't know what happened or how. I would go to bed with such disgust, with "murderous rage" towards my husband. **The blood** would rush **to** my head, and instantly, **I would leave my body**. All I know is that **I** would stand next to the bed, and he would start beating me and say that sleeping with me was like sleeping with a dead woman. I am explaining this so that **the doctors** can determine what is happening **to me**, because this is what happens **to me**, what they do **to me**, and it is worth studying.

Let's say **they take me out of my body** and it's as if they put **me** inside, where I have to look around, internalise everything and be an involuntary witness to this or that event. That's why, when I say and affirm something, it's because I was there, that is, I witnessed it. Before, I didn't know how I was in so many places at once, and even I didn't understand it, because I know I was there but I couldn't explain how, since it's such a complicated subject. But let's say **I** started to "wake up", to become aware, on one occasion when I had to spend three months in hospital due to a car accident in which **I** "chipped" my spine. On that occasion, in the sanatorium where I was admitted, I met a girl who was a nurse, that is, the one who had to give me my medication, and who was a neighbour in my neighbourhood. One day I asked her to give **me** a painkiller because the pain in my spine was unbearable, and **she** said, "*Wait, I'm just about to hand out the medication.*" I waited and waited, and she didn't come, and the pain kept getting worse, so I said, "OK, I'll try to sleep," and I closed my eyes. It was 2 p.m., and then the girl came back, as her shift was ending, and she spoke to me and shook **me**, but I didn't answer. I was out of my body. But I was there, as if I were standing next to the bed watching what was happening. The girl got scared and ran to call the doctor. The doctor came, took my pulse, listened to **my** heart, took my blood pressure, went and got the rubber hammer, hit my knees, first uncovered my feet, bent my knees, and hit them to check my reflexes. He covered me up again, lifted my eyelids, shone a little torch in **my** eyes. All this time, the girl was crying, calling **me** by my nickname, my first name, my surname, and crying. The doctor took her by the arm and said, "*Come on, leave her.*"

About half an hour **later**, **I** wake up, try to sit up, sit on the bed, put on my slippers to go to the bathroom, and just then the door to the room is open, the doctor comes in and sees **me**. He shouts and points **at** me, saying, "*You, come with me right now to the emergency room!*" **I** go and **he**

he says, 'Are you happy with what you did?' And I say, 'What did I do?' And he says, 'You don't know what you did!' 'No, I don't know, if you don't tell me.' And he says, 'You left the machine and took it.' And I looked at him, curious, waiting for him to say something, and he repeats, more calmly, 'Seriously, you don't know?' - And I say, seriously, I don't know, "then give me your card," and he says: When, come by and we'll talk about it; he was (a young doctor, a resident, or a newly qualified intern). I didn't go back until three months later because I wanted to know, and I was so disappointed when his mother told me he had gone to the United States, I don't know if it was for a course, so I never saw him again and even today, I still don't know.

MARÍA, YOU MUST MAKE IT CLEAR THAT, WHEN THE TIME COMES, YOU MUST LEAVE THE BODY

On this subject and on this topic, the reader draws their own conclusions and is free to believe or doubt. The summary of this, or why I had to recount these events. I continue, this preamble is so that you understand when I say that I was there, that they made me live through the event, and it is because it is the only way I can explain it, but understand, I never understood anything, and is that what you want? It is as if someone grabbed you by the collar and dragged you into the middle of something that is happening, and only by "seeing" it can you grasp the magnitude of it, so to speak. If I refuse to look because it causes me "horror" and helplessness, then they play a tape recorded inside my head, and then, meekly and with resignation, I must watch it.

I was an involuntary witness to the tragic events that took place in Argentina, such as the so-called "blessed" coups d'état, that of Isabel (Martínez de Perón, in March 1976), and everything else.



What happened from then on, which I couldn't bring myself to look at, made me start screaming, "No, no, no!" And then, because my son already knew what was happening, and on the doctor's orders, he gave me an injection of Valium, and within five minutes I was asleep; and when I fell asleep, I left my body? Similarly, I refuse to comment on such sinister and terrible matters. They are very painful, "inconceivable, incomprehensible" and painful to accept, but they happened, they are real and they hurt. Here's one example, but is it true that

because if that were the case, they would have resolved it by now. On this subject, I refuse categorically, because what they did and did not do, what happened and what did not happen, is inconceivable. Despite what they say, they want it to be "discovered," but they don't want it to be known, at least not by those who are most directly affected. But it is not a question of "whether I want to or not", but of what I must do, what I am obliged to do, to address this issue in any way possible, but this is so complicated, but there is only one issue here, one reason, the most powerful one, the pure, burning "Truth", without embellishment. As usual, I am neither for nor against anyone, just being, not giving my opinion, not commenting, just sticking to the facts.

(.....)

Well, let's be "logical." Apart from everything else and putting aside the negative aspects, we cannot deny something that makes us ashamed as "Argentines." How can it be that there is no one left, not a single sane person, that all the apples are rotten? How can there not be a single "patriot" who will do something for their "country," using their profession, ad honorem?

When my son was offered the opportunity to advise the government on national and international policy, he came to me and said, 'What should I do, Mum, should I take it? And I said, 'Yes, but pro bono, for your country'.

(.....)

AT THE MOMENT OF TRUTH, I MUST RAISE SEVERAL ISSUES

One of them:

(MARÍA TALKS ABOUT HER WORK EXPERIENCE)

It takes me back to 1960, when my husband left this planet and I became a widow. For the first time, I had to go out to work, because I got married when I was barely 15 years old, so I didn't have time to do anything else but be born, grow up, learn how to run a household and get married. I'll continue. My first job was at the Health Guild, which I divided into two groups: the "Doctors" of the "Scalpel Guild" and the "Nurses of the Syringe Guild." From there, I signed up at three sanatoriums, the "Sanatorio Centro," the "Sanatorio Lapida," and the "Sanatorio Británico," and on the same day, all three called me, and I started thinking about which one would be the most prestigious, and I went to the "Británico."

After that, I started working at an American bar, since my sister-in-law and husband owned the buffet at the Spanish Republican Club, so I already had experience.

At the Sanatorio Británico, I worked in the dining room for the doctors, residents, all the hospital staff, and the patients' companions. At that time, the hospital was private and did not accept mutual insurance companies like it does now.

Well, the Americano bar was owned by a Jewish uncle and nephew. They took me on, and when I joined, I told them not to deprive my son of anything, as he was studying at the technical college and ate like a horse, and in return I wouldn't mind what hours I worked, so I worked from two in the afternoon until two in the morning.

From there I went to another "American bar" that had a factory making fine pastries, jams and ice cream. They were also Jewish; I made the same deal with them; there was a sister, a brother and the lady's husband; the three of them were partners.

"Mrs. Dorita" liked me, so one time, they were going to take away my house, which my father-in-law (Don Felipe) had left me, and thanks to "Mrs. Dorita," who stood up to the person who wanted to take it away, I didn't lose it, and I didn't know how to thank her. Despite everything, they opened another "classy" bar, and I left. Señora Dorita and her husband, Don José, came in for a coffee, and from the table they said to the owner, "Aha, he stole my employee," and the boss replied, "No, she came to offer herself."

Then my son graduated as an electronics technician, and as he was the youngest technician in Rosario, he was interviewed on the radio. He was 17 years old. So we went to Jujuy, where we stayed for five years, and one day my son said to me, "Why don't we go back to Rosario?" We saw Mrs Dorita's brother and suggested opening a bar.

So we left. He was happy when we went to see him, but he told us that Señora Dorita had passed away. "Not the bar, because it was already green," he said. They had sold it, and he wanted to buy a bakery, but we didn't want him to. So, in exchange, he proposed marriage to me. He liked my son, and my son liked him, "Jew," and he had two children younger than my son. We were sorry, but we continued our journey. I had a survey about the proposal, but my son and I had the idea of a bar and restaurant, so it didn't happen. He must have gotten married by now and have grandchildren. We never saw him again. I found out about one of his sons when I asked him about a cheque that hadn't been paid. Since he was the guy from the "Banco Israelita" and we were all in business together, we all knew each other. This was years ago, and my son agreed with everything I decided.

By this I mean that, after I became a widow, "oh" what a coincidence, those who helped me get by and gave me work, I cannot deny it, they liked me, and it was mutual, even more so because I worked for and for my son.

MARÍA SAYS WE'VE REACHED *THE FINAL BATTLE*, TIME IS RUNNING OUT

(Evita's Cassettes)

I'm struggling to write about a couple of events, one because they are so enormous that I feel like a weakling in the face of their immensity. I'll start with one, since there aren't really two, it's just a figure of speech. I already explained at the beginning of this page that [my son](#) was introduced (in 1974 approx.) to a very "important" man ([Luis Carlos Arias Varela](#)), one because he weighed over 100 kilos, and another because he had total power.

Well, [my son](#), this "good man" made a few revelations to him. That's why this good man said to him: I want to meet your mother. He went to explore the "esoteric field." "To cut a long story short," I must say that [my son](#) spent two years teaching him, since he "lacked" that knowledge. The issue at hand was that **Evita was communicating with me**. When that happened the first time, it was to give me messages, and I had to take a pen and paper. Then [my son](#) told me to start



write them down. It was a few months before I met this "Good Lord." He began giving me messages and instructions to be delivered to the military personnel in [Tucumán](#). I knew nothing about what was happening in [Tucumán](#). This gentleman asked [my son](#) to take me to his factory where he had his office so that he could work in peace, as he had told his American secretary not to pass any calls to him, that he was "not available for anyone," and that she should come to him. I was suspicious, as I had never discussed this topic with anyone, the mediumistic connection with "Evita." We could say that it was because of [his](#) mediumship that I wanted to eat [my son](#) alive, and he would say to me, 'Forgive me, old woman, I didn't know, I couldn't imagine,' and I would say to him, 'Traitor, traitor.'

[My son](#) was only interested in how the stock market was doing and whether his shares were in a good position and whether it was a good idea for him and his wife to invest in dollars. All this was happening while Isabel was in government, and I told him that [people](#) were talking about "the bloodbath that was coming," but he was completely oblivious, totally consumed by materialism.

March 1976: Isabel ([Martínez de Perón](#)) was overthrown. The military took power, and what had been announced happened. Meanwhile, I was fighting with [my son](#) because of what he had done to me and because he had made [my son](#) leave his job. This sinister man wanted to have us under his control. On another page, I explained that at a meeting where there were "government officials" "In addition, a judge of the nation" ([Dr. Julio César Urien](#)) was present, and they began to mock me and say, "So, what about that bloodbath you predicted for us?" [My son](#) heard this and became enraged, shouting at me, "Don't listen to these fools!" - And the next day, [my son](#) planned for us to leave for the interior.

The next day, we packed two bags and left. At that time, there was plenty of work throughout the country, and only people who didn't work were those who didn't want to. Here, you could apply the saying that was fashionable at the time: "How happy we were when we didn't know we were happy."



I'll continue. [My son](#) got a job at a company and we settled down. Once we were settled, both in terms of work and housing, [my son](#) decided to tell his "sinister friend." Three months had passed and the company only gave us the house after six or eight months, since we had responded to an advertisement offering employment and housing in [Jujuy](#). When we were settled in, after a while, "I received a shock." I say a shock because I had an "Evita energy" that shook me from head to toe. He told me in an authoritative voice to take a tape recorder and record some messages that he would transmit to me.

It wasn't like other times, when she would ask [me](#) to get a pen and paper so she could dictate messages [to me](#). Now she wanted to hear herself and record it, so I told her, or rather offered to be her "medium," to take over my body and say the words, which would have more value, and she agreed.

So I took the tape recorder and immediately gave up on it. Instead, I put a cassette tape in the radio, turned it on, and adjusted the volume. The messages were for the military and the people. She asked [me](#) to circulate them quickly.

I said [to myself](#), "Now what do I do?" It wasn't easy. How could I get them to the soldiers in Tucumán, not because of the distance, but because of the hellish situation at the time? Of course, there was the fact that she had asked me to do it and that [she](#) would protect me. That was the least of my worries.

I immediately thought of "Nuestro, Siniestro Amigo" and called him on the phone, and I told him, "We have to get the cassettes out quickly." As soon as I spoke to him, he jumped for joy and kept shouting, "*Amiga, Amiga, how's Amigo?*" And I didn't know what to say to him, since [I](#) had been opposed to calling him for three months, and now I was calling him, STOP sic.

In short, faced with the imminent crisis, I saw no other way out. But if I had told [my son](#), he would have used his better judgement and found another way (but unfortunately, it was too late). But [I](#) panicked and had to start lying to him. To both of them, since "*Siniestro*" said [to me](#), "*Why doesn't 'Amigo' call me?*"

"Yes, exactly, he came back from Buenos Aires really angry? With everyone, and even more so with him, who used [me](#) and didn't even respect [me](#). It was very complicated for me, since I was already at the "Institute," and to carry out this "Cassette Operation," I had to take time off from the "Institute."

On one occasion, when I was in the middle of recording, the company's exit siren sounded, I jumped so high that [I](#) shook, one from the sound of the siren, the other from being connected, mentally and psychically, it completely "destroyed" [me](#), like when the trolley came off the tram, which "connected it to the power". Sorry for the comparison, but for me, "comparatively, it was similar." Ugh, wow.

Well, I shouted, "*Cut, cut, [my son](#) is coming,*" and that was recorded, everything from the factory siren to my exclamations. But the most suggestive thing about all this was that I was talking to my "friend" in Buenos Aires, and I asked him, "Did you get it? Did you receive it?" And he said, "Send it to me, and I'll pass it around." And all year long, he didn't say a word [to me](#), and to top it all off, he realised that my "son didn't know anything", or even worse, he acted like a traitor. I [didn't](#) want to "mess things up at the company, so I kept going".

Until later, when "General Vilas was no longer in Tucumán" and in his place they sent

General Bussi.

(Note: Acdel Vilas: Retired General Acdel Edgardo Vilas was the first military commander of Operativo Independencia, launched by the constitutional government (of Isabel Perón) in February 1975 to attack the Marxist guerrilla group Ejército Revolucionario del Pueblo (ERP), which was operating in the Monteros mountains in Tucumán. He was commander of the Monte 5 Infantry Brigade based in Tucumán, succeeding Brigadier General Antonio Domingo Bussi in the repression of the rural guerrilla movement. – Source: Metapedia) (Bussi replaced Vilas in December 1975).

The thing is, one day we went to Buenos Aires, since [my son](#) always travelled there during the winter and summer holidays, to visit his "friend". It so happened that one year when we went, "la Señora de él Siniestro" (the lady from the sinister family) told [my son](#) that she was grateful for the "*Evita* cassettes" he had sent her, which had been very helpful to the "military". It wasn't until we were alone in the hotel with [my son](#) that he told [me](#) about it and said, "*Mother, what do these 'Evita cassettes' mean?*" And only then, after more than a year, did I learn the purpose of the cassettes. [My son](#) was furious at what this "Siniestro" had done with the messages. Perhaps history would have been different, but throughout our history, [traitors](#) have emerged who have distorted information. Logically, he played them to whoever he wanted, and whatever he wanted. [I know for a fact that General Vilas listened to them](#). Now the messages, "to the people," are up in the air, only God knows. These are the things that have made my life bitter.

I know of one of the military men who listened to them, but there were many. Logically, I don't even know what they said, since they don't tell [me](#), or as in this case, I can't know, I can only write. [I](#) don't care at all what he did to [me](#), but from a "sinister" person, what else could be expected? I was the idiot for trusting him. Of course, after the "Casette de la Sirena" at the factory, I never recorded again. The violence made [me](#) so anxious that I kicked [Evita](#) out.

What happened was that [\(in\)](#) every recording, the "energetic" voice I had left [me](#) sounding like a "pigeon in distress." It was distressing. This is what the issue of "communication or connection" with the "Other Plane" does to [me](#), despite having a "Direct Line". It affects [me](#) in this sense, it seems that the "Radiation" [I](#) suffer melts my "Red Blood Cells", just like the "Radium" used for "Cancer".

On the other hand, every time [my son](#) made a "connection" with the other plane, his face would burn and then peel, that is, his skin would fall off and he would be left red, STOP, as if he had been



toasted or burned by the "radiation" he had suffered or been exposed to at a very high temperature of radiation, radium, I don't know, I don't know what was happening.

But I must clarify that when I didn't understand something, it was useless to ask, since I was forbidden to explain anything to me. That is, we could tell each other about our experiences, but I couldn't explain anything. So, even though I had a genius at my side, I had to continue being the "useful" idiot.

(More anecdotes about [Evita](#))

I'm going to tell you about something that happened in 1948:

I was living in my in-laws' house, which my father-in-law gave [me](#) before he died, for when [my son](#) came of age. I'll continue. My father-in-law went down for his afternoon nap, as he usually did. My sister-in-law and I were left alone. That day, Eva [Perón](#) was coming to the "Unión Ferroviaria," and my sister-in-law, in a conspiratorial tone, said to [me](#), "*When Dad goes to take his nap, let's go see [Evita](#).*" And so we did. It was an odyssey, either because they wouldn't let us go out, or because, being "oligarchs," that is, part of the "oligarchy," [Perón](#) was a dirty word.

The Railway Union was three blocks from our house. We went and stood at a distance.



behind everyone else and three metres apart, which meant there was a three-metre gap between the people crowding at the door and us. Then we saw the car, or rather the little car. I was waiting, expecting something spectacular, and as it approached, I saw one of the "Gálves brothers" driving and behind him I saw "Evita" getting in, wearing her traditional black and white checked suit with black velvet collar and cuffs and a little black hat, black shoes and handbag to match. Well, when I saw her, she saw me, and she sent for the "Personal Secretary." He came [over](#), greeted [me](#), shook my hand, and said, "*I am the Secretary of Mrs. [Perón](#).*" "*Enchanted,*" I said, "*my sister-in-law and [my son](#).*" He was 2 years old and I was 18. He said [to me](#), "*The Lady sent me.*"

The young man was about 25 to 28 years old. Continuing on, the construction of the "Unión Ferroviaria" followed a fabric that took up the corner, up to the other half block. The young man put his foot in the little square of fabric and leaned on an "executive briefcase" full of papers, and it swayed.

started laughing, and "the young man turned red." I helped him pick up the papers and apologised, and [he](#) said, "*The lady asked me to tell you that she would like you to work for her and replace her when necessary.*"

"If it were up to me, [I](#) would have run away right then and there," but my sister-in-law was with me.

He gave me his card and just told [me](#) to contact him, think about it. He asked me for my details. I told him I was married, had this baby and was 18 years old, giving him my personal details, name, apartment number, etc. He thanked me, shook my hand and left. People started coming out and [Evita](#) "pounced on me." It was [Evita](#)! and I left, as always, running away terrified, and we went home, doing a "rodeo." Luckily, my father-in-law hadn't gotten up from his nap, so he didn't find out about anything, and I was dying of anxiety.

While my husband was at work, [I](#) started writing to [Evita](#), and just then, I heard my husband's footsteps, as my room faced the street, and I tried to hide everything, but I couldn't hide my face. What's wrong, what were you doing? Were you writing to someone you love? Nothing.

He rummaged through my wardrobe and furniture, and in the end, I had to give him the evidence. When he saw the letter, he read it, started rolling around on the bed and laughing like crazy, especially because it said that I was naive, that the president's wife would "flirt" with me, of course, she didn't know that we had run away to see her, if she finds out, she'll kill [me](#) and we'll both be in trouble, my sister-in-law, my father-in-law, she would have punished me for going out without permission, I was 14, she died at 18, my dear "Angel". Well, [I](#) got scared and didn't try it again (this similarity was provoked by them). Let each reader decide for themselves, long live life (this is what they made me say).

I'll tell you another one along the same lines.

In **1980** or **1981**, during the elections, the Women's Peronist Party invited [me](#) to a meeting at the premises where the "Academia de un Arabe" operated, in a basement or gallery of the building where I lived in an apartment, he and I in the same building.

I had been invited many times, and finally [my son](#) said [to me](#) one day: Go, but don't tell them that we're leaving for Córdoba the next day.

This was in Rosario.

I went, and when I entered, the academy was empty, and I was surprised. The invitation was for 10 o'clock, I think, and suddenly a door opened and a flood of women rushed towards me. I almost ran away. They had a surprise for me: they wanted to appoint me "General Secretary for Rosario" of the "Peronist Women's Party." I almost ran out in terror. So I told them that I couldn't make such a decision on my own, since it was just [me](#) and [my son](#). Well, we agreed to meet the next day, and then what? I talked to [my son](#) and asked him, "*What should I do now?*" He told [me](#), "Tell them to give you a lower position with less responsibility."

They knew very well that I was a "Peronist" but not active, and besides, I didn't know anyone and no one knew [me](#). I spent months without getting promoted because I never went out, only when necessary. But the Arab told them about my work in [Jujuy](#), in Favor of the People, STOP. They appointed [me](#) Zonal Secretary, and there I was, the "Zonó".

Since the committee was formed at that meeting and its members were appointed, imagine my surprise when they brought the minutes book and the chairwoman and the entire committee signed it. But since they had already appointed the "substitutes," I breathed a sigh of relief.

The next day, at 4, 5, or 6 in the morning, we left.

The first thing I did was go to Buenos Aires, to the Central Office, and speak with the Secretary General of the Peronist Party. He was a friend of ours, and I explained to him, "Another one who almost killed [me](#)" when he found out I hadn't accepted.

While in the centre of Córdoba, I went to a telephone booth. I was talking on the phone when I noticed something strange. I saw women whispering and gathering suspiciously. I got out, paid, and ran away, terrified. I already suspected the reason; it was part of my turbulent life. The person who must know the reasons why this happened [to me](#) must be [Evita's](#) former secretary. [I](#) wonder if he is still alive.

All the women chase [me](#), and I get scared and start running faster, and finally I say to them, "I give up," [laughing](#) nervously, and I ask them, "*What's going on? What did I do now?*" And [they say](#), "*We saw you and*

We all thought the same thing, so we agreed that we would support you for the "Front of Our Peronist Party," and I told them, "I'm sorry, girls, but I've already been nominated in Rosario."

"Oh, but are you with us, in our party?" "Yes, yes," I said. Then they breathed a sigh of relief and exclaimed, "But they agreed?"

The thing is, in those elections, the former president was running and won the presidency, "Doctor Piripipi." [My son](#) and I were at the hotel where he was being honoured, and he left to receive instructions from his "God," which means he wasn't at the tribute. He was absent with notice, ugh. He went to see [President Bush Sr.](#) This comment is only because, if he had continued in the "electoral contest" from which the former president emerged and won, STOP. "We would have been running mates," wow.

To stay on topic, I want to say that I never participated in politics, even though my husband was a politician by tradition, but in another party, and he was a candidate for governor of Santa Fe. Returning to the "Messages and Cassettes," this good man and "Sinister" ([Luis Carlos Arias Varela](#)) used all the material for his own benefit. Now he will be analysing them with God in Heaven or with the Devil in Hell.

I AM GOING TO COMMENT ON AN EXPERIENCE THAT I HAD TO LIVE THROUGH

First, I will have to go back in time. Let's say I was, or would have been, between 4, 5, or 6 years old ([1934-1936](#)), I cannot be precise. I lived begging, in every encounter I had with my "postisa grandmother, the [Jewess](#)." Instantly, I entrusted [myself](#) to "[Master Jesus](#)," and it was [Master Jesus](#) who protected [me](#) during that "time."

"I didn't know," no one had ever told [me](#) about him. In fact, no one ever took care of me or explained the inexplicable to me. I grew up like a "mangy dog," woof, grrr, sniff.

I would say, "[Master](#), help me, until today, help me, protect me." *I'm going to be good, I'm going to behave myself, I'm not going to make Grandma regret it.* Anyway, he was my guardian angel. I had never seen him, nor do I know why I invoked him, but inside me he was there. So much so that I was devoted to him, I adored him, because I felt that he listened to [me](#), since I never had anyone who listened to [me](#) or took care of me.

Today I justify everything, especially that, not because I want to console [myself](#), but because it was a very sensitive subject. But yesterday and today, it's super logical that if I should have just meditated, thought about what I should have dedicated myself to, they say that a closed mouth catches no flies, and by keeping my mouth shut, I didn't waste energy, if you don't believe me, ask the great thinkers, ugh, ugh, ugh.

I'll continue. I repeat, such is the case that on one occasion, when my "grandmother" went out the door to "go down the street to buy meat," since, at that time, there were "mobile butchers," that is, "gardeners or pickup trucks" converted for that purpose.

They had a kind of small counter with a slot for the saw, "Ceiling Hooks, Meat, Trimmings," the Counter, aluminium sheet, aluminium colour, covered and closed on the inside with metal mesh, and the butcher was inside with the meat. The customer would choose, and usually two people would travel together, one driving and the other serving.

Taking advantage of the fact that he was away for a few minutes, I left the chicken coop where he had [me](#) locked up, as I mentioned at the beginning of this page.

I went into the room where my "grandmother" and my grandfather spent the night. I decided and acted, as I always have, until today.

My actions are bold. I think and act; I don't ponder, calculate or analyse, which is why I often fall flat on my face.

I continued, entered the room and saw, on top of the dresser, a powder compact and searched for a small medal of *the "Master"* Jesus, and found medals of all types and sizes. I looked for a safety pin and, luckily, found one. I gathered all the medals on the safety pin. I placed them on my chest, over my heart.

Her 18-year-old "Jewish friend" arrived, and I hid from her that I was still there, in the chicken coop, at her request. Then she made **me** leave. I was so happy *that* I started jumping up and *down* and saying, "*Grandma, Grandma!*" As I jumped, the medals started banging against each other, and "Grandma" slapped my apron and saw the medals. She started screaming like a "possessed woman": "*Thief! Thief!*" "Oh, like in a film," yes, but a horror film.

When my grandfather arrived at 8 or 8:20 p.m., he gave her a piece of his mind and said that for taking the medals, I would have to go to his room. What a discovery, wow, meow, sic.

Of course, she placed the medals on the table, or rather, the body of the crime, and I stood in front of the accuser as the accused and condemned. To be precise, one medal was from the Railway of the Years, from my grandfather's work, another was for Merit, and all the others were from the "Railway" in England, with its mark, since my grandfather "brought it from England".

There was another one with a fly on it? Another one from a club, in short, from **Maestro Jesús**, not a single letter, which is why I now believe that it is not "Santo de su Devoción" (Saint of Devotion).



Well, there's no need to go into detail, this is just an introduction. Let's just say that I was and still am devoted to **Maestro Jesús**.

.....

One day, while I was at my house in Villa Diego (the large house where Rosalía lived for 15 years), I was in the Porlant patio, which had a 30- or 40-centimetre drop to the ground, shaped like a small bridge, and then it was all cut off by a wire fence that crossed from one side to the other of the plot, which was 17 metres wide by 50 metres long.

I was sitting on a wicker chair, leaning back as usual, asking myself why things were like that, why the other things were different, and so on. As I was doing this, looking towards the back, I saw a cloud coming down, and I watched it curiously as it settled on the ground.

I see with amazement that someone is descending from the cloud. I fall to my knees, and **he** takes **me** by the arm with his right hand and says **to me**: "*It is I, your **Master Jesús**. Stand up, My daughter.*" Come, I will show you something." He took **me** to the little bridge at the end and pointed to the ground below. **He** showed **me** the bottom and said, "*See, my daughter?*" He showed **me** the ground and told me that soon everything would be under water, but that I, with my **son**, should stay in the house and nothing would happen **to me**. But if I decided to leave, it would destroy everything, especially the house across the street, where the three snakes that I considered my friends lived. And just as she came, she left, on a **cloud**.

I was left absorbed and disoriented, confused.

When I fell to the ground, I felt infinitely small, insignificant before that immensity, and as I fell, I saw that I was wearing Franciscan sandals and a tunic that reached down to my feet, white as the "Cloud" itself. *"Master Jesus"* was as he appears in the images, with a beard and moustache. It is indescribable; there are no words to define the "grandeur of the event itself." I felt and still feel incapable of "giving testimony or describing such an event."

I continue, the next day, as a normal day in my life.

My son went to technical school (1959-1962 approx.) and I went to work at 2 p.m. around 7 or 8 in the evening, when the news began. The Saladillo Creek had overflowed, and the boss wouldn't let us leave. Since the business was far from the creek, the water wouldn't reach us, so he didn't care about the flooding.

They started saying that they were going to cut off Route 9 to Buenos Aires. And, because of the transport situation there, the owner changed his mind and let us go, I say us, because he had let in two girls from across the street from my house, three single women, sisters, who were friends of mine.

Anyway, we took the bus from Villa Diego, at what was then Plaza Santa Rosa. And the driver told us it was the last one, that it was leaving because they were blocking the road.

Finally, we got on, and suddenly the driver lost control of the bus. People were terrified as the water carried the bus away, even though it was full. I remained calm, but people were screaming as the bus was being carried towards the stream. Water began to flood the bus through the steps. But just then, it hit a raised section and the driver was able to manoeuvre it, steady it and get it back on the road. Everyone breathed a sigh of relief and I finally got home with my son, even though the bus was packed and the force of the water was terrifying.

It continued to rise, and "the family of the two girls across the street" were waiting for them to escape from "Villa Diego." It was left behind, as often happened in "Western films."

My son and I were getting ready to go into the house, and the neighbours told us to leave before it was too late. I told them to stay calm.

Well, not only did the stream overflow, but people left their homes, which were boarded up, and the water rose more than 1½ metres, a metre and a half, and the fury of the waters floated the furniture and crash against the street door, and then the furniture floated out and crashed against the railway embankment.

Next to the "Arroyo Saladillo" there was a "Achurería". The owner had a daughter who studied piano. The piano floated out unharmed and also crashed into the embankment. The problem was that the water was rising threateningly.

I kept putting dry sticks in the water to see if it was still rising, without any fear, together with my son. At around 3 or 4 in the morning, the water finally began to recede, and then my son and I went to bed.

The water reached the gutter in front of my house. And through it, "it flowed down to the little bridge" where *Master Jesus* was, and then it receded.

If what *Master Jesus* wanted was to test my faith, then you
be the judge.

.....

On another occasion, someone knocked on my door, and I looked out onto the porch and saw a man standing upright with a bag on his shoulder.

Note: I already told this at the beginning of this page, but perhaps, because it is separated, you have not interpreted it correctly.

When I saw him with the burlap bag, I misunderstood, thinking he had gotten confused, like me. I said, *"Wait a minute."* I was frying milanesa, I had already bought the bread, my son was about to arrive, it was around 11 o'clock and he was leaving at 12, arriving at 12:30.

I made him a sandwich, wrapped it up and gave it to him, and he said, *"What's that?"* And I said, *"A Milanese sandwich."* *"Why? Did I ask you for something?"*

And I almost died of embarrassment. And he said, *"I work."*

I offered him my job, if he had one, or a pot, a bucket, or a bowl so he could change the bottom.

And I said, *"Yes, I have a bowl".*

And he says to me: *"Well, bring it here and bring a piece of sheet metal, a gutter from Cin.*

And just then, there was a piece of sheet metal, brand new, and I took it to him and he took out a bag and took out an anvil and some tools. I stood there watching, and he brought out a mallet and started to straighten the sheet metal with blows from the mallet until it was straight. Then he took the bottom out of the bowl and used the pliers to make a flange about 1 centimetre wide. He placed the bowl on the sheet metal, marked it with a carpenter's pencil, and cut the sheet metal 1 centimetre larger.

Then, with a pair of pliers, he made a flange on the sheet metal, on the bowl, facing outwards, and on the sheet metal he made the flange facing inwards, then he fitted the sheet metal to the bowl and started hammering on the anvil. It fitted perfectly and looked like new, and he said to me: *"Now pay me, I've done my job".*

And I said, *"How much is it?"*

Since I hadn't dared to ask before, and he said, *"Oh no, that's up to you."*

Whatever you think my work is worth. I almost had a heart attack.

I'm going inside and I want to die. Why didn't I ask you before?

What if I don't have enough? What if what I give her isn't enough? Well, I took a chance and gave her some, I don't even remember how much. And she told me I was fair and generous. I breathed a sigh of relief! And she said, *"Well, now give me the sandwich you offered me earlier."*

I almost died. While he was working, curious people gathered around. And one after another they said to him, *"I have a pot," "I have a bucket,"* and he replied, *"No, not from the lady, I don't need any more."*

And he left before my son arrived. When I told him, he said, *"**Jesus** is a fool," that he came to test you, to see if you were generous and fair, he told you so. And you didn't recognise him. Don't you see, you're a fool.*

In this world, I have never earned anything to be afraid of. My son says to me, *"Describe him to me."* And I say, *"He is 1.80 metres tall, blond, with caramel-coloured eyes."*

I want to clarify this, because if it's true, logically, it's enough to make you bite your nails, but it would confirm that the *"**Master Jesus**"* comes unexpectedly, and it's up to us to recognise him or not, as in this case. It's written in the Bible, in the Parables, he comes and tests us, meow, woof.

(ABOUT MR COPELLO AND THE HOTEL IN MELINCÚE)

I am going to tell you something that happened in the past (between 1960 and 1963), but which is a force that is emerging, as if rising from the earth, emanating like water flowing from the ground. I was living in Villa Diego (Rosario, Santa Fe, Argentina), and my son travelled every morning to the Technical College (secondary school), and I would stay home to do the laundry, iron, and cook for him. When he came home from school, he would walk (from the school) to the white "Control de Molino," which used to be the bus stop for "Fangio, (and) the Galbes brothers." When Perón was in power and promoted car racing, STOP. Well, he would walk there because they charged him half the fare from there. The thing was that when he came back at midday, a man in a car would pass by, and the traffic police would ask him if he could give my son a lift, as he was passing through Villa Diego, and the man was very kind and said, "Of course," especially if they asked him; They had known me for years, and he travelled every day, he was sensible, but I had forbidden him to get into cars.

This kind gentleman travelled frequently, and he would pick him up on his own. Naturally, I "questioned" him, and he told me, "My dad died and my mum works, she starts at 2 in the afternoon," which meant that we returned together, him to the technical college and me to work. He knew to invite my son to have tea at his "Boardiya," since he had told him that he was separated from his wife. On one of the trips, he asked my son to take me to tea, and he did. I didn't want to know anything about it, but my son, who was very fond of this gentleman, finally took me. He lived in a boarded-up house and had an art gallery with an exhibition of paintings. He also painted, and he wanted to give me one as a gift, but I refused.

The gentleman was (everything) a "medieval knight", both because of his integrity and because he gave that impression. Of course, when my son started bringing home the "Automobile Club" magazine, I was not mistaken: he had been a great race car driver, with those "1930 race cars".

I continued with the tea, he was delighted with me and told me the same thing he had told my son, that he was separated from his wife and proposed marriage to me; my son jumped for joy, he wanted to meet "the family", as I had told him that my brother-in-law was a big fan of his, as a runner, and had followed all his races. STOP. Reluctantly, I invited him to my "sister-in-law's, from the oligarchy." Just like him. They all went crazy, talking about the "Automobile Club," the "Yoquey Club," in short, they were in their element. And right then and there I said to myself, "No, no, and no," not this again, I've put up with it for years, no more, from now on I'm going to defend my life to the death. I'll cut this short, since what I'm talking about is just something that was about to happen.

The gentleman was "Copello." He was the owner of the Hotel de Melincué, which is where I wanted to get to with this story. Life went on as normal. I only had tea with Mr. Copello twice, and my son, who was already at that age, began to take an interest in the hotel. I wanted him to meet him, but I kept putting it off. I didn't let my son go, but then Mr. Copello fell ill and his family took him away. On one occasion, I spoke to him on the phone and he asked me to send my son, who was 14, almost 15 (it would have been 1961). His wife answered the phone and was very kind. I told her that my son was a fan and wanted to know how he was doing. She said that he no longer recognised anyone. Later, I found out how he died from my sister-in-law.

Well, the thing is, they showed me the "aliens" something mind-blowing, a "floating casino" with a place full of shops, hellish "bright billboards," something like "Las Vegas," a "whole town" for entertainment, and people were coming from all over the world. Really?

I'll tell you something like an anecdote:

(Maria recounts anecdotes from her life between 1940 and 1945: school, communion and marriage)

The label was given to him by "Internet readers." It's too complicated. I wouldn't know how to categorise him, describe him, or how to frame him under any label. In short, I would almost say that "Heaven will judge him." I already wrote this, but several pages got lost. Here it is again:

When I was 10 years old (in 1940) and attended the only school at the time, which was called "*Islas Malvinas*", I remember saying, "Poor school, all the windows are broken." It was more like a chicken coop than a school, and sometimes, in the morning when we arrived, there were even bullets everywhere, fired the night before by the "enemies of Argentina" who gave in to their basest instincts, like the "traitors" who sold out their country" labelled as such by *Evita*.

On the same piece of land stood the "Iglesia la Guardia" church. That's why the neighbourhood was called "La Guardia". Well, in order to judge and understand this story, you must strip yourself of all fanaticism, devotion and all "isms".

My brother, my sister, and I, the youngest, attended that school, which was usually attended by the children of farmers, smallholders, and ranchers, since it was all farmland, and the "schools," one at each cardinal point, were 20 or 30 blocks away. Several girls came with us three, and my brother was the oldest of all. One girl was the daughter of wealthy farmers who owned large tracts of farmland. She was two years older than me, and I don't even remember why we fought. The thing was, she called me a "son of a bitch," a daughter of a bitch. And I grabbed her and said, "Your mother is a bigger bitch, she's sleeping with the parish priest," wow, meow, piripipi.

Someone might imagine, suppose, what happened to me next. The mother of "Piba" came to my house, blind, distraught, and accusing me in front of my mother, grrr, she got really angry. This woman was shouting, ranting, that I had to tell her who had told me that, or where I had heard it; My mother shook me violently, first by the face, the slaps rang out, leaving my cheeks red and burning, and why tell you about the "tail", well, people of my age already know about the tail, what that was all about, there was a "shoe factory" called "Langosta" (Lobster) Oh, oh, oh! Those "Langosta" trainers were made of black rubber and had a lobster embossed on them, which was exquisite, a thing of beauty. They advertised them in magazines and on the front pages of newspapers, with a mother and her son with his trousers down, his bottom in the air, his mother's arm raised with the shoe in the air showing the "Langosta" on the sole and the "Langosta" on the boy's bottom. It was a "poem," delirious, I loved it. Well, my mother had it, and what can I say about my tail? I'll continue. My mother says to this lady, "She doesn't want to talk, make her," and my mother says, "Didn't you see how I hit her? What do you want me to do, kill her?" The woman, stubborn, said, "I'm not leaving here until she tells me." Tough and stubborn, the "Coya," so to speak. And me, not even crazy, I preferred to be beaten to death, but even so, it was preferable, because if I spoke, the mess that would have been caused would have been "historic." I couldn't speak, nor should I have, I knew that at 10 years old. I shouted that at her in anger because she called me a "whore's daughter." I couldn't tolerate it. What it means to have a sense of honour, to understand that the other person or people are acting badly, or that what they are doing is wrong, I didn't know why, but I saw it as wrong. I saw it as wrong. The lady only cared about her "reputation" at any cost. In the end, she left muttering to herself.

My mother took advantage of the situation to talk to me and soften me up. She knew that despite my 10 years, I was stubborn. Today I tell myself that I was what I was supposed to be, a weakling, questioning everything, or at least questioning morality, which is why I want to point out that this is not something that is taught, it is brought, it comes, embedded in the "genes". If no one taught me anything and I was without a father since I was two years old, I was the "family executioner", truly a nightmare, truly, for this lady and the "priest" I was. I continue, how hellish my destiny was, this "priest" ruined my life.

It was 1940 when this happened, and it was my first year at school. Years passed, and in 1942, my mother decided to have me take my first Communion. At La Guardia Church, they called the children who were going to take their first Communion, I think it was on the day of the Virgin Mary. Wow, wow. My mother took me there, and I was surprised by my mother's innocence and naivety. Wow. When the priest saw me, I think he must have crossed his fingers. As he was writing, he saw me and said to my mother, "There's no more room for her." Grrr. My mother replied,

Why Father, how can there not be room for one more? And he said again: "There's no room for her."

place." It couldn't have been clearer. And she looked me in the eyes, my mother, and left, distraught and confused, and I was speechless.

Three years passed and it was 1945. My mother decided that I should get married, so we went back to the church in La Guardia to ask for a wedding date. Father Amen attended us again and gave us a date: 24 November 1945. My fate was sealed. Finally, the "fateful day" arrived. I went to mass at 8 in the morning, but since I had never been to mass before, I didn't know anything, so I sat down to listen to the mass, and when it ended, I went and knelt before the confessional. I waited there on my knees, and it was already after 9 a.m. and the priest didn't come. Of course, I didn't know that confession is done before Mass, and I said to myself, "Well, I'm leaving. I had an appointment at the Civil Registry at 9, and it was already after 9." I rush off, and when I arrive, everyone is outside waiting for me. They thought I had changed my mind about getting married. I said hello, but didn't answer, always with a "piercing" smile on my lips, because my opinion didn't matter and my fate was already sealed, grrrr. I already told you this at the beginning, but "never mind". We arrived at the registry office, wow, we didn't have a witness.

Today! And now? I turned around, ran down the stairs, and there were two well-dressed men coming towards me. I don't remember if they had briefcases or small suitcases, but I put my hands on my chest, stopped them, and said, "Look, I'm getting married and I forgot the witnesses." And they laughed. And I said, "You don't want to leave, do you?" They looked at each other, laughing, and said, "Why not?" Wow. I invited them, but they didn't come. They're in my notebook. I told them, "Well, let me explain something. When I was a girl, I lived in Funes with my grandmother and in Pergamino. Just say you didn't see me much, and bye." Everything about me has rough edges and dramatic events, and since I already know this, I've gotten used to living with adversity and the comic or sinister humour of the "aliens" and all those who control "destiny." I've understood that if you take it too seriously, you lose, just like in war.

Moving on, in 1945, when my beloved mother decided to marry me, wow, meow. What do you need to get married? Godparents, you guessed it. And who did my mother choose? The "lady" from the slums, whose daughter insulted me. It was useless to beg her, "No, Mum, no!" My poor mother couldn't see straight. She knew her death was approaching and rushed the wedding, not suspecting that the priest and the woman wanted to crush me. To begin with, they were wealthy people, powerful farmers, which is why my mother thought I was marrying a young man from the "oligarchy" and a rich "godmother." I would have everything I could ever want, ha ha ha.

"How naive my mother was," grrrr.

What my mother didn't know was that she was making me the unhappiest person on Earth.

At night, the "Lady" helped me put on the wedding dress with the train, the whistle and the flute, while I told her that I hadn't been able to confess, and she would ask me how I could have done such a thing, how embarrassing, because now the "priest" would make me enter through the "sacristy" and I would think how ashamed I was.

Well, I entered through the church door, and, oh, surprise! The priest had to travel, so he couldn't marry me, and instead another priest came, and of course, I didn't even know if he had heard my confession or not. It makes you wonder. Now I ask myself, am I (really) married in the Church?

The most disconcerting thing was that if he made me take communion, I was willing to "confess to him in the confessional." How did he know about the "Lady"? Where had he got that from? And I resigned myself to getting married, but that was also "thwarted."

Now I wondered: Can a priest hold such a grudge for years if he is innocent and it is just neighbourhood slander?

The behaviour of Padrecito Amén was very different from what is described in the Scriptures. Furthermore, if they say that "to forgive is human, to err is divine", there is also "do as I say, not as I do". If it hadn't ruined my life, I would take it with humour. But the story doesn't end there. When my husband died, I left Rosario for 20 years. When I returned, I said to myself, "I'm going to go to my godmother's house and tell her the whole story, and she'll thank me for not having spoken up." When I arrived, I saw my sister's godmother, and I told her what I was going to do, visit my godmother, and she told me that a few months ago, both her mother and daughter had passed away, I don't know if it was in the same month or week; I wanted to die.

So, my mother wanted me to take Communion at age 12 because, as was customary at the time, the youngest girl wore the dress of **the oldest**. Since she was two years older than **me**, the dress only fit **me** when I was 12, and since I couldn't take Communion, my mother said, *"Well, I'll take pictures of you in the dress, so we can give them to your grandmother and your father, and you can take it later."* This is because at 12 you have your First Communion photo, and at 15 your wedding photo. There was little difference, two costumes for two parties.

In 1997, the Diario de Rosario newspaper began publishing "Historia, del Barrio" ("History of the Neighbourhood") "La Guardia" ("The Guard"), naming the most notable Quinteros, among whom were **my godmother** and the **prestigious priest**.

My godmother became my godmother to please my mother, who was dying. She was 39 years old and a good mosa. Now, after returning from her wedding, she left with her daughter. My mother and I begged her to stay, but it was useless. "Only for the ceremony."

I took her my wedding photo and then a photo of **my son**, but she never wanted to be friends with me again. To make matters worse, the government expropriated their land and they bought a house in Villa Diego near where I lived, which meant that we took the same bus and I always saw them. I always said hello, but they responded curtly. Our relationship was severed, forever.

What arrogance, what lack of humility? I was 10 years old, STOP. To be forced to be a godmother, **I** think it's immoral and foolish, anyway.

I will tell you something more spiritual:

My son went to look at a job he saw in the newspaper. We were in the depths of winter and it was freezing cold. He left, taking his clothes with him in case they hired him, as they offered accommodation, and he took a round loaf of homemade bread to stave off hunger. That's how the company hired him as a "technical instrument technician" and left **me** in a boarding house for young ladies. **My son** was 25, and strangely, I was the only one out of place.

It was next to the "Heladería, la Uruguaya" ice cream parlour. I mention this because the room was high up and the sign for the "Uruguaya" was right outside my balcony. I had a bunk bed, I slept on the top bunk looking at the sign, which was a game where one light would go out and another would come on, and so on, in all colours, and it happened that this had a hypnotic effect **on me**, meaning that I could never see the whole wheel of lights, only half, and **I** would be "fried", because the movement hypnotised **me**.

This is to recount an incident that happened **to me** in that room one afternoon when I had been to the "Central Post Office" to send some parcels for **my son**. I arrived exhausted, sat down on the lower bed, my back against the wall, my feet on the floor, and began to cry inconsolably, asking why **my son and I** always had to be apart, if it wasn't for one reason or another.

The subject and cause of the subject is that suddenly, I saw something indescribable...

At **my** feet, they had made a circle, "fairies and elves", they were beautiful, some dressed as "Robin Hood", with a milk-coloured jacket and a belt with a large buckle, tan trousers, a hat and a feather, the girls were blonde, the fairies had little bonnets and flowing dresses, all in different colours, but with impeccable combinations and good taste.

I didn't move or breathe for fear of scaring them. They were all holding hands, jumping, dancing in a circle and laughing with a little giggle. "They are the ones who take care of the flowers" and us. They are fragile, but they live by imitating us. They are indescribably beautiful. They are our protectors, but no one takes care of them.

When **my son** came home for the winter holidays, he went to visit a married couple who were friends of ours. He had been the head of Somisa, and she was a dietitian. **My son** told me that he stayed for a few days and then left.

A few days later, **I** received a small package with a book and a dedication. It was sent **to me** by "Mrs. Lili Kelli," an English She had written a book entitled *"A True Story of Adas,"* published exclusively by Kier, as she had only signed a contract with them. She recommended that I read it, as it was unique and of "incredible spiritual beauty."

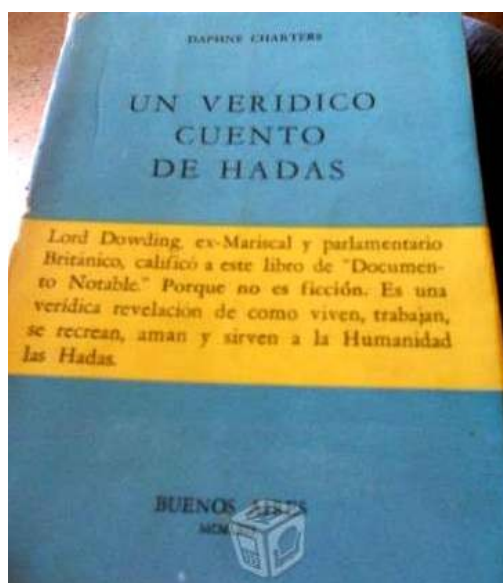
They like to play games, they take the thimble off our fingers and do whatever they can.

One thing, not only did I see them, like other people, but there were two girls playing in a garden or grove, and the girls decided to take photos of them, which were analysed and found to be genuine. Each one has a name and you can connect with them. They used to give [me](#) recipes for skin care and whatever else I needed.

Every being has their "Guardian Angel and Fairy or Elf". As I believe that the "Lady" is no longer on this planet, [my son](#) took [me](#) to the address given to him by the Lady's "Boss". This was around 1973 to 1980. She lived in Buenos Aires. She took [me](#) there and we had tea. Her house was full of plants and flowers, and the fairies, elves and gnomes took care of them.

The address was "Lilli Kelle", "Pasaje de la Ciencia", "Barrio Parque Chacabuco". If you ask around, either older people or at the "Librería Kier" bookshop, I think it was between numbers 71 and 72. I wanted to buy it several times as a gift, but it's out of print and since she doesn't appear to "authorise" another edition, I don't know what to do. Maybe there's a way to get it published by **the Kier publishing house**. Who knows, maybe if we collect signatures, I don't know, if there's enough interest. The girls and the photos are in **the book**. "You can believe it or not, but they exist." If people don't ask for it, but if they do, the publisher will take care of the edition. You won't regret it, it's a gem.

Good luck.



DAPHNE CHARTERS – "A TRUE FAIRY TALE"

"Lord Dowding, former British field marshal and member of Parliament, described this book as a 'Remarkable Document'. Because it is not fiction. It is a true revelation of how fairies live, work, play, love, and serve humanity."

On another occasion, living in "Villa Diego", [I](#) entered the room and found a **gnome**, about 60 or 80 cm tall, like the ones in "Jardin", with a red hat and jacket and red trousers like "Father Christmas", a belt with a large buckle. He told [me to](#) leave immediately, that danger was stalking [me](#). It was around 7 p.m. He told me to look for [my son](#) at work and that we should go to a boarding house for a month. So I did. I hurriedly packed a bag with clothes for the two of us. I was surprised to hear him talking. [I](#) left in such a hurry that I left all the lights on, and no one knew where [my son and I](#) had gone.

Attention! This deserves a separate chapter!

This is sinister, dramatic. Why does it happen? Why must it happen? There is no reason, no justification. I have refused to talk about it, firstly because I said I would only convey what I experienced and saw, but what I don't know, what I didn't experience, is difficult for [me](#) to talk about.

(.....)

What I am about to say has already been told out of context.

When I was 24, I took [my son](#) to the doctor because he was having a severe asthma attack. When the doctor examined him, he saw that his back had marked, criss-crossed blue stripes and asked [me](#), "What's this?" I replied, "Oh, those are my husband's belt marks." The doctor asked [me](#), "What, you allow that?" I lifted up my clothes and showed him the fresh marks I had from "defending" [my son](#). He then gave [me](#) the card of a lawyer who was a friend of his.

I could hardly justify my absence, but since my husband was on a political campaign, he couldn't control [me](#), but he had his friends keep an eye on me.

I went to see the lawyer, and the first thing he said [to me](#) was, "Are you married in the Church?" "Yes," I said, "in white." Then [he](#) said, "Then I can't do anything. First, you have to go to the Ovispado." I went to the Ovispado and they sent [me](#) to the 'Ovispado lawyer', who deals with family problems. The person in charge, as the "Curia Lawyer," was Father Edmundo García Cafarena. He was a young man, maybe 24 years old, give or take. I was 24 years old. In other words, he had just graduated as a lawyer.

I told him the whole story, that my mother had married [me](#) off at the age of 15 because she was dying. And Father Edmundo said to [me](#), 'Well, first of all, we're going to do the paperwork to annul the marriage'. And I said, 'But Father, I have an 8-year-old son. That would be fine if I didn't have children', and he told [me](#) I was wrong. And he gave [me](#) a list of things, papers, witnesses that I had to bring.

Well, I'll bring you everything, witnesses, papers, here I state that "My Mother" had made [me](#) swear and promise on my knees that no matter what happened, [I](#) had to leave her, and I swore to her, since she told me to let her "die with the assurance that I would be in a good, stable family." But it had been 10 years, and I couldn't take it anymore. This "can't take it anymore" sounds a bit like "Snovism". What does it mean to "can't take it anymore"? Let's say, the last straw, as I said, was that he was in the middle of a political campaign, running for [governor](#) of Santa Fe, on the ticket with the owner of the Diario de Rosario newspaper, which meant that he was travelling around all the provinces for the campaign and stopping in Buenos Aires, and my friends teased [me](#) that he was always with his "correligionaria" (female supporter). Of course, he sent them to me, as I didn't react. Why? Because the lady was a widow and had a daughter, I don't know if she was 12 or 14, but she was married, so she must have been over thirty.

Not to mention the "family nastiness", that in 15 years of marriage they never introduced [me](#) to the family, when someone came from "Buenos Aires" or "Córdoba", etc., they said she was the "girl", and I didn't know who the girl was, [I](#) only found out when I was 28 and a neighbour started coming, after my father-in-law died, and I told her that before he died, he made a lot of revelations [to me](#). He said, "Listen carefully to what I'm going to say. If no one in the family recognised you or valued you, it was because your husband didn't make the family respect you, like Luis did with his wife." Luis was the brother, and he took his 'wife' out of a 'brothel' of 'prostitutes', or as they called it, a 'house of relief', a 'dating place', etc., in short, a place for 'bad girls', wow, wow. And when, at the first argument, they threw it in his face, my brother-in-law jumped up like a rocket and said, 'Just a moment, she may be a 'whore' with a capital 'W', but she's my wife and you're going to respect her. 'Yes, sir'.

I continue, "Macho," said the midwife. It was done, the paperwork was complete, and "Father Cafaréna" told [me](#), "It was Monsignor." "Well, daughter, now this is going to Rome, to the Pope." "And the Holy Father," "With the lawyers from the Cathedral of Rome." They will decide if your marriage will be annulled, because at 15 years old, you are not old enough to "discern." But before sending it, I will ask you a question, which you must not answer now. Go, think about it, meditate on it, and then come back and answer me. Here's the question: *What will you say to your son when he understands and asks you, "Why did you take him away from me?"* Meow, woof, sic grrr. Of course, I didn't go any further. "I'll leave it up to the readers."

Oh, all this was my husband, who had been living with his "co-religionist" for five years. To tell the truth, I told him to do it, instead of putting up with the gossip from our friends that he had "another woman." "Poor thing, if anyone thought [I](#) would be jealous or start crying." "I think they were confused."

One saved [my son](#) from being beaten mercilessly. Another said that in the family, there was only one source of income, no one could live independently. "They always treated [me](#) like a girl," I already explained. The family consisted of a father, mother, and seven children.

All birthdays were celebrated, "except mine and [my son's](#)" in 15 years of marriage, I endured it. Well, in the end, there was no "annulment or divorce," married until death did us part, united, "in good times and bad," in sickness and in health.

At the beginning of this page, I put a record that I knew how to record for [my son](#) to send to him in [Antarctica](#). It is a recitation, and it is listened to with background music. That record has a long history; I will tell you an emotional one:

When I went to record it, the owner of the recording studio, who already knew me from having recorded other albums, introduced me to a young man and told me that he was like him. To cut a long story short, one day he stopped the recording and told me to go to a small room he used, as the owner had given him shelter, and he wanted to talk to me. I could see he was worried, and he said, *'Come on, you've got a kid like me, you can give me some advice.'*

And I said, *'What's wrong?'*

And he said, *'What do you think of the [Jews](#)?''*

And I said to myself, *'We're done for, I'm finished.'*

And I said to him, *"Look, [my son](#) told me, '**The Master Jesus**, your Master, was **a Jew**, Mary was **a Jew**, Columbus was **a Jew**.'"*

So I said to him, *"We must have something **Jewish** in us. What do you want him to think? How should I know who is 'Jewish' and who isn't?"*

And he says to me, *"I don't mean that. Do you reject them? Can you talk about it?"*

And I said, *'Of course I can. I don't see why I wouldn't be able to. Tell me what's wrong.'*

And he says, *'I'm **Jewish**.' Well,*

let's get this out in the open.

And he says to me, *"Look, my 'old lady' or my mother, I don't remember, wants to send me to Israel to do military service," and I say, "But I don't want to go," and he says, "Well, you're Argentinean," and I say, "Yes, I have dual nationality, but I don't want to do it there or here."*

And I said, *"What's the problem? Why don't you want to do it here?"*

And he says, *'Because the military took my girlfriend away.'*

And I didn't know or understand anything, not a thing, not even what was happening.

And he says to me: *Since your son is there and you've arrived, can't you "ask" what's going to happen to her? I'll give you the details.*

I went and they threw me out, telling me not to get involved and what did I have to do with her, and I told them the truth, that I didn't know her, that her boyfriend had asked me, and they told me not to get involved and didn't even tell me what time it was. I finished the album, I didn't have to go back, so he said, "Don't go, let's leave together," and okay. When I was on the sidewalk, he thanked me and said, *"I wanted to tell you that you're a good girl."* And I said, *"Yeah, okay, thanks."* And he says, *"No, I'll tell you seriously. You know the girls who come here." And if I tell you that you're a good girl, it's because I know them. And I said, "Well, thank you, you're a good guy too, and I wish you luck, and you'll see that things will work out for you. I'll pray for you."*

After some time, I don't know how long, I was living in the "La Magdalena" boarding house. Well, rather, I occupied a room with a balcony overlooking the street, and next to my room there were two elderly ladies. One had been a "great Spanish dancer" and the other was the bandoneon player who accompanied her.

I leave my room and pass by theirs, which is open, and the dancer is asleep, the bandoneon player is on the balcony, and as I pass by, I see what I think is a magazine called "Gente" and it's on the bed, at the feet of the "Dormida", and I see on the cover, "al Pibe de la Grabadora", and without thinking twice, and since no one can see me, I take it and, since I'm not going to read it, I put it in my pocket.

bed, at the feet of the 'sleeping girl', and I see on the cover 'the boy with the tape recorder', and without thinking twice, and since no one was watching me, I took it and went to my room. Ugh, what a bad idea.

The lady comes out onto the balcony and looks for the magazine, but it's not there. She looks for "La Magdalena," "La Dueña," and Española, and they rebuke her, saying, "You stole it from me!" La Revista and La Magdalena shout at her, "I'm fed up with you calling me a thief! I'm going to call the police right now!" I got myself into a terrible mess, and I didn't know what to do. I looked at the cover and it said: "For the first time, a Jew took the habits of the Order of Capuchin Friars." I was so excited that I opened the balcony, threw the magazine down, put several rubber bands around it, and in front of me was a hotel for "ladies of the night." I threw it, and it fell on the roof of the hotel, which had a "Cin" sign on it. The impact was so loud that it sounded like a bomb. It was a time of subversion, and everyone came out into the street. I was scared to death, locked my door, took it out, and got into bed. Magdalena didn't go to the police station, but left, and at 1 in the morning she came back, drunk. I went out and asked her what had happened, and she told me that she had been accused of theft, and she started crying. I had to comfort her, and that was the end of the story.

The kid with the tape recorder didn't go to Israel, he didn't do his military service here and became a Capuchin monk. I don't know what happened to him or where he is. That must have been in 1974, right? It's been 30 years, "not many, 30 years is nothing". What I'm about to tell you may seem unusual to some people.

MARÍA AND HER SON LOCKED UP IN THE BIG HOUSE IN VILLA DIEGO

It was 1967. When *the aliens* suggested that we lock ourselves away until they decided otherwise. They told us to live as we had been living in the *big house in Villa Diego*, to gather all the food we had in the house, but it was the end of July and there was no fruit left. They told us to put a chain and padlock on the door, as if we had left.

To cut a long story short, we ran out of food, but the worst thing was the infernal cold, without fire. August was unbearable, but September was a little less cold. Without hot drinks, we could no longer withstand the weakness. I could still cope, but my son began to delirium. I begged them for him, I didn't want anything to happen to him, and so we reached 1 October, and they suggested we leave. We knew the time because at 8 o'clock in the evening the "Musical and Neighbourhood Advertising" started with loudspeakers and they didn't say anything. We went opposite the three old maids who I thought were my friends, but they showed me that they weren't. We asked them to give us a cup of coffee with milk and told them that the next day we would sell the house. Of course, when they saw us, two walking skeletons, they were shocked. We told them we had locked ourselves in to think and decide what to do with the house. In part, it was true.

As the reader can imagine, this could fill several chapters!

They asked me to be "brief and concise," I don't know what that means, wow. Meanwhile, we were locked up, and they sent me messages telling me to write "from start to finish" about the events that were going to happen. The most important thing was that we would have to travel to various parts of the country, where great events awaited us, the "Pirinola," if they happened. I put the Institute, it had 1,000 students, that was "done" by "them", that the events would happen, like my son had to go to Antarctica, at the request of "them". I explained all this in other writings. We later regretted not having taken photos, as we could not have imagined what we would look like. I kept going with the only thing I had left, sugar bread rolls spread with butter, in my mouth. I was guided by that song that said that in this life, nothing lasts, neither happiness nor sorrow, wow, uffuf.

I'll tell you an anecdote from the Encierro:

One night, there was a hellish noise on the roofs of the Caserón, "but it wasn't the one in the song," the other one was the "Caserón de Téjas." This one had bars. I continued, telling my son that it was the kids, that how could they think there was no one there, they had climbed onto the roofs. There were three rooms in a row, the living room on the street, which was 5x5, the next one 5x4, and the third 4x3. This is, so you can imagine, the unevenness of the roofs. I couldn't take it anymore, I couldn't even concentrate, so I went out and leaned a ladder against the lowest room, and when I got to the top, I had a medium-sized kitten, since it was still small, and when I saw it, I wanted to die. I brought it to keep an eye out for mice. It was playing with the

They were running around, "with three rats," bigger than him, and I stood there watching them play, like the "papa," and I said to him, "Aha, traitor," I brought you here to look after the house, and he saw me and came running and said, "Marrau," and rubbed himself against my face and rubbed his tail on me, as if to say, "What do you want me to do? They're bigger than me. One was brown with white spots, the other was white, and the other was lead grey. Truly a "divine poem." Another one, the kitten was orange with imperceptible white stripes, not Angora, but with long hair. Before locking ourselves in the smaller room, we made a little hole so it could get in and not leave or start crying for food, because it would find it on its own. It would come and bring us its trophies. In the back, there were little plants, and it would spend hours there and then come and bring us the tail of a lizard. since lizards lose their tails, the cat takes them away and then they grow back, he would throw the tails on the bed and they would wriggle and jump around, since they're pure nerve and I don't know, maybe it's inertia, they have their own energy, ugh.

My little dog **Canuto** was also locked in with me, poor thing. First, let me tell you his story. I was in the big house and got up at 7 o'clock to start sweeping the leaves from the trees. First I swept the path and then went inside. It was all wooded, so it was like a yellow carpet. I went in and the first room was my bedroom. The door was open, and I thought I'd make the bed, and I saw two eyes looking at me from between the sheets. I went closer and saw that he was starting to move his tail, and he had white hair buried in it and one black eye, and I said, *"What are you doing here, you cheeky thing? Who gave you permission?"* It moved its tail and kicked up dirt. Its head was on its front legs, lying on its belly, and I said to it, *"Nobody invited you here. Get out right now, go back where you came from,"* and I pointed to the back. It got down and left with its tail between its legs. When my son came home from work, he started to reproach me, *"Why did you chase it away if 'Master Jesus' sent it to you?"* And I said, *"Well, if it comes back, I'll tell it to stay."*

A few days later, exactly the same thing happened, and I said to him, *"You again? OK, let's talk. If you want to stay here, you're not going out to the shack, and you'll be the family dog. Whatever happens, I'll defend you, but if you go to the shack, you're not coming back in."* He jumped down from the bed and started jumping around my legs, and I said, *"First, I'm going to give you a bath and see if you have fleas."* He wouldn't stop jumping around.

When my son came and saw him, he said, *"He's back, how cute you are!"* He was uglier than hitting your fingers in a door. He was ungainly, disproportionate, like the Hunchback of Notre Dame. He had short legs, like a long-legged dog, he was long, my son said he looked like a canoe, his mouth and lips looked frayed, cut with a pair of scissors, one eye was black and the other white, one ear was black and the other white, the same as his legs, he was a total mess. I bathed him and he was finally black and white. We talked to him and he understood everything, and my son said to me, 'Today he understands'.

"The extras told me he was discerning." He stayed obediently while we were locked up. He would come and put his snout through the hole in the door and sniff like a vacuum cleaner to see if we were alive. We had opened up the fabric so he could "rummage" around, and he survived until we got out. Then, when we sold the house, I talked to him and told him we were leaving and couldn't take him with us, poor thing. I didn't know that my son called him "Canuto," my "Canutito." Someone who read my son's book on the website surprised me by telling me that he had named him that. The person who bought the house didn't want him because he wasn't going to use the house, and he offered to take him to a family that had a farm. "I felt more at ease."

When we came out of lockdown, we were amazed. They had grown. at the bottom of the plot, some chard plants were a metre high, with stems or trunks 12 centimetres thick and leaves 40 centimetres wide, some asparagus plants were 50 centimetres high, the radishes were 30 centimetres high and 10 centimetres wide, there were broad bean plants, watercress, white beans with little red dots, and all the plants with buds about to burst, the peach tree, the olive tree, all in bloom, it was crazy, it was as if someone had thrown seeds from above and they had tripled in size.

What happened is difficult to describe, indescribable. I wonder if my son would have had his own theories. And then we had to sell the house, because we always went on trips and always came back. We knew it was waiting for us, "the house", and when we came back, the house was sad, I'm not joking, just like they show in films, when you leave, the house becomes sad, and the plants wither, it's incredible, "but real".

Since my father-in-law passed away, I didn't want the plants to be pruned. I explained that there was an olive tree with a trunk that three men couldn't even wrap their arms around. All the plants were planted by my father-in-law. There were orange, tangerine, lemon, plum, beet, chestnut, walnut, Japanese peach, fig, and grape vines. Since I didn't allow the plants to be pruned, the grapevine climbed up the olive tree, which was 20 metres high. What's more, the grapevine became entangled in the fig tree. It was funny to see the bunches of grapes 20 metres up in the air. I said, 'The vine with the olive tree' had a thicket of laurel, and I said, 'Are these the ones we managed to get? Anyway, in the end, the 50-metre-long by 17-metre-wide plot was crammed full.

Two years ago, I found out that the owner who sold it to us was selling it again. I sent two people to buy it, but I told them not to say who it was for. Instead of asking for a deposit, they said that they hadn't been able to sell it for about a year, that there was no problem, and that they wanted to speculate. They were selling it for

40,000, and they told me they could "take it off the market for less."

When they came back, a man had bought it, they compensated him, and he had no problem reselling it, but for 80,000 pesos, they told him they would consult with him. They came back a week later to see if he would accept any concessions, and he had demolished everything that had been built. The walls were 30 centimetres thick and there were three large rooms and three small ones measuring 3 x 3, 3 x 2 and 3 x 4. To remove the olive tree, with all its roots, it took seven men working for seven days. Of course, no one no one in this world can imagine what that house meant to my son and me, "now for me alone".

"The 15 hellish years I spent with the family," because then I continued for 10 years after being widowed. I had to put my son through school because, as I explained, I promised and swore to my father-in-law that I would do so. He left me the house on that condition, saying that when my son came of age, he could sell it if he wanted to.

Of course, at that time, we had no say in the decision of the "aliens", so after the lockdown, we left on 1 October, and the next day we went to a real estate agency, and I signed everything, since he was not turning 22 until 28 October. (Actually, he would have been 21 in October 1967, right?)

So we arrived at this blessed year of 2003 and here I am, waiting for my son. The funny thing is, if you can call it that, he made me promise him every time they took me away that I wouldn't leave him here, because he couldn't survive without me, and that I wouldn't abandon him. And now what? How does this continue? If they're going to test my faith, it's made of steel. Will we have to wait for the evacuation? Just don't anyone come complaining to me about a radish, because I'm no longer in the fifth year of military service.

And, I think they played a dirty trick on me with the house, because if they made me sell it, I don't think they wanted it back, they were just trying to tempt me and see my reaction, I don't know.

The thing about my father-in-law is that he left me the house so I could live, work and put my son through school, since he was the only grandson who carried his surname and would carry it on a little longer, since he had seven children, five girls and three boys, and the girls had boys and the boys had girls. Besides, my son was the last of a dynasty. And I, in turn, was the last of another dynasty.

When I was born, an uncle I never knew was abroad, and he sent my mother an "ermine cape" for me. When I got married, my mother gave it to me for the son I would have, so he and I both had the "ermine cape". "It belonged to a prince. It was beautiful. It's strange, unusual, but real. As the priests say, let us wait and pray.

With faith and humility, Mary.



This card is from when [my son](#) was undersecretary. It was sent by the [Santa Cruz](#) provincial government. I got it from Ricardo Del Val, and the Navy gave it to [Kirchner](#) (I cut out the photo because I needed it).



In the Navy building, during the presentation of an award, and incidentally a "humorous" one, the first on the left is [my son](#).



In the National Senate, Grey Hall of the Presidency, on the occasion of Dr. Duhalde's ascension to the governorship of the Province of Buenos Aires, [my son](#) and high-ranking officials.

..... 26 July

2003

Waiting for [the aliens](#) to deign to return [my son to me](#), now! Those who must decide this story, which I always believe will be the last because I believe I have fulfilled, with flying colours, the expectations that drive [me](#) to write! For my part, I believe that the people who should have taken notice... have already done so, although the hardest part is, of course, acknowledging it, looking the other way, tearing their clothes, crossing themselves and thinking: it won't be because of me, "I am free of guilt and blame"! ... turning the page... and moving on, without a shred of remorse or a guilty conscience, wow.

(.....)

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To my online readers, I want to share something that hurt [me](#) deeply when I was only nine years old (**1939**). The subject is always the same, revolving around [the death of my mother](#) (in July **1946**). The thing is, I knew that her death was inevitable, sooner or later, later or earlier. It was also written in the "Firmament" that my father was living with a "Turkish woman"... ahhh, the Turks... an aerodynamic race.

Of course, my beloved mother was thinking of taking the "ship", since my scoundrel of a father would disappear for weeks and she must have thought... "with two kids, where is he going to go?" That's why he would appear and disappear, like "the rainbow on the horizon", and in one of those comings and goings... chaff!!!, my

mother got pregnant with me... what a problem! My mother went everywhere to get rid of me, and no one wanted me because "her life was at stake" and I was stuck to her like a tick.

That was the terrible remorse I felt towards myself and my conscience. In the end, I won the battle and the patriada. May 25th was waiting for me, but I stubbornly was born on the 30th. I gave it the finger, but I'm still a patriot. The world trembled when I took my first breath... The best thing about the crisis at that time, which was like a time bomb, was that I was cradled in the glorious 1930s.

They didn't separate and put up with each other for two more years, which means that I was two years old (1932) when my father took flight and wanted to kidnap me. All this while I was sleeping with my mother... and she was thinking that now that I was two years old... what would become of me? She couldn't sleep and slept with the radio on... cool! If I woke her up, I would wake her up because the pretty lobster on her slipper would stamp on my bottom, leaving a mark that was a work of art. I spent my life looking at my bottom, admiring how pretty the lobster looked, how it was made of rubber and raised, stamped there like the seals used in kingdoms to sign documents and proclamations.

I continued, I had to stay still, breathing without moving or making a sound, because otherwise "the locust" would come. One day I woke up and saw a calendar on the dresser and thought about hanging it up quietly. I looked for a nail and found one, and I needed a little hole, so I put the calendar on the nail and the nail in the little hole, and it was the plug, and I flew to the devil. Well, why think about ugly things, anyone can imagine.

Now I've come to the point I wanted to make, and which still makes me angry to this day... I... before I could even speak, I knew all the tangos, especially those by Gardel and Magaldi. My mother knew them



both of them personally, and why? Because a girl from Rosario, a friend of my mother's who wanted to be my godmother, this girl, or young woman, went to Buenos Aires. She was a vedette at the Teatro Nacional, which is how my mother knew Gardel and Magaldi. But my godmother always came back to Rosario because her family was there. One day, however, she married a well-known man with a double surname, and I was left without a godmother. But that wasn't the point. As I said, when I was about nine years old (1939-1940) and we lived on Boulevard Segui between Pasaje Colorado and Entre Ríos, across from my house in a tenement, there lived "Magaldi Padre," who was in a relationship with a "negra mota" (a black woman with freckles). with completely frizzy hair, which is why their son had completely curly hair and had to straighten it.

when Magaldi died, only those who dared went to the funeral, since he died of tuberculosis. How can they lie when there was an epidemic? What a shameful couple they were. The boy wasn't born out of a cabbage patch.

I always spied on them, because the door of the tenement had leather hinges and the bottom one had been cut, so the door was slanted and you could see how every day the woman and another person would take him out on a cot into the sun.

When he died (Magaldi, in September 1938), my mother and other neighbours went, and the children couldn't go in, so we stayed outside playing hopscotch. What's the problem...



He lived with a black woman? Yes, he lived with a black woman, and he was as white as milk. In the films, he seems like an angel. The boy was raised by his mother's family, but as soon as he turned 15, the exploiters began to take advantage of him because he had a voice similar to his father's. However, when his voice changed, the exploiters became more hostile. And when he grew up? Get a job? Give him a role in a play... It was a luxury! Poor kid, they say that as a man, he died of a heart attack... No way... he died of disgust! Because of all the slander they spread about Magaldi and Evita, people don't believe you can die of disgust... How many people I know, when I took part in a passage from the novel, the actor who played "El Zorro", him and the lady, "Gabriela Gilli", she was a pretty doll and ten times better actress than her actor husband. He managed to get her out and then he wouldn't let her act again, and

she did what a person who feels deceived does: she preferred to die. You can die of disgust, of indignation, more than deceived, betrayed, mocked, used, that was what killed Gabriela Gilli,

but in the end, God will decide. He showered her with children; when she was filming "El Zorro," she was about to have a family and hid her belly under the table.

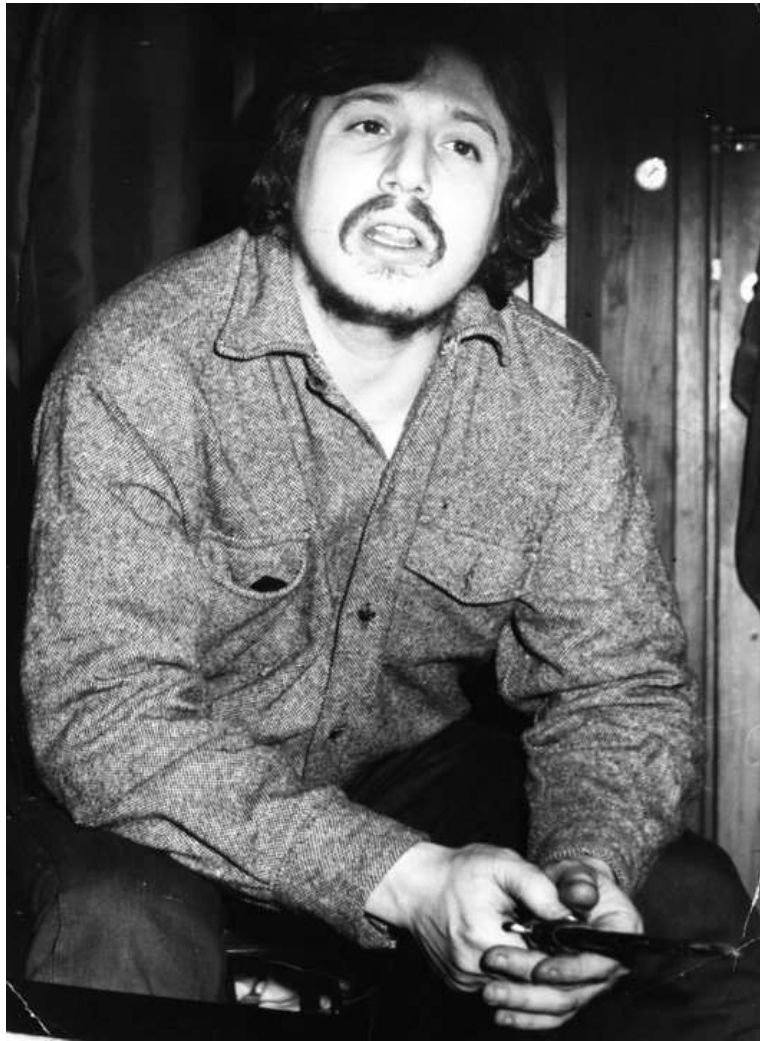
With faith and humility, María

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AGUSTÍN MAGALDI COVIELLO (Casilda, Santa Fe, 1 December 1898 - Buenos Aires, 8 September 1938) was an eminent musician, composer and singer of Argentine tango.

Biography: Agustín's home consisted of his mother, a twice-widowed woman, and his siblings Blas, Pascual, Emilio, and Cristina. They were fond of opera music, and so the little Agustín developed a love for song, given that the records of Titta Ruffo and Enrico Caruso were constantly playing in his home. Magaldi participated in the launch of LOY Radio Nacional de Argentina in July 1924. Nicknamed *La voz sentimental de Buenos Aires* (The Sentimental Voice of Buenos Aires), he was a contemporary of Ignacio Corsini and Carlos Gardel and was part of the popular song scene at its peak in the 1930s. It is said that in Junín he met Eva Duarte, the future wife of Juan Domingo Perón, who was a childhood friend.

Death: Although he did not mention it, Magaldi suffered from liver problems, with painful colic, but after resting, the symptoms subsided. In early September 1938, his personal physician, Dr. Pedro Goyena, admitted him to the Otamendi Sanatorium due to more frequent symptoms and his acute condition. They decided to operate. The operation performed by Dr. Pedro Valdez appeared to be a success, but after 48 hours, his condition worsened, and on 8 September at 7:10 a.m., he died at the early age of 39. He was buried in the Chacarita Cemetery in Buenos Aires.

In three years, Argentines lost two of their greatest singers. The entire country recognised that Agustín was a man of his word, who lived by a code of honour. It never crossed his mind to take Gardel's place. He and Corsini recognised Carlitos as the greatest, and both attended his wake and funeral, overcome with grief. With Magaldi's death, a new legend of Argentine popular song was born. A street in Buenos Aires bears his name in his honour. Among his most popular recordings are the song *Nieve*, the tangos *Disfrazado*, *Vagabundo*, *Levanta la Frente* and others, as well as many waltzes and country songs.



Luis Felipe

THE FAMILY HISTORY

To my Internet readers, I am going to share with you some events that are very difficult for me to bear alone, and it is not fair that I alone should carry the weight that I have been forced to carry through this happy and blessed world, wow, meow...

I will start at the beginning, which is where they suggest you start. When my beloved mother married me... it is no longer news, I entered that aristocratic family without knowing or imagining "what it was." Let's start as I knew how to explain it; I had only finished second grade, as I had started third grade, but when my mother fell ill, I had to stop studying because I had to "get married." I didn't understand what one thing had to do with the other, grrr... anyway.

Of course, it had everything to do with it... a lot! It was the crux of the matter. Don't be surprised that I'm only just beginning to understand it, but as a song my son used to sing to me on occasions like this says: ...The sun is setting late... and that summed up all the time it took me to understand things... wow. Better late than never, late but I finally understood.

When I entered that dwelling, I didn't know it was "the antechamber of hell." According to my mother, I would marry so as not to be alone, orphaned in this world, and therefore I would do so with a "good suitor" to insert myself into a well-established family, so that I wouldn't be rolling around like a ball through the intricate labyrinths of this tumultuous life.

May my mother and her noble thoughts be my guide! Me: "Yes, Mum, no, Mum, well, Mum, whatever you say, Mum..." I didn't want to upset her, but fate wasn't on my side, with the selection



of suitors.

The first one — from age 12 to 13 — I put up with for a year, the second one — from 13 to 14 — and that's when my mother got involved and said to me, "You're going to marry this one and that's final." To tell the truth, I did everything I could to make them give up and leave, but they were as tough as "Anan de Pergamino" clothes or Taragui yerba mate, which lasts until the last sip.

Walking into that house was like walking into a bag of cats... meow, meow. "There were seven brothers and she wasn't exactly a saint," let's say.

Let's tell the truth!!!... Life never smiled at me, it always showed me its teeth, if not its fangs. On the other hand, I always smiled at life with understanding, no matter how badly it treated me, which is why I came to the conclusion that it is only fair that we share our joys and hardships with our Internet readers. No kidding... someone is taking my share of "joy"!

me. I'm not asking for anything... but some't recognise me at all!

There were four girls and three boys. I had just got married and joined the Family when two of the girls died, not because they were "scared of me", but because of the epidemic at the time, or rather because "I was the youngest in the Family" after their unfortunate death.

A woman and a baron got married, but it was common at that time for everyone to get together on Sundays. There were 10 of us, a pack. Just as it was common for the 10 of us to get together, so were the "tremendous fights" that broke out. I wasn't used to that rhythm.

To explain this, I will begin with the eventful life of my beloved and long-suffering father-in-law, who was responsible for the existence of "that family and that surname." My father-in-law's father owned sugar cane plantations in Tucumán, which were tended by married couples with children. They were responsible for harvesting the cane during the harvest season and taking it to the "mill," which paid them partly in bags of sugar and partly in cash. The bags of sugar were loaded onto the freight train, El Mitre, and sent directly to Córdoba, to "Villa del Soto," where the "La Soteña" candy factory was located, while my father-in-law studied at the university. Then my father passed away, so my father-in-law had to leave his studies to take care of the family business.

This is where my father-in-law's drama, or "El Calvario Coya," began.

He travelled constantly from farm to farm, from the sugar mill to the sweet factory and the sea by car. My father-in-law's family "had black people as servants". Black married couples, he was raised by a black woman, "Doña Tomasa", and they called him, as was the custom at the time, "el niño" (the boy). Even though slavery had been abolished, they didn't want to leave and stayed with the family... The black people... where else could they go? So when my father-in-law visited the farms, the caretakers would shout, "The child is coming!" He usually took care of business and slept in a hotel, staying only as long as necessary with the farmers. But one damn day, on a farm, they were "waiting for him" with a huge roast, a suckling pig or lamb, and they insisted that he stay. He ate and they "sprinkled him with tintillo"... My father-in-law "thought they had put something in the wine." The next day, he woke up and couldn't get up. His head was splitting, and there was a "china coyita" next to him. It turns out that on that farm, the mother and father were usually in charge, but since my father-in-law didn't know anyone, overnight, he had to take charge of everything. The father and mother had died and only the brothers were left, two of them, and the little sister... and this roast was a plot by the brothers.

When my father-in-law woke up, the brothers threatened him, and he promised to marry her, but asked them to wait while he sorted things out. The thing is, the girl got pregnant (that's what they told him), and the two brothers took her and the hardware store to Córdoba to "marry her off" right there in Córdoba, and she had to marry him or they would kill him. When he brought the Chinese woman home, they said to him, "How dare you bring that into the house?" He tried to explain that she was expecting his child, but they told him that he could keep her, but she was staying there no way. That was the first confrontation with his family. It's common for parents to support their children so they can study, "but not if they're as lazy as a kite."

So there was no turning back, they slammed the door in his face, and it was the same old story: "You should have thought about it before." Before when? Here's part of a tango that said: "People are stupid when they deceive themselves"... Of course, the people, the neighbours, the town... But what about the family? Sure, her brothers had a financial interest, but she was a little Indian girl... She loved the boy! I don't know if he was 5' or 5' 10", blond, I never noticed the colour of his eyes, he always addressed me formally, and when he said to me, "Come here, let's clear a few things up"... I would tremble, I would have preferred anything to being scolded by him... my father-in-law! ... for me it was like death.

"At first he was a gentleman," he would say things to me that no one had ever said to me before. I didn't have a father; he was taken away by the Turkish when I was two and my mother was twenty-four. "He was taken away by the carnival."

I'll continue. He was upright, fair, very good, humble. To me, he was a father, an advisor, understanding, but he had me figured out, and he pushed the button that made me cry the most. I would start crying inconsolably, and he would take advantage of that to hit me harder. He had no mercy or consideration for me because he knew it was the only way I would understand.

The thing is, my mother married **me** off, and eight months later she died. They forbade me from seeing her. A sister-in-law told **me** much later that about a month after that, they said to her, *"Well, madam, you've married off your daughter, now you have nothing more to do in the house, and don't you dare come here."* I didn't know this, so one day, like every other day, the greengrocer's van came and my mother-in-law told **me** to go out, serve him and buy some onions. I went out, even though **I** wasn't allowed to go to the door. **I** lifted my apron and as I approached the van, I saw a woman standing half a block away, on the corner, and she was spying on **me**, wearing a purple dress, like the one I made her when I was learning dressmaking, and I was stunned. I didn't want to believe it... No... How could it be my mother and she's not coming to see me? No, it can't be... I didn't say anything to anyone, but this increased my anguish; and when she died eight months after I got married, that convinced them that it was true, that **I** got married because she didn't have much time left... When she died, I was three months pregnant... I'm not mistaken, I got married on 26 November and she died on 26 July... No! **I** was wrong, **I** got married on 24 November (**I** just checked the marriage certificate), wow...

I spent 15 years of my marriage crying, partly for my mother, partly for getting married and seeing him disappear into thin air, never to see him again. That's why my father-in-law took advantage of when he was alone with me to tighten the screws, like on a guitar. And he would say to **me**: *"Listen to me, you should be grateful to your mother for marrying you off before she died. Think about what would have become of you if you had been left alone."* Psss, sniff, bubunnn... Yes... those are nice words, consistent, not empty... but one of the conditions was that she would come and live with me.

Well, I'll continue. I already explained this on another page: once, when my husband was at home, I took off my little apron (the kitchen one) in the kitchen, and my father-in-law went and put a mouse trap in my pocket, but I realised what he had done and nothing happened. So I deactivated it and put it back where it belonged, on the door handle, where it would definitely work. So he went to open the door and... Chaff! It caught his fingers, and he started screaming and telling my husband to tell me off: *"Your wife has no sense of propriety!"* And for the first time, my husband stood up for me. I was listening, scared, and he said to him: *"But Dad, can't you see she's a 15-year-old girl? What sense and decorum can you expect from her?"* And there my father-in-law grabbed him and said, *"What? Didn't you tell me she was about to turn 18?"* And my husband said, *"Yes, but **I** forgot to tell you that it's in three years."* Stop. Well, then he said to him, *"Don't joke with her, she doesn't know where to draw the line, everyone's rights, what's allowed... You make jokes with her and she doesn't know any better! She thinks she's entitled to retaliate. You're the one who has to control yourself."* In the end, I learned a lot from each of these arguments. Grrr, psss, my father-in-law was baffled.

I'll continue with the story: In the end, (**my father-in-law**) had a big fight with his family, and because of the anger and upset over the misunderstanding, over the contempt for the Chinita ("**the Coya**"), who, if we're being honest, he didn't love either, they laid out a bed for him... and well, he was a man of integrity and honour, but these things, like this, were out of the question for the family. First comes respect and honour for the family, its lineage, its idiosyncrasies, and then, if necessary, his personal problem with *the coyita*, even though she said she was **from Tucumán**, because it sounded better to say **Tucumán** than *coyita*. Her parents were on the farm in **Tucumán** when they hired her.

I continue, the family felt humiliated, degraded, singled out, since they lived in the limelight and for the limelight, **THEY WERE PART OF THE OLIGARCHY**, patrician families, they participated in the independence of the country, this family is made up of patriots, heroes, fallen in battle, and now this son of theirs turns out to be an outcast? When his father died, he should have been the pillar, the support of a legacy that had been entrusted to him, a patriarchal legacy, and he, who considered the family, had denigrated it to the point that his family felt utterly orphaned. His sisters became nuns.

On top of all this and with so many reproaches, which he believed to be unfair, my father-in-law told them that he was renouncing everything that could belong to him: income, family, property, inheritance, the family legacy, everything. From then on, every Sunday there were "panoramic" arguments that I did not understand, since they were very careful not to mention anything that anyone who heard them could interpret or deduce from their tone.

I'll continue. My father-in-law took his "*coyita*" and left and started working as a "tram driver" so that everyone could see him... *"Look at the boy!"* And he made her make empanadas, which was all she knew how to do.

to work and sell, and told her that he would fill her with children (10), as far as I know, three died when they were little, so when I got married there were seven and two died after I got married.

When the company "La Ciudad de Roma" opened in Rosario, which is what the fabulous supermarkets are today, my father-in-law started working there as a salesman. He earned a family wage for his seven children and, on top of that, he took everything from the company: clothes, shoes, footwear and groceries.

Well, I never found out why there was such a family feud, and when I did, it was too late!

When my father-in-law decided to leave Córdoba, he joined that English company, but when Perón came to power, the company withdrew, and my father-in-law was left on the street with seven children. He joined *Previsión y Hogar*, a company selling houses and land, as a salesman. The eldest of his children returned from military service and got him a job at *Previsión y Hogar*. While working there, my father-in-law managed to buy the big house in Villa Diego and moved there with his family.

Back then, it was all countryside... you could count the houses, and the girls had just left school, having been sent to the nuns at the age of six and now they were 22, and... either they left or they became nuns, and my father-in-law took them out, withdrew them from school. That's when I joined that group. The fights continued and the family was divided in two.

In the end, I found out what they were accusing my father-in-law of: that he had no right to deprive them of their inheritance and "the family heritage, to take away their blood inheritance, their cultural heritage, their idiosyncrasies, their lineage". In short, they levelled a string of accusations at my father-in-law.

They treated me badly, as was evident one day when a very elegant lady came... I don't know if she was from Buenos Aires or Córdoba, and she asked them, "And this girl? For me," and they replied, "She's the maid." And I, like an idiot, held out my hand and the lady greeted me very kindly. Of course, I didn't know that I was "the maid" ... But the woman smiled at me and must have thought, "How polite this girl is." Anyway, I found out that the lady had come to tell my father-in-law that his mother had passed away.

But let me move on to another topic. One day, the pack came after me, and they were trashing me, and among them was my beloved husband. My father-in-law was in a room, and he came out wearing a suit and carrying two suitcases, and they asked him, "Dad, where are you going?" And he replied, "To my Córdoba." The girls grabbed his legs and started screaming, "No, Dad, no!" And he said to them, "Well, you're going to treat her right, or else..." I was watching the scene, not knowing where to hide. Anyway, that happened, but the next day they all left.

I had recently moved to Saladillo to live in another house that my father-in-law had evicted the tenants from because his son was getting married and they hadn't paid the rent. The son was my husband, so we had to leave. I happened to be there that day.

To organise things as we used to do with my father-in-law, since my husband was no longer there in Villa Diego, having moved to Saladillo, I had to be with him and I spoke to my daughters and daughters-in-law to see how we could do things, since my mother-in-law had left him alone for a long time, and I had been coming every morning for a year because his daughters and sisters-in-law said their children were studying, whereas my son, who was five, had just started school. But since the ladies couldn't do it, I had to take my son out of school and go every morning, returning at night to Saladillo, to my house, arriving at midnight. My father-in-law begged me not to leave him alone because he couldn't stand it. When I got home, I would cry for my father-in-law, who was left alone.

I travelled every morning, did the laundry, cleaned my house, and then left with my son and returned at 10 p.m. I took the bus back, sometimes I missed it and had to wait sitting on the Banco de Porland bench on San Martín Avenue in front of the Ramos Generales de Lavalle office, until the school holidays came, Then I went one Saturday and said to one of my sisters-in-law, my brother-in-law's wife: "Well, ma'am, now you have no excuse not to come and look after Grandpa, since this is the last day I'm coming."

When I'm about to leave, my sister-in-law, that snake, says to my father-in-law, "So, the little maid is leaving," and I say, stirring things up, "Yes, the little maid, because you're Mrs... I'm the little maid."

Only God knows how hard it was **for me** to do that, and it wasn't because of my father-in-law, but because of the apathy everyone had, and to see how they reacted. Today, my guilty conscience won't let **me** live, because I should never have done it, especially after witnessing the arguments and how they treated my father-in-law, and if they restrained themselves a little, it was because of me, because they didn't want anyone to know the reason for the arguments.

I'll go back, although I already explained this at the beginning of the page. My father-in-law and mother-in-law got up at 7 in the morning, drank mate, and she left and he stayed alone until I arrived. This went on for years, as I didn't know about the family, or **rather**, the girls, having tuberculosis.

When **I** got married, I joined that family. They gave me the youngest girl when she was just a few months old, a ward of the nuns. I was 15 and she had just turned 14... in May, just like me, we were both Gemini; a dual air sign, volatile, cheerful, sparkling, we understood each other perfectly, but good things don't last long for me, since the Adoratrices nuns only take in pupils from the age of 14. I remember how she cried: "*No, Mummy, don't lock **me** up, I'll die if you lock **me** up!*" And her mother had a heart harder than flint, so she locked her up, and I went with my mother-in-law every Sunday at 2 p.m. to see her and to see my little boy, whom she loved and made renounce his faith. When he was 18, the nuns called his father, my father-in-law, to come and take her away, because she was ill, of course, she fainted in front of the altar, and they always found her there. In the end, my father-in-law told my brother-in-law, whom the family called "El Cacique", and he went to look for her and took her to the *Argentine Anti-Tuberculosis League*, which was in San Martín and Ayacucho.

And there she stayed from the age of 18 to 20. This girl was called **Adela**, and the other sick girl, **Elena**, was newly married... They called my father-in-law again to come and get her because she was being discharged, she was cured.

I was living in **Saladillo** because my father-in-law ordered my husband to do so. One day, my father-in-law asked **me** if my husband had told **me** that the girls had tuberculosis, and I had no idea, and he said, "*How could you not know? your husband didn't tell you anything, so you can take care of the baby!*" And I told him no, "*My husband told **me** he was going to Villa Diego and she, the one called **Elena**, was coming to live with me.*" And my father-in-law almost exploded, and he hit him so hard that I didn't understand anything anymore. So they tried to treat her at **Carrasco Hospital**, where they had infectious diseases, but the most baffling thing about this is that she had been married for two months and the doctor said there was no cure, that we just had to wait for the end. I always calmed her down, because she was 30 years old and single, and I called her a spinster, since I had **my son** who was 8 or 9 months old and I was 17, and I told her she would end up dressing saints.

But her marriage was very controversial and complicated because he was **Jewish**, his name was Moisés, and the church didn't accept him, but she loved him, so they baptised him. My father-in-law and mother-in-law were the godparents, and they told **me** that it was the mixing of **blood** that infected her... I don't know... but in two months?

I should clarify that **I'm writing this at the request of the "girls"**... that's right, at the request of **Adelita** and **Elena**, since the others are demanding it **of me**.

Well, we agreed that when **Adelita** was discharged, I was living in **Saladillo**. It so happens that she was leaving for Carnival, and I think she must have pressured them to let her go. Well, what can I say about this girl... she was admitted at 14 and stayed until she was 18 dressed as a nun... I don't know, and then she comes out and my mother-in-law, "*La Coya*" (without disparaging the **Coyas**, since I spent more than five years with them), what does this woman do? She takes her out dancing every night. The girl was an angel, white as milk, four years without seeing the sun and two in "the League". The thing is, the boys were crazy about her and they got her soaked three nights in a row, from 10 at night until 5 in the morning. On the fourth day she started running a fever. I rushed over to see her and when **I** saw her she said, "*Oh... you know what's happening to **me**? But don't say anything to Dad or Mum, but when **I** sit on the bed it's like a bottle is going, glug glug glug...*" And of course a big problem arose, because when they called my father-in-law, he said to call the chief, and he took her away, and now who was going to bell the cat? I had to go and put up with the lecture and ask him to come and get her, to take her to the doctor. In the end, **he** gave **in** and said, "*Tell Mum and Dad to get ready, I'll come and pick you all up to check you out.*" And so he came at 7 and took them away. The doctor said, "*Pleurisy, water on the lung.*"

From having her clothes wet for so many hours, her body absorbed the vapour. From that moment on, the doctor ordered bed rest and injections. So I had to start going every morning from Saladillo to take care of her, since her mum ran away because she said she couldn't stand to see her suffer...?????

My brother-in-law offered to let me leave my son (Luis Felipe) with him, saying that his wife would look after him and that he would come and pick him up in the evening. Besides, they were his uncle and godparents. However, in the 14 years since my son was born, he had never had a birthday party, and he would ask me, "Why do Pochi, Dani, Adriana, and Negrita get birthday parties and I don't?" And I would tell him that it was because they didn't remember 'by themselves', so we had to throw a party to remind them, but you remember by yourself, without anyone having to throw a party for you, 'why? You know you exist, you're here, you don't need your uncle and aunt to remind you'. It was an issue that made me swallow hard twice, because on Sundays, with 10 people in the family, there was always someone's birthday, or rather, there was always a birthday to celebrate. Of course, if I was the girl... they never celebrated my birthday in 15 years of marriage...??? But I had to work Saturdays and Sundays for that pack of wolves!

I'll continue with my sister-in-law Adelita:

When I arrived at 9 in the morning, my mother-in-law would be getting ready and just having breakfast. This went on for another two years, until one morning when I arrived, I wanted to give her breakfast and she said, "No, I don't want anything." "Why, what's wrong?" I asked, and she said, "What's the point? It's not worth it anymore." I said, "What's wrong? don't give me that nonsense!" And she started crying. "What's wrong? Tell me!" And she told me that at 7 o'clock, when Dad and Mum were drinking mate by the window, she heard them talking about her. Mum asked Dad what was wrong, and Dad told her that they weren't taking her to the doctor anymore. Mum asked why, and Dad said that the doctor had said there was no point in doing anything else, just wait," and I say to her, "You idiot, you believe the doctors? If you told me they had a formula to save themselves from death, then I would believe them, but you... you went to a Catholic school... How can you believe them? Didn't you hear them say, 'Science has done everything it can, now it's in God's hands... What more do you want? Or don't you believe in God anymore?' 'Yes, yes, I want to live.'

The day after this ordeal, I went to my brother-in-law and asked him to do something, and he told me there was nothing to be done. I told him to take her to San Nicolás, that there was something like a hospital there, and my sister-in-law, my wife, jumped in and said, "Why take her to San Nicolás to die when she can die here?" and I almost ate her alive like a radish, and I said, "Listen to me... if you had a daughter... but what am I saying, if you have an 18-year-old daughter... and you knew there was a chance, wouldn't you try?" And my brother-in-law says, "Don't say another word," and I start crying and say, "Do it for your daughter, God will help you," and he says, "All right, go and tell them I'll pick them up tomorrow at 7."

I left jumping for joy and rushing to tell her the news, and I said, "Adelita, what would you like to drink?" And she said, "I want something, but... I don't know if you'll want to give it to me." - "Tell me what you want." - "To celebrate, make me some mate." And I said, "Okay, let's have some really good mate," and we had our farewell mate.

The family.....If they took a piece of cutlery, a glass or a plate, they would pour boiling water over it in front of her and she would cry. I know it's the way to kill germs, butin anyway.

We went to San Nicolás and everything was great they accepted her, but the rules were that to be admitted and As it was just my mother-in-law, my brother-in-law and me, she said to me, "You bathe me, I don't want Mummy to." but don't look at me." And I said, "Sure, maybe you have something unusual." We went to the bathroom, in the middle of July, there was no hot water, and they brought me a pot with about 5 litres of boiling water and a bucket and a small jug. It was a convent boarding school. I bathed her and wrapped her in a towel, "we're going to weigh her,"

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They weigh her; 23 kilos, and she immediately runs with the scale and says, '23!' And I say, 'No, silly, 32, you can't even see the numbers.' We left and would return on Sunday to see her. It was Thursday.

On Sunday we went with my mother-in-law and she looked radiant, she had even put on weight, and she asked my father-in-law to bring some wool for the following Sunday, as she wanted to make a mañanita. So the two of us went and brought her the wool, and when we returned the following Sunday, she had already started her pink morning gown. The nuns taught her the chickpea stitch, and we left. She was crazy with joy and shouted, "I want to live!"

And at around 8 o'clock at night, they had already turned off the lights and announced on the radio that Evita had died... and all the nuns and nurses were crying and screaming. She was so scared that **she had a heart attack**. Well... bringing her back, the paperwork for the check-up, the thing is that when they brought her back, it was pouring rain, the sidewalks were muddy... it was an odyssey, not to mention my sister-in-law's bitchiness. She started: *"I told you so, I knew it... and what for, two weeks..."*

At the same time, one of my sisters-in-law said to **me**, *"I'll never forget what you did for my sister."* *"What did I do?"* I asked, not knowing what **she** was going to say, and **she** replied, *"You made the people at the garage open the boot, you hugged her and started crying."* I felt so bad that if she hadn't told me, I wouldn't have known, and the man pulled **me** out and said, *"Well, miss, we have to close it. We can't leave it open because of the germs."*

Well, **Adelita** left. She had told the family, *"If I die, everything I have, my clothes, my shoes, is for her,"* for me, and sometimes she would make **me** angry and say, *"Do you think I don't know you're waiting for **me** to die?"*... I was speechless. They gathered everything and sold it because, **according** to them, they needed the money. **"Adelita**, my angel, is gone."

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I'll continue with my other sister-in-law:

Elena was admitted to Carrasco Hospital for infectious diseases. On May 1st, the whole family was gathered at Villa Diego for empanadas, barbecue, and loco. Then... I was at the back of the house and I saw her coming through the fence, so I ran out shouting, *"Elena's here!"* The house was in an uproar because all the kids were there. Like an idiot, I ran over and hugged her and kissed her. She went inside and the family gathered behind closed doors. When they came out, I sensed a hostility towards me that I didn't understand.

Since it was May 1st, there were no buses or taxis, so she had to walk! I don't know... maybe 50 or 100 blocks, from **Alberdi** to Villa Diego, or 200 blocks, I have no idea! They gave her a plate of loco and my brother-in-law took her home in his car. Since my sister-in-law got sick two months after getting married, she had her house furnished and her husband Moisés. In the end, she didn't want to be in the hospital anymore and wanted to go home and have her husband give her the injections. I didn't know about her condition and didn't ask any questions because of the "hostility."

After this difficult experience, a year passed and **my husband** advised **me** not to consider visiting her. I thought to myself, "He is looking out for me." However, a year later, she sent for me through her husband, who worked with my husband at the meat processing plant, and I went. **Elena** hugged **me** and kissed **me** and told **me** she wanted me to forgive her, and I said, *"What for?"* And she told **me**, *"You know that **my** mother came to the hospital to tell me that you were living with my husband, that you were having an affair, and that's why I left the hospital, but my husband swore to **me** that it was a lie. and you can imagine how I felt, with my mother doing this **to** me. Okay, suppose it's because she hates you, but what about me?"* I started crying and she tried to comfort me, and in the end we were both crying, and **she** said, *"Do you forgive me for believing my mother?"* *"But **Elena, Elena**, don't even ask **me** that. You're the victim in this whole mess. I'm the one who should be asking you for forgiveness for letting you suffer this injustice alone for so long."* *"I'm begging you to forgive my mum."*

At 2 in the morning, a neighbour came to tell us to hurry, that it was happening. It was my mother-in-law, my father-in-law and my husband. They rubbed her with alcohol, because until she passed out she was screaming in agony. What can I say about this? She called **me** when she felt like she was dying. The two girls who were sick with the same thing left, the youngest and the oldest, the two girls I loved the most... two angels... and I'm doing this for them.

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They are the two I don't know how they do it up there. Years ago, they both held on to **me** and said, *"You have to do it, you're the only one, you can do it, we can't, we didn't and shouldn't."* But **they** don't tell **me** what, what I should do... and only now do they tell **me** this... what I'm doing, that their family, their family knows, I don't know anyone, I have nothing material, I'm not driven by resentment, I'm beyond all that, I'm tough... cured of fear, and I'm willing to bear the consequences. I'm doing it so that the girls and my father-in-law can rest in peace. I'm not guided by anything petty.

When I got married and became part of this aristocratic family, my sister-in-law **Elena**, the eldest of the women, was 30 years old. She said to **me**, *"Now that you've arrived, I'll leave you in charge and go to work as a live-in maid, and you can take my place. Now you'll know what it's like."* I didn't understand anything, of course I was fed up with my mother being a smoke and mirrors and leaving me with the whole house. She went to work as a live-in maid for a Norwegian family. It was during the (**Second**) World War, they were shipowners and travelled constantly, so she was the housekeeper. She took me out to see the house and I was enchanted. Inside, it was like a ship, with a table and long benches like the ones on the beach, fixed to the floor, and four wooden bars that crossed the table and continued up to the ceiling, serving as legs. But the most remarkable thing was the floor, made of a single piece of wooden slats. The dining room was a ship. **I** loved the Norwegians... They would come every month... or more. My sister-in-law **Elena** stayed from the age of 30 to 32, when she married Moisés, and a month later she fell ill and two years later she passed away, "moving on to another subject and another world".

After the two girls left, the third one was left, who also got sick. Since she was married and had an 8-year-old daughter, I confronted her and told her everything, except for calling her ugly. She told **me** her symptoms, and I said, *"Ma'am, go see a doctor right away. Don't put your daughter at risk."* **She** replied, *"Yes, but you know what it's going to cost **me** if I go to a doctor, and then... what if I have to undergo treatment?"*

And I said, *"How many times do you go to theatre premieres and the cinema? If you don't want to do it for yourself, do it for your daughter."* And that's what happened. Her husband took her and I stayed with the little girl. She came back and said she had cavities in her lungs, that she had to stay in bed, drink two litres of milk a day and eat half a kilo of raw liver, and keep the girl away for at least three months. I was going to look after her... The raw liver was in tablets or capsules, crushed, and lots of fruit. She gained about 20 kilos, she was rosy-cheeked, she had streptomycin and gold injections, and not only was she cured, she was as plump as a calf.

The fourth one was left, but she was married to the administrator of a mutual aid society, which meant she had doctors and medicine at her disposal, and she emerged unscathed from this battle. But what annoyed my mother-in-law and these last two daughters the most was me, always me. I was the mystery of everything. They tormented **me** so much since I entered that house that it's unbelievable, or it's something to study psychologically, to try to unravel what was going on in these people's heads. May God forgive **me**... But with all the intrigues and nonsense **I** had to swallow, in the end **I** took it as a joke and laughed, or *the "Extras"* made me laugh so I could withstand the attacks. I don't think anyone could have endured what I did.

I'll start... when I became part of this "farce", more commonly known as Family and... "that my mother had married **me** off with a prize"... when the Easter eggs came, I... looked at them seriously, and burst out laughing, and didn't answer them, I never answered them, not even the insults or slurs. If I have to give my opinion, I saw them as small, miserable, petty souls, miserable beings belittled... unaware of love, solidarity, humility, detachment... mean, lacking in love and brotherly affection... "Zero", nobody loved anybody, there was no camaraderie, not even between brothers, not between children and parents, not between parents and children. I was horrified. What orphanhood! How can you live like that, so empty, devoid of feelings, living selfishly, for yourself, devaluing your neighbour with resentment towards everyone and everything?

Of course, I only found out about the discord and the problem of the Sunday fights when my beloved grandfather, my father-in-law, had already passed away. Continuing with the topic of whether my mother married **me** because there was a reward, it still makes **me** laugh to this day.

Then there was the question of why her daughters, who were chubby and healthy, were dying, getting sick and dying, while I was there weighing 40 to 42 kilos... "She's another one they couldn't digest," my mother-in-law would say to **me**: *"Don't you think it's strange that my daughters get sick and die and you don't, how strange, don't you think?"* I didn't laugh anymore, but I would say to her, *"Grandma, God knows what He's doing. If He takes me away, who's going to take care of you?"* Or I would tell them that God would be angry at them for saying such things, being such devout Catholics... The girls, aged 6 to 22, praying...

One day **I** plucked up the courage to ask the doctor what the situation was. First of all, *he told **me** that I had to separate my son from the sick children immediately. I asked him how I should do that, and he said, "If you see a brazier and you know that your son is going to burn himself, wouldn't you take him away?"* "Yes, but we all live together as a family." *"Get him out and take him somewhere else."* That was my problem, my terror, not seeing him anymore. The boy was 18 months old, and he got sick. I gave him vigorous treatment, and he recovered.

This is what happened: one day my son came to me. He always called me "Tata" because my mother-in-law forbade him to call me "mum"... So he comes up to me, acting all friendly, and says: *"Hey Tata, Abela's given in"...* and he showed me the mate, which I was giving to my sister-in-law Elena, who had very little left, and when I saw it, I slapped it out of his hand and slapped him, because you know I don't want you to drink mate. He started crying and said, *"Abela, Tata took it from me,"* and my mother-in-law yelled at me, *"What's wrong with you? if you have a problem with me, don't take it out on the boy."* What could I say that she didn't already know? I did it out of the poison I had inside me. Besides, it was no mystery to her. The doctor explained it to me: when I was with my fake grandmother, the Jewess, and she had me locked up in the chicken coop, I was so hungry I could have died! I ate unripe fruit, roots, sprouts, and so on. I got sick in both lungs. That's what I told the doctor at *Unione e Benevolenza* who took an X-ray. I had damage to both lungs, but because I was strong, I had healed myself. Yes, exactly... They cured me from "above"! So, having been ill, I was immune. I lived begging them to let me look after them all and then take me away... Wow, grrr, meow. Even the doctor who treated my son also "left"... The boy recovered. I gave him streptomycin and other medicines, and he got better.

Well, I already explained this.

That in the same week that I stopped going to Villa Diego to look after my father-in-law, one night, he vomited blood. I wanted to know what had happened, No one wanted to tell the "little servant girl or the maid" what had happened. In the end, one of them told me. When I wasn't there, they let it all out. My eldest brother-in-law, whom they called "the Chief," confronted my father-in-law and demanded that he tell him why he had married his mother. and my father-in-law said, *'Because they told me she was pregnant and to give you a surname'.* And the cursed son said, *'You shouldn't have bothered, I'll give you your surname a n d I disown you as a father'.* And then I don't know what happened to my father-in-law, but he started vomiting blood. I don't know what happened. The next day I went early to check on him and my father-in-law was in bed and my mother-in-law was making him mate. I went into the room with his permission because he called me, and when he wasn't looking, he said to me, *"Now tell the old woman to go to the kitchen,"* and he said to me, *"Don't let your husband sell this house. It's for when the boy comes of age."* And I said, *"You're asking me to turn against him. I can't go against him and the whole family."* *"You can do it because I'll help you from above. Listen to me, I can't talk."* *"Oh, Grandpa, don't say those things to me!"* And I started crying. *"Promise me you'll make the boy study to be an agricultural engineer."* *"Yes, Grandpa, but why are you telling me these things?"* *"Don't cry, the old woman will come and she mustn't see you like this. Take all these documents and give them to your son when he grows up, so he'll know who he is, who his family is and where he belongs. Now go, my son is coming to pick me up."* Just then, he arrived and they took him away. He looked at the house as if saying goodbye to everything and to me, and they left with my mother-in-law, my brother-in-law and my father-in-law. When they left, I started crying because I felt empty, unprotected, helpless. Something was leaving with him... It was horrible.

A week passed, he had been admitted to the British Hospital, one morning my husband came and said to me: *"We'll bring him in a few hours,"* and I said: *"I want to see him now,"* - *"Don't you understand that we'll bring him in a few hours?"* and I started screaming that I wanted to see him now, now, not later, - *"But you're going to see him!!!"*, *"No! Now!"* And so it went, until finally he said, *"All right, get dressed and I'll take you."* It was 10 in the morning, and when I went to get dressed, I realised I had nothing to wear, and it was August, freezing cold. So I put on one of my mother-in-law's black coats, which could fit three people like me, I put a 4 or 5 centimetre patent leather belt around it and some of my mother-in-law's shoes. Of course, I had forgotten that "girls don't need clothes".

We arrived at my dear father-in-law's room; it was a room with another small bed for my debauched brother-in-law, "El Cacique." My husband emphasised one last time that his father was unconscious, with his eyes closed, and wouldn't see me. Why go, for what?

We entered the room, there was a chair next to the bed and I collapsed there and took his hand and started crying over it and saying, *"Why, why, Grandpa, what happened?"...* And my father-in-law began to cry huge tears, and my sister-in-law, "the viper," my brother-in-law's wife, yelled at my father-in-law's daughter, my husband's sister... And my sister-in-law said, *"Come here! Look what you're doing to your father, making him suffer."* And then my husband and my brother-in-law took me outside, and "there my father-in-law cut himself." I said to myself, "He was waiting for me." I can't write this without crying and thinking, ...What an unfair life, he completely lacked what one human being can give to another, even though

Whether it was to ease his soul as he was about to leave that body, how could he be so unloving, so lacking in sensitivity...

My father-in-law gave me all those documents and told me that when my son was older and knew who he was, I should give them to him. Days went by, and one day they started dismantling the furniture. I didn't know what was going on, and when I went to see what the commotion was about, they saw me. They were all there: my mother-in-law and her offspring, with my husband in front of me, and they said, "Her, her," and I said, "What's going on? You must know where the papers we're looking for are," and they said, "What are they?" And then they told me. (So I said to them), 'I have them,' 'And why do you have them?', 'Because he gave them to me,' and they didn't even let me explain, 'Yes, and why did he give them to you, and what did you give him, because you must have given him something! I went to the room, grabbed everything and threw it in my mother-in-law's face in outrage, with my husband standing there. How disgusting! How can someone be so corrupt, starting with my husband?

That attitude of rebellion and "Sicilian" fury that attacked me weighed heavily on me. Of course, my son got tired of reproaching me for it. I never told him what his "grandmother" had said... I told him after my husband passed away, and he reproached me for it his whole life: "You threw it in their faces... and are you proud of what you did?" Of course, I didn't tell him why, "if your grandfather gave it to you for me, why did you do that? It wasn't yours, it was mine! Your grandfather wanted me to have it."

When my father-in-law died, he (Luis Felipe) was the only one who carried the surname. He had... he was... according to my father-in-law, he was a cousin of "Don JULIO ROCA". His mother was CIRES, that is, "FELIPE MOYANO CIRES ROCA". All I can say is that I was married for 15 years to a "Coya," which is what I got in the deal. But to whom? To this day, I have no idea.

A gentleman from Córdoba sent me some pamphlets. When my dear grandfather told me about it, he thought I would feel belittled, hurt by being made to pass myself off as a servant or maid for 15 years. How wrong he was! After seeing the treatment and harassment he endured, I believe that pride, "that aspiration or delusion," never... have ever gone to my head, to the point of becoming stronger than a feeling.

In the morning, people started coming to "see the house in Villa Diego." I would greet them and tell them my opinion... "discouraging" them, until one day my brother-in-law, the Chief, came, opened his car door and left it open, and like a whirlwind, he opened the front door and shouted at me: "You little brat, who do you think you are? I put up the 'for sale' sign every day and you scare away my customers." And I said, "Ha! you want to sell it, well, I'm going to go to the judge and ask for part of it for my son and me," and then my mother-in-law shouted, "What? This house is yours!" I never wanted it to come to that, and she said, "If this house is yours... I don't want to stay in this house another minute," and she called to have all her furniture taken away, and she went to my brother-in-law's house in Saladillo, and she told him she was going to sell it, and she took it to her daughter's house, who had a pension and a 5 x 5 room where she could put all the furniture, but after a month, her daughter told her that the situation and that she needed the room, that she would divide it up to students, and moved her into a tiny room in the attic, and sold all her furniture. I went to see her with my son. It was the end of August and it was freezing cold, and I said to her, "Grandma, why don't you put a brazier or a 'Branmetal' on?" And she said that her daughter wouldn't let her. 'Grandma, come to Villa Diego!' And she said, 'I'd rather die!' A few days later, a pensioner came up to do some laundry, heard a moan, and called my sister-in-law. She went up, and my mother-in-law had been on the floor for two days. They took her to the hospital. She had had a stroke and her mouth and one eye were twisted, meaning she was paralysed on one side of her body.

I went to see her at the Laprida Sanatorium, and when she saw me, she gave me such a hateful look that I didn't go back. A few days later, my sister-in-law went to pick up my son from "La Técnica" and told him, "Grandma is dying. Let's go." He replied, "What do you want me to do?" "She wants to see you before she dies." My son said, "I'm sorry, auntie, but I'm not going." And that's the end of the story of "La Coya and the boy."

May God forgive me, but may Elena and Adelita rest in peace with my father-in-law. They were three souls tormented by ambition, misunderstanding, and lack of love.

One day, my son left technical school in the afternoon and was on his way to work, where we both worked. I had brought him with me to work at a "charming" business, where the owner and the owner placed advertisements in the magazine "Ecos de Rosario." called "Indiana." My son was "the sandwich maker." He made canapés, triples, etc., since we had been very close since we were kids with the owners of the sandwich factory "La Pan Pan."

my sister and I were sent to school, which is why I was able to help a relative of theirs at a critical moment in their illness.



My Gastronomic Guild card (the photos of [Perón](#) and [Evita](#) were added by the Guild).

Well, this place, Coqueto, was on Mitre and Córdoba. [My son](#) attended the "Technical School of Electronics".

His cousins, "Dani" and "Pochi," came and invited him to go out, I think at 5 o'clock, that is, at 5 p.m. They were leaving Lasalle School and said to him, "*Felipe, come and have some milk at our house and we can chat.*" He didn't need to because he had already had a snack at work. So [my son](#) went, and when he was inside, my sister-in-law said to him, "*Felipito, come outside, I want to talk to you.*" "*Yes, Auntie,*" he said, and she told him in no uncertain terms to leave and never come back, because his company was bad and unhealthy for the kids... "*Yes, Auntie...*" [My son](#) arrived at the shop and didn't come back. I went into the kitchen, where the changing room and bathroom were, and waited, thinking he must be putting on his jacket. When I went in, he wouldn't open the door. He was crying inconsolably, and I opened it: "*Tell me what's wrong!*" He couldn't speak... "*Auntie, Auntie!*" "*What happened, what did she do to you?*" "*She kicked me out!*"

And of course, I knew, but he didn't, the bastard son's little tune, and I said to him, "Why did you go?" "*Because they came looking for me.*" "*Well, now you know that you're not welcome there. Your father died, we no longer have any connection with them.*"

Of course, when we found her at the Pami II hospital and she saw [my son](#) after 20 years, she almost had a heart attack. Everything came flooding back to her, what she had done to us, saying she wasn't part of the family, the son of who knows what father. And [my son](#) saved her by saying, "*Auntie, let's go for a coffee.*" While we were at the bar, she let it all out and started telling us that her two children had been expelled from Lasalle school and that Danito had swindled a policeman and was looking for him "to kill Danito... poor thing"... So my brother-in-law, who was the manager of a trade union mutual aid society, took money out to send the boy to Spain, and he left a hole in the mutual aid society's finances, and the hole was discovered. And what happens... the father got sick and they put in a replacement, and the replacement raised hell, and they fired my brother-in-law, who every year threw a reception, pulling out all the stops and inviting the "elite of Rosario". The house was a mansion, "princely decorated," with waiters, buffet service, tableware, linens, curtains, furniture like in fairy tales and princes. The "cream of the crop" attended, all the doctors from the Mutual, frrr... The thing is, overnight... "blusssssss"it all came crashing down.

the balloon, but all was not lost: a doctor forced him into retirement and gave him a pension.

Of course, it was a fundamental change, as Negro Rada said: "Life gives you surprises, surprises are what life gives you"... and Negro Rada also said: "I'm afraid that bad luck will come"... these are setbacks...

Like what happened to Fasi Lavalle, but... everything can be solved. No one dies twice, "but yes... many recite without having died," psss...

Changing the subject... When they held receptions, logically neither [my son](#) nor I could attend those little parties, but my husband and his fellow party members could. We weren't on that level. So [my son](#) would say [to me](#), *"Old woman, life is very sad, with all its sarcasm"...*

The most **sinister** thing that could have happened [to me](#) happened. This family couldn't stand us, [my son](#) and me, living in peace and harmony. We were both working and getting paid, we had no problems, and that made them sick. My sister-in-law started coming to bother me at work and saying, *"Why do you need to work here? If you help me, you can earn the same as here and you'll be with your family."* Such hypocrisy! [My son](#) said [to me](#), *'You're not going to accept her now that we've got rid of those people'...* and she came and told [me](#) she couldn't find anyone she could trust and that they all stole from her... *'Come on, come home, don't make me beg'.*

I still had my mother-in-law ("**la Coya**") living with us, I don't know if it was a month or three, in a 5 x 5 room downstairs in the boarding house, and then she moved her to the terrace in a tiny room. In the end, she convinced [me](#). I told [myself](#) it was only for the month of May, and by the end of the year, the boy would finish his technical training and become an electronics technician... time flies... But then the devil got involved... or my mother-in-law's snake got involved. I was a widow and I told her not to pay [me](#) more than the bus fare, since we would both have lunch at the boarding house and I would give her a snack when she left work, and [she](#) said, *"I want you to come from 8 in the morning to 8 in the evening, Monday through Friday,"* which meant that we would travel together in the morning and come back together.

My sister-in-law had a baby **girl** who was about six or eight months younger than [my son](#). When she found out I was pregnant, the family was afraid that I would have a boy, who would be the only descendant of that family and the only grandchild my father-in-law had ever wanted. What happened was that one day my mother-in-law told my sister-in-law that [my son](#) wanted to **rape** her, **rape** her daughter. My sister-in-law screamed blue murder and wouldn't let it go. She went to the technical college to report it, a worthy daughter of the big snake. They called [me](#) from school to warn me, and when I got home, [my son](#) had left on his own. I asked him what had happened, and he told [me](#) that the engineer from the technical college had questioned him. *"And what did you tell him?" "That yes." "Why?" "Because I'm sick of those two snakes, ask Adriana,"* and the girl cried that it was all lies from her grandmother. But my sister-in-law had already kicked him out and was crying, *"See, I told you, let's not go back to that family,"* and I laughed because [I](#) had no choice but to laugh or cry, and he said [to me](#), *"What are you going to do?" "I'm going to keep going."*



I'm leaving, and I'll arrange for you to have lunch and afternoon tea at the Spanish Republican Club," I went and he told me he would pay me, ... *"if the boy does three or four little things and pays for his food, sets the tables and serves"...* But he exploited me. He would organise banquets for 30, 50, even 100 people, and [my son](#) was the only one to serve them.

I kept going to my sister-in-law's, and that's how it was when he graduated as a technician. A company gave him a scholarship for being the youngest technician in Rosario, at 17 years old. It was a solution. (**December 1963**)

One day, I was walking down the street and **Adriana** saw [me](#). She had run away from home and gone to a friend's house. She came running towards me crying, *"Auntie, save me! My mum wants to marry me off to an old man and I can't stand him! Auntie, save [me](#)!"* And I thought, *"Who's going to save [me](#)?"* I asked her how long she'd been away from home, and she said, *"Just now."* *"Well, girl, go back before she notices you're gone. You know her, if I help you, she'll kill us both."* And she went back... She didn't marry her off. But she also had her as a maid, she washed the sheets at the boarding house and cleaned the rooms, she had her practically kidnapped and even denied her existence. In the end, when she turned 30, she finally ran away from home.

She had the mind and body of a 15-year-old girl. She ran away to a mechanic's workshop. She liked the guy, but he didn't know what to do with her, so he took her home. The girl cried inconsolably and begged them not to take her back to the house because her mother would kill her. The boy's mother was moved and told him to let her stay, that the next day her father and mother would come to talk to her family, and that's what happened. My sister-in-law crossed her out, saying she didn't want to see her anymore... His parents married them off.

Once, [my son](#) and I went to sell a car, and to our surprise, the salesperson asked us if we were related to so-and-so, who is married to my brother and has the same surname. When we asked her name, she said, "Adriana." There was no doubt about it, and they told us to come in. The girl was so happy... She had a boyfriend, and [my son](#) said to me, "Let's get out of here before her husband comes." Just then, he arrived and kissed each of us. They told us that the family had disowned them and didn't even know the boy. They're telling me... They were... They're incredible.

I justify the girls because their mother put them in care when they were six years old until they were 22. They had no affection or love from their parents. And the barons, therefore, human beings need guidance and understanding from their parents at every stage of their lives.

An anecdote to illustrate this:

When I got married (in November 1945), my beloved husband took me to Buenos Aires. We were sitting on a bench in the square and I was all packed up and didn't want to go anywhere. Then a policeman came up and, seeing that I was crying, said to my husband, "What are you doing to this minor?" And my beloved husband replied, "She's my wife!" "If not, can you show me some proof? Otherwise, we're going to the police station." I jumped for joy, hoping they would take him away. He told the policeman that we should go to the hotel where we were staying and showed him our marriage certificate. The policeman accepted it and finally said, "All right, to avoid any more trouble, keep it on you."

When we returned from our bitter honeymoon, he took me to his house in [Villa Diego](#), where I had my first disappointment with this noble family, who had taken everything from my house and brought it to his.



my belongings, the only thing I had, that is, my luggage, a suitcase full of "Alma que canta, Antena..." and all the tango magazines, I had the entire repertoire of all the singers and songwriters, Gardel's accident, his wake, [Magaldi's](#), countless memories, commemorations, when [Libertad Lamarque](#) tried to commit suicide because of [Gardel](#), when Las Mellicitas emerged from the Children's Theatre in the [Municipality of Rosario](#), there wasn't an artist who didn't follow him and have it... And what happened?

Well, the house in [Villa Diego](#) was an old house where you had to take a bicycle or saddle a horse to go to the bathroom, "I say" because they usually did it a "league" away, far from the house, that is, at the back of the property.

Well, what they did to me... Of course they were waiting for me, waiting to see my face, to see what I would do or say, how I would react. I went to the bathroom and found all my belongings from over the years hanging on the hook. When I saw that, I went back to the room and started crying. My husband came in and started laughing like crazy and said, "Is that why you're crying?" I thought, ... 'I see what's in store for me'... and that was it. I never had anything of my own or anything private. They even begrudged me [my son](#). They would bring him to me and say, 'Here, feed him,' and then they would take him away. I wasn't even allowed to enjoy [my son](#).

Now I wonder what kind of people they were. When I went to that house one day, I asked them to show me some photos of when they were children, and that's when I realised, if not completely, then at least to a large extent... They told me that when they came from [Córdoba to Rosario](#), their trunks were stolen, where they had all their photos. One day I said to my husband, who was in a bad mood, 'Look, all people from Córdoba are liars'. And he said, 'Really? Look at you, you're married to a Córdoba native, when we came from Córdoba, all our documents and valuables were stolen.' And I said, "How...? Yours says: born in Rosario." "Of course, my dad registered us all in Rosario." So they wouldn't lose track of them???

There I realised that when they came from Córdoba, they wiped the slate clean. I was struck by the fact that there were no books, only a first-grade dictionary, no pictures, etc., just bare walls. Today, I think about what those people put me through and it terrifies me.

I endured it all for [my son](#).

My mother-in-law got up at 7 in the morning to drink mate, and until she finished, I had to make **myself** a mate using **the same** yerba **she had used**. It was "the girl's rule." When people came, I had to eat in the kitchen. At wakes, I had to serve coffee and I was always 'the maid', I had to clear the furniture from the mortuary all by myself.

When **my husband** died (in **1960**), I left Rosario with **my son** for 20 years to work, the two of us... and I didn't give my address to anyone (**María was about 30 years old and Felipe was about 14**). When my husband was still alive, 15 years ago, I said to him, "I'm going to the Department of Labour to claim the 15 years they made **me** work as a maid, or (**as**) a girl," and **he** said, "Who's going to believe you?" Believe it or not, I left before I could take those people to court. If you see it in a soap opera, you say, 'What a fantasy!'"

The most **sinister** and aberrant thing that my beloved husband left **me** with, and... that when his family got tired of telling **me** that **I** had married a prize, he never recognised him as his son, let alone wanting to have children with me, when my husband died, I already explained this, **I** left with **my son** to work in the north and after 20 years, I returned to Rosario (in the **80s**), and like a "zombie" I went to the Famosa bakery in Rosario with some relatives, and when the guy at the cash register, who was one of the owners, saw **me**, **he** said: "What are you doing?" "You can see for yourself..." "How can you see for yourself... You disappeared 20 years ago," "Heeee... has it been that long?" "Don't play dumb, your family has been looking for you for 20 years," "And for what?" "For the inheritance!" "Ha... I thought it was for something important," "Don't play dumb, it's your brother-in-law, the Chief, who's in trouble," "Really? I'll keep him in my prayers," "Don't play dumb, if you want to see him alive, go, I don't know if he'll make it through the night," and **I** ran off and told **my son**, "Take me there, take me there, your godfather is dying!" - "What's wrong with you, have you gone mad? Look at everything that son of a bitch did to you..." And **I** started crying, "Take me there! Look... come on, just once..." - "You're crazy! Can't you see the whole family will be there?" "That's why we're going once and then we won't show up until the next wake," he said, finally giving in.

I was at *Pami II* and asked how he had been admitted there. They told **me** that his doctor was there and, as he was covered by *Pami*, he had been admitted to intensive care, but that after midday he had been taken to a ward. It was on the second floor, so we had to climb the wide staircase and when we reached the waiting room, all the relatives were sitting there. As soon as we got upstairs, it was like being at the cinema, all lined up. When **my son** came up, there was an exclamation: "Hey... he looks just like his father, but he's 1.70 m tall." **He** didn't have short legs, and my sister-in-law "Benjamina," who had mortified **me**, said to **me**, "Come on, tell us who his father is... after all, you're married now!" She turned white and almost fainted, and **my son** kissed each of them and said, "Aunt Benjamina, I'll take you out for coffee." She looked at him and touched him and said, "Incredible, he's just like my brother." This lady, my sister-in-law (**Benjamina**), stopped eating and they couldn't get her to eat. She refused to eat and they couldn't do anything. She died, and of course the family said... what a strange case, they couldn't find anything wrong with her. One day she just didn't want to eat anymore, until she died, just like Gabriela Gilli.

We couldn't see my brother-in-law because they didn't bring him, and **my son** said to me, "Well, are you happy? You saw them all. Look, I didn't insult them for you and because of the trouble it could have caused. They're bringing him tomorrow. You know, after 20 years, how could those people have changed?"

When **my son** was born, he was blond with blue eyes, and they teased **me**... asking who he took after, and **I** laughed my head off and told them he took after the milkman, who was blond with blue eyes. But the strange thing is that in that family, all seven children took after their grandmother. It seems that **the Coya blood** was stronger than anything else. All seven had jet-black hair, and when they asked me who he took after... I couldn't contain my laughter, but they said it maliciously because my father-in-law (**Don Felipe**) was blond, and my father (**who died in 1932**) was red-haired and freckled, my sister is red-haired and freckled, with yellow cat-like eyes, and I am wine-coloured with caramel-coloured eyes, a deer!

Of course, over the years everyone changes, and besides, my father and mother were Italian, and my sister had lentil-like freckles. How I must have teased her!

Well, why did I want to see my brother-in-law before he left this planet? **I** wanted him to confirm something that was very important to me. So, **I** arrived the next day at 8 in the morning, and when he saw **me**, he sat up and opened his eyes wide, as if he were seeing a hallucination. After 20 years, he couldn't believe it. It would take **me** a "page" to explain this. In the next life, if I come back here, I'll tell you all about it. Don't hate **me**.



...

I'm going to tell you about something that happened **to me**, which I already mentioned at the beginning of this page. Firstly, because it's a very pleasant and funny memory:

I told you that a young man came to my house (in 1943, approximately), a rather "mastodon", if you'll pardon the expression and no offence intended. I used this expression because **I was 13 years old** and weighed about 43 or 45 kilos and was 1.60 metres tall, while he was about 1.90 metres tall and weighed about 90 or 100 kilos... something like 'Samson and Delilah'. When someone like that came, **I** would hide and spy on **him**. He was Chilean, and since they were about to start up **Alindar**, Ovidio Lagos's metallurgical company, engineers and technicians had come to get it up and running, and since **Acindar** was Chilean-owned.

He was a technician and came to ask for my hand in marriage, and I said, *"You've come to ask for my little goat's hand,"* and I listened to him and said, *"Your sister is more like a little goat,"* of course I didn't know that's what they called them in Chile. Well... my mother was shocked that a technician from another country had come to ask for my hand in marriage.

Of course, she accepted and gave him visiting hours, and everything was sealed. **I** didn't dislike the young man, but I thought he looked old. To me, he was 24, and I thought he was too much of a man for me. Anyway, I received him, and we sat on a double sofa. He put his arm around my shoulders and started to move his hand down, and when he reached my ribs, I pushed him so hard that he almost fell over. I would welcome him and we would sit on a double sofa, **he** would put his arm around my shoulders and start to move his hand down until it reached my ribs, and that's when I pushed him so hard that he almost fell on the floor and told him that **he** wasn't going to touch **me**, that if he wanted to touch me, he should go touch his sister, and I threw him out. A week went by, then two, and he didn't come back. My mother started to get impatient because he hadn't come back. I think he must have come back two weeks later... and in the end I told my mother not to wait for him because he wasn't coming back.

And my mum... *"Why, what happened?" And I said... "Because of what he did to **me**!" "What did he do to you?" And I didn't want to talk, not because I was defending him. "Tell me and I'll see if he was wrong," said my mum. So I told her, and what was the point? *"And that's why you kicked the boy out, if all boyfriends do that to their girlfriends, it's a silly display of affection!" "Yes... let him do that to his sister, **no one** is going to come and touch **me**."**

Long story short, my mother went to Alindar to look for him and apologise. But the Chilean no longer worked at Alindar; he had left for Buenos Aires with the group that had come with him to start another steel mill. My mother said to **me**, "See what you've done? Now the boy has left. Get ready, we're going to Buenos Aires." We took the train.

When the train was about to leave, wow, meow... a bunch of "Army Cadets" got on. When I saw them get on, **I** stood up and took my bag down from the luggage rack.

The train filled up, I was the only girl there, and my mother started saying, *"Hey, brat, take that bag off the seat and let the boy sit down."* I looked out the window, since **I** was sitting alone with my mother across from me, and she started kicking me... *"Hey, kid, take that bag off and let the boy sit down."* She kicked me repeatedly, and everyone stood up until they all started chanting, *"Let him sit down, let him sit down!"* I wanted to crush them. Finally, with murderous rage, I took the bag and let him sit down, and I kept looking out the open window. When I took the bag, he said to **me**, *"No, please, don't worry..."* and he put it away and everyone applauded, and he said to **me**, *"What's your name?"* and I didn't even look at him, *"Let's see, I'll guess; Maria Rosa, etc..."* and my mother said to him, *"Her name is Rosalia,"* and Rosalia this, Rosalia that... Then he asked **me**, *"What would you like to be when you grow up?"* **I** turned around and said, *"A showgirl..."* He was speechless and didn't say another word, so I turned around and said, *"What's the matter, did a mouse bite your tongue?"* **He** said, *"She left me speechless... At least I plan to get married and have children..."*

I looked at him, he had beautiful eyes, and I thought: ... "He's a delivery boy, he'll be 17 or 18 when he starts... and what am I going to do with him if my mother wants **me** to get married already... and he has to get a career... no, I can't become his girlfriend, let alone marry him, why am I going to get my hopes up and get him's hopes up about something that can't be". I thought all that in a minute, and I no longer treated him with hostility.

And he says to **me**, *"Rosalia, can you give me his address so I can write to him?"* And he gives **me** his address: José Adolfo del Signo, aboard the "Torpedero Catamarca" docked at the North Dock. Of course, he must be a grandfather by now. I thought he was a good kid and didn't deserve to be destroyed when he was just spreading his wings to fly.

I won't deny that in the end the kid "won" me over, that is, he earned my sympathy and I even liked him, but... what do we do next?My son said to me, "Come on, you thought too much, nothing about yourself, always about others." We arrived in Buenos Aires. The kid was very attentive, took our bags, said goodbye and left. He had my address and I had his, from the Navy.

I'll continue with my story. My mother went to the company they gave her in Acindar, where the Chilean was, and there they gave her the address. My mother took me there and we were attended by a brunette woman who was about 1.80 metres tall. My mother asked her about the young man and she said that he had been living with her for a month. My mother's jaw dropped. I was jumping for joy. The young man's surname was Gonzáles, but I don't remember his first name. Time was running out We went back to Rosario, me happy and my mother disappointed and frustrated, another failure.

My mother tells a lady who did all the housework: "Doña Rosa, the postman is coming to deliver a letter from Buenos Aires addressed to Cuca. Intercept it and don't let her receive it, let alone read it." I was feeling anxious, so I had to keep an eye on the postman, and one of them came and I ran and the lady took it from me, my mother appeared and took it from her, I wanted to read it, and we fought over it. In the end, my mother said to me: "We're going to tear it up, let me read it to you!" And that's what happened. I was anxious and excited, and my mother kept the letter and asked a relative to reply, and I don't know what he wrote, because the young man never wrote to me again.

About two years later, I went to Alberdi with my son to show him off. He was a little piggy. At two months old, he weighed 10 kilos, and I weighed 40 or 42 kilos. I couldn't carry him.



I took the Alberdi Express and took him with me. He was six months old.

When I arrive at my family's house, I stop and a young man stops and moves forward. When I saw that it was Marinerito, I stepped back to get off at the back, and he looked at me with an air of superiority, "eyeing" me up and down, looking at the baby and laughing. Of course, on the train, when he asked me what I wanted to be when I grew up, I replied rudely, "A showgirl..." Hence the ironic smile, as if to say...

Didn't you want to be a bataclana, what happened Did it fail you?" Of course, I never saw him again. When I got off the bus and we were both standing there, I waited for him to continue on his way so he wouldn't see where I was going.

I don't know if he continued his career, but if he's still on this planet, he must be a grandfather and must have been a good husband, father, and grandfather. Since he was on special duty and had the traditional sailor's bag, I thought he must have a few days off. And that's the end of the "Sailor's Romance." Stop

With faith and humility, María.

LET EACH ONE DRAW THEIR OWN CONCLUSION... (PART I)

To Internet readers:

I would like to inform you that what I wrote about my husband's family, and in fact, my extended family or in-laws... I had to write it so that you would understand where they are coming from and "where they are going," those who are encouraging me to do this. It is up to you to interpret the subject matter or the purpose of this story and to whom it is directed... Of course, I don't know, I must write it without internalising it, without the why or the how. Of course, and logically, this is the least it refers to, or at least what it least refers to... me or my sisters-in-law (**Adelita and Elena**).

This has consequences, it's going to kick up a storm because of the underlying issue. In fact, I couldn't begin to figure it out, because there's a lot going on here, and I only studied up to Second Grade (**complete**), I started Third **Grade** but my mother got sick and I didn't want to go anymore, I wanted to be with her. The teacher came to get me and my mother told her to convince me, that not going to school wouldn't solve anything, and I just started crying, I couldn't explain the inexplicable. In the end, my mother decided not to insist.

All right, that's where we are, because I already explained this later on this same page. I'll continue. This, directly or indirectly, in part or in whole, is addressed to HISTORIANS, to those who know and wrote Argentine history.

My whole life has unfolded through Argentine history.

"WHAT HAPPENED!"... **I AM TOLD** THAT THERE IS SOMETHING BIG, HIDDEN HERE... THAT THE WHOLE TRUTH IS NOT BEING TOLD, ONLY HALF OF IT. THAT THERE IS SOMETHING VERY BIG AND IMPORTANT CONCERNING ARGENTINA THAT MUST BE UNRAVELLED, DISCOVERED, AND BROUGHT TO LIGHT. STARTING WITH THE FIERCE MASSACRE OF THE **INDIANS**.

DON JULIO ARGENTINO ROCA WAS MY FATHER-IN-LAW'S UNCLE AND THEREFORE JULITO ROCA WAS MY FATHER-IN-LAW'S COUSIN.

I don't know anything, I don't know anything about Argentine history, and if I do know anything, it's because someone told me.



I'm only just finding out about things now.

It's a way of keeping me in the dark!

There was something I didn't understand, no matter how ignorant I was, there were things that didn't add up, didn't convince me, despite my simple existence, I had the impression of standing on a volcano.

"The fact that my husband took me to live in Villa Diego, in that huge house, which was like a fortress, where I spent 15 years of my life... When I went to that house, I was surprised by everything. It looked like they had just moved in. The house had only walls, no pictures, no calendar, not a single book, just a primary school dictionary, smaller than a missal."

In order to reveal what is hidden, I had to strip my life bare.

WHICH I AM TOLD WILL REMAIN SUBMERGED IN A SEA OF IS REVEALED.

FOR GOD AND COUNTRY... I MUST BE JUDGED ONLY BY THEM.

With faith and humility, María.

LET EACH ONE DRAW THEIR OWN CONCLUSION... (PART II)

To Internet readers:

What I am writing now as a conclusion or closure to a sad and painful period for those who had to live through it, I echo their voices, putting myself in their shoes, where each one of them had to suffer detachment and heartbreak simply for belonging to that "caste," which forced them to be unwilling participants in a historical life they neither asked for nor desired; and even less so if that fact deprived them from the outset of the joy of having a normal family...

To the Internet reader. The Facts...

When I finished writing "La Historia Familiar" (The Family History), I ended the story in the dining room, and I went to my room to go to bed and continue meditating on this topic, and I thought about how Coyita's brothers hatched this plot and married off my father-in-law... and *"The Extras tell me: ... "And why does it have to be her brothers and not his family?"...*

There I stood, confused and bewildered, and I said to myself: "Why not... but thinking about something like that was *sinister*, monstrous, no! No! Not even in my dreams would I think about something like that"... but they explained it *to me*, point by point.

The barbecue, the wine, staying overnight and part of the day, it was all a well-thought-out plan by the family. *The aliens tell me* that he, my father-in-law, whose name was Don Felipe, which is why they named *my son* Felipe after him... he used to get into fights with the family, he and his brother, Adrián. They were both university students and were against the massacre of the *Indians*. And it all lasted while his father was alive, but when his father died, who was the one who defended them, they decided to get rid of "the two rebels who opposed what Uncle **Julio Argentino Roca** had done". The family proposed this *sinister plan* to the caretakers of the sugar plantation. As if to say: ... *well, if you love the Indians so much... they married him to an Indian woman.*

His brother Adrián studied medicine, of course at a Catholic school, but the problem was that the priests, the Church, did not want to give him his medical degree, and they never did, so he worked as a healer to support his family, because the priests and the Church were in favour of the massacre, and besides, all the churches in Córdoba owe a saint to *Don Julio Argentino Roca*.

Then there was Don Julio's "guri". And my father-in-law used to call his little cousin "Julito".

The thing is that the family of "Dr. Adrián Moyano Cires," because they didn't let him practise medicine properly, was in total poverty, and of course his daughters were sent to a convent school. Just like the girls, my sisters-in-law, all four of them were in boarding school until they were 22, when my mother-in-law took them in. The oldest was six years old, and she told *me* that she had to clean up after the other three; the nuns made her take care of her sisters. Dr. Adrián's daughters in Córdoba were the same; when they left at 22, they had to do manual labour.

Dr. Adrián passed away and left the family in poverty. I think he had a son, but I don't know if he went into medicine.

My father-in-law's two sisters became nuns, and when I was with the family, one was Mother Superior and the other was Prioress.

The school and the teaching hospital, which was first called *"Hospital Escuela MOYANO CIRES"* and is now called "REINA FABIOLA".

My father-in-law was in Córdoba, I don't know until what year, and then I don't know what happened... they came back as fugitives, the thing is that they had no photos or documents.

But through someone's connections, my father-in-law got new documents. My father-in-law told *me* that on the trip from Córdoba to Rosario, "they stole their trunks"...

The thing is that my father-in-law was listed as married and his seven children were all born in Rosario. This is the truth that *THE ALIENS have told me*.

May God and my country judge *me*.

Now the girls and my father-in-law rest in peace. One of my sisters-in-law named her daughter **Adriana** and the other named her son Adrián. **Adriana's** mother is called **Ana Victoria (the one with the pension)** and Adrián's mother, who is deceased, is called Benjamina (**the one who refused to eat and died**). They always bore the names of the disgraced family: Benjamina was the name of my father-in-law's sister, and Adrián, Adriancito, was the name of the doctor who lived and died in poverty.

My sister-in-law Ana Victoria, my brother-in-law Víctor Hugo, my niece **Adriana**, and I are still here.

My father-in-law's family, that is, my father-in-law and his seven children, came to Rosario as if they wanted to wipe them out, like the **Indians**... but it was all thanks to God and the church.

I lived in Villa Diego as if I were "on a volcano or in a cemetery." You have to experience it to understand, but anyway, it's over now...

Only God and I know what I experienced in that house in Villa Diego. **I am a clairvoyant and a medium**, so I could see **the ghosts** dancing, but they didn't bother **me**. One day I said to my husband, "*Look at the one next to you,*" and **he** said, "*Where? Look to one side, to the other. Can't you see you're crazy? people like you who start seeing visions should be locked up before they go mad.*" 1) I never spoke to him again. 2) It gave **me** an idea, and I went to see the doctor and told him to admit **me** (**María was 24 at the time**), that I couldn't stand my husband any longer... either **I** was admitted or **I** would kill myself... He was the one who treated **my son and me**, and since the boy had asthma and allergies, he went to check his back and saw the blue welts, and he said to **me**, "*What's this?*" And I said, "*My husband,*" '*How can you allow this?*' **I** lifted up my clothes and showed him mine to defend him, and **he** said, "*Why don't you leave him?*" He gave **me** a lawyer's card, and I said, '*OK, but now admit me*'. I couldn't even sleep in that house because of the shadows, the dancing and the drums.

Once upon a time... my dad took **me** to Entre Ríos to see a psychic. From the bus stop, we had to walk about 20 blocks across fields... It was cold, rainy, muddy, and finally we came to a little hut. He attended to us and spoke to "someone" who was next to me. I could see him too... He asked him why they were bothering **me** and told them to go away... and they left.

When **my son** was 14 and I was widowed, he told **me** that he also saw them, but he didn't say anything...

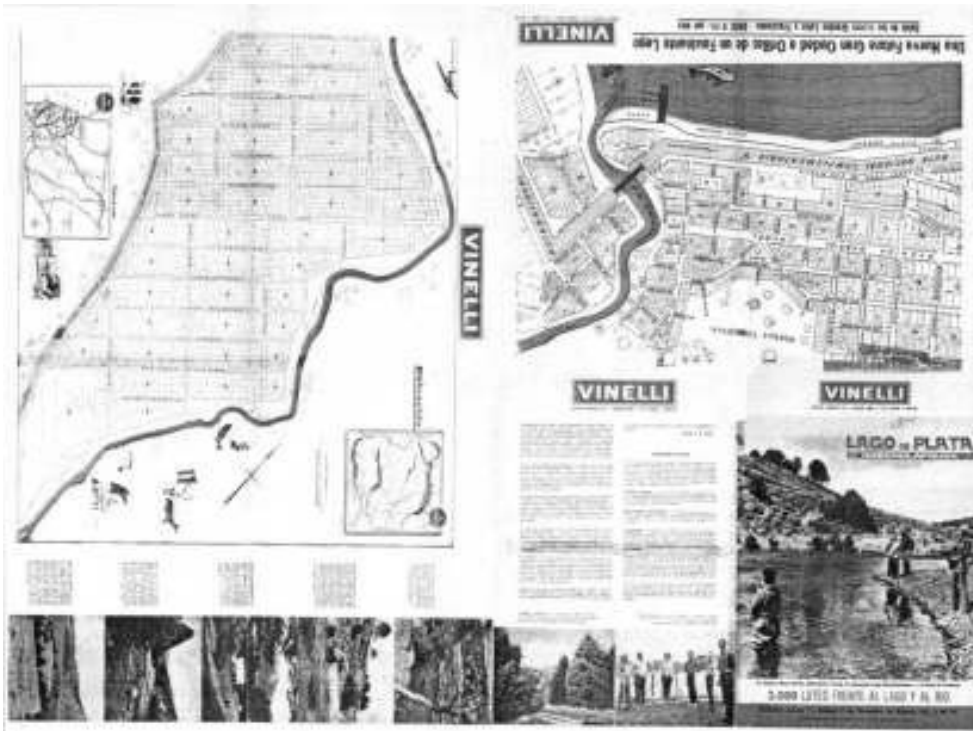
With faith and humility, María

Note: María's father died in 1932, when she was two years old and her mother was 24.

SOLUTION...

Let's get to the point, what really gets on my nerves, since I am flesh and blood, is purely and simply that they have used [me](#)... to give one example, in 1973, [the EXTRATERRESTRIALS urged me](#) to buy a piece of land, which I bought at an auction held by VINELLI, on the orders of GANADERA DEL SUD, the land on LAKE PLATA HUECHULAFQUEN. I went with [my son, and](#) he said [to me](#), "Look, old woman, what a beautiful place, let's buy a plot," and [the EXTRATERRESTRIALS told me](#) to buy a block, and [my son](#) asked [me](#) if we could afford it, and I said, "Yes, of course." So, I bought the block on the only hill there was. [The EXTRAS](#) told [me](#) to look for lot 13, but I got lot 12. On the 13th... they wanted a triangle, a three-sided piece of land, but I got the four-sided hill. They told [me](#) that place was, or had been, the first and last FORTIN, and what the hell did I know about a FORTIN? Wow, meow, sniff.

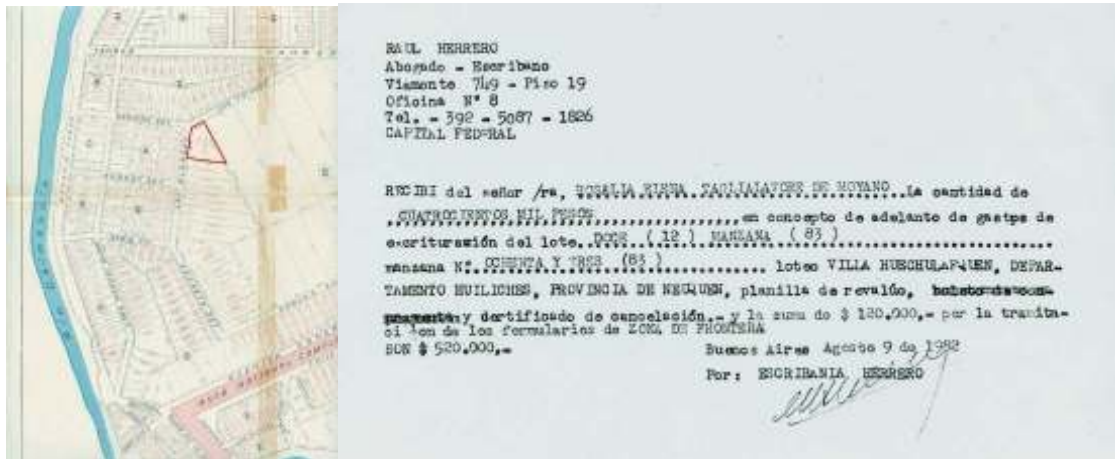
Front and back of the advertisement for the "Lago de Plata" housing development by the VINELLI firm.



But if the [EXTRAS](#) told [me](#) to do something, it was law for me, and I never asked why or what for.

I did what they told [me](#) to do and thought: "They must know why and what for..."

With this, I want to point out that 30 years ago... or almost, I dedicated myself to paying for landmarks, water, electricity, etc., and I still haven't gotten the deed. I think I've lost count of the number of letters I've sent, and now I've had to start legal proceedings against the person responsible for formalising the agreement.



Left: My land on the shores of Lake Huechulafquen at the mouth of the Chimehuin River – 10,048.86 m2 Right: Receipt issued by the notary public for the cancellation of the debt and the amount of the deed

In a bar in San Martin de los Andes with the solicitor and my nephew



In 1999, the EXTRAS urged me to go to **Junín de Los Andes**, to Huechulafquen with a lawyer, and so I did. I went with him and a nephew. I already explained this on another page: we went there and there is still no water, no electricity, no roads. It is a huge, devastated field, and there is not a single tree, as if only anguish and desolation grew there...

Dr. Mauricio at the entrance to Lanin Park



Well, the thing is that the **EXTRAS are urging me** to get the deed this year, no matter what... May God protect **me** now. The reader will imagine that **I** was not allowed to study or read, so that **I** would not find out what I was not supposed to know, whether it was about "the War," "the Massacre," etc.

At the top of this hill is my land.



In this year 2000, "LET'S MAKE A FRESH START... And **I am urged** to use that APPLE that they made **me** buy 30 years ago to build a great monument for those who fell on that land... that the aliens made **me** buy, that apple for that purpose... and that it be erected by the families who still remain, the descendants of THE MASSACRE. For the military, the **Indians and** civilians who fell... "IT IS NOT NECESSARY TO SAY WHO PARTICIPATED"... Just get started and get to work.

MAY GOD AND THE COUNTRY JUDGE THEM.

With faith and humility, María.



"I EXPLAINED TO INTERNET READERS THAT IN HEAVEN THERE WAS A WAR OR FIGHT BETWEEN THE ANGELS AND THE ALIENS." "A FAMILY WAS DIVIDED, ONE... THE DAMNED ONE, STAYED WITH LIEV, AND OUR PEOPLE WITH KIEV... AS FOR LIEV'S PEOPLE, WE HAVE AN EXAMPLE OF THEM IN ALL OUR GOVERNMENTS." "MAY GOD PROTECT US, AMEN."

I'm going to talk a little bit about myself... I know that everything I've written is about me, but... I know that my opinion doesn't count, isn't valid, doesn't matter, has no value, isn't worth considering, or that it might make you feel guilty, which would be a joke, a laughing matter, since it's all nonsense, bullshit... to put it bluntly. But what makes [me](#) think is that I was the ideal architect of this "Machiavellian" plot, that is, not just since my marriage, but since before, perhaps since I was born, I think that the course they made [me](#) take with my fake "grandmother"... La [Judía](#), was a kind of training to get me in tune and in orbit for what awaited [me](#) from then on... But what's even more curious, funny or unusual is that [I](#) didn't notice anything, of course... Now I think that [the aliens](#) must have "immunised" [me](#) against snakes, scorpions and all things poisonous, because they were my entertainment... staring at them without flinching and watching them decompose, erupt and disintegrate like lava from a volcano, a crude example.

So at this point in my complicated and tangled life, nothing surprises [me](#) anymore... that a Good, a Bad, a Rich, a Poor, a Miserable or a Wretched... to me they all have the same value, if some were created by [God](#), others [by the Devil](#), and they were all mixed together to live together... and... it's a global experiment to see how each one reacts and to watch "from above" how they fight, what tricks they use, I'm reading the instalments of La Guerra and I can see it clearly, how they test each country and see the arts and tricks they use to dodge the enemy, that in the end we are all brothers, created by the same being and with the same goal, and that by being together they degenerated the goal [for](#) which the [races](#) were created.

Isn't it time to stop making life easy for others, to stop being the big circus that we are for those above us, and that even today our naivety is such that our understanding is clouded by a veil of ignorance and carnal stupidity?

Now they allow me to read... to know what [I](#) was not allowed to know in life. Today [I](#) am allowed to know and am being informed of everything that was denied [to me](#) until now. I accept everything, even though [I](#) am overcome with a murderous rage, not for myself, but for people in general, those who were involuntary participants, volunteers, and victims.

If anyone who has read from the beginning, the page... Let's make an assumption...

Taking me as an example, not of virtue... just for the sake of argument...

[I](#) was on file, marked or destined for this mission... let's call it a "mission", grrr...

Everything was managed from above, from start to finish. Let's see... I had no childhood, no youth. [They took me](#) straight to the "slaughterhouse", passing through the pens...

The test was tough, but I overcame all the obstacles. They cornered [me](#) like a pack of dogs chasing a cat: when you're cornered, you jump up and climb and give them the finger, and the dogs are left barking, foaming at the mouth and growling...

I had no escape, so I had to accept the instructions [I](#) was given from above, whether [I](#) liked it or not, without complaining... and smile.

[My son](#)... you may have seen him in the photos I posted, all laughing, and one wonders what he is laughing about... if he is the only one laughing and [I](#)... the same. I don't have a single photo of the ones my brother-in-law, *the Chief*, took every Sunday when he came over. He never gave [me](#) one... "the girl" doesn't need photos.

Well, this example is to specify other issues. [My son](#) sometimes said [to me](#), referring to [THE ALIENS](#): "Mum, how can you accept everything they tell you or suggest you do... if they don't explain the whys and wherefores [to me](#)... I don't buy it, and I see that if they tell you to jump into the river, you... bang! You jump. How can you be like that?" "Look... I've already committed myself and accepted the game, so now I stick to the agreement... without asking 'why' or 'what for'. Besides, both you and I saw the real result of everything they 'suggested' we do, and it was like that. You can't go back on your word. If you agree to carry out a mission, you can't change your mind halfway through. You have to see it through to the end, even if they come after you with a knife."

Before concluding, I would like to thank you for the trust you placed in me at the time, the **Argentine Patriotic Confederation** of the "Argentine Institute of Tourist Exchange", represented by its Central Board of Directors, headed by **Mr. Miguel Sergio Leal**, President.

Confederación Argentina Patriótica
Como: Toda Ciudadana tiene la Obligación de Suscribirse por la Libertad de su País (San Martín)

SECRETARIA PROV. **M. Antelo 1020** T. E. **35921 - 392714** Ciudad Histórica Cuna de la Bandera

Rosario, **ENERO DE 1973**

Objeto: **CARTA CREDENCIAL**

55
Nota nº
LETRA **D.C.**

CERTIFICO: Que, la SRA. ROSALÍA VDA. de MOYANO, Argentina, de
militancia en la CAPITAL FEDERAL, L.C.N. E.822.610 - Clase 1930
reviste el carácter de DELEGADA COORDINADORA del CONSEJO NACIO
NAL de la CONFEDERACION ARGENTINA PATRIOTICA, estando facultado
para gestionar ante el Estado Nacional, Provincial, Municipal y/
o Instituciones privadas de esa Jurisdicción Argentina, debién
dosele reconocer en tal carácter. En Rosario, Ciudad Histórica
Cuna de la Bandera, departamento del mismo nombre (Provincia de
Santa Fe) y segundo centro urbano de la REPUBLICA ARGENTINA,---

Miguel Sergio Leal
MIGUEL SERGIO LEAL
PRESIDENTE

Rosalía Tagliabore: Coordinating Delegate of the
National Council of
the
Argentine Patriotic Confederation
(1973)

MY DESTINY

I want to make it clear, although I find it unnecessary, given that I believe Internet readers to be quite perceptive and suspicious, compared to the simplicity of my ignorance. On the contrary, I have been told that my son's book is read in small doses because it captivates readers, meow, woof, psss.

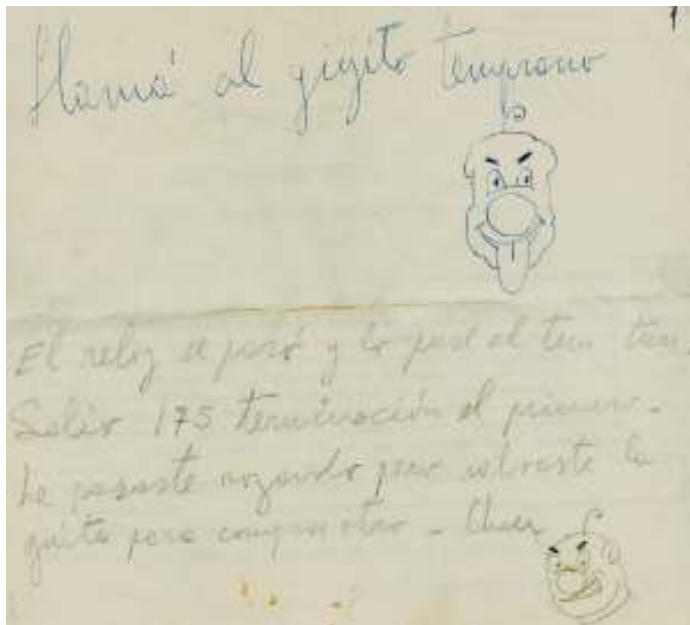
Well, I'll continue. I am not guided by any material or social interest. Only the ambition that they recover their lost peace and tranquillity. Otherwise... I said it from the beginning: I have nothing against anyone, neither for nor against. I have no resentment, no envy, no hatred...

I just think and deduce that this was my destiny, good or bad, but if this is the life I was dealt... well, if I have another one, maybe it won't be so complicated. Although I think, as old Vizcacha used to say, that they got me up early, that they stuck me with two or three lives together, because this one doesn't know how much 2 + 2 is... and doesn't understand a damn thing.

They didn't let me get away with anything, and that's how I raised my son. I would say to him, *"What did you do today? God is watching you... and he has two books! One where he writes down your little mischief... but when he opens the big book... Oh boy, then there's no forgiveness!"* My son would shrug his shoulders, bite his lower lip, hold his head in his hands and say, *"Now what?" "Now I don't know... unless you promise him that you'll behave and not do it again..."* and he promised not to do it again, but when he messed up, whether it was on the table or on the floor, we would take it away and both my father-in-law and I would tell him that the "Tooth Fairy" had taken it... Of course, when he figured it out, there were no more books or Tooth Fairies, just like when he was a year and a half old and I told him the story of Little Red Riding Hood, but he was just a kid: *"...and the wolf came, and the kid climbed up a tree and threw his shoes at him, and the wolf ate them and threw his clothes down and ate everything, and when his belly was full, he fell asleep next to the tree, snoring... zzzz... then the boy climbed down slowly and ran away naked with his hands in his pockets..."*, and he said to me: *"yeah, yeah, you're disgusting, disgusting"*, and he covered my mouth every time he wanted to speak, he said to me: *"don't speak because you're disgusting, disgusting"*, and my father-in-law, who couldn't deny that he was from Cordoba, said to me: *"Why are you doing that to the boy, you're making him mischievous"*, and I told him that I wanted to see if mischief worked for him.

I already explained that once, I was petting the cat that the aliens brought me so she wouldn't be alone, and I named her "Pisinguini" and the mica "Pirili."

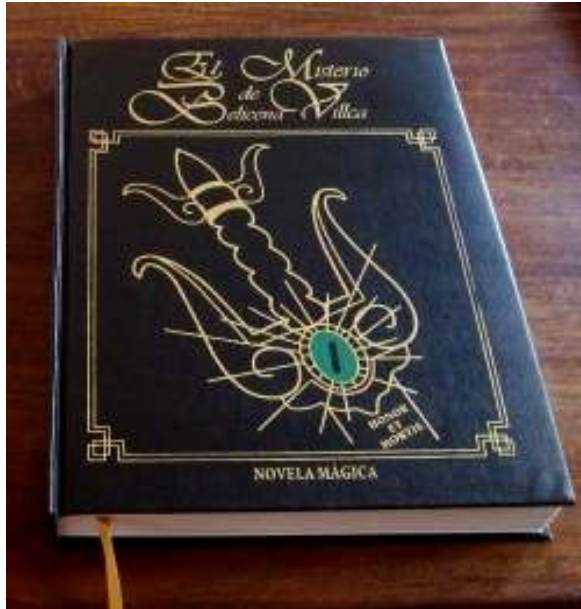
Well, I was showing him affection and saying, *"Yiyito of the house..."* and my son was behind me and said, *"Aha! You never told me I was Yiyito of the house."* I turned around and said, *"Don't tell me you're jealous of Gato."* So when I got mad and said, *"Don't talk to me for at least two days!"* the little rascal would leave me drawings, knowing that it would make me laugh out loud, and he would sign them, "El Yiyito."



MANY ARE CALLED, BUT FEW ARE CHOSEN...

To Internet readers, I say that spiritually speaking... *Many are called, but few are chosen...*

Exclusively for Internet readers, I would like to announce that, as of this page, I am stepping aside, since the guys, or rather, the group that made it possible for [my son](#) to



carry out the **task of putting it all down on paper**, which took him 20 years of reading (5,000 books, he devoured one per night) to inform himself, and not just rely on the information he found in the Vatican library and the Mother Synagogue... As I have already explained on other pages, in order to do this, **he left his body and researched only what he needed to use for this purpose**, since from the moment he was born, he was predestined to write this book, which would be unique in the world.

That is why, before putting it on the Internet, I clarified: *"You may or may not agree with what is written in this book, but as it was not written for one person*, at least as far as I know, nor to make money, but to inform the whole world HOW HISTORY WAS, from the beginning, from all the Popes, the Kings, summarised about the **Jews**, the **to read it**, since I had to keep my mind off that **ITTLE**. I do not know where the blow will come from,

And I would like to invite you to participate in the DISCUSSION FORUM, which will be opened by the Muchachos to carry out this endeavour, as students or followers, as you prefer, who received from [my son](#), because he read it to them and explained it in the conference room belonging to **the College of Notaries of the City of Córdoba**, with the participation of 100 people from various parts of the country, word for word... what it meant, so that if one person does not remember the meaning, another will be there to help them out.

As I explained on another page, [my son](#) came into contact with this esoteric group in late **1981**, early **1982**, which was led by **Mr. Ricardo Centeno**, who **provided him with** a typist named "Nene". and so, in this way, he (**Felipe**) began **to drain his mind**, which contained 20 years of information (**from his studies**), his head was about to explode... he had read 5,000 books... In other words, over 20 years he shaped the book, putting it together in his head... how he would approach it... plus the subject of the Führer's wars, etc.

I don't think there is a word to describe how grateful I am to **you, the Internet readers. To me, you are the CHOSEN ONES...** not just anyone can get here... but you can.

(.....)

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